

CAMERA WORK:

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PLATES

PAUL B. HAVILAND

- I. New York at Night
- II. New York at Night

FREDERICK H. PRATT

- III. Landscape







ARTISTS AND OTHERS

WHATEVER its actual value, the art of our age is surely in fashion. While not lodged in our hearts, it has found a more prominent berth on our tongues. If we were to estimate its merit by the notoriety it enjoys, we would have to adjudge its value as very high indeed. However, one is not likely to take notoriety for virtue at an age when the halo of repute is machine-made, in fifty-seven varieties, to fit all monger-hallowed skulls. In fact, some of us are apt to regard with suspicion and waive aside anything tinged with the blatant light that is all the rage nowadays. We might have been tempted to do this also with art were we not certain of its fundamental mission in life. We are sure of its mission even if we don't exactly know why, or, perhaps the more so because of the unreasoned character of this conviction. As a result of this, I say, we believe in art notwithstanding its discrediting features. But there is also another cause for our faithful attitude. There is a feeling strongly alive in us that we, laymen, are not entitled to another position in this matter as long as art is, naturally, a special manifestation of a number of privileged men, of a sort of aesthetic brotherhood, whose rites and incantations, while undoubtedly universal in their appeal, can not but remain the secret of the anointed.

Our religious nurture has helped us wonderfully to preserve the notion of priesthoods in all fields of human endeavor. While there is an undeniable gain in life-economy accruing from an apportionment of social functions to specialists, there is a serious danger involved in such procedure. It tends to engender an uncritical submission to group-dictates at a cost of an impoverishment of personality. Such a result, generally following upon an unguarded allegiance to authority, is unmistakably apparent in our present art-life. Not only have we succeeded in establishing a tribe of aesthetic high priests but we have also reduced our art-feeling to catechismal form and limit. From religion we have come to devotion, which means that we do not let our faith come from our hearts but from our external senses, from the outskirts of our being and not from its individual depths. The latter we leave to wither from disuse. The only ones profiting by this course are not the true advocates of humanity but those of a dwarfed type of it.

It is not only our popular life that suffers by the prevalent attitude towards art. Art itself is degenerating into a form essentially technical. It applies to itself measures physical rather than spiritual; it seeks merely external perfection; it is dominated by its tools, rules, methods and even whims; it mistakes the symbol for the thing; it courts shadows deeming them souls.

Of course, artists may assert that nature herself puts their work in a class all by itself. They might say that theirs is a specially dowered nature, an exceptional capacity; and that it is this alone that forms them into a caste; that it is of no earthly use to any of us unconsecrated-ones to fidget and squirm because of our dependence upon them; that general, unquestioned submission to the art-

ists' aesthetic dictates is not a matter of choice but of necessity; that making a fashion of art, as our age is doing, means no less than an ultimate absorption into our motor-system of activities which have all too long floated on the surface of our consciousness; that all fundamental activities in our organism are better taken care of when freed from the strenuous rule of the intellect; that the artist alone is the part of the social organism in whom racial instinct should come to a conscious manifestation. The others should thank their stars for having all of nature's blessings brought to their tables all ready for consumption. Let them therefore give their thanks to Providence, and their doles of allegiance to the artists—for, don't you know: no penny, no paternoster.

Personally, I do not at all subscribe to the notion that nature really evolves an art hierarchy or priesthood. I believe that there is a universal, non-specialized (that is non-technical) way of feeling and expressing human experience which alone is art. All else is the dress of art and not its body, its police-approved demeanor and not its free expression; or its business side rather than its human side. It is like the Latin without which some old fogies imagined there could be no science. Now, it is this mask that hides art's true form, the only one of universal significance. Conventions, academic or not, have put their blinkers upon our vision through so long a period that they have robbed us of all power to see anything but what is prescribed by our aesthetic preceptors. They have stopped the flow of popular poetry and song and dance. They have drained the sources of popular plastic creativeness to such an extent that art coming directly from the people's spontaneous hands is now practically unthinkable. Our machine-fashioned industry has found in conventional art an efficient ally for the suppression of individualism. Art, the famed symbol of freedom, thus virtually became the instrument of sinister powers.

When seen in this light, present unthinking confidence in prevailing art appears as a most culpable blindness, the more so because of the stupendous social value that is claimed for art. Here is a by no means unusually comprehensive formulation of art's professed functions, coming from the pen of Bernard Shaw:

"The claim of art to our respect must stand or fall with the validity of its pretension to cultivate and refine our senses and faculties until seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling and tasting become highly conscious and critical acts with us, protesting vehemently against ugliness, noise, discordant speech, frowzy clothing, and rebreathed air, and taking keen interest and pleasure in beauty, in music, and in nature, besides making us insist, as necessary for comfort and decency, on clean wholesome fabrics to wear, and utensils of fine material and elegant workmanship to handle. Further, art should refine our sense of character and conduct, of justice and sympathy, greatly heightening our self-knowledge, self-control, precision of action, and considerateness, and making us intolerant of baseness, cruelty, injustice, and intellectual superficiality

or vulgarity. The worthy artist is he who serves the physical and moral senses by feeding them with pictures, musical compositions, pleasant houses and gardens, good clothes and fine implements, poems, fictions, essays, and dramas which call the heightened senses and ennobled faculties into pleasurable activity. The great artist is he who goes a step beyond the demand, and, by supplying of a higher beauty and a higher interest than have yet been perceived, succeeds, after a brief struggle with its strangeness, in adding this fresh extension of sense to the heritage of the race."

Now, in the face of such expectations from art, actual conditions, such as they exist today in art-making and art-appreciation, are surely quite disenchanting. Neither the artist nor the public is inclined to take art with a seriousness merited by its great social import. The vague feeling that we ought to read literature, hear music and see pictures and dramatic works is taking on an increasingly irrelevant character, hollow and sterile like a dying faith's ritual. I have previously pointed out that no other result could follow from a surrender of art-manifestation to a group of specialists. In all domains of social life, only a broad participation of humanity can prevent a dwarfing and perversion of public values, which, when monopolized, can not help being transmuted into anti-social forces. The exhaustion of popular art-sources I have already mentioned as one instance substantiating this assertion; as another I take the now general shallowness of art-feeling, its growing perfunctoriness and emaciation. These are the outcome of systematic, popular aesthetic starvation. Let us now glance at the opposite phenomenon, that of over-feeding.

