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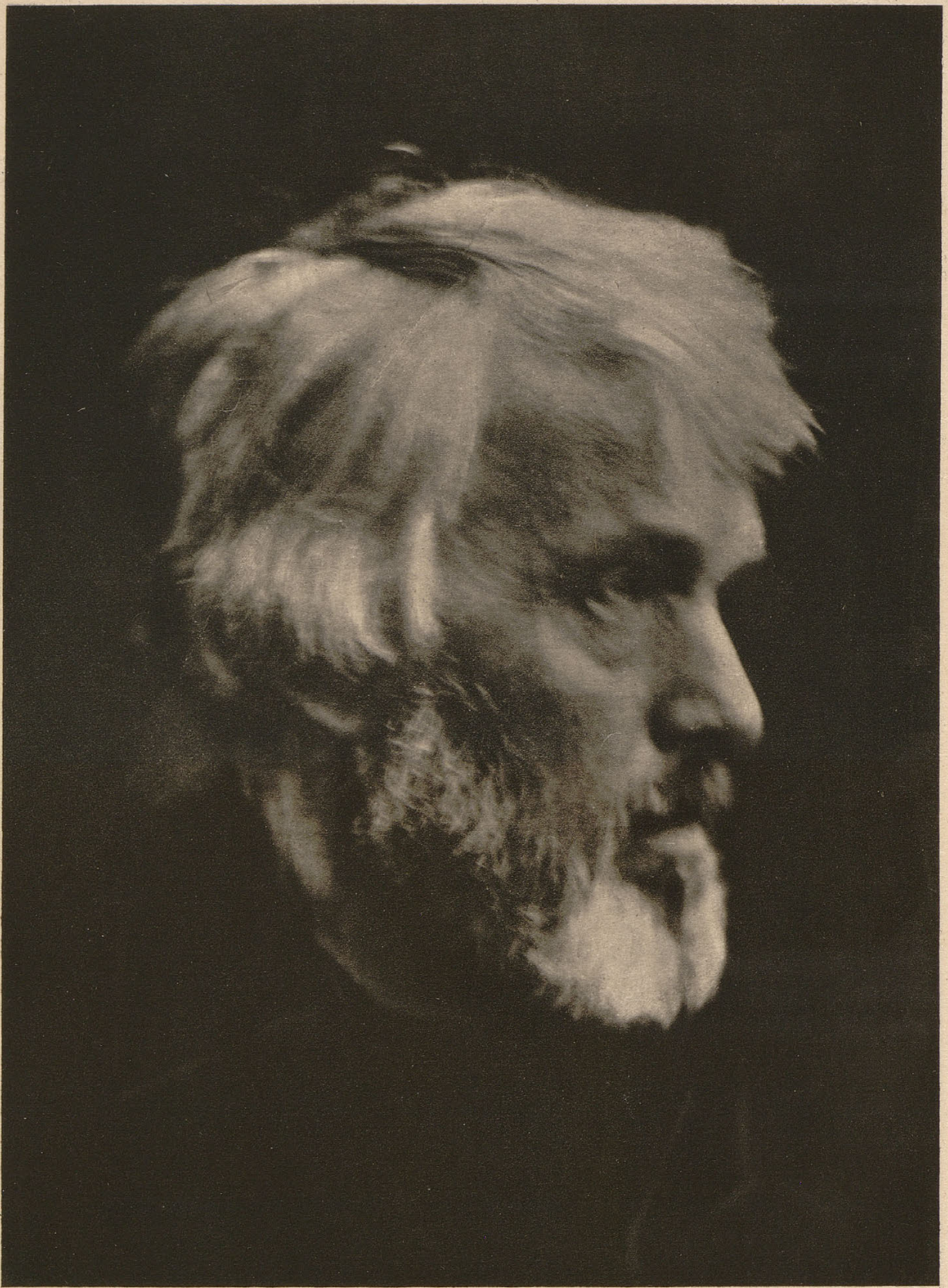
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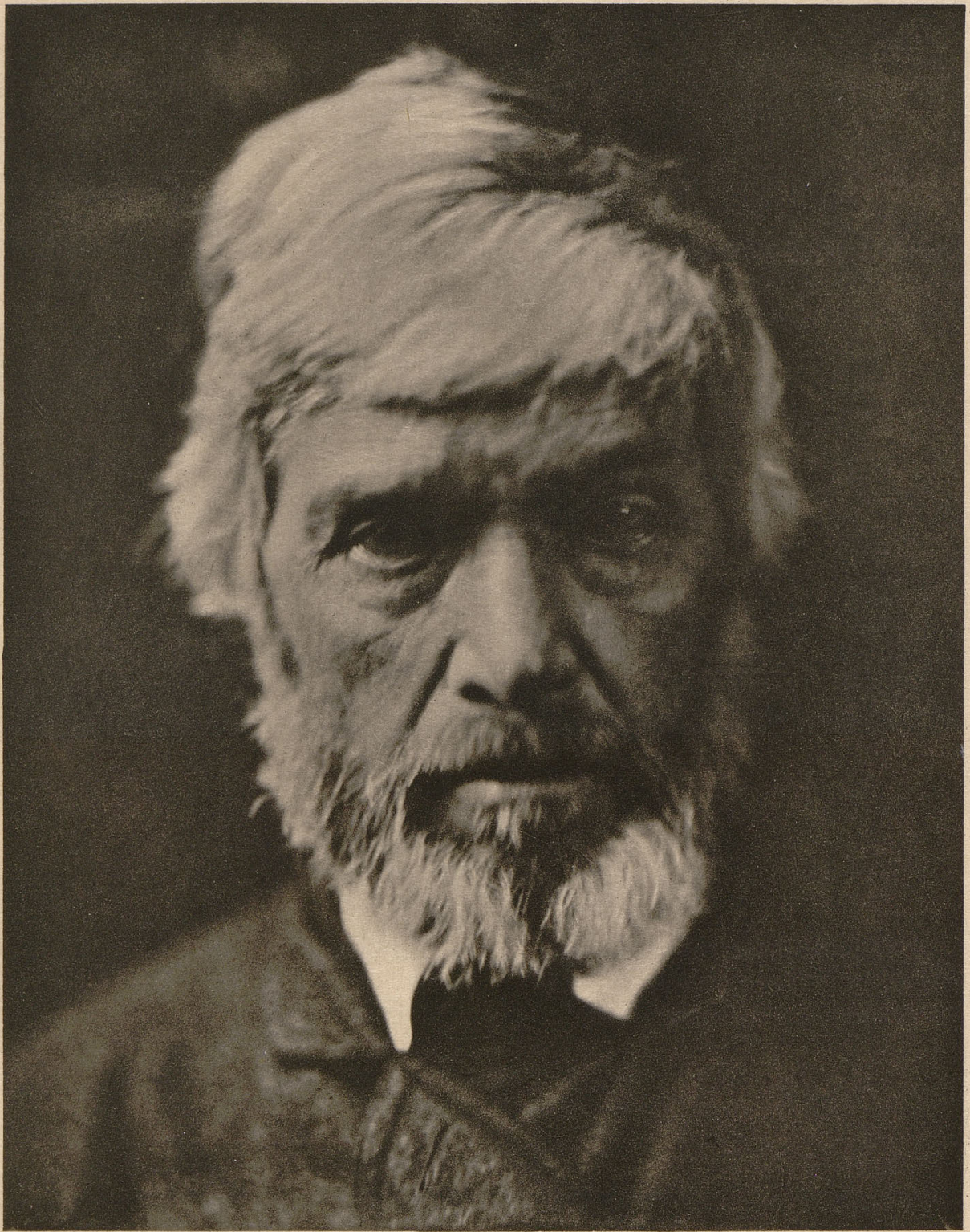


