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EVER SINCE its initial appearance in the company of that of other leading English pictorial photographers at the First London Salon, the work of J. Craig Annan has stood out in bold relief and marked its creator as one of the foremost artists in photography, not only of England, but of the world. Executed in a manner that bespeaks a masterful knowledge of the technique of the photographic media, and such long and intimate familiarity with the classic language of art as enables him to express himself with a correctness free from stiffness or affectation, his pictures, both by their essentially original, refined, and healthy charm of theme and the mature firmness and sincere directness of their expression, have been, since first they became known, one of the most influential factors in the advancement of English pictorial photography. The convincing character of their real, original pictorial merit and the sincere honesty and ability of their expression has won many friends for the movement from the ranks of the general public on the one hand, while on the other they have been incentive and inspiration of far-reaching influence to Mr. Annan's fellow-workers through the entire photographic world. While those who love beauty for beauty's sake owe to Mr. Annan a debt of gratitude for the great pleasure that many of his pictures have given. J. Craig Annan was born in the town of Hamilton, some ten miles from the city of Glasgow, in 1864. He was educated chiefly at Hamilton Academy and Anderson College, Glasgow, where he devoted most of his time to the study of chemistry and natural philosophy. These studies appear to have absorbed his interest at first rather to the exclusion of pictorial work—somewhat, it would seem, to the disappointment of his father, Thomas Annan, a professional photographer, who was himself distinguished for his strong portrait work. Through his father's interest in art and personal connection with E. O. Hill, R.S.A., whose wonderfully fine photograph-work of over half a century ago still holds its place with the finest photo-pictorial work ever produced, and his friendly intimacy with some of the foremost artists of Glasgow, Craig Annan, from early childhood, moved in an artistic atmosphere and had constant opportunity of seeing and hearing discussed pictures and other works of art. In 1882 he went to Vienna to learn the secret of the then new process of photogravure, which later he introduced into, and was the first person to use in Great Britain; since which time it has been his chief vocation, though his recognized business is that of a general photographer.

At an early age he acquired the habit of making photographic studies for his own satisfaction, and this habit he has never allowed his profession to interfere with, making those characteristic pictures that have charmed the photographic world on the one hand, while doing straightforward professional work on the other. To all alike, no matter of what school, his pictures appeal through certain sympathetic magnetism of subject and sensitive and catholic charm of expression noticeable, as well in his portraits as his land-
scapes, and especially so in his hand-camera work. Indeed, he was one of those to whose pioneering and example the serious use of the hand-camera owes its origin. Contemporaneously with Alfred Stieglitz, and at a time when the hand-camera was looked upon as a mere toy and serious work attempted only with the tripod-instrument, he was experimenting seriously with the hand-camera, and it is to the experiments and the productions of such men that we owe some of the best of our modern work, some of the greatest of which has been done with the hand-camera, whose serious use they so materially helped to popularize by their own initial efforts. After his exhibition at its first Salon, Mr. Annan was made a member of the Linked Ring, whose cause and exhibitions he has since constantly and consistently supported in the interest of the advancement of pictorial photography.

Holding to the view that “Art is so subtle a subject that even after very careful consideration one is apt to express convictions to-day which one’s experience or imagination would cause one to renounce to-morrow, especially if one works . . . more from instinct and the impression of the moment than from any predetermined theory or principle”; and maintaining that “If a picture has any real merit as an esthetic work it should touch a sympathetic chord in the intelligence of the observer and give him pleasure,” and that “If it does so it has fulfilled its mission so far as he is concerned; but if it does not, no amount of argument will enable him to realize and enjoy the artistic intention of the producer, because the aim of a picture is not to demonstrate any theory or fact, but is to excite a certain sensory pleasure”—Mr. Annan, with his clearly defined views of the pictorial possibilities and limitations of photography, his appreciation of the futility of academic argument on such subjects, together with a determination not to permit the calm of his own nature to be ruffled by such fruitless discussion, has consistently refrained from entering into any of the controversies that have raged from time to time through the photographic press—while a fine, innate sense of modesty, which is especially characteristic, has impelled him to keep in the background, to be one of the followers, so to speak, and makes almost impossible the task of securing his views and ideas on his calling in article or speech for publication. Yet, despite this, the character and influence of his work, his known views, his conservativeness of action and broad catholicity of taste, have all gone to make him what he is to-day, the real leader of British Pictorial Photography, and there could not be a better or more representative.

Joseph T. Keiley.
ON THE INFLUENCE OF PHOTOGRAPHY ON OUR CONCEPTIONS OF NATURE.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, in his Discourses, says that our conception of beauty is composed of three elements: the eternal, invariable idea of nature; the fashion of the day; and the Greek ideals. The Discourses, written more than one hundred years ago, were addressed to an audience whose highest ideal of beauty was the Greek and over whom classicism generally held such sway that any departure therefrom was regarded not merely in the light of a heresy, an insult to good taste, but even as being false to truth and to the very appearance of nature. Sir Joshua was the first Englishman who had the courage to break these trammels and to put into concise words the psychology of the matter. From a study of English painting before his period it is safe to say that the “eternal, invariable idea of nature” was that one of the three elements which entered last and least into the make-up of the standard of beauty and rightness in the mind of the painters. Their idea of nature certainly was eternally invariable, though not of that cast to which Reynolds referred and which we to-day recognize her to wear, but distinctly that which was the fashion of the day—namely, a washed-out classicism conceived and reconceived from the classic or from any paintings which might at that moment have been the fashion.

Yet until Reynolds came all were satisfied, and beheld in these classic distortions of a “brown fiddle” color the nature they loved. Strange as the assertion may seem, it is only too true, and sad too, that not more than one in a thousand of us, so-called intelligent human beings, sees with his own eyes, but that the great majority of us invariably see through the eyes of others, who again see as the fashion of the day dictates. So when Reynolds, seeing nature more clearly than his contemporaries and more comprehensively understanding her meaning, suddenly arose and put his thoughts on canvas he became the fashion of the day. All swore by him as by truth, and in order to succeed in the market the other painters had to paint as best they could in his style.

Though Sir Joshua Reynolds added much to the first element of our conception of beauty and truth—namely, to the ideas of nature, and though, at the same time, he entirely altered the second element—i.e., the fashion—yet he did little or nothing toward destroying the last element, the Greek ideals. On the contrary, he studied the Greek and he imitated and introduced the Greek into his paintings on every possible occasion. Why was this? He was sufficient of a psychologist to see that, even if both nature herself and her aspect as seen through paintings and sculpture were potent influences in the make-up of a standard of beauty and truth, it was nevertheless not at all necessary that the Greek ideals should enter into any such abstract idea. For, if this were so, beauty must have been unknown before the Greeks or during that whole period of Italian art before the Renaissance, or in the Orient, etc. Why, then, did he
state that the Greek ideals were a necessary component in our conception of beauty and truth?

