Camera Work

A PHOTOGRAPHIC QUARTERLY
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
ALFRED STIEGLITZ NEW YORK

NUMBER XXXVII
MDCCCCXII
CAMERA WORK: An illustrated quarterly magazine devoted to Photography and to the activities of the Photo-Secession. Published and edited by Alfred Stieglitz. Associate Editors: Joseph T. Keiley, Dallett Fuguet, J. B. Kerfoot, Paul B. Haviland. Subscription price, Eight Dollars (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, Three 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 Japan tissue proofs in this number by T. & R. Annan Sons, Glasgow. Arranged and printed at the printing house 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. 37, is dated January, 1912.
PLATES

DAVID OCTAVIUS HILL

I. Principal Haldane
II. The Marquis of Northampton
III. Handyside Ritchie and Wm. Henning
IV. Sir Francis Grant, P. R. A.
V. Mrs. Anna Brownell Jameson
MODERNITY AND THE DECADENCE.

THE brain that seeks shadows, nuances, seeks the spectre behind its own thought; that creates newer and unfamiliar combinations out of the old materials of life and thought—that I call the decadent brain. It creates in its destruction. It dives into the bottomless mystery of the things we know and comes back glittering with coral and sea-wrack and sinister phosphorescent gleam.

In the beginning God said, “Let there be light.” In the end the intellect that dissociates says, “Let there be shade.” Infinite variation spins her web before the delighted mental eye of the brain of man tombed in his thought-world. Corporate solidity has by the power of its own immanent thaumaturgy faded into spectral evanescence. Unity, void and flat, is rent by a billion billion fissures. The seismic convulsions of the thought of to-day have cracked in a thousand places the mystical One of Porphyry and the Neoplatonists.

The old ideas that seemed united forever by the power of an indestructible utilitarian principle have been freed from their eternal liaisons by the minds of the great destructive thinkers. Like giant birds they have been set free to rove in the azure of the mental firmament to find strange and often seductive mates. Fatality, wrinkled, fatigued, by the endless sameness of her combinations, clothes herself once again in the flaming garments of youth in the brains of the poets and philosophers of the decadence.

In poetry, physics, practical life there is nothing any longer that does not pass through the spectrum of our overrefined brains, nothing that is any longer moored to a certainty, nothing that is forbidden, nothing that cannot be stood on its head and glorified. The indefinite, the uncertain, the paradoxical, is the scarlet paradise of intellectual intoxication. In the vast inland sea of our consciousness there are only phantom flying isles. With a little thought, with a little sensibility we have gored the heart out of every certainty.

Anarchy? No. It is the triumph of discrimination, the beatification of paradox, the sanctification of man by man, the apostasy from unity. It is just the other extreme of anarchy. In the beginning was unity and chaos; to-day there is nothing but laws and diversity. Unity, the great superstition, sleeps. We have dissolved it into an infinite number of iridescent particles. Unity sleeps; nothing remains but units.

In the eyes of orthodoxy each newborn thought is a bastard. Into the latrine with it!—while the high-priest of unity stands by and heals up the gaping, blood-oozing thought-cell. But we who strip the petals from the Rose of the World and build mosaics and arabesques out of the debris of the ancient theorems are forever procreating imps and changelings. Thought breeds thought; mood breeds mood; feeling breeds feeling. And so long as this continues to be a psychological law the decadent will have the last word.

Every atom in the brain is now an individual, with its own peculiar sense of smell and its gift of exotic vision. We used to see with our eyes, but now we dissect with them. Our lips listen and our ears perceive colors. Flaubert
and the Goncourt brothers found that words were live things, like humans. Words have lungs, words have arterial systems, words have genitals, words have claws and they may be used and used again in a million combinations until the life in them has guttered down to its viewless socket. A word, a musical note, an idea, is that monstrous thing—a shadow without a body, the epitome of life itself.

Nothing which lasts is of value. Permanency, completion, perfection have on them the stamp of death. That which changes perpetually lives perpetually. The eternally fugacious is the eternally youthful. Incipient dying and renewing, incessant metamorphosis, incessant contradiction—it is on these invisible motifs that are built the symphonies that a single note begins and ends. The infinitesimal contains the all. The part contains the whole. To decentralize a system is to create a myriad new centers. Decomposition is the condition of birth.

Beyond Verlaine, Debussy, Picasso, Arthur Symons, Maurice Maeterlinck, Lafcadio Hearn, Stéphane Mallarmé, Remy de Gourmont, Anatole France, there is nothing. They are the ultra-violet rays in the great aesthetic illumination. They have sucked the marrow out of all their moods and pared their thoughts to the quick. They have sacked the catacombs of feeling and thought and with the bones of ancient skeletons have re-articulated and revivified strange and marvellous sounds and concepts. They have picked apart the old skeins of truth and error and rewoven them into colors of a magic strangeness, and fixed their subtle uncertainties in the fragile frames of their art.

“Show me a man who sees a likeness in things totally different, and I will show you a god,” said Plato. That is the essence of the passion for unity. Show me a man who sees a difference in things absolutely the same in appearance and I will show you the supreme decadent. The doctrine of relations has become a commonplace. Things are interesting in so far as they differ. I desire a world without a center. I seek the Ultima Thule of each sensation. I love the miscellaneous and the dispersed and the muffled sonorities of weakened forces. I desire as many personalities as I have moods. If I have a personal, imponderable, immortal soul I hold it in no more esteem than I do a personal, imponderable and immortal God. I desire to be ephemeral, protean, and to chase the dazzling butterflies of my fancy across abyss and meadowland and even into those fatal caves in the moon where the Goddess of Lunacy spins her cataleptic dreams.

I will gouge out the eye of every certainty with the bare bodkin of analysis. I find my supremest joy in my estrangements. As I become more and more isolated from my fellow-beings, as the abyss between us widens, I find the colors of my passions shading to deeper purples and the bristles of my thought growing more delicate and the ghostly prophets locked within me gleaming with a clearer vision. I desire to become unfamiliar to myself and to startle the sinister wraiths of my million alter egos from their somnolence into a fuller, more passionate life. In the universe of my brain I desire that there shall be born a new sun each minute and that an old world shall die.
I cling to nothing, stay with nothing, am wed to nothing, hope for nothing. I am a perpetual Minute. In the firmament of my interior life I am a Vulture that hovers over the world of sensation, feeling and thought.

It is in the padlocked speech of Maeterlinck and Ibsen that persons utter almost nothing and say everything. Suggestion, innuendo, expulsive, the overwhelming pause—it is so in life, in our own speech. In the dialogue of these masters we have the speech of the decadence. The monosyllabic replies swarm with life. The sudden silence is a maelstrom. Destinies are consummated in a dash that terminates a five word phrase. Maeterlinck especially has reached the ultimate of human speech. One almost hears the inflection of the voice of his characters. It is telepathy from the ink-pot. Each sentence is a palimpsest. There is only one chemical reagent that can bring to light the meaning engraved on meaning in these parchments; the reagent of aesthetic intuition. Gautier says that every thought has just one word that is its verbal symbol; in Maeterlinck every word has a thousand thoughts behind it. They inbreed and interbreed. They are incestuous. Maeterlinck and Mallarmé dissociated language until they brought it back to what it was originally, hieroglyph and bare sound-symbol. The unity of speech has been cut to shreds on the monstrous fly-wheel of the modern mind.

Unity, broken into an infinite number of shining particles, is to-day being sieved through the brain of genius, and the flat surface of our ancient heavens is crumbling over the world like a rotten ceiling.

