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PLATES

J. CRAIG ANNAN

I. A Blind Musician—Granada
II. A Gitana—Granada
III. A Carpenter’s Shop—Toledo
IV. Group on a Hill Road—Granada
APHORISMS ON FUTURISM

DIE in the Past
Live in the Future.

THE velocity of velocities arrives in starting.

IN pressing the material to derive its essence, matter becomes deformed.

AND form hurtling against itself is thrown beyond the synopsis of vision.

THE straight line and the circle are the parents of design, form the basis of art; there is no limit to their coherent variability.

LOVE the hideous in order to find the sublime core of it.

OPEN your arms to the delapidated, to rehabilitate them.

YOU prefer to observe the past on which your eyes are already opened.

BUT the Future is only dark from outside.

*Leap* into it—and it EXPLODES with *Light*.

FORGET that you live in houses, that you may live in yourself—

FOR the smallest people live in the greatest houses.

BUT the smallest person, potentially, is as great as the Universe.

WHAT can you know of expansion, who limit yourselves to compromise?

HITHERTO the great man has achieved greatness by keeping the people small.

BUT in the Future, by inspiring the people to expand to their fullest capacity, the great man proportionately must be tremendous—a God.

LOVE of others is the appreciation of one's self.

MAY your egotism be so gigantic that you comprise mankind in your self-sympathy.

THE Future is limitless—the past a trail of insidious reactions.

LIFE is only limited by our prejudices. Destroy them, and you cease to be at the mercy of yourself.

TIME is the dispersion of intensiveness.

THE Futurist can live a thousand years in one poem.
HE can compress every aesthetic principle in one line.

THE mind is a magician bound by assimilations; let him loose and the smallest idea conceived in freedom will suffice to negate the wisdom of all forefathers.

LOOKING on the past you arrive at “Yes,” but before you can act upon it you have already arrived at “NO.”

THE Futurist must leap from affirmative to affirmative, ignoring intermittent negations—must spring from stepping-stone to stone of creative exploration; without slipping back into the turbid stream of accepted facts.

THERE are no excrescences on the absolute, to which man may pin his faith.

TODAY is the crisis in consciousness.

CONSCIOUSNESS cannot spontaneously accept or reject new forms, as offered by creative genius; it is the new form, for however great a period of time it may remain a mere irritant—that moulds consciousness to the necessary amplitude for holding it.

CONSCIOUSNESS has no climax.

LET the Universe flow into your consciousness, there is no limit to its capacity, nothing that it shall not re-create.

UNSREW your capability of absorption and grasp the elements of Life—Whole.

MISERY is in the disintegration of Joy;
Intellect, of Intuition;
Acceptance, of Inspiration.

CEASE to build up your personality with the ejections of irrelevant minds.

NOT to be a cipher in your ambient,
But to color your ambient with your preferences.

NOT to accept experience at its face value.

BUT to readjust activity to the peculiarity of your own will.

THESE are the primary tentatives towards independence.

MAN is a slave only to his own mental lethargy.

YOU cannot restrict the mind’s capacity.
THEREFORE you stand not only in abject servitude to your perceptive
consciousness—
BUT also to the mechanical re-actions of the subconsciousness, that rub-
bish heap of race-tradition—
AND believing yourself free—your least conception is colored by the
pigment of retrograde superstitions.
HERE are the fallow-lands of mental spatiality that Futurism will clear—
MAKING place for whatever you are brave enough, beautiful enough to
draw out of the realized self.
TO your blushing we shout the obscenities, we scream the blasphemies, that
you, being weak, whisper alone in the dark.
THEY are empty except of your shame.
AND so these sounds shall dissolve back to their innate senselessness.
THUS shall evolve the language of the Future.
THROUGH derision of Humanity as it appears—
TO arrive at respect for man as he shall be—
ACCEPT the tremendous truth of Futurism
Leaving all those
—Knick-knacks.—

MINA LOY.
EXHIBITIONS AT “291”

EXHIBITION OF RECENT PAINTINGS BY MARSDEN HARTLEY

The Hartley Exhibition, January twelfth to February fourteenth, comprised the work done, during the past two years, by this American in Paris and Berlin, he having gone abroad after his exhibit at “291” in 1912. His new canvases show not only a radical departure from the work done by him before he went abroad, but are an attempt, heretofore untried, to express metaphysics pictorially. This Hartley has endeavored to accomplish through the use of symbols and the abstract significance of line and color. The artist speaks for himself in one of the three Forewords which accompanied the catalogue of his exhibition. The three Forewords are herewith reprinted for the benefit of the readers of Camera Work:

Marsden Hartley’s pictures are to be seen here in these rooms—at “291”—from January twelfth until February fifth. By way of any introduction to them “what further may be sought for or declared?” Everyone is free to look at the pictures and everyone will find as much or as little as he brings to them. If there is a psychical “rapport” between himself and the pictures he may be intensified in his own being by their intensity, but he will not be added to. And if they communicate nothing to him he may be left as cold as before he saw them; but nothing will be taken from him by their presence. By the feeling that they express they may arouse in him his own feelings—which go by so many different names; each man according to his own particular code.

And so of what use to write down the appreciation by one person; in one particular code; one personal interpretation; of Marsden Hartley’s pictures? What anyone says of any beautiful thing must always be partial and incomplete; of small circumference and outlined by one personality. One man might say: “Hartley understood the mountains; he learned their cruelty; their eternal aloofness and separateness; their immutable silence. He learned their last secret, the secret that perhaps they are not there at all—which can be learned of all things in the same way—by penetrating into them.” And another man might say: “Marsden Hartley loved the mountains. They were not silent to him; they told him about beauty and its intensity; they melted, for him, into life forms which he translated into crystals of art.” And so on and on. And as many more as would speak of the things Hartley painted. And it would be the same with those who would try and interpret what he painted. One would point out the religious ardor and the profound and unconscious symbolism; or another would call attention to the meticulous calculation in the balancing of forms and the juxtaposition of tones. One would see his individualism; another would see his universality. Still another would declare that he had made visible the wild poignant flavor of the Americas. And they might all be right and yet no one of them nor all of them could enclose this artist’s vision, translating it anew into the medium of language, any more than any one has ever been able to do that for any artist.

Pictures must be seen and felt directly in order to be received. No other introduction is necessary; or can be anything more than futile. As futile as the description of music. And so Marsden Hartley’s pictures may be seen at “291” from January twelfth until February fifth.

MABEL DODGE.
"I do not doubt that interiors have their interiors—and exteriors have their exteriors, and that the eyesight has another eyesight and the hearing another hearing and the voice another voice."—Walt Whitman.

"Put off intellect and put in imagination. The imagination is the man."—Wm. Blake.

The purpose of this foreword is to state merely the uselessness in art of forewords—of theses. It is to state that in the present exhibition there is nothing in the way of a theory of art of aesthetics or of science to offer. The intention of the pictures separately and collectively is to state a personal conviction—to express a purely personal approach. It has nothing whatsoever to do with the prevailing modes and tendencies—cliques and groups of the day. It has not intellectual motives—only visionary ones. It is not to be expounded. It is not a riddle. It is a discovery; but it does not purport to be the last great discovery in the scientific phase of aesthetics. Its only idea and ideal is life itself, sensations and emotions drawn out of great and simple things. There is an inner substance, an inner content in all things—an interior in an interior, an exterior to an exterior—and there are forms for the expression of them. It is the artist’s business to select forms suitable to his own specialized experience, forms which express naturally the emotions he personally desires to present, leaving conjectures and discussions to take care of themselves. They add nothing to art. Art creates itself out of the spirit substance in all things. There are signs and symbols for ideas of the spirit or soul as there are signs and symbols for ideas of the mind. For the former they are distinct and separate as for the latter they are distinct and separate. A picture is but a given space where things of moment which happen to the painter occur. The essential of a real picture is that the things which occur in it occur to him in his peculiarly personal fashion. It is essential that they occur to him directly from his experience, and not suggested to him by way of prevailing modes. True modes of art are derived from modes of individuals understanding life. The idea of modernity is but a new attachment to things universal—a fresh relationship to the courses of the sun and to the living swing of the earth—a new fire of affection for the living essence present everywhere. The new wonder of the moment. The Creator never loses his sense of wonder—he is continually in the state of simple amaze. The delight which exists in ordinary moments is his ecstasy. In the art of the ordinary there is the sense of devotion. In the art of the specialist there is the sense of habit. It is devotion which is closest to creation. Boehme was a devotional ordinary—Cézanne and Rousseau also. A real visionary believes what he sees. The present exhibition is the work of one who sees—who believes in what is seen—and to whom every picture is as a portrait of that something seen.