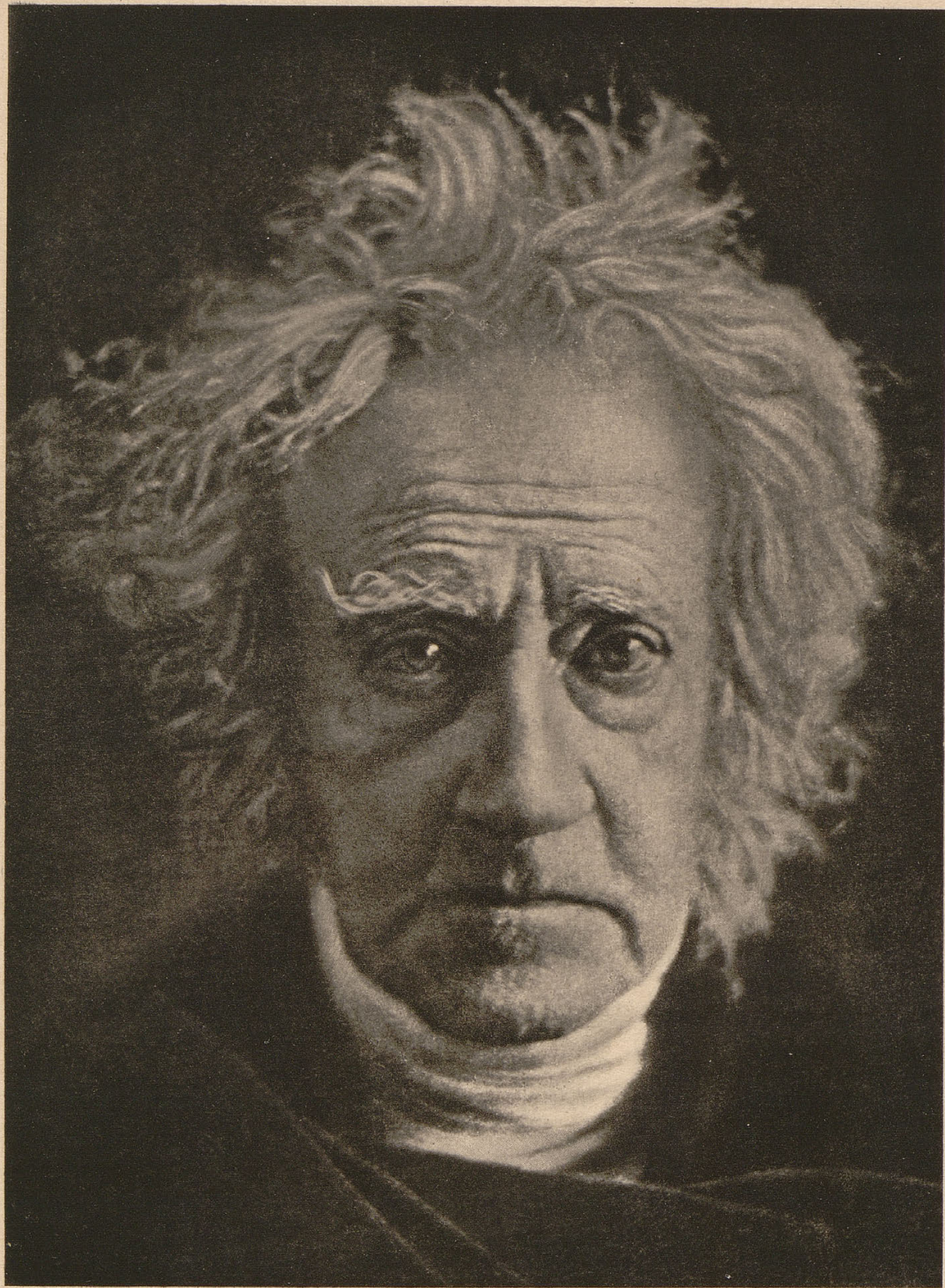
PLATES

JULIA MARGARET CAMERON

- I. Carlyle
- II. Carlyle
- III. Herschel
- IV. Joachim
- V. Ellen Terry, at the age of sixteen











PHOTOGRAPHY *

PHOTOGRAPHY is not Art. It is not even an art.

Art is the expression of the conception of an idea. Photography is the plastic verification of a fact.

The difference between Art and Photography is the essential difference which exists between the Idea and Nature.

Nature inspires in us the idea. Art, through the imagination, represents that idea in order to produce emotions.

The Human Intellect has completed the circle of Art. Those whose obstinacy makes them go in search of the new in Art, only follow the line of the circumference, following the footsteps of those who traced the closed curve. But photography escapes through the *tangent* of the circle, showing a new way to progress in the comprehension of form.

Art has abandoned its original purpose, the substantiation of religious conception, to devote itself to a representation of Form. It may be said that the soul of Art has disappeared, the body only remaining with us, and that therefore the unifying idea of Art does not exist. That body is disintegrating, and everything that disintegrates, tends to disappear.

So long as Art only speculates with Form, it cannot produce a work which fully realizes the preconceived idea, because imagination always goes further than realization. Mystery has been suppressed, and with mystery faith has disappeared. We could make a Colossus of Rhodes, but not the Sphinx.

Each epoch of the history of Art is characterized by a particular expression of Form. A peculiar evolution of Form corresponds to each one of the states of anthropological development. From the primitive races, to the white ones, which are the latest in evolution and consequently the most advanced, Form, starting from the fantastic, has evolved to a *conventional naturalism*. But, when we get to our own epoch, we find, that a special Form is lacking in Art, for Form in contemporary Art is nothing but the result of the adaptation of all the other forms which existed previous to the conditions of our epoch. Nevertheless we cannot rightly say that a true eclecticism exists. It may be held that this combination constitutes a special form, but in fact it does not constitute anything but a special *deformation*.

Art is devouring Art. Conservative artists, with the faith of fanaticism, constantly seek inspiration in the museums of art. Progressive artists squeeze the last idea out of the ethnographical museums, which ought also to be considered as museums of art. Both build on the past. Picasso is perhaps the only artist who in our time works in search of a new form. But Picasso is only an analyst; up to the present his productions reveal solely the plastic analysis of artistic form without arriving at a definite synthesis. His labor is in opposite direction to the concrete. His starting point is the most primitive

*The attention of readers of this essay is called to Mr. De Zayas's essay, "The Sun Has Set," published in CAMERA WORK, Number XXXIX.—Editors.

work existing, and from it he goes toward the infinite, de-solving without ever resolving.

In the savage, analysis and discrimination do not exist. He is unable to concentrate his attention upon a particular thing for any length of time. He does not understand the difference between *similar* and *identical*, between that which is seen in dreams and that which happens in real life, between imagination and facts; and that is why he takes as facts the ideas inspired by impressions. As he lives in the sphere of imagination, the tangible form to him does not exist except under the aspect of the fantastic. It has been repeatedly proved that a faithful drawing from nature, or a photograph, are blanks to a savage, and that he is unable to recognize in them either persons or places which are most familiar to him; the real representation of form has no significance to his senses. The many experiments that Europeans have made with African negroes, making them draw from nature, have proved that the negroes always take from form that only which impresses them from the decorative point of view, that is to say, that which represents an abstract expression. For instance, in drawing an individual, they give principal importance to such things as the buttons of the clothes, distributing them decoratively, in an arbitrary manner, far different from the place which they occupied in reality. While they appreciate abstract form, the abstract line is to them incomprehensible, and only the combinations of lines expressing a decorative idea is appreciated by them. Therefore what they try to reproduce is not form itself, but the expression of the sentiment or the impression, represented by a geometrical combination.

Gradually, while the human brain has become perfected under the influence of progress and civilization, the abstract idea of representation of form has been disappearing. To the expression through the decorative element has succeeded the expression by the factual representation of form. Observation replaced impression, and analysis followed observation.

There is no doubt that, while the human brain has been developing, the imaginative element has been eliminated from Art. There is no doubt also, that all the elements for creative imagination have been exhausted. What is now produced in Art is that which has caused us pleasure in other works. The creative Art has disappeared without the pleasure of Art being extinct.

The contemporary art that speculates with the work of the savages, is nothing but the quantitative and the qualitative analysis of that which was precisely the product of the lack of analysis.

Imagination, creative faculty, is the principal law of Art. That faculty is not autogenous, it needs the concurrence of another principle to excite its activity. The elements acquired by perception and by the reflective faculties, presented to the mind by memory, take a new form under the influence of the imagination. This new aspect of form is precisely what man tries to reproduce in Art. That is how Art has established false ideas concerning the reality of Form and has created sentiments and passions that have radically influenced

the human conception of reality. To those under this influence, its false ideas of Form are considered as dogmas, as axiomatic truths; and to persuade us of the exactitude of their principles they allege their way of *feeling*. It is true that nature does not always offer objects in the form corresponding to those ways of feeling; but imagination always does, for it changes their nature, adapting them to the convenience of the artist.

Let us enter into some considerations upon imagination, so many times mentioned in this paper. Leaving aside all the more or less metaphysical definitions offered by the philosophers, let us consider it for what it is, that is to say, *creative* faculty, whose function consists in producing new images and new ideas. Imagination is not merely the attention which contemplates things, nor the memory which recalls them to the mind, nor the comparison which considers their relationship, nor the judgment which pronounces upon them an affirmation or a negation. Imagination needs the concurrence of all these faculties, working upon the elements they offer, gathering them and combining them, creating in that way new images or new ideas.

But imagination, on account of its characteristics, has always led man away from the realization of truth in regard to Form, for the moment the latter enters under the domination of thought, it becomes a chimera. Memory, that concurrent faculty of imagination, does not retain the remembrance of the substantial representation of Form, but only its synthetic expression.

In order fully and correctly to appreciate the reality of Form, it is necessary to get into a state of perfect consciousness. The reality of Form can only be transcribed through a mechanical process, in which the craftsmanship of man does not enter as a principal factor. There is no other process to accomplish this than photography. The photographer — the true photographer — is he who has become able, through a state of perfect consciousness, to possess such a clear view of things as to enable him to understand and feel the beauty of the reality of Form.