Benjamin De Casseres.

ON ORIGINALITY

IT HAS become customary to judge and appraise every new phase of art by doubting its originality and to trace back the medium of expression, or the idea underlying it, to some immediate or historical prototypes. The slightest resemblance to any precedent production proves sufficient to discard a work of art with a disdainful shoulder shrug and to exclaim with arrogant superiority, “Oh, it is not original!” It is characteristic of this age of eclectic investigation in which all knowledge, except specialism, is derived at second hand.

This rage for originality is largely a mental pose, hiding incompetence of judgment and artistic jealousy, and at the same time an injustice not only to struggling talents but also to many of those masters who have achieved prominence and proved their case. If these meddlers were logical in their fault-finding most authors and artists save a few of the greatest would be deprived of any claim to originality. In a measure public opinion, although not interested in technical contentions, endorses this estimate. For if asked to name the most original artists, the majority will agree, for convenience’ sake, on the few great names. But even they are not exempt from destructive criticism. Commentators, biographers, critics and historians are ever busy to distort originality and to present the intuitive agencies of genius as shrewd
adaptation or a new combination of old formulae—old thoughts in new forms or old forms disguising new ideas.

There is no artist who never reminds us of others. If we compare St. Gaudens and Thorwaldsen for instance (one example will do as well as another), I believe the general verdict will be that the American was original and the Norseman imitative. I believe they both possessed a limited amount of originality. St. Gaudens as far as he understood, aimed to translate the prose of modern male garb into some kind of formal beauty. Many sculptors have tried the same problem but few have solved it as satisfactorily. Thorwaldsen, on the other hand—no longer considered original, as he followed the classic standards of beauty—possessed originality in poetic and spiritual imagination which the constructor of the Shaw monument never dreamt of. St. Gaudens was very one-sided, in reality nothing but a conscientious workman of the French school with a shrewd perception and insight into the reality of things. While Thorwaldsen had a fulness of comprehension and vision which, in a way, condoned for the lack of technical innovation. He added a new note of moral and mental severity to the physical splendors of antique form. Not every prospector in the art domain can be one of the great pathfinders or road builders. Both these men filled their place and were representative of their time. St. Gaudens is more closely related to our generation, but it is doubtful whether he will ever mean as much to us as Thorwaldsen to the Danish people.

This surely proves that originality is not necessarily the main factor in the attainment of mastery. It is merely an adjunct, necessary but not more important than many other faculties.

We can see this misinterpretation of originality even more plainly in the case of Whitman and Carpenter. The admirers of Whitman are sure to call Carpenter an imitator, while the admirers of Carpenter (and there is quite a cult) invariably concede that the singer of "Libertad Forever" possessed unusual faculties. This proves better than any argument that Whitman is the greater personality, but it does not mean that Carpenter is devoid of all these qualities that lift a man above mediocrity. Many can say but little, but if they say it well, they surely perform their duty as adequately as the more richly endowed. Besides, the imitation of a style of diction, which in itself is not new, does not constitute lack of originality. It is with Carpenter—even as with Whitman—merely a method of self expression.

Every connoisseur of versification knows that two poets may write in exactly the same metre, adhering most vigorously to the formulae of grouping, accent and number of consecutive feet (viz. "The Ancient Mariner" and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"—Nietzsche and Zoroaster, etc.) and yet display a noticeable difference in the very selection of syllables and construction of lines, independent of the meaning of the words. This is what may be called the under-rhythm, which reveals the character of the poet more definitely than any other quality. And this under-rhythm is the beginning of all originality. It is something that can not be imitated. It may express itself haltingly; more
fluently, to the benefit of all; or lose itself in isolation and incomprehensiveness.

This originality is not the commencement of something without precedence nor the demolition of old standards of taste. It is rather what the word signifies *per se*, i.e., the origin of things, *origo* in Latin. And the origin of things as applied to art means: what is in the producer. It is not the product of study or adaptation. Study is merely a mechanical help to develop our fancy and imagination. It is the unconscious element in our nature which fosters originality, and the unconscious is largely the result of breed, ancestry and hereditary traits. Originality is the peculiar list of our individuality as it comes into contact with life, the résumé of such suggestions as we can accept from our environment and the thoughts and emotions which control our time.

If a painter imitates a Whistler nocturne, he will have to bear the brunt of criticism. If a photographer imitates the same picture he has the just defence that he applies an accepted theme to a new medium and thereby imbues it with new life. But even the copyist, unless a soulless botcher (which does not enter into this argument), involuntarily asserts some individuality. No imitation, not even the most skilful, ever covers the original. Not so much because perfect imitation is impossible, but simply because the copy—if the workman takes his task seriously, and he must take it seriously to imitate well—will reveal, here and there, some qualities of expression that will reflect, no matter how vaguely, his personality. At the point where imitation fails, personality asserts itself. If the artist only realized this and used this discovery as a starting point for new exploration of his own self!

The Old Masters did not bother much about originality. They borrowed freely from each other, and took whatever appealed to them from every available source. They were strong and highly developed individualities who could amalgamate diverse influences into a beautiful ensemble. Their art served a purpose, and it was this utilitarian stimulant which enabled them to approach beauty in a sane and scientific state of mind. They had the leisure to experiment. Modern art is made too much on a risk. There is too little demand for it. The artist can only carry out his own idiosyncrasies. He has lost touch with the rest of the world. All great art has had a practical tendency, but it was called forth by high minded patronage which did not dictate but merely afforded opportunities. This alone can produce art, and when the demand is greater than the supply originality is sure to be one of its most salient attributes.

Sadakichi Hartmann.
WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF ART?*

W hat is the object of art? Could reality come into direct contact with sense and consciousness, could we enter into immediate communion with things and with ourselves, probably art would be useless, or rather we should all be artists, for then our soul would continually vibrate in perfect accord with nature. Our eyes, aided by memory, would carve out in space and fix in time the most inimitable of pictures. Hewn in the living marble of the human form, fragments of statues, beautiful as the relics of antique statuary, would strike the passing glance. Deep in our souls we should hear the strains of our inner life's unbroken melody,—a music that is oftentimes gay, but more frequently plaintive and always original. All this is around and within us, and yet no whit of it do we distinctly perceive. Between nature and ourselves, nay, between ourselves and our own consciousness a veil is interposed: a veil that is dense and opaque for the common herd,—thin, almost transparent, for the artist and the poet. What fairy wove that veil? Was it done in malice or in friendliness? We had to live, and life demands that we grasp things in their relations to our own needs. Life is action. Life implies the acceptance only of the utilitarian side of things in order to respond to them by appropriate reactions; all other impressions must be dimmed or else reach us vague and blurred. I look and I think I see, I listen and I think I hear, I examine myself and I think I am reading the very depths of my heart. But what I see and hear of the outer world is purely and simply a selection made by my senses to serve as a light to my conduct; what I know of myself is what comes to the surface, what participates in my actions. My senses and my consciousness, simplification of reality. In the vision they furnish me of myself and of things, the differences that are useless to man are obliterated, the resemblances that are useful to him are emphasized; ways are traced out for me in advance along which my activity is to travel. These ways are the ways which all mankind has trod before me. Things have been classified with a view to the use I can derive from them. And it is this classification I perceive, far more clearly than the color and the shape of things. Doubtless man is vastly superior to the lower animals in this respect. It is not very likely that the eye of the wolf makes any distinction between a kid and a lamb; both appear to the wolf as the same identical quarry, alike easy to pounce upon, alike good to devour. We, for our part, make a distinction between a goat and a sheep; but can we tell one goat from another, one sheep from another? The individuality of things or of beings escapes us, unless it is materially to our advantage to perceive it. Even when we do take note of it—as when we distinguish one man from another—it is not the individuality itself that the eye grasps, i.e. an entirely original harmony of forms and colors, but only one or two features that will make practical recognition easier.