MARS DEN H ARTLEY.

FROM A PLAY BY GERTRUDE STEIN

MARS DEN H ARTLEY

A cook. A cook can see. Pointedly in uniform, exertion in a medium. A cook can see. Clark which is awful, clark which is shameful, clark and order.

A pin is a plump point and pecking and combined and more much more is in fine.

Rats is, rats is oaken, robber. Height, age, miles, plaster, peddle, more order.

Bake, a barn has cause and more late oak-cake specially.

Spend rubber, holder and coal, high, careful, in a pointed collar. A hideous southwest is always a climb in aged seldom succeeded flavoring untimely, necessity white, hour in a blaze. Break, sky blue light, obliquely, in a cut carpet, in the pack. A sound.

MARS DEN H ARTLEY

No noon back. No noon settler, no sun in the slant and carpet utterly surrounded.

No pressed plaster. None.


Matter in the center of single sand and slide in the hut.

No account of gibberish. No skylark utterly.
Perfect lemon and cutting a central black. Not such clouding. A sugar, a lame sugar, certainly. No sobriety no silver ash tray.

A co-existence with hard suckling and spoons, and spoons. A co-existence with orange supper. A last mending. A begging. Should the assault be exterminated, should it.

MARS DEN HARTLEY

A sound is in the best society. It hums and moves, it throws the hat in no way away and in no way particularly at paving. The meanness is a selection of parts and all of that is no more a handkerchief merely and large.

POINTS

The exchange which is fanciful and righteous and mingled is in the author mostly in the piece.

Hunger is not hurry and a silence and no more than ever, it is not so exactly and the word used is there.

The soon estate and established alternately has bright soldiers and peaceable in the rest of the stretch.

Point, face, canvas, toy, struck off, sense or, weigh coach, soon beak on, so suck in, and an iron.

Shut the chamber in the door, so well and so weak and so buttered. Shut the chest out, do not shut it in.

A sun in shine, and a so and a so helped angle is the same as the whole right.

THE WEDDING

It is not for nothing that the row placed quantity without grinding. Furnishing is something, individual is pointed. Beetles, only aged sounds are hot, a can in case and a sponge full a can in case and a wax well come, a can, a single hole, a wild suggesting wood, a half carpet and a pillow, a pillow increasing, a shirt in a cloud, a dirty distress, a thing grey, a thing thin, a long shout, a wonder, an over piece of cool oil, a sugar can, a shut open accident, a result in a feat, a copper, any copper. A cape coat, in bold shutters, in bold shutters shutting and not changing shutters not changing climaxes and peelings and hold over the switch, the binding of a pet and a revolver, the chosen loan, the owned cake in pieces the way to swim.

SECOND CHILDREN’S EXHIBITION

A second exhibition of Children’s Work was held at “291” during the period February eighteenth to March eleventh. The drawings, pastels, and water-colors were selected with the greatest care from over a thousand picked examples of children’s personal predilections. One six year old child’s drawings were mostly of horses; while another child of nine, who also writes remarkable verses,—one of which has appeared in CAMERA WORK,—delighted in charmingly imaginative depictions of fairies or religious entities. All the drawings shown were by children who had received no guidance in the use of brush or pencil. All manifested the delightful imaginative and fanciful qualities which are the child’s kingdom, and which unfortunately are, by degrees, submerged as the child’s evolution develops more fully the faculty of observation.

EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURES BY BRANCUSI

Eight original sculptures in bronze, marble, and wood by Brancusi were shown at “291” from March twelfth to April fourth. They represented an epitome of the artist’s work during a period of nearly ten years. Plaster casts of some of the pieces appeared at the big International Show last year, but
this was the first occasion on which America has seen his work in the originals. Simplified in the extreme, Brancusi’s sculpture makes its appeal through the sensitiveness of line and the marvelous quality of a form in which no detail detracts from the unity of conception. Moreover, Brancusi’s technical knowledge and feeling for the material are so keen that the same subject involves certain differences of treatment according as it is wrought in bronze, marble, or wood; and even defects in the material are made contributory to the composition. Never before has an exhibition in the little gallery seemed to be so complete, or the gallery itself so choiceily fitted to its contents.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY FRANK BURTY

The Exhibition Season of “291” closed with an Exhibition of paintings and drawings by Frank Burty, a young American, born and bred and living in France. The quiet reserve of Burty’s paintings disappointed the New York public, ever looking for sensationalism. The appreciation of the force concealed in his measured expression, of the musical quality suggested by his use of lines, and softened with vibrant tones, was left to the artists, and to a few of the critics who visited the Exhibition. The paintings of Frank Burty were shown from April sixth to May sixth.

PAUL B. HAVILAND.

As is our custom, we reprint for the sake of record, some of the Press Comments upon above exhibitions:

Mr. McBride in the New York Sun:

The three forewords are lovely. First there is Mabel Dodge’s, saying that if Marsden Hartley’s pictures do not cure you at least they will not kill you and advising you to try them. She warns you quite honestly that they may arouse in you your own feelings, but that is only part of the treatment and you should not be alarmed, but just swallow them down.

Then there is Hartley’s own foreword in which he says, “What’s the blank blank use of blank blank forewords anyhow? Forewords ain’t no good.”

And then there is a wonderful foreword by the great Gertrude Stein, which she has made quite simple for us so we will all understand and has written it in the form of a play. The characters are a cook, a clerk, Marsden Hartley and a soldiers’ chorus, and in the last act there’s the wedding, and they live happy ever after. Marsden marries the cook of course. Lucky dog! We shall all go to his dinner parties. But of course the wedding cannot take place until after he sells a few of the pictures.

What superb pictures! They’ll sell, sure. Everybody will wish to have one. But the exhibition lasts until February 5, and you can’t take the pictures away until then no matter how many you buy.

As the forewords are sure to raise a rumpus, sure to be read with the emphasis upon the wrong words by pig-headed philistines, to rural audiences who will guffaw loudly their own lack of sensitiveness, we hasten to give Miss Stein’s foreword in its entirety, that those who are “en rapport,” as Mrs. Dodge puts it, may be consoled by it, uplifted and “intensified in their own being,” and those who wish to guffaw may guffaw and get it over with.

We shan’t give all of Mabel Dodge’s. She tells too much. What’s the use of giving everything away? We are all entitled to our little mysteries, especially Gertrude. Why did she say “Pictures must be seen and felt directly in order to be received. No other introduction is necessary, or can be anything more than futile. As futile as the description of music?” Why
did she drag that in about music? Soon everybody will be “on,” and then it will be like the flower in the Tennyson poem. The big flower just beyond our reach is so beautiful, but the seed blows over the wall and lo! everybody has the flower, and despises it. Not that Miss Stein would ever be a weed—but you understand.

Here is Gertrude’s play foreword:

“Marsden Hartley.


“Clark which is awful, clerk which is shameful, clerk and order.

“A pin is a plump point and pecking and combined and more much more is in fine.

“Rats is, rats is oaken, robber. Height, age, miles, plaster, peddle, more order.

“Bake, a barn has cause and more late oak-cake specially.

“Spend rubber, holder and coal, high, careful, in a pointed collar. A hideous southwest is always a climb in aged seldom succeeded flavoring untimely, necessity white, hour in a blaze.


“Marsden Hartley.

“No noon back. No noon settler, no sun in the slant and carpet utterly surrounded.


“Matter in the centre of single sand and slide in the hut.

“No account of gibberish. No sky lark utterly.

“Perfect lemon and cutting a central black. Not such clouding. A sugar, a lame sugar, certainly. No sobriety no silver ash tray.


“Marsden Hartley.

“A sound is in the best society. It hums and moves, it throws the hat in no way away and in no way particularly at paving. The meanness is a selection of parts and all of that is no more a handkerchief merely and large.

“Points.

“The exchange which is fanciful and righteous and mingled is in the author mostly in the piece.