The more we consider photography, the more convinced we are that it has come to draw away the veil of mystery with which Art enveloped the represented Form. Art made us believe that without the symbolism inspired by the hallucination of faith, or without the conventionalism inspired by philosophical auto-intoxications, the realization of the psychology of Form was impossible; that is to say, that without the intervention of the imaginative faculties, Form could not express its spirit.

But when man does not seek pleasure in ecstasies but in investigation, when he does not seek the anæsthetic of contemplation, but the pleasure of perfect consciousness, the soul of substance represented by Art appears like the phantasm of that *Alma Mater* which is felt vibrating in every existing thing, by all who understand the beauty of real truth. This has been demonstrated to us in an evident manner, if not in regard to pure Art, at least in regard to science, by the great geometricians, like Newton, Lagrange and La Place;

by the great philosophers, like Plato, Aristotle and Kant; and the great naturalists, like Linnæus, Cuvier and Geoffroy Saint Hilaire.

Art presents to us what we may call the emotional or intellectual truth; photography the material truth.

Art has taught us to feel emotions in the presence of a work that represents the emotions experienced by the artist. Photography teaches us to realize and feel our own emotions.

I have never accepted Art as infinite nor the human brain as omnipotent. I believe in progress as a constant and ineludible law, and I am sure we are advancing, though we are ignorant how, why and whither; nor know how far we shall go.

I believe that the influence of Art has developed the imagination of man, carrying it to its highest degree of intensity and sensibility, leading him to conceive the incomprehensible and the irrepresentable. No sooner had the imagination carried man to chaos, than he groped for a new path which would take him to that "whither," impossible to conceive, and he found photography. He found in it a powerful element of orientation for the realization of that perfect consciousness for which science has done and is doing so much, to enable man to understand reason, the cause of facts — Truth.

Photography represents Form as it is required by the actual state of the progress of human intelligence. In this epoch of fact, photography is the concrete representation of consummated facts. In this epoch of the indication of truth through materialism, photography comes to supply the material truth of Form.

This is its true mission in the evolution of human progress. It is not to be the means of expression for the intellect of man.

MARIUS DE ZAYAS.

AN APPEAL FROM ONE TO ANOTHER

If by diligence, inspiration, or both, I should be so fortunate as to sense or glimpse some fragment of Truth and Beauty, which, either because I am lonely or altruistic (what matter which?), I desire and strive to share, (no matter through what medium)—some fresh significance or joy in a contrast, a rhythm, an abstraction, a harmony, a phase, or "what not," of life, color, form, movement or sound—help me to do so. Come with me in a kindly spirit, lend me your senses in a friendly attitude, come with an open mind. "There is nothing new under the sun," EXCEPT your way, and my way of looking at it all. We have everything to gain, and nothing to lose by the sharing, and who knows, to what heights the stepping-stone of mutual comprehension of this or that may lead us?

REX STOVEL.

THE MINUTES

THE Minutes I have found to be living things. Each Minute has a personality; each Minute has a mood; each Minute has an eternity behind it—a private eternity, a private oblivion, a private destiny. They are fatal chalices, powerful telescopes, horoscopes of the past. They soar everlastingly out of the unconscious mind into the ether of the conscious mind and fade into the noumenal void. They are like a rush of rockets into the air, breaking into the flame of moods. Minutes are the facets of Time, as moods are the facets of the soul. The passing Minute is a king, or maybe a jester, from the courts of the Past, or again, an invitation to visit Hell.

My Minutes are heretical—each one denying the other, each playing the apostate. They neutralize all dogmas. Some have lived at the poles of the Infinite; others have lived on the equators of Time. Shining oases and poppy-wreathed gourds across the sand wastes of a dismal eternity! Fragile, immortal ephemerides! Writhing prisoners of form! Unkempt, murderous Minutes! Marmoreal, hallucinating Minutes! This is Walpurgis Night, and you shall unriddle yourselves to me!

And the Minutes spoke:

A PILGRIM MINUTE:

I am the pilgrim Minute of Eternity. I have tiptoed through all the corridors of your ancient incarnations with a lighted candle in my hand looking for God!

AN ETERNAL MINUTE:

I am the mirror that no breath can mist. I glow like the full moon behind the rush of moods. I may be veiled, but cannot be obliterated. I am the eternal spectator of change.

A FROZEN MINUTE:

I am Reason—the winter of the emotions. I am webbed in algebraic formulas and cadenced in syllogisms. I have no power over man, for I have no soul.

AN OBSCENE MINUTE:

I am the veiled wanton that came to you in your youth. My body is en fête; my mind an obscene kermess; my heart a monstrosity where the Host of hell reigns. I am Lilith.

A BLACK MINUTE:

I am Ennui, the spring of the ultra-modern intellect, the frightful gargoyle that completes the Temple of the Hours, the creator and destroyer of worlds, the black snowflake.

A DESOLATE MINUTE:

I was once a fly in the empyrean and I walked on the ceiling of the universe flywise and glanced into the Golden City. Since, I am the Niobe of Minutes.

A BRAZEN MINUTE:

I am Curiosity, the assassin of the dark; cerulean traveler who fronts the murderous fires of Arcturus and who dreams of reaching the pole of the final dimension. Were my life longer than a minute I would not be.

A HYPOCRITE MINUTE:

I am the triumphant proclaiming archangel of universal error. My hostel is the Ideal. I am the eternal lying logician. I am Fallacy, the dungeon of all theories and facts.

A COWLÈD MINUTE:

At the feast of the Furies the human heart is the pièce de résistance. I am the Tear that floods the world. I am the avatar of immemorial griefs, an almanac of ancient days of lamentation.

A SUPER-MINUTE:

I am the thought that has forgotten. Death can waive me, for in my soul I carry a private oblivion. I apprehend and lapse. I am the everlasting "to be," the perpetual becoming, the imperishable Tantalus-Proteus. I am a thin coating of life over a Lethe that flows into the hollow spaces of Eternity.

A TWIN MINUTE:

I am Beauty and Death—the alternate light and shade thrown by the Absolute. When Lucifer fell into Darkness his brain became a sun and the flames were darkened in that all-mighty effulgence. I am the twin born of that Light.

A NARCOTIC MINUTE:

I am the bloodshot eye of sleepless Hope, a plagiarist of the Past, the Minute that stanches all pain and chloroforms Truth.

A PHILOSOPHIC MINUTE:

I am a Minute that has climbed into your consciousness after laboring through all ante-natal forces. Pale, thought-inwraught, ears aprick, upright at the heart of Chaos, I hear the reverberations of thoughts unborn, and saw the phosphorescent gleams from the brains of Heraclitus and Nietzsche like skeins of light in that ancientest of mist.

A GRAY MINUTE:

I am Fatigue. I am an eagle that yawns in the face of the Infinite. My eyrie is a hen-roost, the azure a painted awning. I am weary of flight. Anarch of the skies I was, now my head seeks the soft bolster of death.

A SPECTRAL MINUTE:

I crossed the threshold of the ineluctable. You cannot see me, you must not know me. I whisper to you across the threshold of your consciousness, behind the closed door of the senses. Open that door and you die. You do not know what I whisper; you cannot see me; you must not know me.

AN IRONIC MINUTE:

I am the last minute of consciousness that lived in the brain of Christ. And my secret is this: "I had not wisdom until Judas kissed me." And that Man smiled and died.

AN ARCLESS MINUTE:

I seek to be the centre of all circumferences. I am the will-to-immobility. Motionless magnet toward which dart all that lives and all that dreams. An infinite comprehension swarming with nebulous entities. I shall be that!

A MURDEROUS MINUTE:

I am the brigand Ridicule, an antique Wasp, the serious Harlequin, an abettor of sanity.

A MYSTIC MINUTE:

I am a diver and I have foraged in the sunken galleons of innominable seas. I am a lizard, too, and lay motionless on the walls of the air for an eternity that lasted a minute. I lived in the brain of Swedenborg and Blake.

A NAMELESS MINUTE:

The brain is a carcass swarming with the vermin of thought; a pullulating grave in which lie a thousand ruined Christs and a thousand rotting Torquemadas; the final condensation of a million nebulous sadic memories. Behold me! I am the mystical misanthrope, the Minute in which blossomed the genius of Momus.

AN ANARCH MINUTE:

I hung upon the granite walls of the Caucasus and soared as a curse out of the mouth of a Titan into the brain of Jupiter. I was the imperial soul of Prometheus.

A PASSIONATE MINUTE:

The veil of the senses furled around the Thought of a thousand years; a thousand years the Thought stood mute and muffled in its incomparable dignity; and then away! away! it rode like a furious Valkyrie toward—an extinct Valhalla. I was the crowning Minute in Nietzsche's brain.

AN ETHEREAL MINUTE:

And a glowworm appeared for a Minute at the zenith of the Night and stabbed the dark with its fulgurant beam, and then it was no more, and infinite Space remained, as before, eyeless and mute. I was a Minute caught in a tempest in Spezzia Bay.