In short, we do not see the actual things themselves; in most cases we confine ourselves to reading the labels affixed to them. This tendency, the

*From "Laughter," by Henri Bergson.
result of need, has become even more pronounced under the influence of speech; for words—with the exception of proper nouns—all denote genera. The word, which only takes note of the most ordinary function and commonplace aspect of the thing, intervenes between it and ourselves, and would conceal its form from our eyes, were that form not already masked beneath the necessities that brought the word into existence. Not only external objects, but even our own mental states, are screened from us in their inmost, their personal aspect, in the original life they possess. When we feel love or hatred, when we are gay or sad, is it really the feeling itself that reaches our consciousness with those innumerable fleeting shades of meaning and deep resounding echoes that make it something altogether our own? We should all, were it so, be novelists or poets or musicians. Mostly, however, we perceive nothing but the outward display of our mental state. We catch only the impersonal aspect of our feelings, that aspect which speech has set down once for all because it is almost the same, in the same conditions, for all men. Thus, even in our own individual, individuality escapes our ken. We move amidst generalities and symbols, as within a tilt-yard in which our force is effectively pitted against other forces; and fascinated by action, tempted by it, for our own good, on to the field it has selected, we live in a zone midway between things and ourselves, externally to things, externally also to ourselves. From time to time, however, in a fit of absentmindedness, nature raises up souls that are more detached from life. Not with that intentional, logical systematical detachment—but rather with a natural detachment, one innate in the structure of sense or consciousness, which at once reveals itself by a virginal manner, so to speak, of seeing, hearing, or thinking. Were this detachment complete, did the soul no longer cleave to action by any of its perceptions, it would be the soul of an artist such as the world has never yet seen. It would excel alike in every art at the same time; or rather, it would fuse them all into one. It would perceive all things in their native purity: the forms, colors, sounds of the physical world as well as the subtlest movements of the inner life. But this is asking too much of nature. Even for such of us as she has made artists, it is by accident, and on one side only, that she has lifted the veil. In one direction only has she forgotten to rivet the perception to the need. And since each direction corresponds to what we call a sense—through one of his senses, and through that sense alone, is the artist usually wedded to art. Hence, originally, the diversity of arts. Hence also the speciality of predispositions. This one applies himself to colors and forms, and since he loves color for color and form for form, since he perceives them for their sake and not for his own, it is the inner life of things that he sees appearing through their forms and colors. Little by little he insinuates it into our own perception, baffled though he may be at the outset. For a few moments at least, he diverts us from the prejudices of form and color that come between ourselves and reality. And thus he realizes the loftiest ambition of art, which here consists in revealing to us nature. Others, again, retire within themselves. Beneath the thousand rudimentary actions which are the outward and visible signs of an emotion, behind the commonplace, conventional expression that
both reveals and conceals an individual mental state, it is the emotion, the
original mood, to which they attain in its undefiled essence. And then, to
induce us to make the same effort ourselves, they contrive to make us see
something of what they have seen: by rhythmical arrangement of words,
which thus become organized and animated with a life of their own, they tell
us—or rather suggest—things that speech was not calculated to express.
Others delve yet deeper still. Beneath these joys and sorrows which can, at
a pinch, be translated into language, they grasp something that has nothing
in common with language, certain rhythms of life and breath that are closer
to man than his inmost feelings, being the living law—varying with each
individual—of his enthusiasm and despair, his hopes and regrets. By setting
free and emphasizing this music, they force it upon our attention; they com­
pel us, willy-nilly, to fall in with it, like passers-by who join in a dance. And
thus they impel us to set in motion, in the depths of our being, some secret
chord which was only waiting to thrill. So art, whether it be painting or
sculpture, poetry or music, has no other object than to brush aside the util­
itarian symbols, the conventional and socially accepted generalities, in short,
everything that veils reality from us, in order to bring us face to face with
reality itself. It is from a misunderstanding on this point that the dispute
between realism and idealism in art has risen. Art is certainly only a more
direct vision of reality. But this purity of perception implies a break with
utilitarian convention, an innate and specially localized disinterestedness of
sense or consciousness, in short, a certain immateriality of life, which is what
has always been called idealism. So that we might say, without in any way
playing upon the meaning of the words, that realism is in the work when ideal­
ism is in the soul, and that it is only through ideality that we can resume
contact with reality.

Dramatic art forms no exception to this law. What drama goes forth to
discover and brings to light, is a deep-seated reality that is veiled from us,
often in our own interests, by the necessities of life. What is this reality?
What are the necessities? Poetry always expresses inward states. But
amongst these states some arise mainly from contact with our fellow-men.
They are the most intense as well as the most violent. As contrary electricities
attract each other and accumulate between the two plates of the condenser
from which the spark will presently flash, so, by simply bringing people
together, strong attractions and repulsions take place followed by an utter
loss of balance, in a word, by that electrification of the soul known as passion.
Were man to give way to the impulse of his natural feelings, were there neither
social nor moral law, these outbursts of violent feeling would be the ordinary
rule in life. But utility demands that these outbursts should be foreseen and
averted. Man must live in society, and consequently submit to rules. And
what interest advises, reason commends: duty calls, and we have to obey the
summons. Under this dual influence has perforce been formed an outward
layer of feelings and ideas which make for permanence, aim at becoming
common to all men, and cover, when they are not strong enough to extinguish
it, the inner fire of individual passions. The slow progress of mankind in the
direction of an increasingly peaceful social life has gradually consolidated this layer, just as the life of our planet itself has been one long effort to cover over with a cool and solid crust the fiery mass of seething metals. But volcanic eruptions occur. And if the earth were a living being, as mythology has feigned, most likely when in repose it would take delight in dreaming of these sudden explosions whereby it suddenly resumes possession of its innermost nature. Such is just the kind of pleasure that is provided for us by drama. Beneath the quiet humdrum life that reason and society have fashioned for us, it stirs something within us which luckily does not explode, but which it makes us feel in its inner tension. It offers nature her revenge upon society. Sometimes it makes straight for the goal, summoning up to the surface, from the depths below, passions that produce a general upheaval. Sometimes it follows a flank movement, as is often the case in contemporary drama; with a skill that is frequently sophistical it shows up the inconsistencies of society; it exaggerates the shams and shibboleths of the social law, and so indirectly, by merely dissolving or corroding the outer crust, it again brings us back to the inner core. But, in both cases, whether it weakens society or strengthens nature, it has the same end in view: that of laying bare a secret portion of ourselves, what might be called the tragic element in our character. This is indeed the impression we get after seeing a stirring drama. What has just interested us is not so much what we have been told about others as the glimpse we have caught of ourselves—a whole host of ghostly feelings, emotions and events that would fain have come into real existence, but, fortunately for us, did not. It also seems as if an appeal had been made within us to certain ancestral memories belonging to a far-away past—memories so deep-seated and so foreign to our present life that this latter, for a moment, seems something unreal and conventional, for which we shall have to serve a fresh apprenticeship. So it is indeed a deeper reality that drama draws up from beneath our superficial and utilitarian attainments; and this art has the same end in view as all the others. Hence it follows that art always aims at what is individual. What the artist fixes on his canvas is something he has seen at a certain spot, on a certain day, at a certain hour, with a coloring that will never be seen again. What the poet sings of is a certain mood which was his, and his alone, and which will never return. What the dramatist unfolds before us is the life-history of a soul, a living tissue of feelings and events—something, in short, which has once happened and can never be repeated. We may, indeed, give general names to these feelings, but they cannot be the same thing in another soul. They are individualized. Thereby, and thereby only, do they belong to art; for generalities, symbols, or even types form the current coin of our daily perception. How, then, does a misunderstanding on this point arise?