Just as the mediaeval Renaissance produced a type of man that glorified learning beyond all bounds of reason, so is our own time nurturing the aesthetic super-snob—one of the numerous species of intellectual snobs. Out of all terrestrial chaos he plucks for his own beatitude the magic flower of art. With this in his self-sufficient bosom he struts through life's avenues with skyscraping aloofness, with a song on his lips that is like this one of Otto Julius Bierbaum:

"The world that's somewhere round about
May stand upon its head;
We do not give a tinker's curse!
No, if the world would disappear,
We would not care a red."*

Now, art as a racial instinct of self-procreation of eternal forms of experience, of service only for what is racially human, can not and must not be narrowed down to the confines of an historical day. A great artist speaks the tongue of a thousand years and not the dialect of a generation. This does not at all imply that art is not social but just the contrary of this. It means that art is to reveal the fundamentally social forms, and not mere sportive mutations which appeal only to curiosity and are the material for sensation and not art.

* Translated by Percival Pollard.

Such being the nature of art-activity, art for art's sake can only mean its existence for racial self-revelation's sake, while an exaltation of it to over-social heights is contrary to its quint-essential purpose. Only a perverted sort of art will lend itself without protest to an abuse of the kind practised by the aforementioned aesthetic glutton.

The case just considered may rightly be called extreme, yet it illustrates the tendency of art when that is understood in a narrow manner. In lesser degree this effect is discernible all around us, in all sorts of men, addicted to art. All around us there are men and women who cry with Ibsen, laugh with Shaw, dream with Maeterlinck, curse with Przybyszewski and think with Galsworthy. They are honestly nauseated by Italian music, and speak of Wagner with condescension, of Strauss with consideration, and find Skryabin and Schoenberg the only hope of music. They can see the difference between a dry-point and an aquatint as easily as you and I can tell a pretzel from a doughnut. They can tell us that Greek art was not at all realistic, that Impressionism is no more It, and that a suspicion of objectivity is sufficient to hopelessly doom a work of latest art. That Whistler could put it all over Wilde in wit. That the father of modern art, Cézanne, was a typical bourgeois, that Van Gogh has chopped his own ear off in a fit of rage, and that Pissarro was a Jew. They collect Boardman Robinson's cartoons and regularly glance at Caffin's art-page. They know that John Sloan has hardly a rival in etching and that Egerton Castle writes four-handed, being married to his collaborator. They can prove it that there isn't a single decent art-periodical in this country, and that they read Stieglitz's *CAMERA WORK*, and keep otherwise up to the scratch in art. . . . Having listened to and lived with these well informed art-adepts, let us ask in all seriousness: what has art done for these men and women? What has it done through them for others? Did it make them happier or better, individually and socially? Did it gratify or ennoble the whole man?

We shall not hesitate long, I know, before admitting to ourselves that a harmonious elevation to a higher plane of humanity, such as Shaw has formulated as art's only true purpose, was by no means attained in all those men and women who have lived for art. Obviously, art is not now in possession of the elixir of life. In fact, it is not at all unlikely that its nectar has become virulent in today's art-atmosphere.

The artists and the others have equally a reason for demanding a revision of art-values. Both must seek to break down the barriers that now stand between them. The artists may lead in this by discarding technical and conventional masks and donning the racial attire of art. Then they will no longer blind human eyes by technical splendor but enlighten by their works' vivifying light. Then they will feed our senses with "pictures, musical compositions, pleasant houses and gardens, good clothes and fine implements, poems, fictions, essays, and dramas" for the purpose of opening people's mental as well as physical eyes; for speaking to their hearts as well as their

ears; for awakening the creative springs of the people's souls, so that a fertile soil may come into being for the artists' racial growth and bloom. But, what is racial? How may the long-lost racial growth be redeemed? Here is the great riddle of art and of life. And yet, while looming high, it is not insurmountable. We know that it is wholly contained and fully revealable in the manifestations of freed individuality. Here, therefore, lies the road, for artists and others.....

The small group of insurgents now active notwithstanding professional derision and popular callousness have, so far, wrangled and struggled for a seemingly unintelligible outcome. But their battle cry is: The right of individual vision. In this they voice the sentiments of all those who see an ultimate victory of true art in an awakening of the art-instinct from its long sleep for an era of truly universal art-life.

JOHN WEICHSEL.

BEYOND THE WIND

A sudden wide expanse of thundering sky—
Tremendous—full of wind—
Lake water rained on far below us—green and grey—
And straight across—beyond the rounded beating storm,
Beyond the wind
Beyond the rain
Beyond the lake
Lifted a mountain!
I feel it all again—the wonderful whiteness there—free—
Free from the storm.
The flowing line where sky burned gold and mountain turned at the
peak—
And behind us the crowding clouds—black and sweeping—
Over our castles of stone.
The rain falling heavily—in sheets—drenching us,
Surrounding us—
Ominous—explosive—
The atmosphere tense and terrible!
I am there again, on the peak.
I seem to see the rocks, to smell the coming rain,
To feel the wind, to know the wetness,
To hear our voices—
And yet the hour has gone
Throbbing, throbbing—into the night!

KATHARINE N. RHOADES.

VISION

Moment-mine, stay!
That I may sense, one instant longer than can be,
Your perfectness.

What strange, undetermined atoms,
What helpless, ecstatic, tearful atoms,
Held still a moment by a star or spark
And by a trick of time—inverted.

When shall we learn to find the formative shapes
Of things to become—and being, to become more perfectly?
When shall we demand enough?
Require greatness from all?
Reach intensity?

Then—moment-mine—I shall not ask;
For I shall be greater than you!

KATHARINE N. RHOADES.

There is no Life or Death,
Only activity
And in the absolute
Is no declivity.
There is no Love or Lust
Only propensity
Who would possess
Is a nonentity.
There is no First or Last
Only equality
And who would rule
Joins the majority.
There is no Space or Time
Only intensity,
And tame things
Have no immensity.

MINA LOY.

CARICATURE: ABSOLUTE AND RELATIVE

DURING my experience in the practice of caricature, I have come to the conclusion through experimental analysis, that the facial expression and the expression of the body of a man reveal only his habits, his social customs, never or at any rate very seldom, his psychological self, and absolutely never his specific value, place or significance in relation to existing things.