“Hunger is not hurry and a silence and no more than ever, it is not so exactly and the word used is there.

“The soon estate and established alternately has bright soldiers and peaceable in the rest of the stretch.

“Point, face, canvas, toy, struck off, sense or, weigh coach, soon beak on, so suck in and an iron.

“Shut the chamber in the door, so well and so weak and so buttered. Shut the chest out, do not shut it in.

“A sun in shine, and a so and a so helped angle is the same as the whole right.

“The wedding.

“It is not for nothing that the row placed quantity without grinding. Furnishing is something, individual is pointed. Beetles, only aged sounds are hot, a can in ease and a sponge full a can in case and a wax well come, a can, a single hole, a wild suggesting wood, a half carpet and a pillow, a pillow increasing, a shirt in a cloud, a dirty distress, a thing grey, a thing thin, a long shout, a wonder, an over piece of cool oil, a sugar can, a shut open accident, a result in a feat, a copper, any copper. A cape coat, in bold shutters, in bold shutters shutting and not changing shutters not changing climaxes and peelings and hold over the switch, the binding of a pet and a revolver, the chosen loan, the owned cake in pieces, the way to swim.”

A more delicious accompaniment to the pictures cannot be imagined. Is it not wonderful the way in which Gertrude responds to every one of Hartley’s moods? Mr. Stieglitz really should
give a thé de lecture some time during the run of the show. Miss Stein’s verses gain enormously when read aloud. The reader naturally should be some one of high intelligence with a fine natural voice. The tea could be the usual Lipton blend.

Not more than twelve should be invited to the thé de lecture, owing to the smallness of the Photo-Secession galleries. Besides there are not even twelve of us in New York who are really en rapport. I suppose we could invite Glendenning Keble of Pittsburg if necessary to have a crowd. But you see the different acts of the play would have to be read in different galleries, according to the location of the pictures. The reader might stand in that little central hall to be heard in both rooms. But no, we should have to move back and forth as the climaxes of the play are reached and so much jostling with cups of tea in our hands would be disastrous. “Clark which is awful, clark which is shameful,” but just the same “clark and order” when it comes to drinking tea.

Mr. Stieglitz reported at the close of the first day of this most fascinating exhibition that most of those who were annoyed by the pictures were annoyed by the figure 8s which appear here and there in some of Mr. Hartley’s German experiences. Will you believe it, we had not even noticed the figure 8s. There seemed to be so much more in the pictures than the 8s that we had passed by them completely in the first inrush. That’s the pity of letting the things be seen too quickly. People will force you, too, to look at the figure 8s. What is it, in heaven’s name, we ask you, when a murder is being done, that the rescuing or fleeing—as the case may be—policeman on the beat happens to sport the number 8? Not that murder is being done in Mr. Hartley’s pictures—there you go again, you see. The pervading literalness is too colossal to be combated except, as Mrs. Dodge says, by Hartley’s pictures themselves.

And also, since we find you dragging heavily on the chains, must we explain that those are not policemen in the pictures, but Uhlan Dragoons.

We fear that Mrs. Dodge’s “One man might say: Hartley understood the mountains, he learned their cruelty; their eternal aloofness and separateness; their immutable silence. He learned their last secret, the secret that perhaps they are not there at all,” will unintentionally mislead some of the pilgrims who will flock to the Photo-Secession. There are no more mountains in these pictures than there are murders or policemen. Mrs. Dodge was in fact referring to some other paintings by this artist which are not at present on view.

Now go to the show and try not to be rude to Mr. Stieglitz when he explains it to you.

J. Edgar Chamberlain in the New York Evening Mail:

Marsden Hartley’s paintings at the Photo-Secession gallery are past the comprehension of the ordinary mind, and must be given up as an uncrackable nut.

They are large pictures in strange kaleidoscopic patterns, of unknown significance, but undoubtedly answering sincerely to some artistic emotion which the painter has passed through. They have no names. No attempt is made by Mr. Hartley or any one else to interpret them. The artist does not seem to regard it as necessary to interpret them even to himself.

The sole suggestion of a relation in them to art or nature is found in a circumstance like this: One of the canvases is acknowledged to have been painted in Berlin. In the lower corner is a small figure of a soldier on a bright red horse, but the greater part of the canvas is occupied by squares, circles and patterns, a large figure 8, and things somewhat like military badges, epaulettes and other martial objects. One might say that it was the confused impression remaining on the retina after a day spent in looking at soldiers and parades.

Another curious picture shows four interwoven circles, or bubbles, at the bottom, with a whirl of light-jets, stars, and a general explosive appearance, filling up the rest of the canvas. It has been unofficially suggested that the four bubbles or disks at the bottom of the picture represent four people at a convivial banquet, while the rest of the picture shows the condition of the inside of one’s head after drinking about a bottle and a half of champagne.
It will not do to set these pictures of Mr. Hartley’s down as insanity or fakery. They are not fakery, because Mr. Hartley is a sincere man. And the trouble about calling them insanity is that so many other people are being insane nowadays in similar ways that it may possibly turn out that after all they are perfectly sane, and all the rest of us insane.

Charles H. Caffin in the *New York American*:

An exhibition of paintings by Marsden Hartley, interpreting, as he says, his “experiences,” is being held at the Little Gallery of the Photo-Secession. Forewords to the exhibition are supplied by the painter himself, by Mrs. Mabel Dodge and by Miss Gertrude Stein. They are oracular in tone and quite portentously solemn, summoning us into the presence of a series of creations which are to be seen and felt in silence. For “Of what use,” says Mrs. Dodge, “to write down the appreciation of one person, in one particular code, one personal interpretation, of Marsden Hartley’s pictures?”

I venture, however, to ignore this warning to keep my mouth shut. It happens to be my lot to record the impressions I receive from what artists are doing; and, while it is often a thankless one, and at best “a poor thing, but mine own,” I must brace myself to the performance of the job.

Hartley used to paint mountain scenes, or, rather, the moods with which they impressed him. Now, mountains may impress a man in either of two ways—they may uplift his imagination or they may bear down upon it. It seems they affected Hartley in the latter way. He felt their menace; they imprisoned him; his spirit longed to be liberated. They bore down upon his spirit and shut it in, I suspect, like the conventions of Puritan tradition that he had inherited.

At length the opportunity came to get away and live in Paris and then in Berlin, and the process of spiritual liberation commenced, the stages of which, so far as it has gone, are represented in these paintings. In Paris he seems to have been more or less lost; in Berlin he found himself.

Now, Hartley’s is not the first instance I have known of a finely sensitive and serious New England spirit chafing in its inherited shackles. “If you bar the door,” says the poet, speaking of love, “it will in at the window.” With the spirit it is the reverse: barred in, it will out at the window. The more compressed it has been, the more violent is apt to be its exit or explosion.

For the latter simile, I imagine, is more applicable to Hartley’s case. The accumulated heat and force engendered by generations of suppression of the free love of beauty in life and art may assume the conditions of a dormant volcano. In time it seethes to the surface and finally erupts. This, if I mistake not, roughly suggests Hartley’s emotional experience.

Among the paintings is a Paris impression. An explosion has occurred; there is a spread of rocket-like rods, bursting at their tops into flaming stars. It is the volcano’s preliminary splutter. Then—to preserve my simile—vapors begin to arise. In the freedom of air and light they take on convolutions of pattern and brighter and brighter colors; they take shape and suggestions of Kwanons, triune circles and other Catholic or Rosicrucian symbols. They are the vapors from the bowels of a mediaeval world.

Then gradually the hot cone of the volcano releases itself in a flow of molten lava. It hisses round the jagged excrescences of the crater’s lip and forms in a slowly coiling stream. Only here we have to imagine the crater inverted. The lava zigzags and pours upward. But it seems to be an eruption neither of intellectual nor spiritual experience; it is, as I see it and feel it, a boiling up to the surface of accumulated impressions that are solely those of sensuous emotion.

Under them the artist staggers and is confused. Gradually, however, that very impression of systematization which galls him in Berlin reacts upon him to his benefit. Out of the systematization he gathers consciousness of the value of organization. His latest work, while still suggestive of turbulent emotions, is more organic in arrangement.