The answer is not far to seek. Sir Joshua realized that he was addressing an audience of men and women whose tenacity of character was such that an idea once rooted was ineradicable. So true is this that even to this day, when all other peoples are adopting new standards better suited to express new thoughts, the Englishman is still talking of Phidias, Michael Angelo and Raphael, and, in his judgment, features and proportions which are not "regular"—i.e., classic—although they may be interesting, are never beautiful. Rembrandt's paintings he speaks of as being picturesque and the picturesque is defined as a "parasite of beauty." If Reynolds had included his third element, the Greek ideals, with his second, and simply called them "fashions," he would have given an analysis of a conception of beauty which would have included the Japanese and Dutch art as well as his own. For, although the Greek has held sway for hundreds of years over certain peoples and may for many centuries more, it still remains but a fashion.

How is it in our own country? What proportion does fashion play in the make-up of our conception of beauty and truth? What are the fashions and what part in the conception does our knowledge of the aspect of nature play? And the Greek ideals?

I think few will question the assertion that fashion in general is a powerful factor in the life of the average American. We are swayed this way and that in our customs, manners, dress, habits, thoughts, etc. At first sight we seem to be merely importers, imitators, and absorbers of European ideas; generally slaves to fashion, lacking the originality to create our own standards. But, upon the other hand, our slavery to any particular fashion is very short-lived. The fashions take more the shape of fads, and even in the world of painting this is so. For a short period we saw as the Hudson River school taught us to see; then as one French school showed us the truth to be, then as another. One day we believe that the shadows in a sunlit landscape are brown, and the next we swear that they are violet and purple. Does this continual change of ideals indicate a weakness? Does it not rather indicate that we are, in reality, very little the creatures of fashion? That we are, as yet, of the mental attitude of the student who is striving after truths and ideals which are some day to enter into the make-up of his special conceptions? And the Greek, of which the English have made such a point? Have we imitated that? The question hardly needs an answer. Hunt for it in our architecture, in our painting, in our literature, in our fashion of dress, where you will, can you find it? No! We left it in Europe. So it would appear that the Greek fashion, Reynolds's third element, we have not. And yet Reynolds makes such a strong point of it and asserts so frequently in his Discourses that some powerful ideal is necessary upon which the artist can model his fashions and truths of nature. Plato, before Reynolds, argued that the beautiful can only be obtained by approaching nature with a preconceived ideal, though he does not say that this ideal must be the Greek.
And so it would distinctly appear that it is a fashion which is not a fashion of the moment, a fashion which has been as highly perfected as that of the Greeks, or the Italians of the Renaissance, and which is as true to nature as theirs is, which all artists must hold before them. Have we it? It need not be Greek, or Renaissance, or Dutch; but it must be something more invariable than a brown-shadow school, or a violet-shadow school. I think we have it, not in its perfected state, but in its vigorous youth. It is photography.

Photography is that permanent fashion which is to replace the Greek. It is amongst us already and we hardly know its influence. It is molding our concepts of nature without our being aware. It is slow in asserting itself, but it can abide its time. It is still in the process of formation, but it has come to stay.

Unfortunately, there is photography and photography, and its influence has been as well for evil as for good. It is almost the only science or art in which the amateur practitioner is better than the professional. Until very recently the professional has been vilely bad and has dragged in the mud a science and an art which may be made as beautiful as any other. Grant the good and the bad photography, you may say, but why does either form a standard wherein rests the ideal that is to become a fashion influencing our conception of nature? Let us analyze the Greek and see what the great English painter tells his pupils to look for. Truth, above all things, he says; truth to form and line, truth of proportions. This is exactly what the better class of photograph gives; truth to line always, and truth to form not infrequently. Often those photographers who understand their art portray a nude as well modeled as that of the greatest painters. And it is this truth laid on the flat, be it a painting or a photograph, fixed and immovable, that guides us in our judgment of the appearance of nature. Any draughtsman will tell us how much easier it is to understand and copy from a print than from life. The very immobility of the print allows us to study it at leisure, consciously, or perhaps unconsciously, to analyze the proportions, grasp the structure and feel the modeling. Life, ever moving and restless, eludes, confuses; and the lay mind, often even the artist, turns to prints, paintings, and sculpture, and therefrom forms his idea of the appearance of nature. In the day of Sir Joshua Reynolds, there being no method of scientifically and surely transcribing nature on the flat, the standards, either of the day or of the past, were studied in order to learn the truth. Particularly were the standards of the past preferred because the Greeks were truer to life.

The Discourses further proclaim the Greek as a standard of simplicity and extol the masterly massing of detail. What does photography say of simplicity and massing of detail? If we are to believe the results given us by the average so-much-per-dozen photographer, then indeed nature is vile, a disjointed mass of obtrusive detail and meaningless retouching of empty planes. Unfortunately, this class of photograph, obtruding itself on every avenue, reproduced in every magazine, is better known than the pure photograph, pure in its simplicity and beautifully subordinated detail, pure in its
truth to nature. It is this same kind of photograph that has worked evil for the true photographer as well as for the painter. It is these libels on nature that have caused the public to cry out that photography is a science and not an art—exactly why a science is difficult to understand, because science is truthful. It is these same licked facsimiles of characterless and unimportant details with which we are daily surrounded in our home, and which mamma and papa have come to believe are beautiful, that are held up to the painter as a guide in his portrait of their daughters. Until the shops, parading their rows of waxen beauties, are relegated to the side streets, the true fashion can not prevail.

The Greeks also left us a philosophy of the action of men and animals, which was accepted without thought until the instantaneous photograph told us otherwise. We all remember with what amusement we first regarded the photograph of horses and dogs in the act of running and leaping, their legs curled under them in the manner of the legs of a dead spider; how they appeared to stand still and never moved over that bar. Do we feel this to-day? Do not the horses move and leap in spite of their legs? And why? Is it not because we have in a measure forgotten the Greek fashion and accepted the new? Has not the Greek fashion become a little wooden?

In the Greek ideals was also included an abstract conception of proportions. Photography can give only the truth, but in giving the truth it has given much that is beautiful and new. Are there not other proportions of the human figure beside those of the Greeks that are harmonious? Certainly, if the mission of art is to point out the beauties of nature and make us love and understand these same beauties, then the photograph has much to say; for, sublime as the Greek proportions are, do we often see them in actual life?

In the matter of composition photography has no end to tell us; much more than the Greek. Such Greek composition as has come down to us is stereotyped in the extreme and has lost its hold on almost all healthy art. The conceptions of landscape composition, which swayed the minds of English painters until very recently, can not be better illustrated than by quoting two of the questions in an examination paper, which came under my notice not long ago, intended for the students of the Royal Academy. They were: “What size and of what proportions should a landscape be?” and “Where should the little brown tree be placed?”