Now matter cannot exist without spirit, nor can spirit exist without matter. But, though they are inseparable, they constitute two different entities. We cannot therefore represent the spirit of a thing by its purely material entity. We cannot represent materially something that is essentially immaterial, unless we do it by the use of symbols. Mathematics are essentially symbolical, they are the purest expression of symbolism. They represent material or immaterial things by abstract equivalents. We can represent psychological and metaphysical entities by algebraic signs and solve their problems through mathematics. We can represent the plastic psychology and the plastic metaphysics of matter by their geometrical equivalents. But we cannot represent both the psychology and the metaphysics of spirit and matter by only one of the two methods. In order then to have a perfect representation of an existing thing, we must represent it in its two essential principles, spirit and matter, but also in conjunction with a third principle; the initial force of the individual; force which binds the spirit and the matter together and makes them actuate. This initial force marks the specific value of things.

Limiting ourselves to the study of man, we can state the following:

1. The spirit is composed of

{	Memory—acquired knowledge. Understanding—capability of learning—intelligence. Volition—controller or regulator of physical desires, vices and virtues.
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2. Matter is represented, naturally, by the human body.
3. The initial force is represented by the trajectory that is marked by the passage of the individual through life.

This passage of the individual through life must be related to the evolution of humanity. Therefore, I consider five classes of trajectories.

I. Those that have no beginning and no end, that is, those belonging to individuals who, by atavism, have a tacit or unacquired knowledge of the general progress up to the time when they begin to actuate and during their life contribute to the general progress without arriving at a conclusion.

II. Those that have no beginning, but have an end; belonging to individuals who are born under the same circumstances as the above, but who do arrive at a conclusion.

III. Those that have a beginning and have no end; belonging to individuals who acquire the knowledge of the general progress but arrive at no conclusion.

IV. Those that have a beginning and an end, belonging to individuals who acquire knowledge and arrive at a conclusion.

V. The individuals whom we might call inerts or statics, because they do not move with the general progress, have, naturally, no trajectory.

I find, then, that caricature, as the representation of the individual self and his relation to the whole, is, when represented by the material expressions, very limited and misrepresentative. It is inconsequent with the philosophy of the *causæ efficientes*, and entirely consequent with the philosophy of the *causæ finales*; a philosophy which, to be right, would prove the non-existence of universal progress.

The habits, customs, vices, and virtues of man are so limited and common to all, that in the material idea of caricatures I found myself repeating *ad nauseam* the same fundamental ideas with variations that represented only the morphology of the individual. The idea of man, in relation to the meaning of his own life, to humanity and to the universal principle, opens a broader and more significant field to caricature.

With this fundamental idea as a basis for psychological analysis, I have found, that man in relation to his own life and to mankind, forms a third psychological entity, which is not an arithmetical addition, but a chemical combination. The reciprocal influences between two human beings and between man and mankind and between man and the universe, is not equal to the addition of the specific psychological value of each of these elements, but to a combination which constitutes a third definite psychological or metaphysical entity.

As representation is only a matter of equivalents, we have, in order to represent man in all his characteristics, to represent all his entities. The old art permitted and, even more, imposed the representation of feelings and emotions through concrete form. Modern art permits the representation of feelings and ideas through material equivalents—abstract form. Between the two, I believe the second one the nearest to psychological representation. Accordingly my new procedure in caricature is inspired by the psychological reason of the existence of the art of the primitive races, which tried to represent what they thought to be supernatural elements, existing outside of the individual, elements, however, which science has proved to be natural and which exist within the individual.

The technique of my procedure consists in representing: (1) The spirit of man by algebraic formulas; (2) His material self by geometrical equivalents; (3) and his initial force by trajectories, within the rectangle that encloses the plastic expression and represents life.

My caricatures are of two kinds: absolute and relative. I call absolute caricatures those in which the individual influences time by the whole of his actions; and relative, those in which time influences the individual—that is to say when the individual has to make abstraction of his real self to adapt it to the character of a given moment of circumstance.

I call my latest manner of plastic representation caricatures, only because they are the natural evolution of my former plastic expression which was consequent with what has been understood by caricature. They are not art, but simply a graphical and plastic synthesis of the analysis of individuals.

In presenting them to the public I do nothing but return that which I have taken from the public. These caricatures are not the expression of my physical self, but the intrinsic expression, as I perceive it, of the individuals themselves.

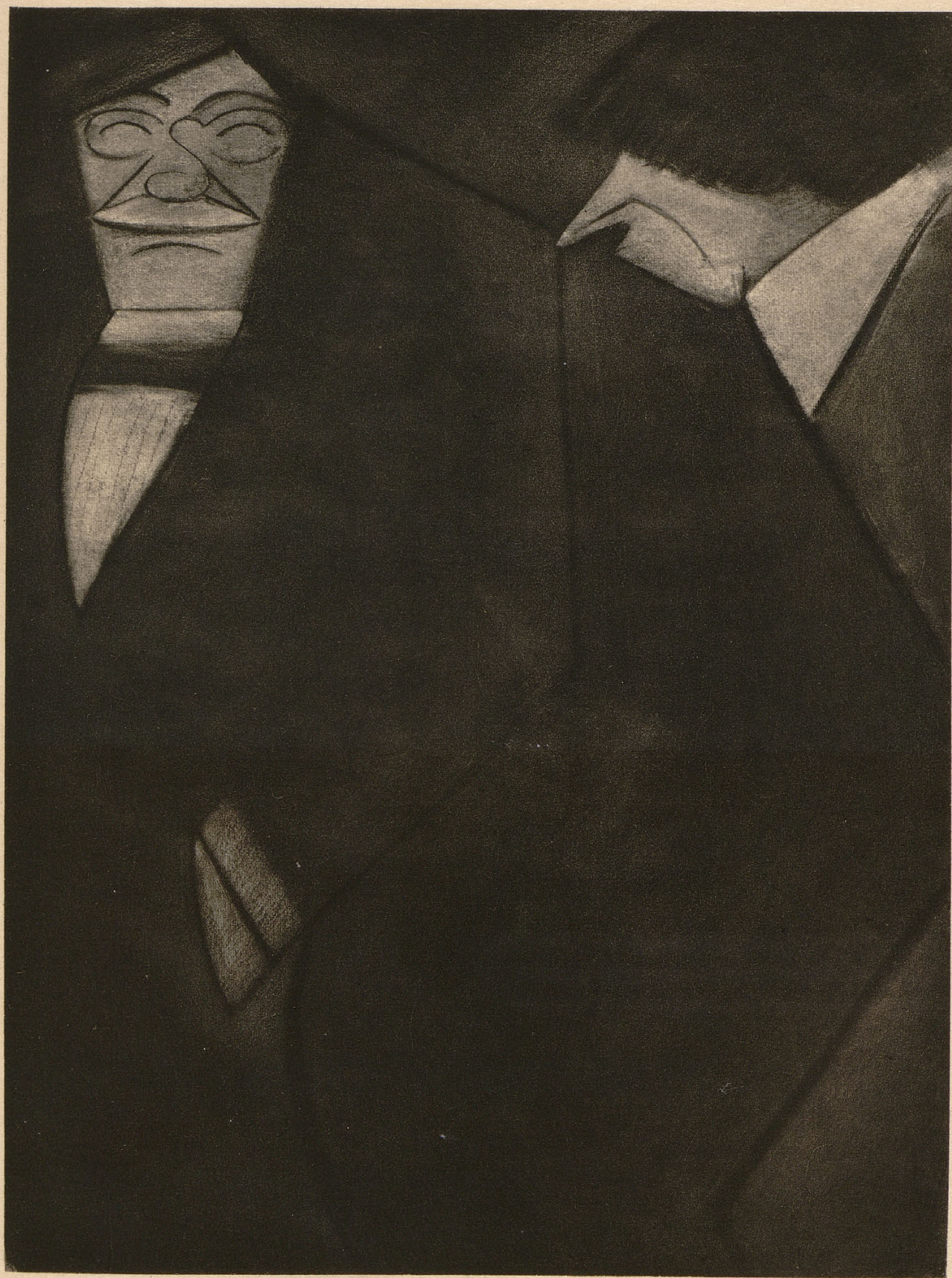
MARIUS DE ZAYAS.