The reason lies in the fact that two very different things have been mistaken for each other: the generality of things and that of the opinions we come to regarding them. Because a feeling is generally recognized as true, it does not follow that it is a general feeling. Nothing could be more unique than the character of Hamlet. Though he may resemble other men in some respects,
it is clearly not on that account that he interests us most. But he is uni-
versally accepted and regarded as a living character. In this sense only
is he universally true. The same holds good of all the other products of art.
Each of them is unique, and yet, if it bear the stamp of genius, it will come
to be accepted by everybody. Why will it be accepted? And if it is unique of
its kind, by what sign do we know it to be genuine? Evidently, by the very
effort it forces us to make against our predispositions in order to see sincerely.
Sincerity is contagious. What the artist has seen we shall probably never see
again, or at least never see in exactly the same way; but if he has actually
seen it, the attempt he has made to lift the veil compels our imitation. His
work is an example which we take as a lesson. And the efficacy of the lesson
is the exact standard of the genuineness of the work. Consequently, truth
bears within itself a power of conviction, nay, of conversion, which is the sign
that enables us to recognize it. The greater the work and the more profound
the dimly apprehended truth, the longer may the effect be in coming; but, on
the other hand, the more universal will that effect tend to become. So the
universality here lies in the effect produced, and not in the cause.
PLATES

DAVID OCTAVIUS HILL

VI. Lady in Black
VII. Lady in Flowered Dress
VIII. Girl in Straw Hat
IX. Mr. Rintoul, Editor “Spectator”
BERNARD SHAW ON PHOTOGRAPHY

[In the volume recently published on “George Bernard Shaw, His Life and Works” by Archibald Henderson, a summing up of what Shaw has had to say on photography is included.

As Camera Work can be considered, partially at least, a summing up of the evolution and history of pictorial photography, we reprint for the sake of record those pages of Mr. Henderson’s book relating to photography. We would call attention to Nos. XIV and XV of Camera Work in which the full text of some of the original Shaw articles can be found.—The Editors.]

“But his most signal art criticism of the last decade, beyond question, has had to do with photography. In 1901, he announced that ‘the conquest by photography of the whole field of monochromatic representative art may be regarded as completed by the work of this year.’ His position is based on the dictum that, in photography, the drawing counts for nothing, the thought and judgment count for everything; whereas in the etching and daubing processes where great manual skill is needed to produce anything that the eye can endure, the execution counts for more than the thought. This is no new or sudden notion, derived from the study of some photographic exhibition, but the mature statement of a judgment arrived at over a quarter of a century ago. In An Unsocial Socialist, Trefusis astounds Erskine and Sir Charles Brandon with those same remarkable views on photography which to-day, in the mouth of Bernard Shaw, so delight the patrons of the Photographic Salon.*

“It is more than twenty years since I first said in print that nine-tenths (or ninety-nine hundredths, I forget which) of what was then done by brush and pencil would presently be done, and far better done, by the camera. But it needed some imagination, as well as some hardihood, to say this at that time . . . because the photographers of that day were not artists. . . . Let us admit handsomely that some of the elder men had the root of the matter in them as the younger men of to-day; but the process did not then attract artists. . . . On the whole, the process was not quite ready for the ordinary artist, because (1) it could not touch color or even give colors their proper light values; (2) the Impressionist movement had not then rediscovered and popularized the great range of art that lies outside color; (3) the eyes of artists had been so long educated to accept the most grossly fictitious conventions as truths of representation that many of the truths of the focussing screen were at first repudiated as grotesque falsehoods; (4) the wide-angled lens did in effect lie almost as outrageously as a Royal Academician, whilst the anastigmat was revoltingly prosaic, and the silver print, though so exquisite that the best will, if they last, be one day prized by collectors, was cloying, and only suitable to a narrow range of subjects; (5) above all, the vestries would cheerfully pay fifty pounds for a villainous oil-painting of a hospitable chairman, whilst they considered a guinea a first-

* Compare Photography, October 26th, 1909.
rate price for a dozen cabinets, and two-pound-ten a noble bid for an enlarge-
ment, even when the said enlargement had been manipulated so as to be as
nearly as possible as bad as the fifty pound painting. But all that is changed
nowadays. Mr. Whistler, in the teeth of a storm of ignorant and silly
ridicule, has forced us to acquire a sense of tone, and has produced portraits
of almost photographic excellence; the camera has taught us what we really
saw as against what the draughtsman used to show us; and the telephoto
lens and its adaptations, with the isochromatic plate and screen, and the
variety and manageableness of modern printing processes, have converted
the intelligent artists, smashed the picture-fancying critics, and produced
exhibitions such as those now open at the Dudley and New Galleries, which
may be visited by people who, like myself, have long since given up as unen-
durable the follies and falsehoods, the tricks, fakes, happy accidents, and
desolating conventions of the picture galleries. The artists have still left to
them invention, didactics, and (for a little while longer) color. But selection
and representation, covering ninety-nine hundredths of our annual output
of art, belong henceforth to photography. Some day the camera will do the
work of Velasquez and Peter de Hooghe, color and all; and then the draughts-
men and painters will be left to cultivate the pious edifications of Raphael,
Kaulbach, Delaroche, and the designers of the S. P. C. K. But even then
they will photograph their models instead of drawing them.”*

In a paper Maurice Maeterlinck wrote for Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn,
who kindly gave me a copy [This statement is erroneous. The paper alluded
to originally appeared as a loose folder in Camera Work, Number III. The
manuscript had been written for Camera Work, Number II, the first Steichen
Number, but arrived too late to be included therein. Maeterlinck had written
the essay on photography for Camera Work at Mr. Steichen’s request. We
still consider it as possibly the most important essay yet written upon
photography. The essay is impersonal. It was the desire to keep its imper-
sonality when printed in Camera Work. Such were the wishes of Messrs.
Maeterlinck, Steichen and the editors. Mr. Henderson apparently assumed
that the paper was written for Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn because the latter
handed him a copy of the same. Inasmuch as Maeterlinck’s article was
published nearly ten years ago, we think it timely to reprint it in this number
of the magazine.—The Editors.] † he charges art with having held itself aloof
from “the great movement which for half a century has engrossed all forms
of human activity in profitably exploiting the natural forces that fill heaven
and earth.” Maeterlinck lauds the camera as an instrument of thought,
proclaiming it the best of mediums, because it serves “to portray objects
and beings more quickly and more accurately than can pencil or crayon.”
Just as Maeterlinck concludes that thought has at last found a fissure through
which to penetrate the mystery of this anonymous force (the sun), “invade
it, subjugate it, animate it, and compel it to say such things as have not yet
been said in all the realm of chiaroscuro, of grace, of beauty and of truth,”

† See page 41.
so Shaw expresses his belief that “the old game is up,” and that “the camera has hopelessly beaten the pencil and paint-brush as an instrument of artistic representation.”