The rapidity and ease with which experiments in composition can be tried with the camera has given to the painter a means to enlarge his conception of composition of which he has availed himself more generally than the public think. The disrepute brought upon photography by that horde who practice it for the dollars in it has made painters a little afraid of the censure they might incur from association with such a mode of procedure, and they deny it. Yet many of the modern compositions, full of sudden surprises, are taken directly from the negative.

Lastly, what do the Greek ideals say of values—that is, of the translation of color-values into black and white? The Greek says nothing, and the
public says the photographer is wrong. Interesting as this subject is, it is altogether too long and too technical to discuss here. The physicists, however, have demonstrated that there is no true system of values, that truth of values in art is a mathematical impossibility, and that all systems of values resolve themselves into the personality and idiosyncrasies of the artist. So, after all, the photographer is merely practicing one of numerous untruthful systems. Therefore the question is not, "Is the photograph true?" but "Does it charm?" You can answer that question for yourself.

Roland Rood.

PROS AND CONS.

II. CRITIC VERSUS CRITIC.

FROM THIS same seven-year-old Contemporary Review I get another text for a short discussion, and this I can supplement by a text or two from the very recent pronouncements of Professor Herkomer on the same subject in The Magazine of Art.

Mr. Pennell, in his article, says that he can not agree with another art-critic (whose initials as given, D. S. M., cover the name of D. S. MacColl, the very eminent art-critic of The Saturday Review), when he says that "a photograph will give a better idea of an ancient building than a drawing by an architectural draughtsman." A very acceptable verdict, especially from so penetrating a critic.

Our adverse critic goes on to say: "The senseless lens of the camera will never record the vital characteristic qualities of great architecture. For two reasons: First, because it is mechanically impossible in the majority of cases for the lens to take in the subject that is wanted; and, secondly, even if it does, there is always in the best of photographs a hopeless confusion of detail and light and shade."

The reader will surmise how this interests me and how gleefully I try to disprove it. As my own chief love and belief in photography is known to be architectural picture-making, and as the critic himself is almost wholly an architectural draughtsman, he is an opponent one is glad to encounter, as his opinion would be taken by most to be an instructed one and therefore authoritative.

We may dismiss "the senseless lens" as merely another loose expression, with the reminder to our critic that we have yet to learn that even his tools, his pencils and brushes are other than "senseless." Tools are but tools in any art, and it would be a sad day for one's individuality were we to find that any of our tools were other than the dead, inanimate, "senseless" things they now are and ought to be, waiting on us, their masters, to breathe through them the breath of life into our creations.

For a moment we will leave the "mechanically impossible" case to go on to the "hopeless confusion of light and shade." Just here we may most helpfully make our quotations from Prof. Herkomer: "In photography, light is the great mischief-maker." This is just about as luminous as saying,
“in painting, pigments are the great mischief-makers!” Again: “Yet, through the accident of favorable lighting, an extraordinary truth may be brought out in a photograph.” As though photographic lighting was always, and necessarily, accidental and not as deliberately brought about and controlled as the Professor’s pigments are selected and mixed! Once more: “By a combination of mechanical circumstances, over which no man can have control, a camera may bring out a beautiful and remarkable effect,” etc., etc. How extremely interesting it is to learn that our cameras work by themselves, that our tripods stalk about by their own volition till satisfied, etc., etc.

If either of our sapient critics really knew (or chose to know) what a good, sympathetic, learned, well-studied photographic portrait or picture of a cathedral interior could be, they would know that they are simply judging an art by its worst record, the base travesties too often produced, barren of anything beyond untrue mechanicalness. It is well that we in our turn do not risk our reputations for sweet reasonableness or sanity by judging the possibilities of painting as an art by even the mediocrities that their own vaunted Royal Academy yearly hangs up as “works of art,” to the dismay of even the sensitive artist-photographer! No; we prefer to think of Rembrandt, of Velasquez, of Van Dyck, of Van Eyck, of Dürer, of Canaletto, of Hogarth, of Millais, of Rossetti, of Whistler, of Corot, of Matthew Maris, and of the host of other names that crowd to one’s mind.

If Photography is capable of anything at all, it is just here, in the adequate rendering of light and shade in all their relative subtleties. The “hopeless confusion” (if it ever exists) comes from the inexperienced worker, just as does the “hopeless confusion” of color-contrasts and relations in a bad painting, or the “hopeless confusion” of false perspective or bad drawing. And when our draughtsman-critic says it is even so in “the best of photographs,” what are we to think? Is it merely a bad case of mendacious misstatement or a bad case of incompetent observation or mal-observation? He means, of course, the best he has seen, and as he has for years had the London exhibitions before him it is curious to imagine how he can justify such a statement.

It may possibly be judged as slightly unfair to rake up for cheap and easy slaughter so stale an article as this of 1897, since which time history-making in Pictorial Photography has taken such strides, but this same critic indulges in the same game to this day and the same empty opinions are still given forth as art-dicta of final importance.

Our critic seems to score a point when he says “it is mechanically impossible in the majority of cases for the lens to take in the subject wanted.” The lens is certainly continually being limited, brought up standing, rendered useless by a too close proximity of walls which prevent the use of that point of view which alone will give the desired picture perfectly. But here again the argument is an empty one, superficial only; for the critic is but condemning something that does not exist; the helpful critic does not spend his time or paper in merely saying what Mr. So-and-So has not done other things he might have done.
Surely it is absurd to condemn Photography because it can not do everything; it should be sufficient to condemn it when it does not do well what it sets out to do. What folly, for instance, it would be for us to condemn an otherwise delightful pencil-drawing of a cathedral interior by this artist-critic because he does not give in it a knowledge of the color-effect of the glorious stained-glass window he includes in his picture!

But this "mechanically impossible" leads our critic on to another condemnation: "An architectural draughtsman uses his brain and his hands to give the best possible rendering of a building, and to do this he is frequently compelled to compose his effects and to alter his point of view." Now, though I know that even great artists have done this thing also, I would seek to condemn it, as not only an untruthful procedure but also an essentially inartistic one.

It is untruthful because, whatever be the mental effect the picture is meant to have on us as a picture merely (that is, when we are unacquainted with the original subject and have to get our only impression of the building from this picture of it), it fails of all genuine effect when we try to recognize it in the building itself. Then we see that the composite structure we have had imposed on us is far inferior to the effect the real building has; it seems but a theatrical statement when compared with the simplicity and quiet grandeur of the real thing.