PLATES

MARIUS DE ZAYAS

- I. Rodin and Eduard J. Steichen
- II. John Marin and Alfred Stieglitz
- III. Charles Darnton
- IV. Dr. A. A. Berg









MARIUS DE ZAYAS—MATERIAL, RELATIVE, AND ABSOLUTE CARICATURES

THE Century Dictionary defines caricature: "A representation, pictorial or descriptive, in which beauties or favorable points are concealed or perverted and peculiarities or defects exaggerated, so as to make the person or thing represented ridiculous, while a general likeness is retained." Caricature is said to be derived from *caricare*, to load, overload, exaggerate.

This definition does not adapt itself to such work as De Zayas calls caricatures, and I would prefer to spell the word *characature*, deriving the work from the root *character*. We will refrain, however, from coining a new word and will only claim that the definition given by the Century Dictionary is too narrow and that *caricature* should also be understood to mean "A pictorial representation, through emphasis of certain traits, of physical or mental characteristics, a representation of character through form."

Personal caricature or the caricature of persons therefore concerns itself with the representation of the character of people. In other words it selects or emphasizes that which is characteristic of the person it seeks to represent.

De Zayas conceives that a human being can be represented in one of the following ways:

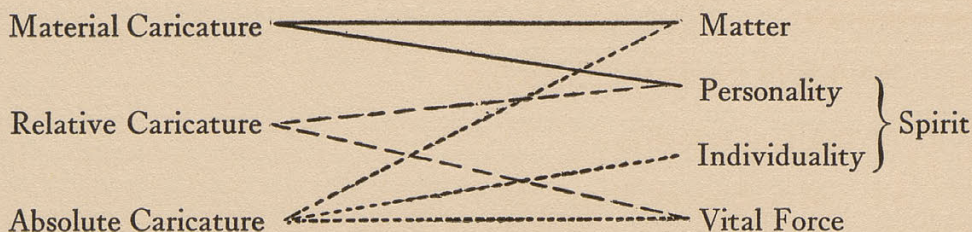
First: Through Photography which gives us only the exterior or objective appearance of the subject, and only so much of his character as we would be able to discover by looking at the person himself according to our faculties for judging of character. Ordinary portraiture reflects the same point of view as photography, and differs only in the use of the medium used for fixing the image permanently, a mechanical means being employed in one case and the human hand in the other.

Second: Material caricature which represents the morphological traits of the subject emphasizing those which are characteristic or reveal some personal trait of character.

Third: Relative caricature which combines the physical and psychological principles represents the person at a given time when under the influence of a definite mood, or manifestation of the personality.

Fourth: Absolute caricature represents the person in his relation to the outside world, his place in the evolution, and his individual characteristics.

If we draw a diagram showing the component parts of the individual to be: (1) Matter; (2) Spirit, subdivided into personality and individuality; and, (3) the Force which marks our trajectory through life; we can say that material caricature represents matter and the personality, the matter predominating. Relative caricature represents the personality dominated by a temporary force; while absolute caricature represents matter, the force of direction, and primarily the individual psychological characteristics.



Picabia summarizes De Zayas's absolute caricatures by calling them "The Psychological expression of man's plurality."

* * * *

To me the greatest handicap of the modern worker in obtaining a hearing from the community is that he seeks to manifest his individuality without seeking a point of contact with the public.

As stated in De Zayas's and Haviland's booklet "Study of the Modern Evolution of Plastic Expression": 'In exclusive individuality the individual works with his own individual resources for his own individual self. The moment he excludes himself from the feelings of the community, the community excludes itself from his feelings.' Marius De Zayas seems to have found a solution to the problem of giving full sway to his personal evolution of expression, entering boldly the field of the abstract, without losing his point of contact with the community. He has found this point of contact in the fact that instead of using abstract form to express ideas awakened in him by excitation from the outside world, i.e., making his ideas the subject of his expression, his subject remains the outside world, the people whom he represents, and his personality comes into play only to extract from his subject that which is significant. The significant thing is the psychology of his subject, not his own psychology, so that when we look at his absolute caricatures we think, not of the artist, but of his subject, i.e., the outside world represented in its abstract significance.

This point of view also gives his work more variety as there is represented in each new caricature the interplay of new personalities instead of variations of impressions on one personality.

Some of the modern workers consider portraiture as outside the field of modern expression. The reason is that in the attempts made so far to apply abstract form to portraiture the artist has attempted to represent his impression of the material body through the abstract significance of form. De Zayas realizing that concrete form is adaptable to the representation of the concrete and abstract form to the representation of the abstract, uses concrete form in his realistic caricatures and abstract form in his absolute caricatures, remaining logical in his use of the medium.