Shaw is a vigorous champion of the photographic art in its integrity; attempts at imitation of etching or painting draw his hottest fire. The idea of sensitive photographers allowing themselves to be bulldozed into treating painting, not as an obsolete makeshift which they have surpassed and superseded, but as a glorious ideal to which they have to live up!!! One day Mr. Shaw was showing me some striking examples of his own photographic work—a remarkable picture of Sidney Webb, I recall in especial, an effect got by omitting to do something in taking the photograph. Mr. Shaw remarked that some of the most unique and fantastic pictures he had ever taken were the results of accidents. One day, for instance, he spilled some boiling water over a photograph of himself, which immediately converted it into so capital an imitation of the damaged parts of Mantegna’s frescoes in Mantua that the print delighted him more in its ruin than it had in its original sanity. And, in view of his violently-expressed detestation of photographic imitations of painting, it is very refreshing to hear him confess that his own experience as a critic and picture fancier had sophistication him so thoroughly, that “those accidental imitations of the products of the old butter-fingered methods of picture-making often fascinate me so that I have to put forth all my strength of mind to resist the temptation to become a systematic forger of damaged frescoes and Gothic caricatures.”

Mr. Shaw was harshly ridiculed and sharply censured for permitting the exhibition in 1906 of a nude photograph of himself by Alvin Langdon Coburn. In this connection, I recall a conversation with Eduard J. Steichen, who was showing me a collection of his masterly prints, including several nudes. The faces of the nude figures were averted; and Steichen told me, with a laugh, that Shaw had ridiculed him unmercifully for permitting his subjects to call attention to their embarrassment and shame by averting their faces. And in 1901, Mr. Shaw wrote:

“The camera will not build up the human figure into a monumental fiction as Michael Angelo did, or coil it cunningly into a decorative one, as Burne-Jones did. But it will draw it as it is, in the clearest purity or the softest mystery, as no draughtsman can or ever could. And by the seriousness of its veracity it will make the slightest lubricity intolerable. ‘Nudes from the Paris Salon’ pass the morbid octroi because they justify their rank as ‘high art’ by the acute boredom into which they plunge the spectator. Their cheap and vulgar appeal is nullified by the vapid unreality of their representation. Photography is so truthful—its subjects are so obviously realities, and not idle fancies—that dignity is imposed on it as effectually as it is on a church congregation. Unfortunately, so is that false decency, rightly detested by artists, which teaches people to be ashamed of their bodies; and I am sorry to see that the photographic life school still shirks the faces
of its sitters, and thus gives them a disagreeable air of doing something they are ashamed of.”

One morning in Paris, during the period that Shaw was sitting to Rodin, Coburn, with his camera, caught Shaw coming out of his morning bath; whereupon he laughingly bade Shaw to “be still and look pleasant.” “I casually assumed, as near as I could recall it,” Mr. Shaw told me, “the pose of Rodin’s ‘Le Penseur.’ It was all done in a moment, and although I am not like ‘Le Penseur,’ at least my pose is not unlike his.” Mr. Shaw permitted the photograph to be put on exhibition as an object-lesson, so to speak, to the photographic life school; as Steichen expressed it to me: “I believe Mr. Shaw wanted to show the courage of his convictions, by publicly taking the medicine he so unhesitatingly prescribed for others.”

It is needless to point out that Bernard Shaw, the analytic critic and clear thinker par excellence, would naturally prefer photography to painting. When away from London he is seldom to be seen without a camera slung over his shoulders; and he has been taking pictures, and dabbling away at interesting photographic experiments, for many years. Without talent as an artist himself, but with almost a passion for photography, we need not be surprised to hear him praise the photographer because he is free of “that clumsy tool—the human hand—which will always go its own single way, and no other.” Steichen and Coburn, he has told me and he has told them, are the two greatest photographers in the world; and he once said to me of Coburn: “Whenever his work does not please you, watch and pray for a while and you will find that your opinion will change.”

To Shaw the true conquest of color no longer seems far off in the light of Lumière’s discoveries, and the day will soon come, he surmises, when work like that of Hals and Velasquez may be done by men who have never painted anything except their own nails with pyro. “As to the painters and their fanciers, I snort defiance at them; their day of daubs is over.” He once declared for two photographs of himself against anything of Holbein, Rembrandt, or Velasquez. “When I compare their subtle diversity with the monotonous inaccuracy and infirmity of drawings, I marvel at the gross absence of analytic power and of imagination which still sets up the works of the great painters, defects and all, as standard, instead of picking out the qualities they achieved and the possibilities they revealed, in spite of the barbarous crudity of their methods.” There are certain quite definite things the photographer has not yet achieved: Shaw’s imagination as a creative dramatist teaches him this, even though he insists that the decisive quality in a photographer is the “faculty of seeing certain things and being tempted by them.” Oscar Wilde acutely remarked that in certain modern portraits—Sargent’s, notably, I should say—there is often as much of the artist as of the subject. Bernard Shaw insists that in the pictorial and dramatic phases of the photographic art of the future, both the artist and the subject must be imaginative artists, working in conjunction. “As to the creative,

* The Exhibitions—II., in the Amateur Photographer, October 18th, 1901.
† Compare Shaw’s article, Coburn the Camerist, in the Metropolitan Magazine, May, 1906.
dramatic, story-telling painters—Carpaccio, and Mantegna, and the mirac­
ulous Hogarth, for example—it is clear that photography can do their work
only through a co-operation of sitter and camerist which assimilates the
relations of artist and model to those at present existing between playwright
and actor. Indeed, just as the playwright is sometimes only a very humble
employee of the actor or actress manager, it is conceivable that in dramatic
and didactic photography the predominant partner will not be necessarily
either the photographer or the model, but simply whichever of the twain
contributes the rarest art to the co-operation. Already that instinctive
animal, the public, goes into a shop and says: ‘Have you any photographs
of Mrs. Patrick Campbell?’ and not ‘Have you any photographs by Elliott
and Fry, Downey, etc., etc.? ’ The Salon is altering this, and photographs
are becoming known as Demachys, Holland Days, Horsley Hintons, and so
forth, as who should say Greuzes, Hoppners and Linnells. But, then, the
Salon has not yet touched the art of Hogarth. When it does, ‘The Rake’s
Progress’ will evidently depend as much on the genius of the rake as of the
moralist who squeezes the bulb, and then we shall see what we shall see.”

MAETERLINCK ON PHOTOGRAPHY*

I BELIEVE that here are observable the first steps, still somewhat hesitat­ing
but already significant, toward an important evolution. Art has held
itself aloof from the great movement, which for half a century has en­
grossed all forms of human activity in profitably exploiting the natural forces
that fill heaven and earth. Instead of calling to his aid the enormous forces
ever ready to serve the wants of the world, as an assistance in those mechan­
ical and unnecessarily fatiguing portions of his labor, the artist has remained
ture to processes which are primitive, traditional, narrow, small, egotistical
and over-scrupulous, and thus has lost the better part of his time and energy.
These processes date from the days when man believed himself alone in the
universe, confronted by innumerable enemies. Little by little he discovers
that these innumerable enemies were but allies and mysterious slaves of man
which had not been taught to serve him. Man, to-day, is on the point of
realizing that everything around him begs to be allowed to come to his assist­
ance and is ever ready to work with him and for him, if he will but make his
wishes understood. This glad message is daily spreading more widely
through all the domains of human intelligence. The artist alone, moved by
a sort of superannuated pride, has refused to listen to the modern voice. He
reminds one of one of those unhappy solitary weavers, still to be found in
remote parts of the country, who, though weighed down by the misery of
poverty and useless fatigue, yet absolutely continues to weave coarse fabric
by an antiquated and obsolete method, and this although but a few steps

* Written by Maeterlinck for the first Steichen Number, Camera Work, Number II
(April, 1903), but the MS. arriving too late, published in Number III as a loose insert so as
to permit its being inserted in Number II.
from his cabin are to be found the power of the torrent, of coal and of wind, which offer to do twenty times in one hour the work which costs him a long month of slavery, and to do it better.