Our progressive realization of it, as we pursue its aisles, enter its dim chapels, look aloft into its dark roofs, dwell on the mystery of its lights and linger in the deeps of its glorious shadows, gives us so much fuller an impression of mediaeval imagination and work than any "bovrilised" version, secured by combining together a half-dozen points of view into one spectacular effect. For an after-delight and memorizing of it pictorially, I would, personally, far rather have a series of isolated instances of its grandeurs and beauties than any "composed effect from altering the point of view"; a thing, moreover, we are unable to realize, because we are unable from any single point of view to get the draughtsman's effect.

A drawing, or painting, or photograph of a cathedral interior should be at least true enough, in reproducing the building in any of its various effects, to enable the beholder to recognize it and to have the joy, when next visiting the building, of having its beauties heightened for him by this new acquaintance with it through pictures. One should always find in the artist's picture a revelation of beauty and grandeur beyond what the untrained eye would discover for itself; but this must never be in the way of inventing effects which the layman will be unable to "place" when proving his enjoyment of the pictures in the building itself.

There is no joy of recognition from these composite things, for there is no seeing them; they have no real existence, because the single gaze, the stable point of view, can not and does not embrace them.

And when I so condemn this type of work, it is mainly from the poetical, the sympathetic, the impressionistic aspect. When one seeks in one's pictures to embody a mood, a feeling, a joy, an experience that some
particular aspect, some particular isolated grouping has conveyed to one, then it is not by such a mere "statement" of a building as the composite study, but by the faithful translation of the isolated grouping, the rare effect of lighting, the subtle depth of shadow. If more than this is given to the eye and mind, simplicity and concreteness of effect and impression vanish and the theatrical statement takes its place. "It may be magnificent, but it is not"—picture-making in its highest and truest sense.

No, I think the critics who so cheerfully rule Photography out of court in architectural picture-making are all in the wrong. With modern tools—lenses perfect in equality of illumination, films perfect (in the double form I have before advocated) in recording power (and that in an easily printable fashion)—whatever be the complexity of cross-lightings, etc.—we can nowadays hope and expect to record the subtle beauties, the ennobling grandeur of our great cathedral interiors in a way not to be despised nor even perhaps excelled by any other monochrome method of art-expression.

For, added to the beauty of rendering and the successful conveying of atmosphere, there is always the subtle sense of inevitable truth to subject, intimacy of knowledge of it. It is the place, a truthful vision of it, and not merely one to be taken on trust, depending whether the name of the artist be more or less celebrated and acceptable. Frederick H. Evans.

OUR ARTISTIC OPPORTUNITY.

There are two prime requisites necessary for the great artist and seer—whether he be a maker of poetry, music, pictures, sculptures, or buildings. First, he must have something to express; and second, he must know how to present it to the best advantage—to embody his idea in as perfect form as possible. We might also sub-divide the content of the artist's message into two great divisions of the intellectual and the emotional. But this it were not wise to try, for the intellectual and the emotional are twin requirements, complimentary parts, as it were; and though one of them may preponderate noticeably in some instances, the two have to be subtly combined in art-expression in a union almost as unanalyzable as that of the spark of life in animate matter. But as to the requirements of the matter and the manner—the something worth expressing and the power to put it well—there is ever the ideal union to be sought, though in various forms of art there are differences in the proportions of the two elements desired. And artists by nature also vary in their ability to approach, and their conception of, the ideal union of a perfect idea perfectly expressed. Few have combined the highest thought and most intense emotion with powerful expression in absolutely exquisite style, which forms the highest achievement of great genius. Most artists fail in one or the other of the great requirements. Some have much of worth to say, a pregnant mind or a deeply emotional nature, or both; yet do not seem able to acquire a good
technique. Others are not endowed with so great thought and feeling apparently, and yet what they do have to say they make welcome to man by their exquisite style of expression. Technique is the grammar of art; and those who know their grammar best, put to the best advantage what they do have to present.

If the world does not understand—or at least can not think that it does understand—the work of an artist, it is apt to declare that the maker has been obscure, perhaps wilfully, or unconscionitably careless, or perversely harsh—in fact, that he has failed in the effort to which his life has been devoted. And in truth, by his inability to influence his day and generation, he has partially failed. And is it his fault or his misfortune if he has expected the public to meet him a good half-way—that half-way on the side of the public that is so difficult and like a gulf to be bridged? Probably he has lacked merely some shade of that critical nicety which enables the artist to fashion for himself a technique that fits his individuality and yet accords with the highest canons of his art as well as with the taste and tendencies of his time. That is enough to separate him and the public, to the great loss of both, unless in spite of his shortcomings he have a manifest touch of that rarest quality, true genius, to enable him to win in spite of obstacles placed by himself as well as by a doubtful world. For in the long run, master-minds do carry off the honors even when they have chosen to work through what seem unfortunate or poor forms of expression; such is the distinction given by “conception—the fundamental brain-work,” to quote Rossetti’s phrase.

Some critics of painting have held that the subject of a picture is not of material importance; but that the way it is done is what makes a work of art worthy. To most, however, a subject with a beautiful idea behind it seems worthiest of fine treatment. They see nothing to be gained for art by the assertion of a technical hobby that, when carried out, results in absurdities; rather they say of art as Browning’s Rabbi Ben Ezra of life:

“As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry ‘All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul!’”

Nevertheless, it is true that many works excel because of superlative accomplishments that are more than half merely technical. I put it this way because the verdict in many cases will depend on the bias of the one judging. For instance, as to how much Corot’s refined and intellectually synthetic representations of dusk and the afterglow are more than evidences of technical dexterity reduced to the last word. Where body ends and soul begins, who shall say authoritatively? Dogmatism is antiquated and long out of style among thinkers; and the only ones hardy enough to try to lay down the law are the semi-scientific realists, the analysts of dead matter, who necessarily destroy traces of all else by their brutal dissections. But true artists, perhaps in amends for the feeling of noble dissatisfaction with which they regard their own accomplishments, are rewarded by the pleasure that comes from reading
all possible meanings and virtues into the worthy works of others. At any rate, it is a fact that technical and semi-technical excellencies in the arts can give great pleasure to cultured persons. Yet this need not in any way conflict with the more general belief that art not only should have an underlying meaning in its excellence, but should have one of lovelier import than those inherent in the ordinary productions of every-day life—of competition and commercialism.