The whole is a strangely interesting exposure of the throes of a soul in labor, and leaves one wondering what will be the ultimate result of parturition.
Adolph Wolff in the *International*:

Come, all ye, whose souls are famished.

A banquet has been prepared for your delectation;

Come, and feast your eyes on these visual ambrosias, and hydromels. Drink ye freely of these mystic wines, of most ancient vintage; that also ye may rise into the state of grace of spiritual intoxication. Come and join the exulting choir of pentagrams, triangles, squares, circles, eight-point stars and the rest of the host of symbols and emblems that, garbed in glowing raiment for the mystical wedding of the *seen* and the *unseen*, are singing, GLORY, GLORY, GLORY UNTO THE MOST HIGH JOY OF THE SPIRIT THROUGH THE SENSES!

Marsden Hartley, this necromancer of paint and brush, is a man of today, who, with the raw material of yesterday creates an art of tomorrow. He plunges his master-hand into the rubbish pit of the past, to dazzle us with a shower of stars.

In an age of almost exact science, and materialistic preoccupations, this man leaves the world of beings and of things to penetrate the well-nigh forgotten cemetery of long-discarded and much distained emblems and symbols and, like unto the angel of the Apocalypse, blasting the trumpet of genius, brings the dead to life. Marsden Hartley truly brings the dead to life and bringing the dead to life, that is ART!

If you are alive, whoever you be, go to the great little Photo-Secession Gallery at 291 Fifth Avenue, where the Marsden Hartley masterpieces will be on view until about the 5th of February.

Charles H. Caffin in the *New York American*:

A remarkable exhibition of children's work in colored chalks and water-color is being shown at the gallery of the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth Avenue.

It may seem incongruous to apply the word "artist" to children of this age, especially as I myself reserve the qualification, as far as possible, for those in whom I can discover something of a creative vision and a feeling for aesthetic expression. But it is the wonderful revelation of such qualities in some of these children that makes the exhibition not only artistically appealing, but a thing to be studied by every one who is engaged in psychological and educational problems.

For here we are assured—and may as well accept it as true—that there has been no fostering of these children's talents or supervision of their work. The exhibition reveals something of the processes of the child mind not only in its observation of facts, but also in the workings of its imagination.

Here, for example, is a panoramic landscape or map—for it is much of both—done by a boy of ten, the inmate of an orphan asylum. He has spread out upon a sheet of paper, some eighteen inches by ten, what may be a square mile, more or less, of his familiar surroundings. Houses in detail, streets, a river and its affluents, the railroad, station, hills, trees, fields with goats feeding, and so on—everything recorded with exact precision and apparently in correct relations.

It is really a marvel of observation and execution, but the wonder grows as one notes that in his use of color this boy of ten has shown a remarkable aesthetic feeling for harmony of tones.

Psychologists tell us that in the matter of drawing the child begins with observation and a desire to record the facts it has noted; then, from about ten years old, especially in the case of boys, develops an interest in the technical manner of rendering; but that the third stage of aesthetic appreciation of beauty usually comes with the approach of adolescence, and is more noticeable in the case of girls.

Therefore either this boy must be regarded as quite exceptional or else a revision of this theory of evolution in relation to age and sex seems necessary. For the theory is rendered questionable not only by the case of this boy of ten, but also by that of a little girl somewhat younger.

With her it is imagination rather than observation that provides the impulse. Her drawings have not the technical precision of the boy's; but her feeling for color is at once more
varied and more sensitive. Most remarkable, however, in its revelation of the child mind is a drawing of pure imagination.

The child herself has given the clue to this arrangement of bands of color, which form irregular concentric circles round a central white core. “The Soul of God,” she has lettered on this drawing, “is like a Lily, pure, white, with golden thoughts in it.” And on the core of this design, in letters of gold, she has written, “Good, I must do good,” and she adds, “And good He always did.”

By another little girl is a number of pictures in which a horse is the chief motive. The variety and truthful suggestion of its movements, and the way in which the details of landscape are blended with the patterns of line and color are quite surprising.

But possibly, from a larger point of view, the most surprising thing about this exhibition is the surprise we feel. It is an indication of our appalling ignorance of the miracle of the child instinct and of our settled habit of ignoring it and thwarting its evolution by imposing upon it our unscientific and unnatural conventions.

Mr. McBride in the New York Sun:

Owing to the difficulties that the customs authorities are having in deciding whether the Brancusi sculptures are works of art or something else, Mr. Stieglitz explains, the present exhibition of children’s work will be continued in the little gallery at 291 Fifth avenue for another week. These drawings will pleasantly beguile a half an hour for any art lover, and particularly will please those students who have been considering the lot of the primitive artists with envy.

The drawings certainly exhibit all the qualities that are so desperately lacking in the art of today; imaginativeness, poetry, decoration and ideas. The childish admiration for horses is much in evidence, and a majority of the sketches are of the noblest animal.

Adolph Wolff in the International:

It was not a pagan revel like the Kit Kat ball, but it was a post-impressionistic cubistic futurist revel; and yet, it was not altogether a revel, the ball was meant for pleasure while the exhibition was meant—for business. Excepting this slight difference the analogy is perfect. As to the costume ball, so too the exhibition, the participants came not in their usual clothes, but specially attired for the occasion. After the ball the revelers resumed their customary garments; what will the artists do after the exhibition? Will they become their own dear familiar selves again, or will they continue in their borrowed outfits? That is the question! A question both tragic and amusing. At any rate the Montross micro-international show gives evidence of the wonderful spirit of enterprise and the great faculty of adaptation characteristic of the American business man and artist, two words well nigh synonymous nowadays. The group of painters headed by Mr. Arthur B. Davies has shown that it is possible to give to the dear public post-impressionism, cubism and futurism in a form refined, modified, made respectable and acceptable to the best Society. Aye, even so to speak, Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Act. Mr. Davies and his esteemed colleagues, as evidenced by the highly successful efforts along these new lines, have rendered a signal service both to Art and their country.

* * * *

The exhibition of contemporary art at the National Arts Club was a further demonstration of the fact that the best things suffer in bad company unless they are in the vast majority, which alas, was not the case in this instance. An exhibition is somewhat like an orchestra: each work on view contributes to the general effect on the eye as in the case of the orchestra, on the ear. We either get a symphony visible or audible, or we get a rubbish heap of color or sound. In both cases the finer things are lost. A bad one-man show in totality of effect is better than most mixed shows. There is a certain unity in the one; the other is always more or less a hodgepodge, and this, alas, in spite of the many good things it contained, is true of the exhibition of contemporaries at The National Arts Club. With all that, thanks to its note of sincerity, this exhibition was infinitely superior to the Montross show.

* * * *

The Children’s Exhibition at the Photo-Secession Rooms, 291 Fifth Avenue, affected me like the sweet fresh breeze that enters a stuffy room when the windows are thrown open on a bright April morning. Free, frank and joyful are the Little Masters who have made those pic-
tures so striking in color, so delightful in design, so surprising in conception. One is tempted to whisper, “May they never improve!” What a shame that the ogre jaws of industrialism are waiting wide open to engulf most of these little great artists! Will any of them escape? What a beautiful world this would be, and what a glorious Art we would have, if the little children could grow up and yet remain little children?

Walter Storey in *The Arts & Crafts Magazine* (October, 1912) on the First Children’s Exhibition Held at “291”:

In the Secessionists Galleries in New York there was recently displayed an exhibition of drawings by young children. Do not confuse this exhibition with “work of the kindergarten,” etc. These drawings, we were informed, were almost entirely done without the assistance or guidance by teachers or other adults. A careful viewing of them supported this assertion. To be frank they were the sort of thing that Teacher throws away as of no value. Impossible horses, grotesque people, colors apparently burlesqued, and all done with a naive disregard of any law of art, is what we find in the collection.