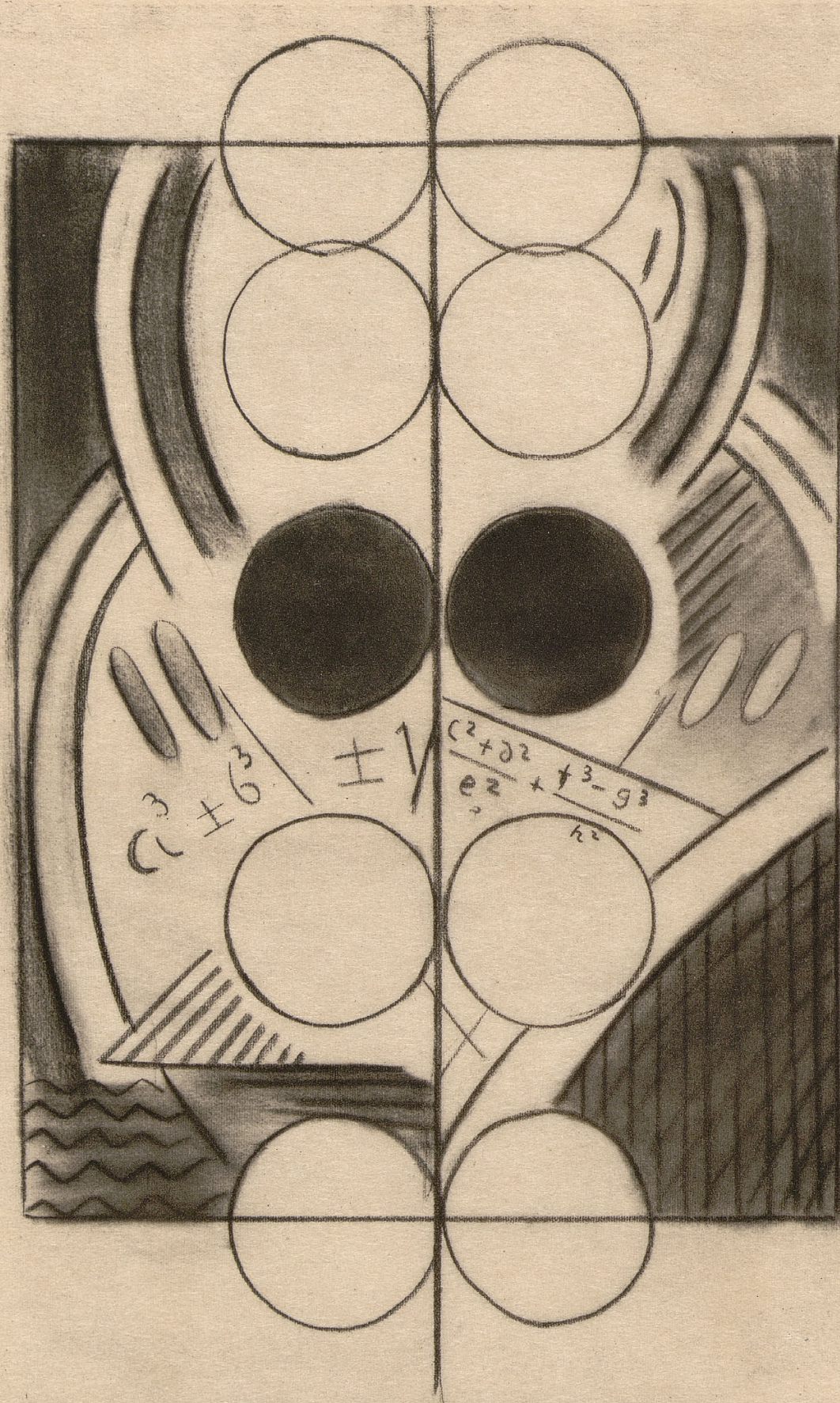
He has avoided the inconsistency of using the abstract significance of Form to express concrete ideas. He uses logically abstract Form to express abstract characterization. That is why his work is convincing.

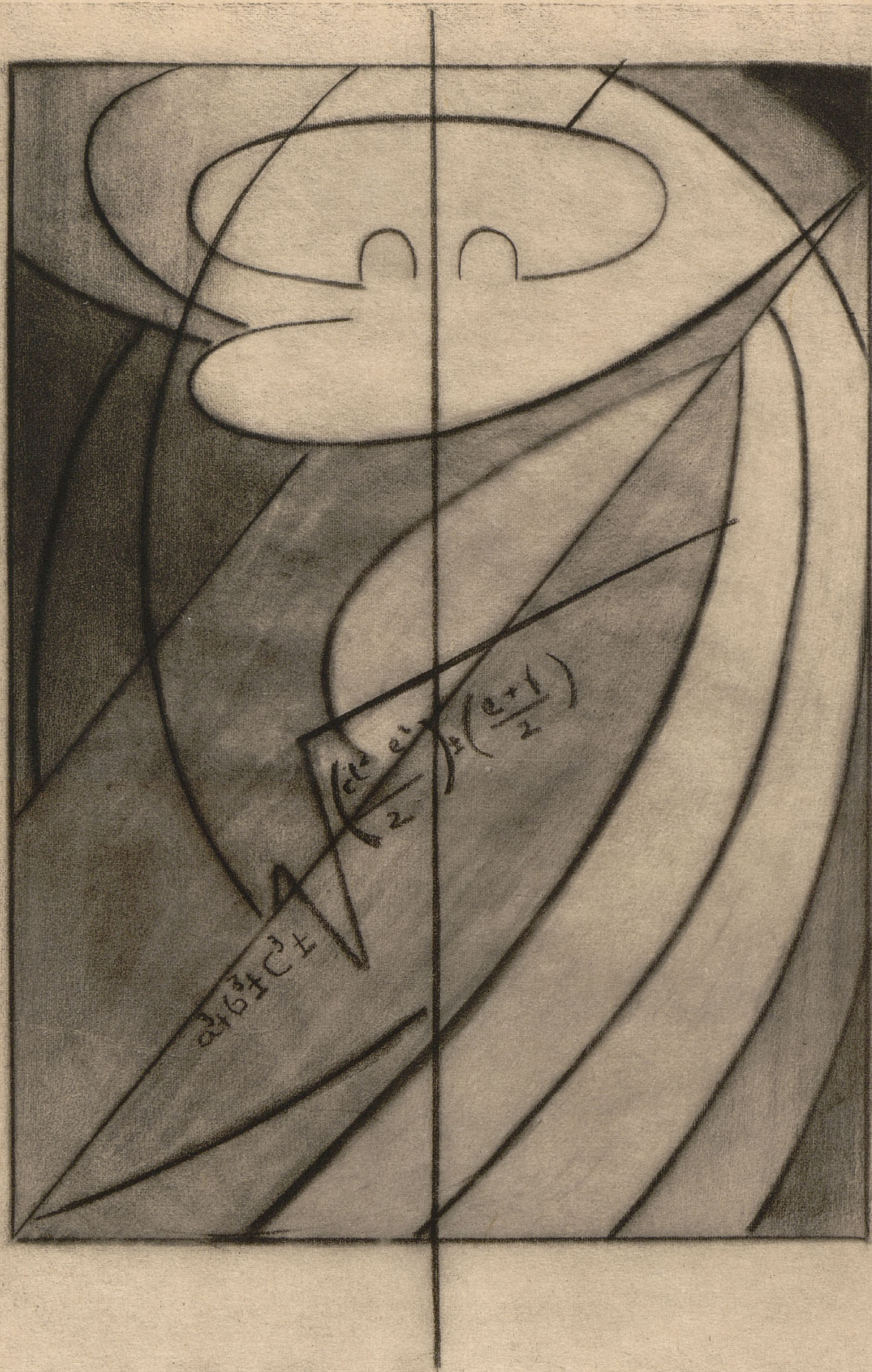
PAUL B. HAVILAND.