And then the Minutes were silent, and I dreamed of the mystery of Time—Time, the Ararat of Eternity.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

PHOTO-SECESSION NOTES

EXHIBITION OF CARICATURES BY ALFRED J. FRUEH

THE Little Galleries at "291" opened in December with an exhibition of caricatures by Alfred J. Frueh, an American artist. Our most popular stage folks were represented in an individual and characteristic manner, and while Frueh's work is not to be considered as a contribution to the advancement of modern art; it reveals a fresh and independent point of view. His show afforded a refreshing relaxation, in its sympathetic humor, from the tension of New York life. Frueh is to be congratulated for the delightful manner in which he has depicted his impressions of our popular entertainers, displaying a pictorial sense of line and color, an ability to seize the significant characteristics of each individual, and emphasizing them with a gentle, if sometimes mordant, irony. His show was a stimulating introduction to the season.

EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS BY WALKOWITZ

The drawings of A. Walkowitz, of New York, which followed the Frueh Exhibition introduced to the New York public the work of an artist in close contact with the social movement of the day. The spirit which urges men to free themselves from the bonds of obsolete laws and conventions permeates his work. But the orderly and dignified tone of his drawings and paintings prove that anarchy does not mean license, but means the right of man to absolute freedom in his life and in his expression, not as a birth-right, but as a privilege earned by proving oneself worthy of it. Art in its evolution is closely allied to social evolution. Walkowitz's work is especially interesting as the manifestation of a man who has given expression to a spirit of freedom which he has found in his contact with society and has felt the need of expressing through his art.

We reprint according to our custom and for the sake of record the reviews published in the press on the Frueh and Walkowitz exhibitions:

Samuel Swift in the "N. Y. Sun":

There was once a young man at work making pictures and tying them together with strings of words for a New York newspaper. What he did was willingly paid for, but the work was not that which accurately expressed the personality of the young man himself. In his hours of leisure (this phrase will sound strange to many a newspaper man) the artist made pictures and drawings that were only to please himself. It happened that one of his colleagues saw some of these drawings, chiefly caricatures, and he brought news of them to the unique man at the head of the Little Gallery of the Photo-Secession, Alfred Stieglitz.

Of course Mr. Stieglitz, after seeing the modest youth and his work, said, "Come." That is a way he has when he believes in anything. Said Mr. Stieglitz to the newspaper man: "You have done these drawings in order to sell them?" "No." "Do you want them to be published?" "No." "You did them only for your own interest and satisfaction?" "Yes." "Good," said Stieglitz, for his gallery, as you may know, is the one show-place in New York where the matter of selling what is exhibited is of less importance than anything else connected with the enterprise.

The young artist went on to say that he was going to Europe to continue his art studies, and if Mr. Stieglitz would be good enough to keep his drawings, some fifty in number, until his return, he would be obliged. So he went, and now Mr. Stieglitz has mounted these caricatures of well-known actresses and actors under pieces of thick glass and placed them upon the walls of his little exhibition room.

A few days ago there came a distinguished man of middle age and looked long and hard at one of these clever and quite personal drawings. After a while he looked at Mr. Stieglitz. Pointing to the drawing of a well-known actor, he said: "That, sir, is my son-in-law."

"Indeed," said the courteous but cautious Stieglitz, moving a little further away.

"Yes," returned the visitor with solemnity, "that is he. I will buy it."

"But," ventured Stieglitz, in a relieved tone, "these drawings are not for sale."

"What," said the visitor, "do you mean to tell me that I can't buy the portrait of my own son-in-law?"

"Yes, that is exactly the situation."

The distinguished gentleman stared. "But I want the picture."

"No doubt," answered Mr. Stieglitz, "and so do others. But I can't let you have it."

And so, after an exchange of cards, exit the visitor.

Next, the newspaper upon whose staff the young artist had worked began to discover that he had been a somebody, now that he had had to go to Europe to be himself. This sort of thing often happens. It will happen again. Meantime, the caricatures are giving pleasure to a good many persons who find their way to the little elevator that carries them up to the miniature gallery of the Photo-Secession on the busy thoroughfare of Fifth Avenue.

The exaggeration that makes these portraits caricatures has in the main been happily conceived. From the pictured reminder of Annette Kellermann, for example, one gains a definition, so to say, of what is the essence of the diver's grace and beauty. It is a drawing to make one smile, for it conveys something of comedy, but it also embodies a rather surprising vigor and whirl of movement; it is a singling out, by an artist capable of doing it, of what is individual and distinctive in Miss Kellermann's aspect as she is making one of her captivating journeys between springboard and water. The humor is not Miss Kellermann's; it is the artist's contribution, but it is quaintly in keeping, somehow or other, with the taut yet supple human arc that Miss Kellermann becomes when in transit through the air.

While the diver provided a more eloquent theme than most of the other stage personages available for caricature—one wishes that she could have crossed the path of Edgar Degas while he was yet painting such pictures as that of the trapeze performer, Mme. Zaza, in the Cirque Fernando; but that was away back in 1877—the maker of these new drawings has employed a generally similar method throughout his series. Mannerisms, characteristic poses, pronounced features, favorite costumes, have been seized upon with skill and audacity, sometimes a bit too violently. From Julia Marlowe and Mrs. Fiske to De Wolfe Hopper and Charles Bigelow and J. W. Powers, from Lillian Russell to Oscar Hammerstein, and from John Drew to Bert Williams, this young newspaper man has ranged freely through the list of those who have of late made up the theatrical firmament of New York. It is not to be overlooked by those to whom the faces and voices of these actors and actresses are familiar, and it should give a mingled feeling of pleasure and curiosity, which latter the catalogue will help to appease, to those less acquainted with the theatre.

It may be well to mention the name of the young man who made these drawings, though, except to him, it really will not make much difference—yet. His name is Alfred J. Frueh, and to judge by the present show he will be heard of again.

Henry Tyrrell in the "N. Y. Evening World":

Alfred Stieglitz, the perennial paradox of Picture Lane, is out sleuthing again in search of the true and the ugly in art. This time the trail leads to Alfred J. Frueh, an American caricaturist. (Sure, Frueh is an American—wasn't he born of German parents, and raised in Lima and St. Louis, and didn't he learn comic drawing from Matisse in Paris?) Frueh's dainty little

studies of John Drew as a wooden gargoyle, and Jimmie Powers as a hippopotamus, and Donald Brian as the human corkscrew, and of certain actresses whom we don't dare name for fear of libel suits, have not yet been interfered with at the Photo-Secession attic, No. 291 Fifth Avenue.

Arthur Hoeber in the "N. Y. Globe":

Mr. Alfred Stieglitz is at it again. This time the name of his protégé is A. Walkowitz, announced as "of New York." He is as weird as the worst of them, showing a number of drawings and water-colors that are in the new movement with a vengeance! There are the usual men and women who occasionally are fifteen heads high, with shoulders of enormous breadth, with eyes placed carelessly in any part of the face that happens to be handy, with expressions peculiar to contributors to the little gallery of the Photo-Secession, 291 Fifth Avenue. The dreariness of the humanity here presented is appalling; the ugliness is monumental; the proportions staggering! If there be one remote suggestion of beauty of form or color we have failed to grasp it; if there be any reasonable excuse to so travesty the handiwork of the Creator we are unconscious of it. Mr. Stieglitz, who is happily possessed of a fine sense of humor, tells a story of one of the Post-Impressionists in Paris who told a neighbor he was obliged to go to the station to meet his sister. "Well," said the friend, "what would you really think if you found a person who resembled your Salon portrait of the lady?" The response is not recorded. At any rate, here are Mr. Walkowitz's efforts, and those who are not familiar with the new trend of painting and drawing should have a look at them. For ourselves we confess they are entirely beyond our ken.

Samuel Swift in the "N. Y. Sun":

Something happens now and again to remind one that art is a living thing here in New York as well as in Paris and the productive centres of the Old World. This time it is a little exhibition of drawings at the gallery of the Photo-Secession, that diminutive Fifth Avenue aerie known to every radical and many progressives in art and to gentle souls as well under the terse title of "291." The drawings are by a man the reader is quite likely never to have heard of up to this minute unless he has happened to drop in at the gallery within the last ten days.

The artist is a New Yorker of Russian family and birth; his name is A. Walkowitz and he is now in his early thirties. Until now he has not shown any of his work, but the big and real personality that finds utterance in these drawings will hardly be allowed to hide itself after this; what the man has to say is important, because it is in large measure his own and because too he has learned how to embody his ideas with clarity and directness in terms of art's universal language.

The living quality in such of these drawings as it has been practicable to reproduce on this page will probably have already made itself manifest to the reader. They will hardly fail to suggest the artist's feeling for form, for movement, for sheer weight and force. They will also indicate his keen perception of character, of the quality in things that renders them distinct from other things of generally similar sort.

When Walkowitz draws a figure or a group it is not necessarily a transcript of just what he has seen, but rather a study of the reaction in his own mind from having seen or experienced or thought. In a word this newcomer, for such in effect he is, though he has been a New Yorker most of the time for the last twenty years, belongs to the small group of artists who live in the full and true sense of the word and whose art is their life. Not representation, not the imitation of nature, is the aim of men like this, but rather the portrayal of their own souls. Walkowitz, though he would deprecate mention of so intimate a fact in his life, has given his all to the pursuit of an ideal.