It is the more unfortunate that there should be such antagonism of theories as to art, because it is not theory but accomplishment that counts anyway. Any discussion pro and con that makes people think would seem at first glance to be worth while; but this antagonism of ideas even more effectually adds to the natural difficulties of an understanding between the small camp of the artists and the large number of exceedingly well-meaning persons in the world who do not know as much as they think they do, and would like to know, about art. The public loses thereby, as also does art; while her true meaning and mission lies unchampioned, miscomprehended and ineffective between extremes of theory. The every-day mortal, repelled by such extreme claims as those of the apostles of paint, falls back upon his crude, inherited notions of natural-realism: that painting should be high-class illustration, that poetry should echo his sentimental and moral heart-throbs, and that music was developed to enable him to hear oratorios. By catering to these elementary ideas small craftsmen get undue recognition, and the sentimental flourishes widely in verse or paint, the “actually true” story or naturalistic picture is lauded by the uncultured more than it might have been had artists and critics—if not deigning to meet the public part way—at least had tried to tempt the uncritical on, rather than to repel by a defiance that is apt to react to the injury of the worker’s own best development. It is slow progress even if the artist merely waits for the public to meet him half-way. It is very difficult for the philistine to pull himself up at all unaided. He would rather remain in the slough of process, where he is amused by the anecdotal chromo or touched by the homely-pathetic. These are the things he takes to his heart, unassisted; although he also goes to be puzzled now and then by searching for a wrong “meaning” or intention in recondite works.

Is it not the privilege, and practically the duty, of pictorial photography to step into the breach? The camera is widely used and attracts even greater popular attention; and in the hands of a few it has proved itself capable of producing results of absolute artistic worth. Is it not, then, to be one of the important means for bridging a heretofore difficult gulf, and for promoting a much better popular understanding of art and its value in life? Is not photography to be one of the ways by which artists, from higher ground, shall assist many up from lower levels of art-love and culture, and by which numberless amateurs shall find the means to educate their own taste for the beautiful and the taste of their associates in a practical, objective manner and in ever-widening circles of influence? Probably in time the camera will be reckoned as only less important than the printing-press as an influence in modern civilization.

Dallett Fuguet.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: If you will keep your attention sharply focused upon my manipulations you will doubtless be able to see that there is no possibility of faking in the little exhibition of Black Magic which I shall give for your benefit. You have, I suppose, each of you, experimented with that harmless game of our childhood, which consists of placing a drop of ink upon a sheet of paper, folding the paper over—so—giving it a quick pressure—so—and reading fortunes and soul-fancies in the resultant

You will please notice that I have here a sheet of ordinary white paper and a bottle of ordinary ink. Examine the paper, please—thank you. And the ink?—thank you again. Now, you observe, I put a drop of ink on the page—fold the sheet over on itself—give it a quick slap—so!—and pronounce the magic word, "Excaliber!" Now we will examine the result

What do you think it is, my little man in the front row? "A dustbrush?" No, no, no! Look again! Is it not Alfred the Great? Not that Alfred who let the cakes burn. No; this is the Alfred who pulled the
cakes out of the fire. The Photographic Cakes. Yes, dear; his hair is a little rumpty, but if you were ring-master in this show your hair would stand up too. Daniel, the good book tells us, spent some time in the lion's den and came out unscathed; but it leaves us to imagine the condition of his coiffure.

Well, shall we try again? Perhaps we can materialize one of the lions. Watch me sharply — there! I told you so.

See how meek he looks? Would you take him for the king of beasts? Ah, Steichen! With that recumbent mane, that forelock softly drooping, who would guess the fiery eye, the tossing mane, the roar — ? Don't be uneasy, ladies and gentlemen, it's only a picture!

And now, perhaps I can do something gentle for you for a change. I'll put a drop of sugar in the ink, and we'll try again
Parsifal! Pouting because the Grail eludes him! Cheer up, Alvin Langdon, I'll cast another magic drop and glimpse the future for you—

By the way, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you notice that there is nothing fuzzy about my magic? It may be mysterious, but the mystery has its source in no pussy-willow quality of focus. This is only one of the differences between Black Art and Modern Art. There are also others.

However, no art, black or otherwise, is complete without a Madonna. I therefore give you

The Madonna of the Lens.

J. B. Kerfoot.
PLATE

Study—Miss R.
By Alvin Langdon Coburn.
AFTER AN interval of just ten years I once more found myself in Europe. During that period I had witnessed the evolution of pictorial photography and had watched its struggles against the hostile environment of ignorance, prejudice, selfishness, vanity, conceit, intrigue, provincialism and a host of other malign influences. After a short stay in Europe, I returned to America in 1894 and found that modern pictorial photography, as that term is now understood by a few people, had just begun its infancy, though it gave promise of the qualities it has since developed. In Great Britain, at this same time, it was already approaching its maturity; in Austria it had reached its period of adolescence; in Germany it was yet unborn; in France it was expected; while to the rest of the world it was unknown. Since that time American photography has reached its maturity and has won for itself a recognized position as a leading influence in the development of the art. At times I felt within myself some doubt whether I had not attached an exaggerated importance to the pictures which we had produced. It is true that my faith in the ultimate success of photography as a means of pictorial expression had never wavered since first (1885) it claimed me as its own, and it was not until my present visit to Europe that I gained the perspective which enabled me to judge the true proportions of photographic accomplishments. At last I found the opportunity to personally weigh the picked American work in the same scale with the best of the European.

DRESDEN.

It was in no very cheerful frame of mind that I visited the International Art Exhibition at Dresden. For, though I had expected to find much-needed rest and recreation in Europe, I had scarcely landed when my health collapsed completely and I found myself spending the first four weeks of my pleasure trip in a private hospital in Berlin. Hardly out of the sick bed, and against the express instructions of my physician, the ruling passion asserted itself. Photography allured me to Dresden and I went. The attraction was more than I, in my enfeebled condition, could resist. Had not the authorities of the Grosse Internationale Dresdner Kunstausstellung—the foremost exhibition of its kind in Europe at present—conceded all the claims that the most enthusiastic pictorialists had made? And had not the Photo-Secession sent a small, but choice, collection thither? Imagine, then, my feelings when I found myself at the gates of the Exhibition inquiring where the photographs were hung and was directed to a small auxiliary building! So great was my disgust at what seemed to me the duplicity of the management which had held out such fair promises that I was upon the point of leaving without looking at either photographs or anything else. Sober second thought overcame this impulse and, disappointedly, I entered the building. Once more I underwent a revulsion of feeling; I was indeed pleasantly surprised at what I saw. Here was a large hall divided
into alcoves, in which were hung together the pictures which represented the Photo-Secession, the Hamburg School, the Viennese, Dresden, British, etc., etc., each group being segregated. It was delightful to see with what feeling, taste and judgment the hanging of the Secession and of the Viennese collections had been accomplished, and how effectively each picture stood out by itself, at the same time harmonizing with the remainder of its group. All this was due to Herr F. Matthies-Masuren, who had personally hung these two groups.

What an opportunity to judge by comparison! Here on the one hand were the Viennese, artistic, powerful, daring and broad in their treatment, masterful in their knowledge of multiple-gum technique, sensuous in their strength, yet displaying great taste; on the other, the comparatively tiny Secession prints, full of subtle charm, delicacy and spirituality, unaggressive in size, color and presentation, yet quite as masterful in their technique, and covering a much greater range of media. Watzek, Henneberg, Kühn and Spitzer, although each a strong individuality, were yet so complementary to each other that the whole impression of their collective work was one of uniformity. No doubt this impression was due mainly to the more or less uniformity of size and medium. On the other hand, the work of the Secession, while betraying a common school, was marked by an individuality of conception, of technique and in the media employed.