PLATES

MARIUS DE ZAYAS

- V. Alfred Stieglitz
- VI. Mrs. Eugene Meyer, Jr.
- VII. Two Friends
- VIII. Theodore Roosevelt
- IX. Paul B. Haviland
- X. Francis Picabia



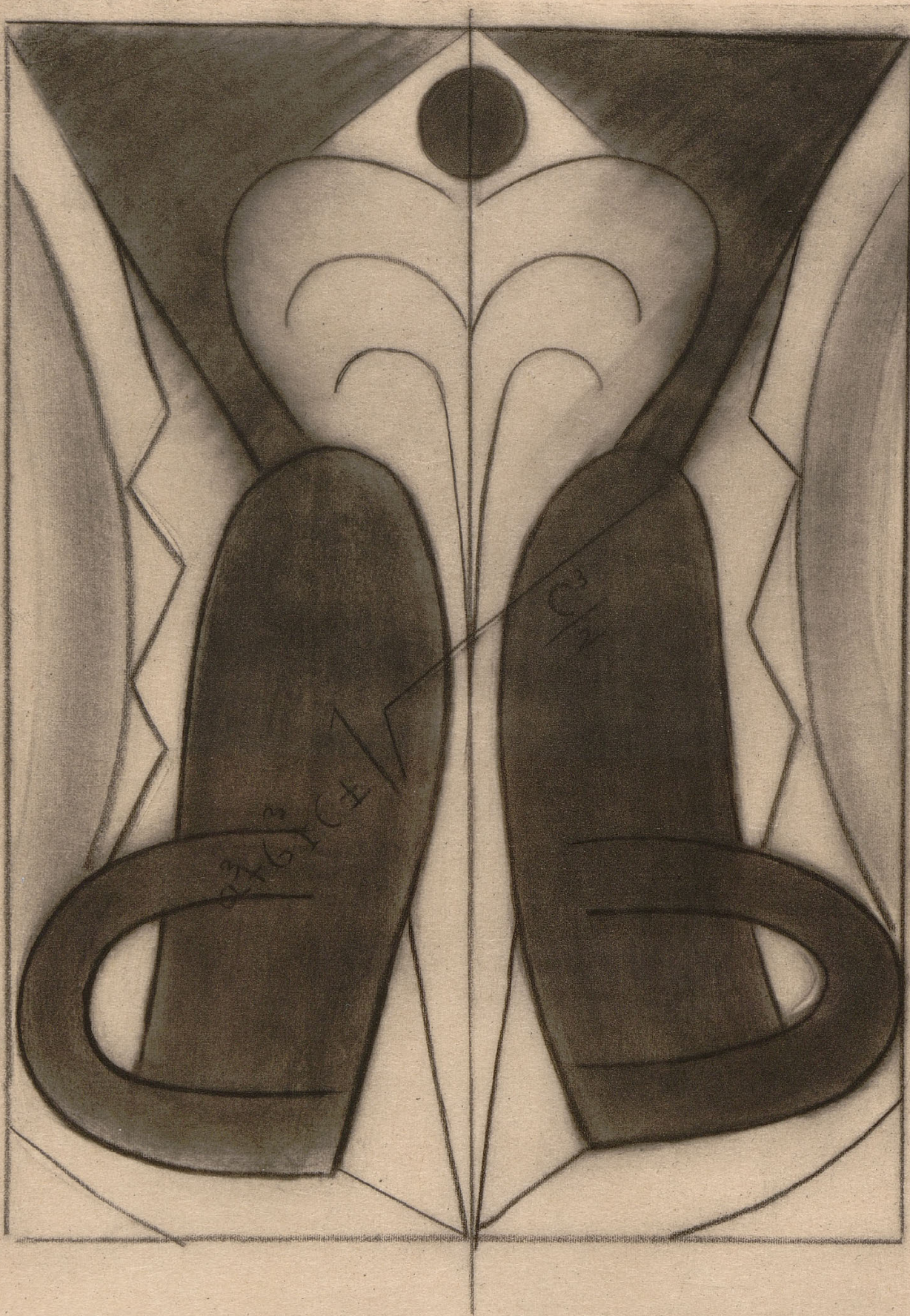




$$a+b+d$$

$$\frac{d-e-g}{2}$$







HORACE TRAUBEL ON PHOTOGRAPHY*

A FRIEND of mine who was skeptical on the subject of free verse came into my office one day and said: "I say, old man, read me one of your so-called poems: I'd like to hear how it sounds in your voice." He picked up *Optimos* and selected a poem whose title line appealed to him. I said: "I'm a rotten reader, but I'll do as you say." I read the poem. When I was through his eyes were full of tears. I said: "Well?" He brought his fist down on my desk with a bang. "I admit that you got there!" he exclaimed, "but by God it's not a poem!" I only said: "I'm satisfied to have got there: I don't care what you call it." Another man, under similar circumstances, said to me: "You arrive in your own way, but I object to having the word poem prostituted to such uses." I only said again: "Well—you can have your word: I'm only interested in arriving." I hear people say: "Photography's photography: remember, it's not art." I call it art. But I don't fight for the word. If you say it's not art you are welcome to your word. But does photography get there? Art to me is communication. It's not the thing communicated but the process of communication. It applies everywhere as well as anywhere. To inventions as well as to pictures. To sailing a vessel as well as to playing the violin. As I looked over these Stieglitz pictures I didn't need to ask myself: Do they get there? They got there. My recognition was ahead of my question. After that they were art to me. But if you come along and quarrel over my use of the word, I get out of your way and let you have your sacrosanct word all to yourself. Something in Stieglitz reaches to something in me through these pictures. I'm not nearly so much interested in the pictures as in that thing in Stieglitz and that thing in me. You edge up and ask me whether I'm aware that the camera's a machine. Certainly. And I'm also aware that Stieglitz is another machine. And I'm a machine. And the man who kicks is a machine. But Stieglitz is also a man. And when I look at these pictures I think somehow that the machine is also somehow a man. And in the beauty of what I'm admiring and loving, I can't tell where the machine in either case stops and where the man begins. There are such delicate and subtle interactions I stand baffled before the result. I don't need your precious word. I can get along without it. I do adopt it in my own way. But it's not a fighting word to me. I'd rather have some photographs than some paintings. Some photographs say more to my heart than some paintings. Some say more to my brain and body. Many photographs are alive. And most paintings are dead. You call a book art. But what could be deader than most books? And you hand your word out to the interpreters. But when I go through *CAMERA WORK*, and see how much the photograph can do. I am almost afraid to go into the galleries and see how little painting and sculpture can do. And then I ask, how it is the mere machine can outdo the mere man? Mind you, I'm not against paint and canvas. I recognize their valid

*From the July Number of *The Conservator* (Horace Traubel, Camden, N. J.).