It is already many years since the sun revealed to us its power to portray objects and beings more quickly and more accurately than can pencil or crayon. It seemed to work only its own way and at its own pleasure. At first man was restricted to making permanent that which the impersonal and unsympathetic light had registered. He had not yet been permitted to imbue it with thought. But to-day it seems that thought has found a fissure through which to penetrate the mystery of this anonymous force, invade it, subjugate it, animate it, and compel it to say such things as have not yet been said in all the realm of chiaroscuro, of grace, of beauty and of truth.

Maurice Maeterlinck.

"It was only in those earlier days, when proprietary rights were not associated with art, that the relation of the layman thereto approached the socialistic ideal. Art was for all, for it belonged to no one. It stood above individual greed, a highly communistic symbol in an age that in all else was far indeed from the socialism of our day. Now it has become the expression of our terrible class distinctions. It is only accessible to an aristocracy, whose domination is the more sinister, in that it is not based solely on rank and wealth, that is to say, on things by the division of which the ardent socialist hopes to re-establish the social equilibrium. There is nothing so unattainable, for the enjoyment of it presupposes an abnormal refinement of aesthetic perception, which has become as rare as genius itself. Nowadays, one must not only have a great deal of money to buy art, but one must be an exceptional creature, of peculiar gifts, to enjoy it. It exists only for the few, and these are far from being the most admirable or beneficent of mankind; they seem, indeed, to show all the characteristics of the degenerate. Loftiness of character, or of intelligence, are not essential to the comprehension of art. The greatest men of our age have notoriously known nothing about it, and what is more remarkable, artists themselves often understand it least of all. Artists have talked more nonsense about art than any other class of men. Modern artistic culture can scarcely be accounted an indispensable element of general culture any longer, for the simple reason that art has ceased to play a part in the general organism."

Meier-Graefe.
EXHIBITION OF PRINTS BY
BARON AD. DE MEYER

THE exhibition of photographs by Baron Ad. de Meyer, recently held in the Gallery of the Photo-Secession, created its air of distinction. This is to say, that the prints were out of the ordinary, since the little room has acquired for itself an atmosphere which is quite foreign to routine impressions. For the visitors who frequent it, whether they sympathize or not with the work shown, at least have the habit of expecting to see something that differs from the staple art-ware of other exhibitions. They look for a choc and, even if what they receive is a shock in the plain ordinary English sense, are disposed to tolerate the outrage, because it stimulates thought and speculation. They have the satisfaction of being piqued to rebellion if not appreciation. They are at least stirred to think, which itself may be something out of the ordinary.

To those who do not sympathize with, because they cannot understand, the motive which inspires Mr. Stieglitz in his work at the Little Galleries, this will sound like sensationalism. And, indeed, it is unfortunately impossible for a man to blaze a trail which is out of the ordinary without running the risk of incurring this charge. For example it is alien to usual experience that a man should promote exhibitions without any idea of gain or even of pleasing the public. That his motive should be, on the one hand, to give the public a chance of seeing what he thinks it ought to be pleased to see and will be able to see nowhere else in New York—at least until the example set at the Little Gallery has been followed, as in the case of Rodin's and Matisse's drawings, by the Metropolitan Museum—seems like an amiable form of lunacy. That he should be on the lookout for evidence of honest individuality in young unknown painters and strive to encourage it by exhibitions which display the weakness as well as the strength of the beginner—what can this be but sensationalism?

No one more than Mr. Stieglitz recognizes that there is a danger of this sort of thing degenerating into sensationalism, or is more afraid of it. Accordingly, he tries to balance one exhibition with another; offsetting, for example, the startling radicalism of a Picasso with the stable conservatism of an Octavius Hill; the experimental work of some young painter with the assured achievement of another photographer, such as De Meyer. Nor does the delicious irony of this escape one. For years, Mr. Stieglitz has taken the advanced position that photography is entitled to be considered a medium of pictorial art, and has been ridiculed by the critics of painting. Now that the latter are foaming in impotent bewilderment at the vagaries of modern painting he offers as an antidote the sanity of the photographic process. After claiming for photography an equality of opportunity with painting, he turns about and with devilishly remorseless logic shows the critics, who have grown disposed to accept this view of photography, that they are again wrong. As long as painting was satisfied, as it has been for half a century, to represent the appearances of things, photography could emulate it. Now, however, that it
is seeking to render a vision of things not as they are palpable to the eye but as they impress the imagination, Mr. Stieglitz proves, what he has known all along, that photography is powerless to continue its rivalry with painting. He has, in fact, called the bluff on the recent pretensions of painting by showing that it is in its motive essentially photographic.

There was, therefore, a streak of malice aforethought in arranging this exhibition of De Meyer’s prints. For the latter are far above the average; represent an honest and exceedingly skilful use of the medium, and display more pictorial imagination than is discernible in the majority of photographs and paintings. They illustrate to an unusual degree the flexibility of the camera’s resources; and thereby are all the stronger evidence of the latter’s limitations, as compared with those of the draughtsman and painter.

For De Meyer unquestionably has vision. He sees beyond the mere prose of his subject; his imagination realizes how the significance of the facts may be enhanced by pictorial expression. Take, for example, his series of still-life subjects, in which flowers and fruit are arranged in glass vessels, upon a glass tray on the polished surface of a table. One of them, “Water-lilies,” was exhibited on this occasion. In its lucid purity of color, the magic of its shimmering light and evanescent half-tones, and the enveloppe of silky atmosphere which unites everything into an ensemble of impression, it is a veritable dream of loveliness. The poetry, latent in the material, hovers like fragrant breath over the whole conception.

Or, again, in the series in which the subjects are dainty porcelain figures, what exquisiteness of fancy is revealed! Color, texture, tone and lighting are at the service of an imagination which has felt beyond the daintiness and miniature quality of the material and invested it with a certain intangible piquancy of charm and enhanced it with a suggestion of the abstract dignity of plastic immobility. Within their range of expression, the vision rendered in these prints is delightful and complete.

In a less degree, there is a suggestion of individual vision in the portrait and model studies. Perhaps the best of these are “The Cup” and “The Silver Skirt,” since here the fancy of the artist seems to have played most freely in the joy of what could be done with the treatment of lighted textures. Meanwhile, portraits, such as those of “Mrs. Brown Potter” and “Percy Grainger,” while far less individualized in treatment, have yet a distinction of superior feeling, such as portraiture, whether in painting or photography, none too often exhibits.