It was clear at a glance that Hamburg had followed the Viennese lead, but they could readily be differentiated by the grosser and more brutal technique of the former. Though oftentimes poetic in conception, the Hamburg photographers seem to revel in an orgy of color that often offends. The Hofmeisters are not only the founders of but easily the foremost of the Hamburg school.

In the British exhibit but two deserve mention — Hill, the painter-photographer of fifty years ago, and J. Craig Annan. Their pictures will always hold their own in the very best of company — sane, honest, temperamental. Of the French, nothing can be said because France was not adequately represented. After having spent several hours in careful study of the photographs, I hied me to the "real article." In the exhibition proper had been gathered together no end of beautiful paintings, statuary — in fact, all forms of art except photography, which Cinderella-like was left by itself in the cold. Fairly has Dresden earned its title. It is not my purpose to speak of aught but photography, but after surfeiting myself with the best in painting and etching, and cloyed with an excess of beauty, I determined to put photography to its crucial test — I returned to the photographs. Another half hour with them convinced me finally and for all time that the best photographs could be hung in juxtaposition to the best of other arts without detriment to themselves or to those who might have the courage so to place them.

That I am not alone in this enthusiastic judgment is proven by the verdict of the management that photography has stood the test and would in future years be housed with the other arts.
LONDON SALON.

Three months later saw me at the opening of the Salon of the Linked Ring in London. They told me that it was the best ever held. America had for the first time judged its own pictures and had contributed about one-third of the entire collection. I had never had the opportunity of seeing previous Salons of the Linked Ring. My first impression was of keen disappointment—a small hall, none too well lighted, overcrowded with frames, although there were but 230 in all.

Upon closer examination the average of individual pictures seemed good; exceptional work was scarce. The work of the Americans, with one exception, disappointed me—it seemed as if the prints of many of the subjects shown were not the best from the plates—in many cases, as a matter of fact, I had previously seen far better prints of the same subjects. The tendency seemed toward overprinting, darkness and muddiness, although making due allowance for London fog and poor lighting. It seemed to me a great pity that the American pictures could not have been hung together, for they would have given each other mutual strength and support. A comparison with Dresden could not be avoided, and London suffered in consequence. And yet, to my way of thinking, the artistic average of the American prints was far in advance of that of the English. A striking feature in some of the English exhibits was the marked influence of the American school, and notably that of Gertrude Käsebier. In fact, throughout Europe I found her influence dominant.

The hanging of the exhibition as a whole was decoratively done, though the individual prints undoubtedly suffered. It is of interest to note that even there in London, where big prices for photographs have been pooh-poohed, two Steichens were sold for 15 and 10 guineas respectively, that a Käsebier platinotype and one by White brought 5 guineas each, a Demachy sold for a similar price, etc., etc. At Dresden too, good prices prevailed, a Kühn brought 300 marks, two Eugene 5x7 platinotypes, 200 and 100 marks respectively, etc.

THE ROYAL.

To visit the Salon without seeing the Royal is to do an injustice to the Salon. Beautiful galleries, good lighting—for London—and the walls plastered with pictures from very good to very bad—the average tended to lowness. It is indeed a pity that with its opportunities the premier society of the world should fail so lamentably. If there had been picked from these reams of paper the pictures and if these had been hung with some taste, the Royal indeed could have been well satisfied with its showing. But as it was, I returned thither but thrice, whereas the Salon I visited seven times; showing that neither exhibition was examined lightly.

That my estimate of American work as represented by that type of photography of which the Secession and Camera Work are exponents has not been due to the personal element is proven by the avowed recognition of its value, not only in itself but also as an exemplar, by the leaders of pictorial photography throughout Europe. Their enthusiastic appreciation, expressed
not only verbally but in letters as well as in articles, is shared by a class of art-lovers and painters who until very recently absolutely abhorred the word photography. Among this class Camera Work has met with an approval naturally most gratifying in view of the lack of harmony amongst photographers generally. After all, it is to the connoisseurs, the painters and to the big men and women in photography that we look mostly for the culmination of our ambitions. The squally appearance of the photographic sea is more apparent than real, for the recognized leaders and their friends throughout the world are working in entire harmony toward an end which in our next number we hope to make public.

Alfred Stieglitz.

EXHIBITION NOTES.

THE HAGUE.

A THE recent International Exhibition held at The Hague, Holland, the Secession collection more than held its own and received universal praise. Of the five prizes awarded by the Jury—composed of H. W. Mesdag, the celebrated marine-painter, Maurice Bucquet, President of the Photo-Club de Paris; A. Horsley Hinton, editor of the Amateur Photographer, and F. Matthies-Masuren, painter and editor of the Photographische Rundschau—two came to this country. Steichen’s new Rodin received the prize for the best picture in the entire exhibition and White won the prize for the best genre picture. The exhibition was a great success and aroused much enthusiasm and interest throughout Holland.

The following is a list of the contributors invited by the Secession:


THE LONDON SALON.

As a matter of record we note that the following Americans were represented at the London Salon: C. Yarnall Abbott, Jeanne Bennett, Alice Boughton, John G. Bullock, Charles E. Barr, C. Bell, Alvin L. Coburn, F. Detlefsen, J. M. Drivet, William B. Dyer, J. Mitchell Elliot, Herbert G. French, A. A. Gleason, William F. James, Gertrude Käsebier, Edward Keck, Mary M. Keipp, Joseph T. Kelley, Frank E. Marks, Charles Peabody, Jeannette Peabody, Landon Rives, Harry C. Rubincam, Margaret

Through a misunderstanding on the part of the hanging committee in London, the work of Myra A. Wiggins and S. L. Willard, which had passed the jury, was neither catalogued nor hung.

THE PHOTO-CLUB OF VIENNA.

That the American collection sent to Vienna created a positive sensation is putting it mildly. As a matter of fact the Secession work had never been seen in Vienna and proved a revelation to all those who now saw it. The press spoke most enthusiastically of it and classed it with the work of Kühn, Henneberg and Watzek, which, in view of the position held by these photographers throughout Europe and especially at home, is praise indeed. The collection sent was nearly as representative as that sent to Dresden and was the work of practically the same men and women.

IN RE ST. LOUIS.