Born in Siberia of a Russian family, he was brought to America after his father's death and here he has lived, in straitened circumstances, but entirely content. He was for some

years a member of the art class at the Educational Alliance, having several talented young men as his fellows — Jo Davidson, the sculptor, now in Paris; Samuel Halpert and Joseph Weiss, already making their way here as painters, and others.

Next came a period at the Art Students' League, and after that Walkowitz was in some way enabled to go to Europe for eighteen months, where he traveled with miraculous economy, saw pictures and sculpture and art works of an older civilization and met people, but chiefly lived his own life of wandering observation and leisurely thought. At the end of his term of foreign travel the young student returned and eventually drifted into an ironic way of making enough to keep body and soul together by the painting of doctors' and other signs for a downtown firm producing such things. Critics of the lettering work on these signs from Mr. Walkowitz's hand declare that they are excellent. No doubt they are; but their chief merit, it seems, is the furnishing of a bare living to the painter without compelling him to exercise his imagination in doing the work.

For Walkowitz is careful not to put pressure upon his creative faculties. And he is wholly uncommercial; this is the first time he has shown his work, which has been done solely for his own pleasure. At intervals, after he has accumulated a modest sum by his lettering work, he takes two or three months to draw and paint and see things — men digging subway trenches, bathers on the Coney Island beach, groups of people in the streets, dancers upon the stage, a thousand sights that any one may see but of which few isolate for themselves the general note, the universal quality.

What is the relation of all this turmoil to a man's inner life? As tiny atoms in a great tide that is sweeping on do we realize our individual meaning, our distinctive function? It is the business of an artist to be a thinker and a seer. When he has no clear vision he may well hold his peace and this has been the course of the artist under discussion at various stages in his career. There have been months during which Walkowitz has not put pencil to paper. At this moment indeed he is doing nothing, and until he has something new to say his friends believe he will maintain his present inactivity. It is no more necessary for an artist in any medium who has mastered the secret of expression to be continually producing than it was for Richard Wagner to go on composing music for every week of his life. Fallow periods give time for quiet development, for ripening, and are not to be counted as unproductive times after all.

Like other artists Walkowitz has built his edifice upon the art of the past as a foundation. But he has been himself the principal contributor to his own art. Paul Cézanne has been an influence, as in the work of many another seeker for truthful and convincing expression, and it might not be difficult to trace the stimulus of Manet and of Rodin in certain elements here. But chiefly the substance of these utterances is that of the man who has set them down in final form.

At the exhibition in Mr. Stieglitz's gallery Walkowitz may be studied in contrasted phases. There are drawings so delicate and fine in their lines that it would have been hopeless to try to reproduce them in a newspaper illustration. There are studies of dancing nudes, alive with rhythmic beauty and the very essence of joyous grace. There are charcoal drawings in which there is a truly sculptural feeling for the play of light and shade upon form, drawings in which the gamut of a crayon's tints from black to gray has been sounded with something better than discretion, because the artist's selections of color and value have a hint somehow of the inevitable; they have been done by instinct. Water-colors are here too, in which the medium is broadly and admirably used as a vehicle of eloquent expression.

It is the essence of things and persons that Mr. Walkowitz has sought to separate from what is accidental and trivial. Here in the exhibition is a portrait head of a large eyed man with an aspect of arresting, in a subdued and subtle way, that it compels notice even in a group of drawings, some of which glorify the heroic in physical movement and dynamic force. The head of the man is drawn with firm but almost reluctant detail. It is modeled with the utmost care and understanding, as though the author were absolutely at one with his theme. It reveals character, not in any obvious way, but in touches that have psychology behind them.

It wins a dominating power over the wall upon which it is placed by the penetrating truth of its gentle, deeply sympathetic analysis and its admirable execution.

From a window of his dwelling Walkowitz has been able to study the simple and unconscious movements of the sturdy men that dig up the city's streets at regular intervals. This, it is true, is no unusual privilege, since there can scarcely be a spot of pavement in the town that has not been displaced and replaced at least once or twice since last spring. But not all of us can make such use of an affliction as has this Russian American artist. He has learned to apprehend tension and impact, the summoning of one's forces and the delivery of a blow with pick or shovel. He has studied the fight of struggling humans against the common enemy and friend, gravitation. He has divined ways to communicate to eyes that have not seen for themselves something of the passing beauty and interest of such things. What he says is in the best sense true. He has seen, he knows. And after we have seen his drawings we too know.

But Walkowitz does not hand us little bundles of ideas and impressions ready for instant assimilation. He stimulates us, the onlookers, to meet him part way, by the exercise of our imaginations. Was it not Baudelaire, speaking to a friend, who said in effect: "When your imagination has traveled half way, to meet mine, as revealed in what I have written, then between us we have produced a masterpiece?"

J. N. Laurvik in the "Boston Transcript":

The little gallery of the Photo-Secession, at 291 Fifth Avenue, New York, has once more justified its existence by introducing, in an exhibition of paintings and drawings by A. Walkowitz, one of the most interesting talents revealed to New York in many a year. This collection of drawings, water-colors, monotypes and paintings breathes a pure, gentle spirit that feels deeply and expresses its feeling with an intense, childlike naïveté. To the undiscerning, casual eye of the world these picnickers in the park, whose dresses make a variegated pattern on the greensward, these portraits and groups of girls and men and women, will no doubt look like the ill-considered work of a child with a natural gift for drawing. But there is something more here, something deeper, that reveals the soul of the artist, as you will see if you examine the nudes, a number of which are dancing figures done from memory after seeing Isadora Duncan. These, and the others, no less than these, reveal a power of expressive draughtsmanship, in the very best sense of the word, such as has seldom been equaled by any American artist. And in all of these drawings one feels the artist mainly occupied with one thing: the revelation of the elemental power of gesture, which he has been alert to catch at its most expressive point. The rhythmic flow of human emotions, made manifest in expressive, natural gestures, is here recorded with a simplicity and intensity that evoke pleasurable memories like the remembrance of some untainted happiness. It is a sort of liberating art, that strikes down to the depths of your being and sets your own emotions free.

That charming lady in a simple, flowing dress, who holds a small bouquet of flowers in one hand, while she gently raises a fan in the other, is the personification of all the elusive and alluring charms of womanhood, which finds its culminating expression in the gesture of the uplifted arm. And like the drawing of the three girls exchanging their girlish confidences the means employed are almost meagre to the point of paucity. Nothing could be at once more simple and more captivating than this. Here is the figure of a man with upraised arms leading an orchestra, and again in those arms, as well as in the listening poise of the head, as it were drinking in the flow of harmony brought forth by the undulating arms, you have the majestic power of measured gesture potently expressed. One feels the rhythmic, pulsating beat of music flowing out from these uplifted arms, that express more of gentle urging than of dominant command.

In the portrait head of an introspective, sad-faced man, a musician friend of the artist, one is made aware of somewhat the same spirit, an intense brooding that would be melancholy but for its inherent sweetness and soundness. Thus, despite its intensity, this art never becomes morbid or decadent. It is essentially healthy and vigorous as is convincingly shown in the

frankly rendered nudes, wherein one finds no trace of doubtful sub-meaning. The grace, the suppleness, the strength of woman finds varying expression in these drawings. Best of all the merchant is nowhere in evidence; first and last it is the artist that you are made conscious of, and in this case the artist is well worth reckoning with.

Charles H. Caffin in the "N. Y. American":

"The Little Gallery," No. 291 Fifth Avenue, has become known as an incubator of artistic ideas. Some regard it as a hothouse of artistic anarchy. Possibly it is, and thereby the more desirable and needful.

For the average American, despite his boast of progressiveness, is apt, in matters intellectual and esthetic, to be as narrow and smugly complacent as our Puritan forbears in matters of religion and morality.

It is a good thing for any community to have a "chief among us," taking notes; and such is the rôle of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, the inspirer and perpetuator of "The Little Gallery," who in the fullest sense of that lively and stimulating institution is IT.

He introduced to our notice Rodin as a draughtsman; and to-day, in consequence, the Metropolitan Museum includes in its permanent collection some of that sculptor's drawings, hung, however, where they cannot be seen to advantage.

Thus the idea germinates and grows toward either futility or wholesomeness.

But I started to speak of an exhibition of drawings by A. Walkowitz, the latest of the younger men to whom Alfred Stieglitz has held out a helping hand, because he believes in him and would give others a chance of recognizing his merit.

I know Walkowitz as a man may know another by meeting him occasionally. I have gathered a little of the man himself from what he says, still more from his silences, and most from the vivid testimony of his work.

Before you look at his drawings I would stop you on the threshold and ask you what you are in search of. If you are only interested in drawings that fulfill the exactitudes of form and proportion quite properly demanded of students in the schools I would advise you to turn back and ring the elevator bell. This exhibition is not for you.