And throughout this scale of expression how is the result achieved? The very simplicity of the means involves its own high commendation. For it is founded upon that none too common quality of honesty: the honest study of the resources of the camera and the platinum method of printing; the honest purpose to rely on these resources directly and exclusively, and the honest purpose to shape the vision to what without trickery or evasion these may be made to accomplish. Baron de Meyer is a man of the world, of wide culture and sympathy with diverse forms of aesthetic expression. All this has tended to broaden and refine his vision; but has never tempted him to distort
the possibilities of the process to the requirements of his vision. On the con-
trary, with the logic and conscience of a true craftsman he has adjusted the
latter to the technical resources. He discovered, for example, what I suppose
is known to many photographers, that the very inexactness of a particular
uncorrected lens makes it available for rendering certain effects of light and
texture; and by bringing his imagination to bear upon these possibilities he
has developed results very beautiful in themselves and thoroughly individual
to himself.

Thus, by making his vision amenable to the resources of the process he
has made the latter serve his imagination. This seems to be distinguished
by a sort of Slavic bias; tending toward exquisiteness and subtlety, to an
occasional flavor of diablerie and a preference for abstract rather than concrete
sensations. It is also purely aesthetic. That is to say, while the process and
result are reasoned out, the impression itself has not been intellectualized.
It is a product of intuition rather than of the intellectual faculty; a point which
is worth consideration, since at first appearance De Meyer's work is modern
au point des ongles and yet, when analyzed, is found not to involve the most
modern quality, namely that of intellectualized sensation. It stimulates an
exquisite refinement of feeling, but stops short of that higher stimulus to rari-
fied intellectual content.

I venture to predict, for instance, that fifty years hence it will not prove
to have such effectiveness, as after a still longer interval the "Hill" prints
possess today. Yet, so long as people are interested in the pictorial resources
of photography, De Meyer's prints will be likely to preserve an intrinsic
value, as examples of sterling honesty and of a rarely refined individuality.
They may also continue to be cited as illustrations of the flexibility of the
process in its response to the varying vision of the artist and, at the same
time, of how that vision is necessarily bounded by the inexorableness of the
medium.

Charles H. Caffin.
NOTES ON THE EXHIBITIONS AT "291"

THE BURGESS WATER-COLORS.

The first exhibition of the season 1911–1912 consisted of water-colors by Gelett Burgess and came as somewhat of a shock to such visitors to the Photo-Secession Gallery as expect to find there a new trail blazed to that Holy Grail, the art-form of the Future. Some day, perhaps, people will learn not to expect to find the expected at "291." The "Little Galleries" have not yet fallen into that rut. Nor does the Director believe that there is or should be one form of art for all men.

The rooms of "291" were given to the work of Mr. Burgess for the three opening weeks of the season, not because his work exemplified a new expression of art, but because, mainly literary as Mr. Burgess himself confesses it to be, it represented a new expression of an individual point of view in pictorial literature. But we will let Mr. Burgess explain his own aim, and to that end reprint his introduction to the catalogue of his water-colors, "Essays in Subjective Symbolism":

"That these water-colors are devoid of any pretensions to technique will, it is hoped, prevent their being considered or criticized strictly as paintings. Whatever their accidental effects of charm, of preciosity, or even of seemingly deliberate crudity, they are naïf and sincere, being offered mainly for their suggestiveness in a comparatively new field of thought. Their appeal is only to the intellect, and they do not shrink from the accusation of being 'merely literary.'

"Nor, even in that friendly interpretation, do they lay claim to any definitive aesthetic analysis. They are but personal and intimate attempts, in whimsical spirit, to render in graphic form some interpretation of the pose of the mind under stress of certain emotions.

"Their main intention is to portray the subjective aspect of what has, heretofore, usually been represented only objectively. Symbolism, when graphic, has, for the most part, concerned itself with draped figures, with cog-wheels, scrolls and globes. It has offered in concrete form an effect, rather than a cause of mental attitude. The present attempt to depart from that custom depends upon the assumption that emotional or aesthetic moods are more akin to natural forms of landscape than to costumes or geometrical apparatus; that, in short, the personification of any mood fails to suggest or recreate the subject-impulse in the mind of the beholder.

"The mind or soul being an abstraction, it has been here represented by an abstraction, a conventional symbol rather than by a human figure; and the author has endeavored to show, by the relation of this ego to its environment, some picturesque analogy to the action of the mind under the dominance of the emotions.

"If the result may too easily be considered as grotesque, none the less is the process aesthetic. The humorous vision will illuminate the fact that these essays are superficial, not to be taken wholly seriously. Yet no humor can ring with conviction unless it is founded upon the verities of life. Suggestion is often more stimulating than definition, and, to those desirous of the light, truth does not always have to be couched in the solemn form.

Gelett Burgess."
DE MEYER PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Burgess exhibition was followed by photographs, the recent work of Baron de Meyer. Many of the prints had been exhibited at the International Photographic Exhibition held in the Albright Galleries, Buffalo, in 1910, where they had received much praise.

In contrast with his attitude as exemplified in the prints at the Second De Meyer Exhibition, February, 1909, and reviewed in CAMERA WORK, Number XXVII, Baron de Meyer has shifted from a research of gray pearly tones and modeling obtained from almost imperceptible differences in value to a study of strong contrasts, deep blacks and pure whites. Many of his photographs are taken by artificial light, and his studies of lights and shadows are unique and fascinating. His artistic affiliations are distinctly with the American school of photography, from which he has absorbed much of what appealed to his temperament without in any way losing his personal point of view or clear expression. Infinite care in his work and a very keen and sensitive perception of beautiful lines and masses and refined light effects are the keynote to De Meyer’s work.

ARTHUR B. CARLES EXHIBITION

At the present writing, the Little Galleries are devoted to an exhibition of paintings by Arthur B. Carles, the result of his work of the last twelve months. Experimental as these canvases are, they reveal a born colorist and communicate the sense of joy which the artist must have felt in contriving his combinations of tones, a youthful, boisterous joy, possibly, but wholesome and full of strength and vitality.

P A U L B. H A V I L A N D.
ALL the Plates in this number of Camera Work are devoted to the
photography of David Octavius Hill. His name is already familiar
to our readers through the series of photogravures published in Num­
bers XI and XXVIII. Those, like the present one, were made by Mr. Craig
A nan from Hill’s original paper negatives in his own collection and that
of his friend, Mr. Andrews. Fashions and fads in photography will come and
go, but we feel convinced that Hill’s work will grow to be looked upon as
having the value of permanence and, though it was produced in the earliest
days of photography, will continue to establish a standard of taste and style.
It is also a rare good fortune that Mr. Annan, while himself one of the pioneers
of pictorial photography and second to none in his admiration of Hill’s work,
is also a master of the photogravure process. It is exceedingly improbable
that anybody in time to come will combine a similar technical ability with
so enlightened an enthusiasm for the old master-photographer. We have
accordingly embraced the opportunity of enriching Camera Work with the
new series of plates contained in this issue. To increase the historical interest
of these Plates we append brief particulars of some of the subjects of the
portraits:

Spencer Joshua Alwyne Compton, 2nd Marquis of Northampton
(1790–1851), M.P. 1812–20; President of the Royal Society 1838–49; pub­
lished verses.

William Henning and Alexander Handyside Ritchie, both sculptors
of some prominence in Edinburgh.

Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A. (1803–1878), portrait-painter; made reputa­
tion as a painter of sporting-scenes; fashionable as a portrait-painter after
exhibition at the Academy of his equestrian group, including the Queen
and Lord Melbourne, 1840; R.A. 1851; President R.A. 1866–78; knighted
1866; painted portraits of contemporary celebrities, including Macaulay,
Lord Chancellor Campbell, Viscount Hardinge, and Landseer.