genius. But I want to make it clear that all canvas and paint and clay and all pianos are not inspired. And I want to make it clear that, if a photograph is inspired, calling its maker a camera will not qualify its omnipotence. I agree with you that art is a word which should not be made light of. That is why I want to expand it for general use. I, too, want it to mean something. But I want it to mean something inclusive not exclusive. At the same time I'd rather give up any word than compromise any truth. So, if you come to me in my office, and turn the pages of CAMERA WORK, and while profoundly moved by Stieglitz's illustrations, still swear to it that you won't, by God, admit them to be art, I'll say to you again that you can put your word back in your safe and keep it there if you'll only leave me Stieglitz's snapshots. That's what it all comes to to me. Having the thing. I'm indifferent about the word. If you don't, by God, admit my religion to be religion, though you admit, by God, that it serves all the larger and consoling purposes of religion, I'll still say you can have your darling word if you'll only leave me my dearer faith.

HORACE TRAUBEL.

And they met—
And they said good-bye—
He went away to his work—and his work was play.
And she stayed where she was, to play,—
And her play was work, for she was waiting.
And they waited for the Spring to come.
And Spring came—and they met.
The Spring was beautiful, and they gloried in it.
And she was happy.
And he was satisfied.
And Winter came—
And they said good-bye.
And he went back to work—and his work was play.
And she stayed where she was, to play—
And her play was work—for she was waiting.
And Spring came again. And it was beautiful.
But she did not know it—and he did not know it.
For his work kept him, and his work was play.
And she played—and her play was work—
For she had waited.
And Winter came again, and still he worked—
And his work was play—
And Winter came again—and she—was dead.

S. S. S.

ITS PLEA*

Divine Silence! Infinitely stronger
Than all Voices; Guard thou th' insensates'
Brows, 'til an exultant Light gleams firmer
O'er the World, as true sense of Love pulsates;
And with constant Fire fuse, yet, bid it smolder,
When jangling Beat of Man's dull groans are bolder
Lurid with a mistaken Grasp of things, t' answer
T' evil, when but chaste is seen to flutter!
As Heaven guards for each an ideal Sole,
So hushed, that e'en unrush of emotion
Sweet, dares to mar not its lustreful Soul:
For at the poise of potent Transition, . . .
Behold!—Th' Idol as in a dim Twilight,
Beck'ning, to fold t'our hearts th' Eternal Might!

VELIDA.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE first three Plates in this Number of CAMERA WORK are devoted to photography proper. The other ten plates are devoted to the caricatures, relative and absolute, of Marius De Zayas, a name already familiar to the readers of this publication.

Plates I and II, "New York at Night," by Paul B. Haviland, are photographs made directly from Mr. Haviland's original negatives. Plate III, "Landscape," by Frederick H. Pratt, Worcester, Mass., is a photogravure made directly from the original negative. This photograph was made about fourteen years ago. In a future Number of CAMERA WORK several more of Mr. Pratt's pictures will be published.

The De Zayas caricatures, a study of the motives of which is printed elsewhere in these pages, are photogravure reproductions made from the De Zayas charcoal originals, the sizes of which are 20 x 25 inches. The original caricatures were on exhibition at "291" during March and April, 1913. In the reproduction some of the quality of De Zayas's work has been necessarily lost, nevertheless its spirit has been fully preserved.

All the photogravures in this Number of CAMERA WORK were made by the Manhattan Photogravure Company, of New York.

* From the "Rhapsody On Art" by Velida.

EXHIBITIONS AT "291"—1914-1915

The following Exhibitions are announced for the Little Gallery of "291", 1914-1915—tenth year:

AFRICAN WOOD CARVINGS;
PICASSO AND BRAQUE—RECENT PAINTINGS;
PICABIA—LATEST PAINTINGS;
HENRI ROUSSEAU—PAINTINGS;
MARION BECKETT AND KATHARINE N. RHOADES—PAINTINGS;
JOHN MARIN—RECENT PAINTINGS AND ETCHINGS;
DEZAYAS—RECENT CARICATURES (EUROPE AND AMERICA);
YOUNGER AMERICAN PAINTERS—A GROUP OF PAINTINGS;
EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS;
ETC., ETC.