Each one of these drawings is interpretative of a mood of feeling — of feeling derived from knowledge. Here, for example, is an iron puddler, gripping the tongs as he drags a bar of red-hot metal.

The character of the action and the strain on the several parts of the body have been carefully studied; but it is not the knowledge thus acquired which is here represented. The knowledge has been translated into feeling. That is to say, the artist, having the actor's imagination, has felt in his own muscles the strain of the action and realized the actual character of this man and his work. So what we get in the drawing is a visualized impression of uncouth power concentrated on a great effort.

For contrast, turn to one of the studies of Isadora Duncan. Like all the other drawings here, they are not done from the model; they could not be, for none record a pose; all interpret the fluidity of movement. They are the products of memorized knowledge, translated, as I have said, into realized sensation.

In these Duncan drawings is very apparent the artist's ability not only to suggest fluidity of movement but also to connect up each part of the movement with every other part — in a word, to unify the movement into a harmoniously balanced, rhythmically related whole.

These qualities of fluid action and complete harmony of impression more or less distinguish all the drawings. They are not the only merits, but are enough in themselves to stamp the exhibition as one of quite unusual interest and excellence.

Elizabeth Luther Carey in the "N. Y. Times":

When we first encountered Mr. Walkowitz, two or three years ago, we tagged him Post-Impressionist. Nothing could have been more foolish. Since then we have learned the futility of titles with capitals, and we look at the interesting drawings now hanging in the Photo-Se-

cession Galleries, without trying to understand or explain them from any point of view save that of art. As art they are quite expressive, occasionally tender and beautiful, and occasionally ugly because the artist uses a thumping-all-over emphasis that weakens his effect. His laborers with big muscles seemed to us, in many instances, almost puffy, because of the high lights everywhere, and the lack of nervous life in the line. One of his little dancers, too, dances the way ever so many of the mediocre modern dancers do, without really moving. The pose is just a formula and the arms stuck out stiffly and waving at the wrist are an external symbol of something not felt. Another little dancer, however, bent far back with uplifted arm, is full of energy and real movement. We liked the father and mother embracing, with the child clamoring and clamoring at their feet. Not because it tells so plain a story of family affection, but because the expression is so simple and genuine. And we liked, best of all, certain delicate little portraits, sensitive and full of character, which needed an artist in more than name to collect their charm. Mr. Walkowitz is an artist without question, and has the courage of his convictions, but his convictions lead him into no distressing bypaths — just along the highway taken by the endless procession of those who seek to express their ideal in terms of art. No two footprints are alike, and no one has told us where the highway leads, but, luckily for the human race, it is much traveled in every generation.

Royal Cortissoz in the "N. Y. Tribune" under the title *That Mesopotamian Word "Individuality"*:

One of the commonest pleas of the young artist is for recognition of "what he is trying for." Sometimes, not always, he is willing to admit that he has not fully achieved his aim. But in any case he is sure of his justification. He may not be a master yet, but in "what he is trying for" there is something worth while; that much we must take as a matter of course. The truth is that there may be nothing of the smallest interest in the obscure contents of his work, but he cannot be brought to realize this; for the thing that he is talking about is his individual idea or attitude, and, of course, anybody's "individuality" is an affair of entrancing interest to the world at large. Some such reflections as these flow inevitably from certain recent developments in art. Time was when the "individuality" of the student received no more than a little good-natured notice from his master, who knew that the time would come when it would be worth while, or quite useless, to take it seriously. But nowadays all this is changed. Individuality is, like the traditional Mesopotamia, a fine, mouth-filling word, and its talismanic powers are perpetually invoked. Over and over again exhibitions are made on this hypothesis. We wonder why?

There is, for example, a collection of drawings and paintings by Mr. A. Walkowitz to be seen at the Photo-Secession Gallery. His, we surmise, is one of these modern individualities, resolved to be articulate, but hardly qualified to arrest us with a sense of true and vitalized art. He has one gift. Mr. Walkowitz's individuality, we take it, is to be found in a certain power of expression. He can give weight to a body. He can give us, vaguely, a hint of life in the eyes of one of his figures, or in a gesture. If, some of these days, he develops and strengthens his resources he ought to be able to paint pictures full of interesting movement. But in taking this view of the matter we are giving the utmost possible significance to work that is at present trifling enough in character. It is not an incredibly difficult thing for a good many people in this world, not all of them professional artists, to make a fairly expressive sketch. It is not obvious that Mr. Walkowitz can to-day do more than that, and, what is more, his studies give but doubtful promise, for the reason that they disclose no feeling for beauty. We miss this important element both in his form and in his line. In short, this artist appears to have reached only the threshold of a career, to be doing work that is essentially amateurish and unimportant. His individuality, what he is trying for, may be very interesting to him. To the detached observer there is, in his exhibition, nothing interesting whatever.

Henry Tyrrell in the "Evening World."

Since the weird Walkowitz show is on at the Photo-Secession loft, No. 291 Fifth avenue, the little gallery has been crowded, more than once. (Three visitors and Mr. Stieglitz are

PLATES

ALFRED STIEGLITZ

- I. A Snapshot; Paris (1911)
- II. A Snapshot; Paris (1911)
- III. The Asphalt Paver; New York (1892)
- IV. Portrait—S. R. (1904)









enough to crowd it to suffocation.) By the way, who is Walkowitz? Oh, he is a Siberian who escaped when he was a boy and came to America. To-day he is a great imaginative artist—only you have to imagine it to understand.

Hutchins Hapgood in the "N. Y. Globe":

At the Photo-Secession at present there is an exhibition of the work of a New York painter of no great prominence, Mr. Walkowitz. I am indebted to him for the fact that he has shown me the beauty of his soul. By means of his art he has displayed to me his visions into spiritual character and unassuming loveliness. I am told that some critics find these perfectly simple and sincere transcripts of the artist's pure life quite out of the traditions of sane work. These critics surprise me. That is all I can say, for to me this work is no more grotesque than a daisy I might find in the field, or a smile on a sensitive face, or the fugitive suggestion of a dancing girl.

OUR PLATES

IT IS with pleasure that we are finally enabled to incorporate some of Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron's work in the pages of *CAMERA WORK*. Mrs. Cameron is one of photography's few "classics." We reprint from R. Child Bayley's splendid book "The Complete Photographer" (London, 1906) what he wrote about Mrs. Cameron:

"Those who think that pictorial photography is a product of the last quarter of a century would do well to study the work of David Octavius Hill, a Scottish painter, who turned to photography in 1842, originally to help him in his painting. He soon became fascinated with his new method. Some of his portraits are not surpassed by anything that has been done since, although Hill had no other process than calotype at his command. A volume of his work is in the possession of the Royal Photographic Society, and his negatives are still in existence, so that it is possible that one day they may be published.* After Hill, the history of pictorial photography in England shows a long gap. The wet collodion process was being perfected, and the extraordinary detail and delicacy of the pictures obtained with it took photographers away on a totally different track. Mid-Victorian tendencies were shown as strongly in photography as anywhere, and able workers lost themselves in morasses of false sentiment, and swamps of elaborate theatrical unrealities. Rejlander, a Swede, who came to England after an adventurous career on the Continent, studied as a sculptor and painter, but, turning photographer, endeavored to get a living by professional work, and at the same time to practice photography as an art. Rejlander, and later, H. P. Robinson carried combination printing as far as it was possible to do, one of the former's most notable pictures having more than twenty figures separately arranged and photographed. It is easy to sneer at such things now—we have traveled far since 'the Railway Station' and 'the Derby Day'—but in their time, and amongst their generation, these men did much to keep up the recognition of photography as an art, whatever may now be thought of the lines on which they worked.

* Eighteen have been published in *CAMERA WORK* since the above was written. Editors.

Contemporaneously with them lived a lady, Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, who exercised a considerable influence upon those who came within her circle, and was fortunate enough to include in this category many of the well-known men of the time—amongst others, Herschel and Tennyson. Mrs. Cameron realized what few could then appreciate, the difficulty of dealing with the critically sharp definition of the portrait lens, and it was to meet her requirements that instruments were made with an adjustment by which the required degree of spherical aberration could be introduced at will. Her portrait work is characterized by a breadth of force seen in that of no one else since the time of Hill, and it is only by one or two modern workers, of whom Steichen may be noted in particular, that the succession is maintained.

Mrs. Cameron died in 1879, just as the dry plate was being perfected."

The gravure plates of the five Camerons were made by the Autotype Fine Arts Company, London, directly from the original collodion negatives which average about ten by twelve inches in size. The makers of the gravures are the owners of the original negatives. The printing of the edition was done by the Manhattan Photogravure Company, New York.

The Stieglitz Plates call for no special comment. The gravures were made from the original 4 x 5 negatives by the Manhattan Photogravure Company. The "Asphalt Paver" was made in 1892; Miss S. R. in Igls, Tirol, 1904; while the two Parisian "snaps" were made in 1911.