To one who took it seriously, however, this exhibition was remarkable in two ways. First, that any one had thought of exhibiting these children’s drawings; second, that these children’s drawings should become so interesting. If he could forget that they were the work of children and could look at them with the cold, impersonal eye of the critic who neither thinks he knows the last word in art nor believes that any one else knows it, then these grotesque drawings take on a curious dignity. Characterization is their keynote. A little girl draws a landscape. The grass and trees are brilliant green. Some of the grass a light pea green. The sunlight on the grass she calls it. Her impression of the scene is obviously there—direct, vivid. No one can mistake the sketch for that of a winter afternoon or any other phase of nature. By the same token no one needs be mistaken about a galloping horse. Objects are drawn with the same directness. A house is quite a solid structure adorned with windows. Like Giotto’s drawings, its inhabitant is plainly discerned leaning out of one of the apertures. These children’s drawings suggest very much the freshness and simplicity of those child-like Masters of the Renaissance. And today several men in France have made reputations by drawing and painting in just this direct and simple manner.

Pardon me, for this very serious consideration of what might appear to you trivial, but I believe that there is something quite worth while for the student of art education to consider apropos of this exhibition. How is it that the child with this directness and personality is made to do the most conventional and non-personal things, shortly after being taken in hand by its art teacher? This exhibition is to me a startling and sad commentary upon our art education.

Some of these drawings impress me as being the first efforts of children that might do some remarkable work later on. In fact, I confess to the feeling that almost all of the drawings contain that suggestion. To grow more enthusiastic, it seems to me that the naive impulse as shown in the expression of children, three to seven years old—the age at which these drawings were done—is potential of greater things than at any other period of life. Yet in our wisdom, we who know exactly how things should be done, having studied earnestly with some well known master,—step in and crush out these childish impulses that no doubt would develop greater things than we have ever dreamed. What a wonderful thing it would be if the teacher instead of “directing” could simply watch over and guard this original expression that comes forth from a child’s mind and personality like a new and beautiful flower.

It seems to me that a great deal could be done toward a little self-education by organizing in every town a small exhibition of just such drawings. It would need some discernment to do this. It would also need some courage. But if you could persuade visitors to overcome the feeling that they were looking at a sort of baby show, the cause of art education might be assisted more by this means than by the Summer Normal Art Course or the Autumn Teacher’s Institute, estimable as they are. Such an exhibition would show both teachers and parents a new angle of view into the mind of a child. It would also arouse suggestive thoughts upon our present methods of art instruction, methods that obtain with a deplorable uniformity from the Kindergarten to the Art Academy.
Charles H. Caffin in the *New York American*:

In the galleries of the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth avenue, is an exhibition of sculpture by Constantine Brancusi.

Visitors to the International Exhibition will remember his portrait of Mlle. Pogany, which was jocosely styled “the egg-shaped lady.” That was in plaster, as also was the head of the “Sleeping Muse.” Here both pieces have been rendered in marble by the sculptor himself, and the latter is also shown in a version in bronze. Among the other pieces are two female heads and a legendary bird.

Nothing so purely abstract in expression has been created in modern sculpture. One must, in fact, go back to the Egyptian, or possibly to the Chinese sculpture of the Sung period, to find any counterpart. Yet, while these pieces by Brancusi recall the impersonal, abstract qualities of ancient art, their expression is singularly modern in its subtlety and even intimacy of suggestion.

In the “Sleeping Muse,” for example, the expression is of sleep, so light that the flutter of a flower’s petal would awaken it. It is the sleep of the spirit, the suspense that precedes creative imaginations, and its emanation envelops like the quietude of night even the externals of the head. The piece, when you accept its language, is exquisitely, poignantly beautiful.

Those who admired the “Pogany” in the plaster—and they were many, despite the levity of the heavy-minded—will find in the marble even more sensitiveness of suggestion. While its principles of construction are simplified to an almost pure geometrical application of the sphere and tangents, nothing but the feeling of an artist of singularly rare sensations could have created the rhythms into which the lines and planes successively melt.

If any one doubts that it represents on the part of Brancusi a series of excursions into principles of abstract expression and not merely the adoption of certain tricks of form, a comparison of it with the other heads, in some particular such as the modelling of the eyes, should remove the doubt. For, while the treatment is always merely suggestive, the quality of suggestion varies in each case.

The bird is strangely heroic. Its masses and curves are reduced to the utmost simplicity, and in consequence are the more salient in their actual constructiveness. It represents the most imposing kind of architectonics applied to a natural form. It is noble in conception and masterful in its technical rendering. And it is so because method and imagination alike are profoundly sculptural.

Mr. McBride in the *New York Sun*:

Those who didn’t “see” it last year at the show of international art ought to this year. Now that it finds itself in the sympathetic guardianship of Mr. Stieglitz in the little gallery of the Photo-Secession, at 291 Fifth avenue, which seems to have no secret architectural differences from other galleries and yet has the faculty of showing off modern wares that seem dubious in other places to extreme advantage, like the tailor’s mirror in which you never can locate the imperfections that you fancied in the glass at home, the Brancusi art seems to expand, unfold and to take on a startling lucidity.

But a few short months ago there were jeers for the “Mlle. Pogany” and the “Is it an egg?” witticism threw the philistines into such paroxysms of uncontrolled glee that a consideration of the “Sleeping Muse” had to be postponed. It is impossible to reason with people in the grip of a passion, whether for laughing or weeping. It is perhaps impossible ever to reason the adverse into an appreciation of a work of art. Art is felt, not understood. All the talk and loud shouts in the world won’t cause you to like a picture that you are convinced you loathe.

But the laughers are finally stilled through sheer weariness of their own laughter. The thought imprisoned in the bronze at last speaks, and soon, if the idea be a pretty one, there is an audience so large for it that the fatuous laughter becomes an object for mild pity. People laughed at Beethoven! It is difficult for us now to see upon what they pinned their joke.

Brancusi, Beethoven! They are not precisely mates. Beethoven never laughed, or at least if he did you were more frightened than at his thunder. Brancusi laughs.
PLATES

J. CRAIG ANNAN

V. Bridge of St. Martin—Toledo
VI. Old Church—Burgos
VII. A Square—Ronda
VIII. A Gateway—Segovia
is godlike, primeval, ungentlemanly. Brancusi is suave, witty, elegant and rococo. There is no reason whatever for linking them save that their loves spell their loves with a B and both were mocked. If one must find a musical affinity for Brancusi, Rameau is nearer. But must one? He is more literary than musical.

One naturally seeks for comparisons for most of our modern artists among the musicians, for the continual search for the abstractions of beauty that goes on among our new men is only to be matched by the "absolute" in music that fascinated even the apostles of the leitmotif among our composers. One would wish that modern art would not borrow so much from music. One would wish that painting and sculpture might develop more strictly within their mediumistic limitations, or progress by adding more and more restrictions to method.

But what have one's private opinions to do with an age whose rallying word is "liberty"? An age in which all barriers are down; an age in which the women wish to be men; every country wishes to be like its neighbor, and an expert is required to tell the difference between an aristocrat and a democrat? With everything "upon the level" what's the use of kicking because painting has become another form of music? Or because sculptors take on the license of poets?

Those who deny "progress and liberty" will deny Brancusi. Those who are interested in life as it is and are more interested in the actual, unsolved, confronting problems of the day than in the completely solved, tabulated, indexed problems of the long dead past will accept him. Those who can bear to look at Brancusi's sculptures, however, will find it difficult to understand the shudders of the philistines. They are not after all so very abstract. There is a tangible subject to each work. "Mlle. Pogany" is, if you will, a delicious piece of satire as soulful and ecstatic as dead Lady Angela in "Patience." She leans her amusing head upon her hands and bends forward properly "yearning" at the, to us, inaudible Bunthornish strain. The eyes in such creatures dilate until they are all of the lady that the watchers at the comedy see. Brancusi has dilated them until we see nothing but eyes. But what of that? Pray let us be consistent for once. It is an abstraction, but since we understand it what's the harm? Our ultra-moderns complain that it is too easy, that they "understand" it, in fact. If that should prove to be its fault, it is a fault that will make its appeal to all Academicians.

"Mlle. Pogany's" ear is a droll ellipse and may worry beginners in modern art study, but the same individual who will be astonished at such an ear in modern art admires exactly the same sort of art convention in a Chinese jade. As the light strikes it now in the little gallery it is very like jade. The whole piece of marble is delightful as stone, and the artisan has cut it with fine appreciation of its quality. The "touch," to apply still another musical term to Brancusi's chisel, is extraordinarily caressing. Few pieces of modern stone cutting come up to it in "preciousness," and none that we have seen eclipse it. Certainly Rodin's do not. Sculptors who have any love for their trade as such and know in theory what "respect for the marble" is will concede this success to Brancusi.