The season will open on November third. Each exhibition will run for sixteen days.

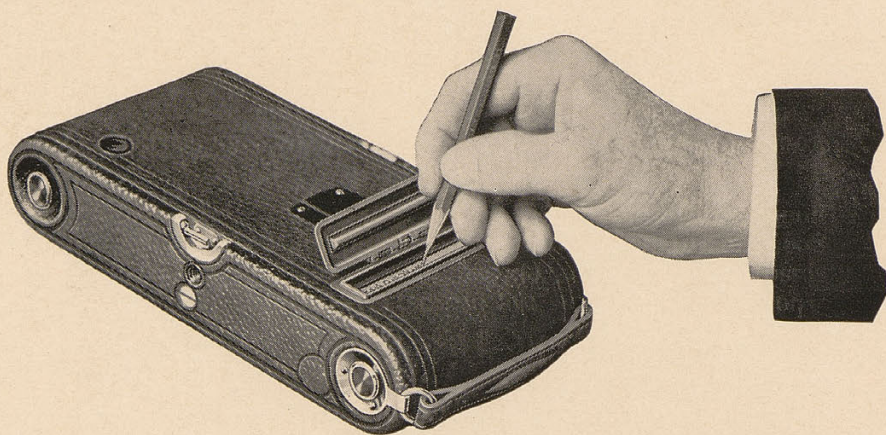
NUMBERS OF "CAMERA WORK" IN PREPARATION

THE next Number of CAMERA WORK will contain no pictures. The Number will be devoted entirely to the question: "What Is '291'?" About thirty men and women, of different walks of life, and from different parts of this country, and also from Paris, Berlin and London, have written or are writing articles on "What '291' Means To Me." Amongst those who have written or are writing are: The Elevator Boy of "291"; a sculptor who writes from prison where he is for a political "crime"; one of America's leading art dealers; painters; poets; art-critics; photographers; a banker; a reverend; social workers, etc., etc.

There are also in the course of preparation:

A Number devoted to photography, by younger and older workers who have not, as yet, appeared in the pages of CAMERA WORK;

A Number devoted to Children's Work, in picture and in words.



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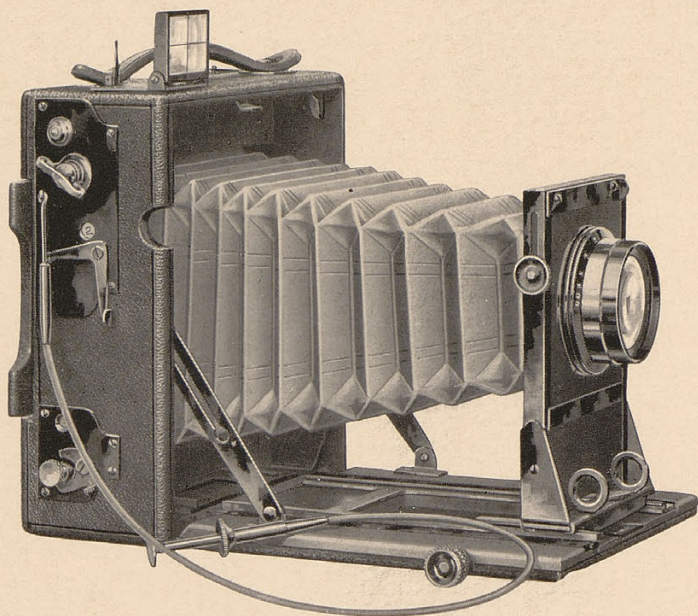
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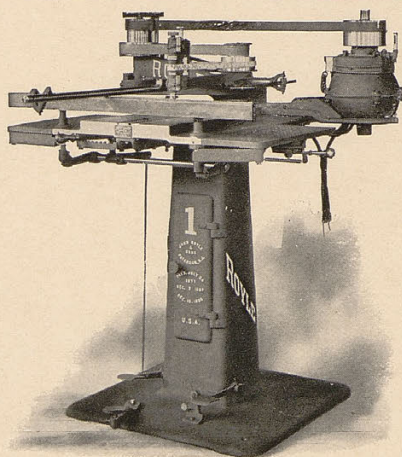
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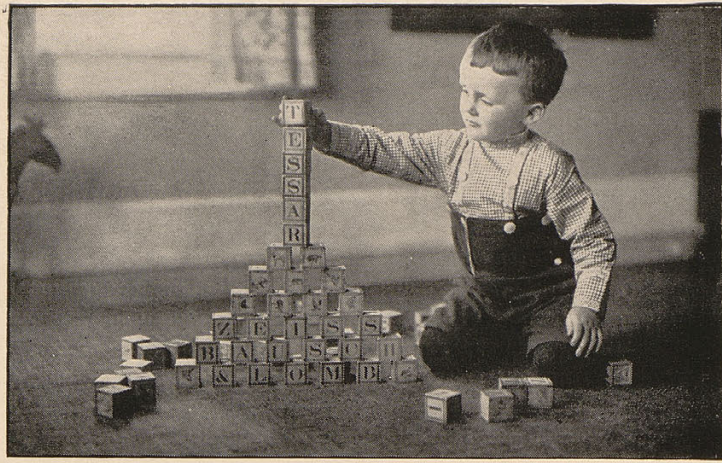


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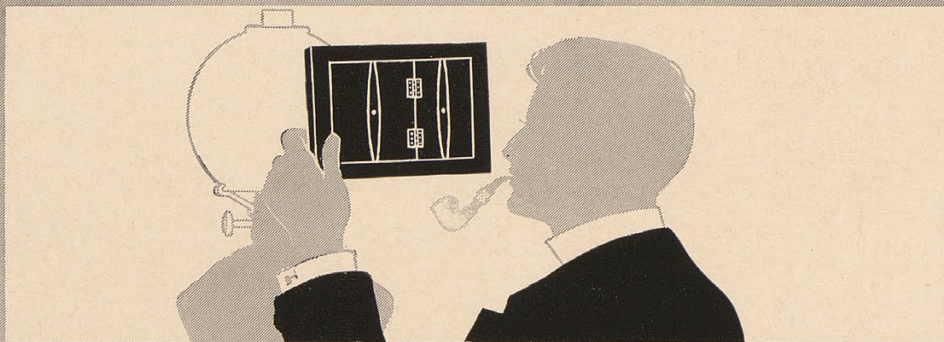
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