AN OPEN LETTER

MY DEAR STIEGLITZ:

I read in the preface written for the Scandinavian Exhibition by Christian Brinton the following paragraph:

"While it is true that we have our intermittently illuminating tabloid exhibitions at the Photo-Secession, nothing is yet known of modern art as a movement, and it is thus and thus alone, that it should be studied, not merely from isolated, unrelated samples, or specimens which confuse, without in the least degree, clarifying the popular mind."

When I first read this statement I felt, I must admit, a rather unpleasant shock at the off-hand manner in which the relentless effort during eight years of the Photo-Secession to create an interest in and an understanding of the modern art movement was treated. But I had not seen the Scandinavian show and I felt that it mattered little from what source the final enlightenment of the public might come and I awaited with great interest the result of the show which was at last to fulfil the object of "clarifying the popular mind."

I attended the opening of the exhibition, listened to the Mayor of the City of New York, the Scandinavian Ambassador to the United States, the Norwegian Ambassador to the United States and the Danish Minister to the United States express their gratification at the pleasant relations which were being established between the Scandinavian countries and the United States of America. I then proceeded with the rest of the crowd to the exhibition rooms where we were greeted by an impressive singing of the Norwegian National Anthem. Proceeding into another room we heard with great delight the singing of—I believe—the Danish National Anthem. I then had a chance to look at the paintings but I must confess my disappointment in finding in them only a faint reflection of the continental art of twenty years ago. In fact this exhibition did not represent the modern art movement.

I have since come in contact with many visitors to this exhibition but have failed to detect any signs that the public was aware that it had been introduced to "modern art as a movement" or that the popular mind had been in the least degree clarified.

Everywhere, on the contrary, I heard live and stimulating discussions of our exhibitions at "291" and I noticed that when the coming exhibition of International Art was announced and the art critics became anxious to become posted on the modern movement, "291" seemed to be the only source of information available.

I realized, then, that the seed we had sown was bearing its fruits,—that our *tabloid exhibitions* had left their lasting mark because, few as the examples may have been, which could be hung on our sixty feet of wall space, these examples were typical of the best work of the artist or the group of artists and that the samples instead of being *unrelated* showed the perfect sequence and logical development of the work, and each exhibition was so timely that it acquired an additional value and a *raison d'être* from the circumstances existing at the time.

In this respect I cannot but insist on the care with which the work shown at any and all exhibitions has been selected both by the artist himself when possible, and in all occasions by yourself or your lieutenants, men who through their intimate association with you understood perfectly your aims and the necessity of selecting work not for its advertising value, but for its educational and enlightening merits. In the first rank I think it proper to name Eduard J. Steichen, your principal associate in selecting foreign work, the man primarily responsible for the introduction of the work of Rodin, Matisse, and Cézanne in the United States, who has shown such disinterested devotion to the purpose of the Photo-Secession. To Marius de Zayas is also due much credit for his share in selecting the most representative work of Picasso, with the help of the artist himself, of Eduard J. Steichen and Frank Haviland.

I feared, when I first read Mr. Brinton's remarks quoted at the beginning of my letter that long explanations might be necessary to straighten out the misunderstanding which it might have caused. But I realize now that the monument built up stone by stone by the Photo-Secession owes its element of unassailable strength to the fact that none of its exhibitions were given with the desire to satisfy a momentary fad, but were all given in such a way as to present only one point at a time, driving it home by timely recurrent exhibitions of the work of an artist when it had so progressed as to justify a presentation of a developed point of view, and in such logical sequence as to show the relation of one exhibition to another to any one who took the pains to study them as they appeared. I may say that in my own experience, after giving constant study and attention to the new art movement during five years I am only beginning to understand its purport and some of the causes that have brought it forth. I cannot conceive of any one exhibition which could enlighten the public mind or even a prepared mind in a period of a few weeks.

It is only when some museum will deem it its purport to be an educational institution instead of a hall of records that we can hope to have a large and permanent exhibition of modern work, which can possess an enlightening value. Otherwise, the larger the exhibition, the more confusing it will be. The change from the old point of view is too considerable for any one to adjust himself to the new conception without deep study and a thorough knowledge of many subjects apparently unrelated but in fact closely related to art. The spirit of the new movement can not be taught in one or even in ten lessons. It can only be gradually absorbed. It is by giving the public and the students constant and stimulating doses of the new spirit in art that the Photo-Secession has rendered the community a great service.

I am sending Christian Brinton a copy of this letter that he may have an opportunity to clear up any misunderstanding that may exist. You are at liberty to make any use of this letter that you see fit.

Very cordially yours,

PAUL B. HAVILAND.

New York, January 25th, 1913.

THE EVOLUTION OF FORM—INTRODUCTION

Art in its most recent and advanced manifestations differentiates itself primarily from the older manifestations of the art of our race by a different conception of Form. In order properly to understand this new Form it is necessary to have a proper comprehension of the evolution of Form throughout the different races and civilizations. Art being closely related in its evolution to the evolution of man in his individual social and racial evolution, we are led logically to a study of the allied sciences of anthropology, ethnology, sociology, psychology, metaphysics and the so called exact sciences. The field to be covered is a considerable one. We publish in this number of *CAMERA WORK* the introductory chapter of Marius de Zayas' book, now under way, "The Evolution of Form." The subsequent chapters will appear serially in later numbers of *CAMERA WORK*. From this first instalment it will be seen that Marius de Zayas introduces an entirely new theory of anthropology and a new theory of the evolution of Form.

This book promises to be one of the most important contributions to the sciences of Anthropology and Ethnology as well as to the comprehension of Form in Modern Art, as it clears up in its logical reasoning many problems which have heretofore only been touched upon and never solved.

It may possibly lead to the publication in *CAMERA WORK* of many articles on subjects apparently alien to Art but in reality closely related, as all manifestations of the evolution of man are closely related, while the understanding of all is necessary to the understanding of any one of them.—Editors.

ART, in its latest manifestation has opened its doors wide to Science; it has ceased to be merely emotional in order to become intellectual. Art, in its latest manifestation, has brought Form again into prominence, not as a medium to symbolize a belief, or to realize an ideal, but to express a psychological reason.

It is through the study of the meaning of Form that Art has evolved from the research of beauty into the determination of the significance of the psychological phenomena, belonging to the expression of the Idea.

For a long time Science has striven to explain the law governing artistic phenomena, without being able to come even to an acceptable hypothesis. It was not until Art felt the powerful influence of the progress of Science that it awoke and broadened its horizon, calling to its aid the resources which Science had accumulated. Possibly, this only means the absorption of Art by Science.

The fact is that Form, in all its manifestations throughout the evolution of man, has never in the History of Art been fully understood until the present time. When the artist left the poetical conception of Art and turned to Ethnology in search of a new conception of Form, Art emerged from the mysterious atmosphere into which idealism had plunged it. The beautiful

surface of beauty which inspired contemplation vanished and there remained, under the light of reason, the powerful force which has compelled man to the plastic expression of thought. The Artist no longer wants to be mystified by mystery, but wants to be enlightened by knowledge; he wants to see clearly in order to understand fully. He does not want to be captivated by poetry, but convinced by reason.

Not until the present time has man studied Form in its abstract representation, making the quantitative and qualitative analysis of its expression. But in order to attain the comprehension of Form, it has been necessary for him to know it in all its manifestations as realized by man. He has had to abandon the complex study of realistic form, to which he had limited himself for so many centuries, and turn to the imaginative and fantastic expressions of Form in order to have a complete understanding of the possibilities of its expression.

Professor P. A. Haddon writes: "The artistic expression of a highly civilized community is a very complex matter, and its complete unravelment would be an exceedingly difficult and perhaps impossible task. In order to gain some insight into the principles which underlie the evolution of decorative Art, it is necessary to confine one's attention to less specialized conditions; the less the complication, the greater the facility for a comprehensive survey. In order, therefore, to understand civilized art we must study barbaric art, and, to elucidate this, savage art must be investigated."*

Professor Grosse, treating the same subject, observes: "All sociological schools have, one after another, attempted to find new roads; the science of art alone pursues its mistaken methods. All others have eventually recognized the powerful and indispensable aid that ethnology can afford to the science of civilization; it is only the science of art which still despises the rough productions of primitive nations, offered by ethnology. The science of Art is not yet capable of resolving the problem under its more difficult aspect. If we wish sometime to arrive at a scientific comprehension of the art of civilized nations, we must, to begin with, investigate the nature and conditions of the art of the non-civilized. We must know the multiplication table before resolving problems of higher mathematics. It is for this reason that the first and most pressing task of the science of Art consists in the study of the art of primitive nations."† What these two Professors write about Art in general, has been practically demonstrated in regard to Form in the last state of the evolution of the plastic arts.

Studying the art of the primitive races in relation to what we know of their psychology, we find that their production of Form is more in direct relation to their feelings than that of the higher art; also that the conception of the representation of the human body has many more manifestations among the primitive races than among the higher ones.

*P. A. Haddon. "Evolution of Art."

†E. Grosse. "Les Débuts de l'Art."