The great St. Louis Exhibition is practically over, and wonderful as it was on the whole, the pictorial photographic exhibit proved an undisputed fiasco. Although we had predicted this ending for the photographic section we find no joy in having had our predictions verified. Not a single photograph reached the Fine Arts Building, nor were any of them passed upon by the Fine Arts Jury as had been promised. The American photographs were hung in the Liberal Arts Building amid surroundings reminiscent of a department store. America's showing, as a whole, reflected no credit upon pictorial photography. Practically every contributor received an award. We trust that this object-lesson may serve to teach the management of future exhibitions more discretion and dignity. The foreign exhibits were so far superior in every respect that it seems almost a shame to speak of them in the same breath, and therefore we will content ourselves with no more extended notice of them.

SALON D'AUTOMNE—PARIS.

It is not more than a few years ago that the jury of the great art-exhibition of Paris, the Champs de Mars Salon, had accepted some of Steichen's photographs, and the hanging committee, on account of certain technicalities regarding the rules of the exhibition, etc., had refused to hang them. This year the Salon d'Automne, an important and high-class art-exhibition, has officially recognized the claims of photography, and photographs were passed upon by the jury and hung. Unfortunately the decision of the management was made too late for most of the photographers to avail themselves of the opportunity to submit their pictures. As it is we are more than delighted to see one important art-exhibition after the other falling into line—it is an encouraging sign of the times.
CARBON AND GUM PRINTS ON JAPAN TISSUE.

About two years ago the writer became interested in making some carbon prints, using Japan tissue as the final support. The results were not pleasing, as the gelatine used in making the support-paper destroyed the texture of the Japan tissue, besides causing unequal shrinking in the final print.

Last April experiments in this line were resumed, resulting in the entire elimination of the former difficulties.

Assuming that the reader is familiar with the single-transfer process, directions are given herewith for making single carbon transfer-prints on Japan tissue with ease and certainty.

The Japan tissue is placed on a glass support, the paper being cut somewhat larger than the glass, when it is coated with a plain collodion made up as follows:

- Alcohol, sp. gr. 0.81 ........................................... 1000 c. c.
- Ether, sp. gr. 0.72 ........................................... 1000 c. c.
- Pyroxylene .................................................. 30 grammes.

Old celluloid films can be dissolved in amylacetate, or equal parts of alcohol and ether, and used for the same purpose.

With a camel's-hair brush, about one inch in width, commence at one edge of the paper on the glass support, and as rapidly as possible, using the collodion freely, coat the whole of the paper, at the same time pressing it into contact with the glass as intimately as the brush will permit.

This first coating should thoroughly dry, when it will be found that the paper will be drawn perfectly flat to the glass support, if the coating has been properly done.

Two or three additional coats should be applied until the pores of the paper are closed, but not enough collodion used to give the Japan tissue support too much gloss and destroy the texture of the paper.

After the paper on the glass is dry, bend back the surplus paper over the edge on to the back of the glass support, and hold it there by placing it on another glass, keeping the two together during the development of the carbon print. This will prevent the water from getting between the print and the glass, and lessen the possibility of tearing the print.

Sensitize the carbon tissue and print as usual. When ready to squeegee the printed tissue to the prepared Japan tissue support, immerse the print and the tissue support in the water at the same time and squeegee as usual. No previous soaking of the tissue support is necessary. In twenty minutes development can proceed as usual. The print during development should be examined with some white opaque substance behind it or it will probably dry out too dark.

The finely divided coloring matter can be thoroughly removed from the print, when sufficiently developed, by flooding with alcohol once, in the same manner in which a plate is flowed with developer.
The print can now be rinsed and placed in alum or sodium bisulphite to eliminate the bichromate, washed again, and permitted to dry on the glass support. After drying it should be carefully stripped from the glass and is ready for mounting.

The tone of the picture can be modified by backing the print with colored paper.

If old collodion is on the glass, the print will be almost sure to stick. Rubbing the glass with talc will facilitate the removal of the print.

If the collodion is flowed on the paper, the result will not be satisfactory, the collodion must penetrate the paper instead of setting on the surface.

Gum-bichromate prints can be made on Japan tissue-paper by the same method, giving but one coat of collodion, permitting this to dry thoroughly, then coating with the gum-bichromate mixture and proceeding as usual in working this process.

NORMAN W. CARKHUFF.

SILHOUETTES.

I HAVE BEEN asked to give the details of silhouette-making with a camera. The process is simple in the extreme if one but has access to the one indispensable accessory—a window giving upon the open sky. This window is like charity. Though you speak with the tongues of men and of angels, though you have faith to move mountains and a hundred-dollar lens, if you have not the window, it is nothing. Given the window, open if possible, pose your sitter before it, focus sharply, stop down to F/32 and expose one second. Use a Contrast plate and develop with

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Solution A:} & \\
\text{Water} & \quad 500 \text{ ccm.} \\
\text{Hydroquinone} & \quad 10 \text{ grammes} \\
\text{Sodium sulphite, anhydrous} & \quad 20 \text{ grammes}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Solution B:} & \\
10\% \text{ solution of Carbonate potash, anhydrous.}
\end{align*}
\]

Using equal parts of A and B.

Carry your development to the extreme limit, remembering that your object is clear glass in the shadow and high lights too dense for sunlight to print through. Having achieved your negative, remains to block out the bust. Here simplicity vanishes. There are six and ninety ways of cutting each figure and only one of them is right. Lay your negative face down on a white surface and experiment with black paper cut-outs. When you get what you want, paste it in place on the negative. Don't try the brush. Good models will be found on coins, medals, and the United States stamps of the 1872 issue. Study them.

J. B. Kerfoot.
IT IS always with the best intentions that the worst work is done.

It is always a silly thing to give advice, but to give good advice is fatal.

Every effect that one produces gives one an enemy. To be popular one must be a mediocrity.

Love art for its own sake, and then all things that you need will be added to you. This devotion to beauty and to the creation of beautiful things is the test of all great civilizations; it is what makes the life of each citizen a sacrament and not a speculation.

Better to take pleasure in a rose than to put its root under a microscope.

It was a fatal day when the public discovered that the pen is mightier than the paving-stone and can be made as offensive as a brickbat.

It is personalities, not principles, that move the age.

"If a man approaches a work of art with any desire to exercise authority over it and the artist, he approaches it in such a spirit that he can not receive any artistic impression from it at all. The work of art is to dominate the spectator; the spectator is not to dominate the work of art. The spectator is to be receptive. He is to be the violin on which the master is to play, and the more completely he can suppress his own silly views, his own foolish prejudices, his own absurd ideas of what art should be or should not be, the more likely he is to understand and appreciate the work of art in question. This is, of course, quite obvious in the case of the vulgar theater-going public of English men and women; but it is equally true of what are called educated people, for an educated person's ideas of art are drawn naturally from what art has been, and to measure it by the standards of the past is to measure it by a standard on the rejection of which its real perfection depends. A temperament capable of receiving through an imaginative medium and under imaginative conditions new and beautiful impressions is the only temperament that can appreciate a work of art."
PHOTO-SECESSION NOTES.