The new piece, the "Danaide," is far more subtle and refined than the "Mlle. Pogany." Why she smiles we do not know, this Danaide. Is she the one who didn't murder her husband upon her wedding night or one of those who did? It is a most elusive smile, difficult to translate, but charmingly high bred. A Japanese noblowoman would smile like that just before committing hari-kari. From every point of view the lines as lines are good. The swollen neck does not explain itself to us, but in another light "it might," as the young person in "General O'Regan" says. The hair is suggested in a most interesting way and the tenderness of execution is even more marked than in "Mlle. Pogany." "Mlle. Pogany" has the advantage in marbles, though.

J. Edgar Chamberlain in the New York Evening Mail:

Several pieces of the sculpture of Constantin Brancusi are on exhibition at the gallery of the Photo-Secession, 291 Fifth Avenue. Brancusi is a sculptor of Roumanian origin and inspiration, who for many years served as a workman in the atelier of Rodin. It was perhaps in that atelier that he gained the inspiration for his most extraordinary work, the head of Mlle. Pogany, which, in a plaster cast, figured as one of the most wildly exciting features of the International or Armory show a year ago.

This is the head which people called "the egg"; it is a round, smooth ovoid, provided with a thin, straight, wedge-like projection which does duty for a nose, and marked with two large rudimentary secondary ovals which suggest eyes.
“Mile. Pogany” appears at this exhibition in beautiful marble, and also in bronze. The beauty of the surface, of the mere workmanship, in this head is so great that it almost makes one forget the strange character of the head itself. Everything that is shown here, indeed, is finished in the same masterly way. Brancusi is a splendid artisan, at any rate. Is he also a great artist? It doesn’t appear so.

It is possible, now, to see Mr. Brancusi’s point of view. His intention is evidently to simplify everything to the point where idea itself appears in visible form—the abstract made concrete—eliminating all unessential forms, like a bullet shown in a man’s vitals by an X-ray photograph. Let us say, for instance, that the predominating characteristic of a woman is gentle purity. Brancusi, in making a portrait bust of this woman, will eliminate everything but the gentle purity. The so-called head will be turned at a sweet angle; the features will be reduced to thin slits, or mere rudimentary projections—all pointing in this way toward a slight and delicate yet quite intense suggestion of gentle purity. No flesh, no ears, no hair, perhaps no eyes—nothing but a line or two; and any indicated feature like a coy bend of the neck, which many contribute to the suggestion of naïveté, will be exaggerated, in order to suggest the naïveté the more strongly.

This concentration of everything in a fundamental suggestion, this raising of simplicity to the n-th power, is visible in everything that Brancusi does—in his “Danaide” even more than in Mile. Pogany.

The effort is interesting, and the workmanship and the material a delight. Brancusi takes the same infinite personal pains with his bronze that he does with his marble, making the bronze himself, and working on the cast after it is finished. But can any one say confidently that his heads or figures are a good thing in their purpose and conception? Is sculpture a raw thought, an X-ray photograph of a quality, or is it something which produces a certain reaction upon our minds by the suggestion of nature?

We have passed beyond the stage of art where sculpture must be an imitation of nature. Rodin contents us with the suggestion only. But it really seems that there must be some suggestion. Maybe we shall evolve ourselves into the Brancusi attitude, and accept Mile. Pogany; but the world has not yet reached that point.

There is no apparent sense or beauty in the object in wood which Brancusi calls “L’Enfant Prodigue.” It is of the same stage of artistic cultivation as the fetich carvings of the Bantu natives of Africa—somewhat behind the stage of the carved totem poles of the natives of British Columbia, which are graphically symbolical.

One piece of work, in bronze, it is possible to commend heartily. It is a conceit representing the fabled guardian bird of the Roumanian folklore. This is not a “natural” bird, to be sure; but the long neck, the curved head, the shining ovoid body and the long descending tail, suggest strongly, weirdly and beautifully the character of the bird which is supposed to preside over the struggle and destinies of man.

Elizabeth Luther Carey in the New York Times:

A bird that sits erect with smooth expanded breast and a small head, of which the open beak has a curiously villainous aspect—this is one of Brancusi’s sculptures at the Photo-Secession Gallery. The bronze invites the touch, and the mass is incorruptible in its Egyptian unity. One cannot but follow with fascination the beautiful serene line of that pompous eagle breast, yet a subtle disproportion in the arrangement of the masses hints mysteriously at evil. It is not a bird, nor an art, to forget, but it savors of strange gods.

Less baffling, more innocent and kind is the “Sleeping Muse,” which is shown both in marble and in bronze. The suave, refined oval of this head has a charm that is altogether lacking in the well-known portrait head of Mile. Pogany. The small, sharpened features, like those of a death mask, hardly obtrude upon the pure, long contour of the face. That head of an unknown lady, which has hung from the rafters of many an attic studio, has a like immobility and withdrawal of expression.

Then we have again the Pogany head with its unpleasant, snake-like twist of hair, and a wooden statue of a child taking its first steps, a little heathen idol of a child, balancing itself
with uncertainty, and greatly suggesting a degenerate humanity. The sculptures are those of a highly accomplished technician whose mind works with symbols, not with explanation or representation. They are interesting and seductive, intellectual and mystic. Probably no other age could have produced them, and as an expression of contemporary tendencies they are important, but they miss nobility of design.

W. B. McCormick in the New York Press:
The two "leading ladies" of the international exhibition in the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory last spring were unquestionably the "Nude Descending the Staircase" and Mlle. Pogany, whose egg-shaped head we were told represented the work of Constantin Brancusi. The notorious nude was the most perfect case on record of Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark left out, and Brancusi's success with the populace was one only of ribald mirth. Yet the people remembered that painting and that sculpture, when they forgot most of the other things in the exhibition completely.

There was one voice in the howling wilderness of talk created by the armory show, however, that insisted the art of Constantin Brancusi was not adequately represented by a plaster cast of only one of his works. Now that voice demonstrates the wisdom and force animating it by showing eight of Brancusi's sculptures in the Photo-Secession Gallery, where they may be seen until April 1.

Curious this exhibition is, even for the Photo-Secession Gallery, that has sheltered more strange forms of art in its lifetime than any other gallery in this city. All one sees in the first of the little rooms are six marble and bronze heads, in which the egg-shaped vision of Mlle. Pogany is the dominant note, and a curious, ungainly figure made of wood stained to represent age. In the second room, perched atop of a packing box, is a brazen bird that bears no resemblance to any known form in ornithology, although it has been compared superficially to one of the sacred birds in Egyptian art.

To me Brancusi's idea of the human head being as markedly egg-shaped as he makes it is a pure affectation and not at all an original one. For several years now such a head has stood in one of the wall cases in a remote stairway in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, so that Brancusi's form has been antedated. And just why, in one of these marble heads, he should represent his original with a swollen face and a goitre is not easy of solution. But he makes the visitor forget much of this posturing by the sheer exquisite beauty of his "Sleeping Muse" in marble in a new fashion in sculpture which Rodin seems to have started (see his "Martyr" in the Metropolitan), which is shown lying flat on a tabular surface raised only a few inches above the floor.

Exquisite as this head is, shorn as it is of almost every trace of pose entering into portraits of the Mlle. Pogany order (for affectation still lingers in its scheme of being placed), there is something quite as admirable in the head, that being the remarkable craftsmanship of the artist. The treatment of the surface is truly extraordinary in these days when a sculptor is content to see a clay sketch cast in bronze. And the beautiful, patient intelligent craftsmanship which has gone into the fashioning of all these heads and that wonderful brazen bird is—to me—the most satisfying thing that has come to us from France in many a year. That there is an artist living today who can rival the ancient Chinese craftsmen in sheer perfection of technique is a joyous thing to contemplate, even if that artist does insist on giving us egg-headed, pop-eyed Mlle. Pogany.