Robert Haldane (1772–1854), divine; Professor of Mathematics at St.
Andrews 1807–20; Principal of St. Mary’s, and Primarius of Divinity,
1820–54.

Anna Brownell Jameson (1794–1860), author; eldest daughter of D.
Brownell Murphy; published among other works, “Diary of an Ennuye,”
1826; “Characteristics of Women,” 1832; “Visits and Sketches,” 1834;
“Companion to Public Picture Galleries of London,” 1842; essays, including
the “House of Titian,” 1846, and “Sacred and Legendary Art,” 1848–52;
friend of Ottillie von Goethe, and for a time of Lady Byron; devoted much
attention to sick nursing.

Robert Stephen Rintoul (1787–1858), journalist; set up as a printer
at Dundee, 1809; edited (1811–1825) the “Dundee Advertiser,” a paper
which became one of the chief liberal journals in Scotland; went to London
1826, and (1828) founded the “Spectator.”
TOZOL THE SIMPLIFIED DEVELOPING AGENT FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC PAPERS

TOZOL is convenient and economical.
TOZOL is vigorous in its developing action.
TOZOL produces prints of strength and brilliancy with richness and depth of tone.
TOZOL requires only the addition of sodas, bromide and wood alcohol to make a ready-for-use developer.

THE PRICE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 ounce bottle</td>
<td>$ .20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>¼ pound</td>
<td>.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>½</td>
<td>1.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>2.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

All Dealers.
We have placed on the market a "Single Achromatic Lens" in four sizes, for artistic portraiture and for general studies both in and out of doors. The lens is designed for advanced workers who wish to sacrifice the sharp definition of modern anastigmats for softness and roundness of image, and still secure fine modeling and a true perspective. Some of the foremost workers in the country are now using these lenses.

Every COOKE ACHROMATIC PORTRAIT LENS is provided with a handsome English sole-leather carrying case, while the beautiful finish of the mounting and the convenience of the screw-threads are the same as characterize the famous Cooke anastigmats. Write today for pamphlet 26 with full description and prices.

The Taylor-Hobson Company, New York City

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
Of all rapid developers

**DURATOL**

is the most economic by reason of slow exhaustion and the only one producing absolutely fog free negatives. It has no deleterious effect on the hands, not even staining the fingers and produces essentially the same results which are obtained from other coal-tar developers.

*Sample and descriptive booklet from*

**SCHERING & GLATZ, 150 Maiden Lane, New York**

---

**MULTI-SPEED**

**Day and NIGHT SHUTTERS**

Will stop anything with higher efficiency, speed and definition than any other photographic shutter. Mechanically perfect and simple of operation. Let us send you a Multi-Speed Shutter on ten days' free trial and be convinced of its superiority.

The Multi-Speed Junior Shutter gives accurate exposure to $\frac{1}{40}$ second and is a most superior and compact shutter for Kodaks and hand cameras. **Price $16.**

**MULTI-SPEED SHUTTER CO., 317 East 34th Street, NEW YORK**
The result of a thorough understanding of amateur requirements—the best that unequaled manufacturing facilities has produced in a development paper to fit the average amateur negative.

NEPERA DIVISION,
Eastman Kodak Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

All Dealers.
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., Mfrs.
NEW YORK—CHICAGO—LONDON
Main Office, 271 Ninth St. Brooklyn,
Factory, 240-244 Eighth St. N.Y., U.S.A.

Established 1873
Telephone 1335 Madison Square

GEO. F. OF
MAKER OF FINE FRAMES

3 East Twenty-eighth Street, New York

IN PREPARING

photo-engraved plates, the Royle machines have conclusively proven their value. They are to be found in engraving centers the world over in both large and small establishments. Only good machines could satisfy so wide a demand.

Write for catalog

JOHN ROYLE & SONS
Paterson, N. J., U. S. A. Photo-Engravers' Machinery
Your negatives are insured against chemical and light fog, spots, scratches and finger marks—the half tones are preserved—the quality is better and more uniform when you use

The Eastman Plate Tank

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y

All Dealers.
Entertain Your Friends in a Delightful Way

You can enhance your reputation as host or hostess by having your favorite negatives made into lantern slides. You can show your friends the beautiful scenes you have enjoyed—interesting persons and types—many pictures that reveal your skill or artistic ability.

Every detail of the original will be clear, brilliant and sharp when reproduced by means of a

Bausch and Lomb Balopticon

It provides delightful entertainment for parties and home gatherings. And there is no better time to enjoy it than during the long winter evenings.

Persons who have used our Model C Balopticon testify that it is the most satisfactory projection instrument. It is optically and mechanically perfect, as your pictures on the screen will prove—is strong and durable—is very simple to operate. It can also be arranged to project images of opaque objects, such as photos, post cards, drawings, etc., in the original colors.

The price of Model C Balopticon is now only $25.00. The Opaque attachment is $30.00.

Send for Descriptive Booklet 44-D.

Our new booklet has just been prepared; it contains complete information about the Balopticon and its many uses. Send for a free copy today.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.

NEW YORK  WASHINGTON  CHICAGO  SAN FRANCISCO

LONDON  ROCHESTER, N.Y.  FRANKFORT

Model C Balopticon
The iA Graflex

The iA Graflex combines all the exclusive Graflex features with film simplicity and convenience. It is equipped with the Graflex Focal Plane Shutter for making exposures from "time" to 1/1000 of a second. The image can be seen right side up, the size it will appear in the negative, up to the instant of exposure.

The iA Graflex takes the regular daylight loading Kodak Film Cartridge for pictures 2½ x 4¼ inches.

PRICES

1A Graflex fitted with B. & L. Zeiss Tessar, Series Ic, No. 14, f-4.5 ........................................................................................................... $100.50
1A Graflex fitted with Cooke Lens Series II, No. 20½, f-4.5 101.50
1A Graflex fitted with Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat, No. 2, f-4.5 82.00

Graflex Catalog free at your dealer's, or

FOLMER & SCHWING DIVISION
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER NEW YORK
The green print is not only novel—it is decorative, and is specially suited to marines, snow scenes and moonlight effects.

KODAK VELVET GREEN PAPER

The rich carbon green prints are secured by using the regular Velox chemicals. Works in every way like Velox, except that it prints by daylight. Kodak Velvet Green is furnished in Single Weight, Double Weight and Post Cards, at Velox prices.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

All Dealers.
Seed Plates

FOR SPEED WORK

They increase the efficiency of any instrument used—have all the advantages of other fast plates—none of the disadvantages.

Seed Gilt Edge 30 has not only speed, but also that fineness of grain so necessary in the speed negative from which enlargements are to be made.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

All Dealers.
"A Lens with a Conscience"

Steinheil

Every lens bearing the classic name of "Steinheil" guaranteed to do what its makers claim for it

Steinheil—Founded 1855
Munich, Germany

Sole American Agents

Herbert & Huesgen Co.
311 Madison Avenue, New York

Send for Catalogue and Particulars

BINDINGS FOR CAMERA WORK

AS DESIGNED BY MESSRS. ALFRED STEIGLITZ AND EDUARD J. STEICHEN
High-class Binding of all descriptions. Photographs Mounted and Bound in Album Form, etc., etc.

OTTO KNOLL
732 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
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.
The pure platinum coated buff stock of

EASTMAN EB OR ES PLATINUM

gives a richness and warmth of tone to the print that leaves nothing to be desired.

Platinum experts have shown their approval by adopting these papers for their highest grade work.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.