THE DETAILS of Photo-Secession collections at the various European exhibitions appear elsewhere in this number. During the summer months the monthly Secession dinners were continued, though the absence of many necessarily reduced the attendance. The coming season, however, gives promise of great liveliness and activity in all Secession affairs. Those interested and in sympathy with Secession work and ideals are always welcome, and the Director will gladly furnish such information as our friends may ask for. We publish this information because it has gained credence that the Secession doors are open only to those with a photographic pull; they are open mainly to those with an initiative as well as to all interested in the movement, be they photographers or laymen.

FELLOWS.

Mr. Herbert G. French, of Cincinnati, and Miss Katharine S. Stanbery, of Zanesville, O., have been recently elected Fellows of the Photo-Secession upon the merits of their exhibition work.

"AN EXHIBITION OF ONE HUNDRED."

Vienna is planning to outdo its previous efforts. The Vienna Camera Club, spurred on by the Photo-Club exhibit held last spring and which was of such unusual merit, will open in February, at one of the chief art-galleries in that city, an exhibition of one hundred prints representative of only the most select work that has been accomplished in photography and has never previously been shown in that city. The Director of the Photo-Secession has been requested to collect fifty American pictures for this exhibition. This percentage allotted to the Secession is undoubtedly the highest compliment yet paid to our workers. We have been given to understand that the catalogue, the decorations—in fact, everything connected with the exhibition—will be absolutely above reproach, so as to make the event, taken as a whole, the artistic feature of the Viennese art year, and what that means only those can understand who realize what Vienna is accomplishing in art matters. No expense will be spared to accomplish that end. British, French, German, and Viennese are the other schools that have been invited.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WORK of J. Craig Annan needs no introduction to any photographic public. In inviting Mr. Annan to contribute to this number, the choice of representation was left entirely to him. The illustrations need no comment further than to say that not only the pictures but the gravure-plates and "pulls" therefrom are all the work of Mr. Annan. This gives an unique distinction to this number, and we invite our patrons' attention not only to the charm of the subjects, but to the beauty of the reproductions themselves.
Study—Miss R., by Alvin Langdon Coburn, is a recent work of this young photographer who has just returned from Europe, where his work has met with hearty and general appreciation. The plate and edition were produced by The Manhattan Photogravure Company, New York.

“In Sure and Certain Hope,” Frederick H. Evans—elsewhere in our pages there appears the reason for republishing this picture. The plate and “pulls” are by J. J. Waddington & Company, of London, England.

NEW THINGS WORTH LOOKING INTO.

The list of prize-winners in the recent Eastman International Competition. Note how many of the foremost photographers are exponents of the Kodak System. A good share of the awards fell to the lot of Americans.

The improved Ozotype printing method. Printing is the basis of modern pictorial photography, and the Ozotype gives the photographer a great latitude and range. The Editor of Camera Work will gladly put any of its readers on the track where to get the material and the necessary information to learn the process quickly.

The new Folmer & Schwing catalogue, which is full of temptations to the admirer and lover of the very best in the line of cameras for all classes of work.

The new lens Tessar, as manufactured by the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company. It is constructed on the Zeiss principle and is invaluable as an all-around lens.

The coming numbers of Camera Work, which will contain the newer work of Eduard J. Steichen, Gertrude Käsebier, Clarence H. White, Alvin Langdon Coburn, Frank Eugene, Eva Watson-Schütze, Alfred Stieglitz, Joseph T. Keiley; also pictures by Horsley Hinton, Hugo Henneberg, Heinrich Kühn, Hans Watzek, Robert Demachy and other Europeans of equal prestige. There will also be a number devoted to the lesser known lights of the photographic firmament which will be of unusual interest. In short, it will be worth your while to keep your weather-eye open.

The pages of the Annual just out. This year it has gone into the hands of a new publisher, G. Gennert, but its price remains at 75 cents. The text is varied and of interest, the illustrations on a par with those of last year.

The Steadman book on portraiture, published by The Eastman Company. It will initiate you into the ease with which you can do home portraiture without fear of failure. The Kodak people are nothing if not progressive.
AN OBJECT-LESSON IN THE
QUALITY OF REPRODUCTIONS.

AS ILLUSTRATED BY A REPRINT OF "IN SURE
AND CERTAIN HOPE" BY FREDERICK H. EVANS.

In Camera Work Number Four, devoted mainly to the work of
Frederick H. Evans, we found it necessary, although with some
reluctance, to speak somewhat depreciatingly of some of the reproduc­
tions therein made for us in England, and which, if time had permitted,
we should have preferred to have had reprinted. Many of our readers
seemed to consider our objections as hypercritical, being unable to understand
upon what our dissatisfaction was based. That it was not unfounded is
borne out by the action of Messrs. J. J. Waddington & Company, the
makers of the gravures, who, when they saw the completed volume,
voluntarily wrote to us saying that they were positively shocked to see the
effect of the plate "In Sure and Certain Hope," and requesting permission
to make a new plate of the subject. We were delighted, not only to give
them the opportunity sought for, but were pleased as well that we could thus
present to our readers an object-lesson in the great differences in reproductions.

If our readers will but compare the print in this number with that in
Number Four they ought readily see that there are reproductions and repro­
ductions, and that our critical attitude is fully warranted.

To those who can not appreciate the marked difference we can but
express our envy at the ease with which they can be satisfied.

AN EXPLANATION.

When we announced in Number Seven that the publication
of Number Eight of Camera Work would be delayed, we had
no idea that this delay would be so great. We had hoped
to have this number in the hands of our readers during the
month of October. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Stieglitz
was detained by illness upon the very day of his intended return from
Europe, and it was not until over four weeks later than he had planned that
he found himself back in America. It may seem strange that a quarterly
should thus be delayed by the absence of its editor, but as no previous
number of Camera Work had been issued, except under the direct control
and supervision of Mr. Stieglitz, he could not bring himself to break the
precedent. We are sure that our readers will pardon the long interval. To
make good the strain upon their patience Number Nine will make its
appearance early in February; Number Ten in May, and Eleven in July, by
which time we shall have caught up.
PLATE.

In Sure and Certain Hope.

By Frederick H. Evans.
An Appreciation of Eastman's Sepia Paper
from one of America's best-known Salon Exhibitors

10 South Eighteenth Street,
Philadelphia, June 20, 1904.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

Gentlemen:

I want to say a word of appreciation for the Eastman Sepia Paper, which I use for nearly all exhibition work. When properly handled, this paper gives a softness and richness of tone which is unexcelled by any other printing paper. Prints made with this paper are usually preferred to those made with the best platinum papers.

Yours very truly,

WALTER ZIMMERMAN.

Eastman's Sepia Paper is as simple to handle as Blue Prints—as delicate in its effects as an etching.

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