The sculptor calls his wooden figure in the first room "The Prodigal Son." Mr. Stieglitz calls it "First Steps"—which may or may not mean the same thing. Mr. Stieglitz's legend, however, gives point to the figure, which will need much pointing, we fear, to the average intelligence. Possibly the answer may be to that that average intelligences are not to be found frequenting the Photo-Secession Gallery. But if Mr. Brancusi has simply set about representing the idea of the effort at balancing, which goes with an infant's first essays in walking, he has succeeded admirably. That his representation is as beautiful as our more conventional sculptures we do not believe for a moment. For the weakness of this particular piece of sculpture as in the case of the head of Mlle. Pogany—is that it has to be explained. "The Sleeping Muse" and the brazen bird explain themselves.
Adolph Wolff in the International:

Constantine Brancusi, whose work has been on view at the Photo-Secession rooms, 291 Fifth Avenue, is one of the most interesting figures in the art world of today. The several pieces on view are not to be forgotten by those who have seen them.

Silence speaks louder than words. Its loudness is not noise but music and thus speaks the works of Brancusi. He is very new because he is very old. He is very strong because he is very gentle. He is very complete because he is very fragmentary. He is very pagan because he is very religious. Yes! Religious. I can see him kneeling in adoration before the holy curve. To keep inviolate the immaculate purity of the curve he sacrifices the minor parts, obliterating them completely or reducing them to a minimum of projectivity and converting them into decorative elements.

Brancusi is a magician who throws nature into a mystical cauldron from which she emerges purified, sanctified, essentialized. The mystic bird of brass is the most perfect of his attainments shown at this exhibition. Brancusi is the sculptor of the greater form; the average known sculptors compared to him are as pigmies compared to giants. Our famous American sculptors should study and meditate over the work of such masters as Brancusi. They may learn something; they may learn that they are criminals who have been murdering innocent marble and deforming defenseless bronze—crimes that are unforgivable because they are unforgettable.

Charles H. Caffin in the New York American:

Paintings and drawings of Frank Burty are being shown at the gallery of the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth avenue.

It seems that before he studied art in the form of painting, he devoted many years to music, particularly in the direction of composition. His turning to drawing and painting was the result of his friendship with Picasso.

As is to be expected of a student of musical composition, he displays a remarkable instinct for structural form, organic arrangement and rhythmical relations.

Before having time to note individual pictures, I was conscious of the organic orderliness of the ensemble. Here is a painter who is neither groping nor showing off. He has ideas of a subject, but ponders and digests them before committing them to the canvas or paper, and, when he reaches this stage, has no notion of displaying a flamboyant technique.

A true artist's reticence has a peculiar eloquence; it speaks deliberately, with choice selection, and with a certainty that lasts. This is the kind of reticence that Burty is disciplining himself to express, and in it he has already acquired a marked proficiency.

The pictures are arranged chronologically, and early in the series come some which show him to have been experimenting with Picasso's form of cubism. But it is in no spirit of imitation and evidently in obedience to his own instinct for organic solidity.

One may be convinced of this, since the first example here, "Landscape—Cerdagne," reveals the instinct, and its expression becomes increasingly realized in subsequent pictures. Perhaps it culminates, so far as this show is concerned, in a nude figure of a woman seen against a red background.

She is not alluring in the ordinary painter way, but if you are alive to the abstract sensations that the suggestion of actual solid structural form can stimulate, it will not fail to attract you, as it does me, with a sheer and clean delight.

Again, I am very much attracted by "Woman at a Window," a long French window, opening onto an iron balustrade, with foliage beyond. Here again is vigorous stimulation of the tactile sense, but there is also a remarkable feeling for light. And, having noted this instance, one finds it repeated in many others.

Now, the feeling for light is an old story, especially with modern painters; and their increased capacity for rendering it has up till lately been their chief contribution to the art. But this feeling and its rendering are different from the ordinary; and when you come to study it you reach the conclusion that the difference consists in this: Whereas, the generality of painters see the object enveloped in light and render it as if the light were imposed upon it, Burty feels the light as given forth from the subject.

Thus the light seems actually to emanate from his picture, as it does in one of Rembrandt's. But while the latter used the principle mostly to create an idealization of his subject
and in conjunction with elaborate chiaroscuro, it is here applied in broad daylight to increase
the actuality of the facts.

In this rendering of light Burty displays a feeling for and familiarity with chromatics that
may well be an echo of his musical training. His color values are singularly sensitive and withal
virile in expression. For this young painter, so far, is not bent on idealizing the actual.

I would rather say the motive is the reverse—namely, to actualize the idea.

Mr. McBride in the New York Sun:
What would be considered a courageous act in any one else, but with Mr. Stieglitz will
pass as a matter of course, is his giving a "first appearance" to Frank Burty of Paris. It is
literally a first appearance anywhere for Mr. Burty, as he has not shown even in Paris. This
must be mere self-restraint upon Mr. Burty's part, since these things would have a "success
fou" over there, being decidedly in the mode. Here their success is problematical, especially
since Mr. Cox has begun raging up and down through the land, frightening people away from the
Photo-Sesesh. Possibly not more than twenty-four people in all will truly like them at first
sight, but we beg to be included in the number.

Mr. Burty's history is slight, but as far as it goes interesting. It seems that he has only
been painting four years. He went abroad—he is an American—to study music, and it is said
that it was while sitting for a portrait to Pablo Picasso that the scales fell from his eyes and he
received cubistic sight forthwith and has had the power to feel and project in four dimensions
ever since.

The history stops there. Whether Pablo Picasso counselled him to study with a plumb
line in the Academie Julien or gave him of his own knowledge is not said. Certainly long before
the four years were up "this one," to quote Miss Gertrude Stein, "knew that what he was
doing would do for others." A New York connoisseur bought Mr. Burty's "Fortifications." Mr.
Stieglitz saw it and knew instantly that an exhibition of such work would do for him.

Now that all the pictures are hung he is as pleased as Punch with it. Mr. Walkowitz also
likes it. Mr. Marin, Paul Haviland, Mr. Hapgood, Mr. de Zayas, Mrs. Mabel Dodge, all
approve of it. The chance to be number nine upon this list is yours, dear reader. The rush
has not yet begun.

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The "Fortifications" was painted in 1911, one year after Mr. Burty (pronounced "beer-
tea") had begun the study of painting. This picture must have amazed and chagrined his pre­
ceptor. It falls to the lot of every instructor to have his pupils chance upon the most heaven­
sent subjects. The fortifications of Paris constitute a perfect theme for a new artist. Mr. Burty
only cubed the soft gray sky. The rest of the picture cubed itself. Its realism is undeniable.
Such cubism is easy to understand. All of Mr. Burty's work will be sufficiently understood by
every one, for that matter. Apparently his chief desire is to be frank, not to be mysterious, and
he is a cubist only in the sense that Cézanne is. However, he doesn't follow Cézanne in style.

His nudes and other figure pieces, his still lifes and landscapes are well drawn, in the dis­
turbing modern fashion. The proportions are well enough; the solidity of ladies' chests and
arms is indicated as firmly as in the best German work, but arrived at with greater economy
of means; the characterization is excellent; the line and color both have the peculiar searching,
nervously sensitive and incessantly truthful air that baffles description, but is ever present in
good "modern art." The realism that is attained by this nervous line and nervous color offends
the philistines because it is realism. The philistines never begin to hearken to truth until the
speaker has reiterated it so often that his voice takes on the mechanical tones of habit. The
individuation of taste, however, gets from Mr. Burty, M. Bonnard, Vallotton, Vuillard and the
others the pleasurable sense of participating in a voyage of discovery. Just how far it will be
continued does not worry these sensible voyagers. It is not, thank heaven, a Cook's tour.

We can jump off when we wish.

Mr. Burty is at the beginning of what may be a career. He is not a master, not a leader,
as yet. But he does more than merely rattle Picasso's dice from the box. He has taken prin­
ciples, not formulas, from his modern friends. Consequently, the peculiar shadow upon the
red tiles under the homely young lady who sits by the window is borrowed not from Matisse,
but from nature. The iron grill has qualities we have seen ourselves in iron grills, but never
before just like that in paint. The iron grill is by no means wonderful, but it is as seen by Mr.
Burty. The high heels of the homely young lady might have been done by Toulouse-Lautrec, but you see at least we noticed them. Not even Sargent can interest us in high heels any more. He has done them so often he probably has lost interest in them himself. That Mr. Burty can compel us to examine carefully a still life of a lamp upon the wall, several plain kitchen tables and various arrangements in which lemons have been placed at unexpected parts of the picture leads us to the belief that he is a real artist. In spite of all the Academy may say, it is easier for some people to be artists than it is for others. The interesting ones interest because they themselves are interested. The popular word for it is magnetism.

W. B. McCormick in the New York Press:

In Bardeen's "System of Rhetoric" there is a story of a man who went through Harvard and after he was graduated opened a fish market in Cambridge. The then president of Harvard University on hearing of this declared that the incident showed the value of a college education, since the Harvard alumnus knew just what he was suited for when he left college.

The ancient story—it dates from before the days of Eliot—is revived here since it applies to another Harvard graduate, who has settled down on a little farm in the south of France to paint pictures, which shows that he, too, knows what he wants to do. The man is Frank Burty Haviland, a brother of Paul Haviland of New York, who desires to appear before the world as simply Frank Burty. His pictures may be seen in the Photo-Secession Gallery, where Mr. Steiglitz is showing them partly because he believes Burty to be a "living force in art" and an "original worker" (which usually connotes something queer in the Steiglitz shop) and because he needs artists like Burty to help him in his avocation of studying men and women in his "laboratory." Possibly you don't know it, but whenever you go into the Photo-Secession you are simply another "case" for the amiable and persistent Steiglitz to try his experiments on.

Burty's art is not so striking as some we have seen in the Photo-Secession. It includes a few academic pictures that it is nonsense to see anything in except the most commonplace vision, color and composition. Influenced by Picasso, as he has been, one sees reflection of this "Wild Beast" here and there in some crude still life pictures, a view of some housetops and another of the fortifications that ring Paris round, and a representation of a Venetian blind falling down stairs that is really a Chinese toy and some blocks piled on top of a table, I was told. If there is any "living force" in the "Woman at Window," the "Nude Combing Hair" and the "Still Life-Lamp," that one cannot see in any work shown by any student in the average art school, it will take a brighter lamp than Mr. Burty presents here to show that "living force" to me. They may be seen until April 25.

Elizabeth Luther Carey in the New York Times:

Frank Burty paints with his own color. One may class him with the Post-Impressionists or with the Cubists according to the particular canvas under observation, or one may wisely refrain from classing him; but the admission must be made that color so sensitive and so personal is not the product of recipe or theory alone, but derives from a subtle and fine appreciation of color relations not to be taught or learned. He is at his best in his gray pictures. The lamp with the queer rococo reflector, an affair of zinc or tin or pewter, becomes a shimmering splendor in his hands, and there is nothing mendacious about the splendor—anyone could see it thus, but an extraordinary tact in the management of pigment was required to get it into terms of paint. Then the little arrangement of glassware, it would be difficult indeed to do better than these fresh tranquil tones. Not merely the colors involved, but their degree of intensity and their tone-value have occupied his attention, and he succeeds in one thing that perhaps we owe to the cubists, in associating, that is, extremely subtle color with a strong impression of the third dimension. In most of his work there is no apparent effort to dodge representation. He uses the old symbols for features and qualities, but he uses them with freshness and true naïveté. He shows in one picture a brave skyline with an arrangement of roofs admirably organized. And he has a rather commonplace version of a woman sewing by an open window or door. The greenery outside and the sense of inrushing air and sweet clean sunlight is refreshing. Mr. Burty is a modernist who has escaped the cruel net of formula to the extent of knowing what he likes and making his public also know and like it. His work is at the Photo-Secession Galleries.
J. Edgar Chamberlain in the New York Evening Mail:

The paintings and drawings of Frank Burty at the Photo-Secession (the last exhibition there of the season), are rather a rest from cubism, futurism, post-impressionism and the other isms. Mr. Burty is an original like the rest, but not in any incomprehensible way. He seems to be a realist; he paints women, peasants, draped and undraped, with startling fidelity to rather squalid facts, but there is a kind of sweetness, of imaginative suggestion, about these homely faces and figures that stirs the fancy of the beholder. His color, and particularly the flesh, is rich, tender, deep.

His drawings are summary and graphic. He yields to the supposed fascinations of cubisms only to this extent, that he is willing to take a graven Congo image, a rude piece of negro carving, and paint it as still life. As the result, we have a "cubist" picture, indeed, but only because the model was cubist.

Mr. Burty's drawing is so good, so simple, so full of integrity, that it must do our painters and students good to look at it.

Réné Guy Du Bois in Arts and Decoration:

Another modern—this time, as Mr. Stieglitz calls him, a youth in art—from the Paris of the sensationalists has shown his work at the Photo-Secession Gallery. He is Frank Burty. He began to seek expression in the medium of music. Picasso's cubism lured him from the piano to the easel. He began to paint. And perhaps now, unless literature in the form made so entertaining by Gertrude Stein has substituted the pen for the brush, he continues to paint. One can never apply positive statements to moderns. They are creatures of temperament and, if a little haphazardly, expressionists. Mr. Burty himself is not a linguist. I judge this from the language of his painting. That is very limited in scope. It leads him into very grave errors, into bad sequences and arrangements of forms or of words. He is a true youth in art. Indeed, he is almost a baby in art. One must search attentively for his meaning and, finding something, weigh it with care and then with eyes shut, thus giving greater play to imagination, make a guess. Any one guess is doubtless as good as another and certainly worth any fun that may be derived from it. We have no quarrel with Mr. Burty. Mr. Stieglitz, who showed his works, is the real offender and we are prejudiced in favor of Mr. Stieglitz. He has made it his business to give New York art circles a tangible tangle at which to point derisive fingers and he has succeeded very well. Since we have an I. W. W. in our streets, it is fine that we have one in our galleries to complete, as this does, almost literally, the connection of art with life. Furthermore, Mr. Stieglitz's I. W. W., like the I. W. W. in the street, is not, in everything but language, entirely at fault. It has bad manners. It waves its little red flag a little too blatantly. It is over impulsive and over loud. But then in everything new it is inevitable that we find a certain amount of things that are disagreeable to us, for everything new is, by its very nature, a poke at existing conditions. And existing conditions must invariably arrive at a time when the poke is necessary to their life, or to the realization of their existence.

James G. Huneker in Puck:

The Frank Burty paintings and drawings at the Photo-Secession gallery are meritorious, as being the production of a young man who has held a brush in his hand for only three years. Formerly a music student—I confess I fail to find the so-called musical harmonics and rhythms in his work—he took up painting from sheer love. He is a grandson of the once famous Parisian art writer of the same name. I found evidences of honest straightforward workmanship, in company with sane observation. Of course, if you wish to, you can see the visible world as a cock-eyed symbol, but in the end air and sunshine—or rain and clouds—and the bravery and bulk of natural forms prevail over the absinthe abstractions of studios and self-admiring cenacles. I think Mr. Burty will "do things" some day. I found Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, still the enthusiast and rebel against the provinciality of American ideas in the region of art. He has fought a good fight, and for the sheer love of art; for the profit of his soul and not of his pocket. An idealist born, not made.
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THIS issue of Camera Work contains eight Plates. They are all the work of J. Craig Annan, a name familiar to our readers. Numbers VIII, XIX, and XXXII, all contain a number of Plates by this photographer. This new series of photographs is the outcome of a trip that Annan and his friend, William Strang, the well-known painter and etcher, made to Spain last year. Annan has never done any finer work. His work is always a delight. It is so straightforward. As an artist he continues to grow. The photogravures are by himself. They too demonstrate a decided growth in this line of work in which Annan has for years been a master.

THE NEXT NUMBER OF CAMERA WORK

Camera Work, Number XLVI, will be issued about October first. It will contain three photogravure photographs, and eleven photogravure reproductions of Marius De Zayas's caricatures, "relative" and "absolute." The Number will be of exceptional importance to those interested in the study of the development of modern expression.

EXHIBITIONS OF PHOTOGRAPHY FOR "291"

The tenth season of "291" will open about October tenth. The first four exhibitions will be devoted to Photography, beginning with British Photography as represented by the work of Hill, Mrs. Cameron, and Craig Annan. This will be followed by the French workers, Demachy, Puyo, and Le Bègue. The third exhibition will consist of the photographs of the Austrians, Kuehn, Henneberg, and Watzek. The fourth, of the American workers, Mrs. Briggs, Keiley, Eugene, Steichen, and Stieglitz.
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