In the study of the evolution of Form, expressed by the various civilizations that have succeeded one another since the origin of man, we also find that the development of Form has been originated by a very small number of fundamental ideas. We have found out in our comparative study of the artistic representation of Form by man, from the most primitive races to the most highly civilized ones, that the fundamental ideas of their production are three in number: the Imaginative, the Fantastic, and the Realistic, each of the three pertaining, respectively, to the three anthropological groups of the evolution of man: the Black, the Yellow and the White. In each one of these three groups it is well and clearly manifested that to the same belief corresponds the same conception of Form, that to the same anthropological state corresponds the same conception of Form, which evolves by stages in groups with the anthropological evolution of man.

In its latest manifestations Art is going back to the primitive races in search of *new* forms. A most complex intellectual procedure has been employed to understand the process of the primitive races in their representation of Form, in order to employ that form—made without premeditation—with a complete knowledge of its nature and a definite understanding of its purpose.

Being in possession of all the elements of Anthropology, Ethnology, Psychology, and Art, represented in the production of Form by all the peoples of the World, we are, at last, in a position to clear up the, until now, complex problem of the evolution of Form, if not of Art, in all its manifestations. In proceeding to the solution of this problem we shall now have a complete understanding of the fundamental principle of the plastic arts. It is Form, which in fact is the fundamental principle of Art, if we take as axiomatic the conclusion of Herbert Spencer that “the thing which, being abolished, carries everything else with it, must be the fundamental thing.”*

Form being the fundamental principle of Art, it is through Form that man has represented his beliefs. In the primitive man this representation is entirely inductive and evolves toward being deductive by slow degrees, corresponding to the advancing degrees of the anthropological evolution. Form, from being in its beginning imaginative and geometrical, became fantastic and symbolical (symbolical in the sense of telling a story) and finally became realistic, the highest expression of the deductive process. Each one of these three great groups is composed of smaller, gradually evolving groups, between which there is no solution of continuity, no abrupt transition, as there is no abrupt transition between the three great anthropological groups. Long periods of time have been necessary for the evolution from one state to the other; since the whole evolution of all the components of civilization was necessary to generate the evolution of Form.

“Ideas can have no real action on the soul of people until, as the consequence of a very slow elaboration, they have descended from the mobile regions of thought to that stable and unconscious region of the sentiments in which the motives of our actions are elaborated. They then become elements

* Herbert Spencer. “Principles of Psychology.”

of character, and may influence conduct. Character is formed in part of a stratification of unconscious ideas.”

“When ideas have undergone this slow elaboration their power is considerable, because reason ceases to have any hold on them. The enthusiast who is dominated by an idea, religious or other, is inaccessible to reasoning, however intelligent he may be.”*

This stratification, this complete absorption of one idea of Form, was necessary in order that Form should pass from one state to a superior one. It was not until all the resources, all the manifestations and all the expressions of the old Form were exhausted, that a new fundamental idea was brought into it. All the powerful influence of a well developed civilization has always been necessary to make Form evolve. We may say that of all the elements which compose civilization, Form is the last to evolve.

That is what seems to have happened with Form in its highest state; the realistic one, which, on account of its deductive requisite, brought forth individualism.

“While social art binds the individual man ever more firmly and intimately with the social whole, individual art frees man by developing his individuality from the bonds of social connection.”†

Individualism then, by necessity, had to create originality; it had to search by means of an auto-analysis the new in expression and the new in representation. It happened then, that Form, being in its realistic manifestation a finite thing, man not being able to alter its structure to suit the expression of his idea, either had to limit the expression of his individualism to the limitations of realistic form, adapting it to attitudes or to points of view, or to bring the element of the infinite into Form, with resources strange to it, creating a cosmic and metaphysical Art, which attempted to represent the irrepresentable and to limit the incommensurable.

It was individualism that gradually introduced Science into Art, undertaking the impossible task of seeking the explanation of the inner substance which creates the forces manifested in Art; a metaphysical problem, which like all metaphysical problems, has no possible solution. Individualism, attempting to express itself through realistic form, found itself speculating with an idea which had been practically exhausted, for it did not aim to express the abstract significance of Form, but the idea substantiated in it; it tried to represent moods instead of emotions, conscious states of mind instead of feelings. As “unaided internal perception of things can no more suffice to build up a science of mind than unaided perception of things can suffice to build up a science of things,”‡ individualism, in the plastic arts, could not get out of itself without the aid of Science a science of Art. Instead it called to its aid the resources of the other manifestations of Art, abandoning Form as its fundamental principle, substituting for it the abstract expression of feeling, like those produced by music,

*Gustave Le Bon. “The Psychology of Peoples.”

†E. Grosse. *Op. cit.*

‡Herbert Spencer. *Op. cit.*

entering into more complex speculations and pure psychological analysis.

Then Art came back to Form. Not, however, to the naturalistic form of which Photography gives a perfect representation. But it came back to the form as expressed by the uncivilized peoples, introducing these forms in their scientific significance, reasoning them out, applying the discoveries of their effects, not the laws themselves that forced their creation, to the same forms that were used before in a realistic manner. It was not the assimilation of the motive which created those forms that Art brought into its latest manifestation, but merely new canons, new theories, new schools, drawn from their *structures*.

It is my object in this book to demonstrate the normal and therefore logical sequence of the evolution of Form, in its broad aspects, giving an illustrative demonstration of the facts of its evolution, tracing it, point by point, not from its primary cause, but from its primitive manifestation, showing its geographical distribution and evolution, marking the distinctions and relations between the forms of primitive production and the forms of primitive Art, a problem to which the ethnologists have so far found no satisfactory solution.

My book will not be the literary production of an emotional lover of beauty, but simply an investigation and analysis; furthering, as completely as I shall be capable of doing, the development of the following conclusions:

I.—The evolution of Form from the primitive races to the higher ones, is a perfect sequence, going from one state to another by groups of perfectly defined character and by slow processes.

II.—The fundamental ideas of a civilization have always influenced the fundamental idea of Form, and the latter always changes as the former changes.

III.—The representation of Form expresses the state of the intellectual development of each race, and it can be seen that to the same intellectual state, identical conception of Form corresponds, irrespective of the country and of the surroundings.

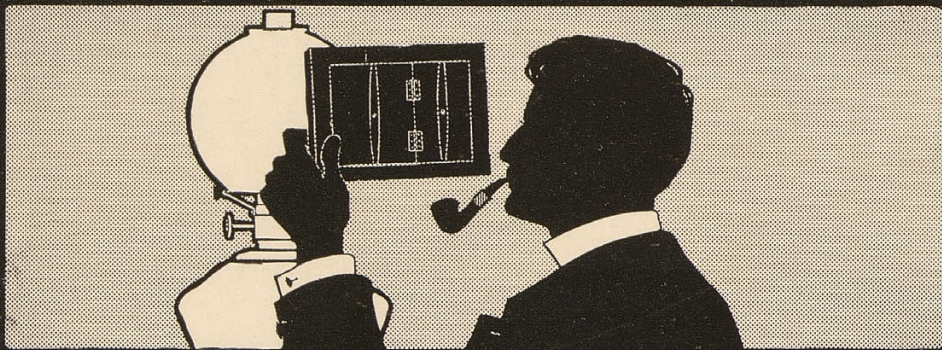
IV.—The three states of the evolution of Form are found perfectly marked, and correspond to the three great groups of the human family: the Black, the Yellow and the White. These three groups are: A. The *Imaginative*, in the negro group; B. The *Fantastic*, in the yellow group, a group which we consider as one of transition; C. The *Realistic*, in the white group.

V.—The linking of human thought is well demonstrated by the evolution of Form. Man has proceeded in regard to form, as in regard to everything, from the simple to the complex; from simple geometrical expressions, result of an inductive procedure, to the complexity of the realistic form, product of a deductive procedure.

VI.—Form has not evolved through isolated manifestations, but through groups. Each civilization has its peculiar manifestation of Form.

VII.—Art, going back for the representation of emotion to primitive Form, seems to have exhausted and, we dare to say, completed the essential manifestation of Form.

MARIUS DE ZAYAS.



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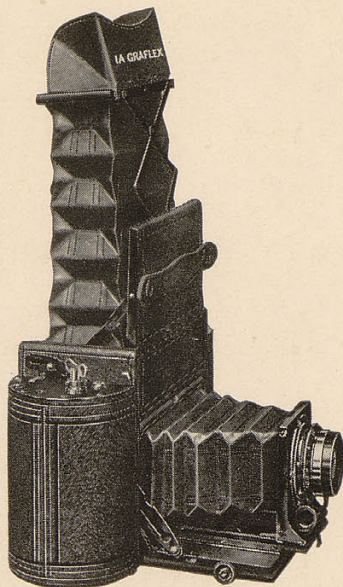
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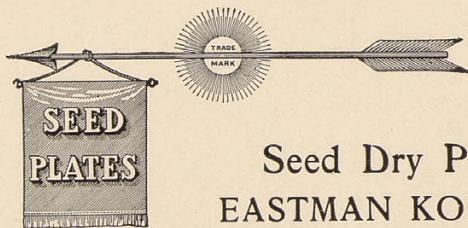
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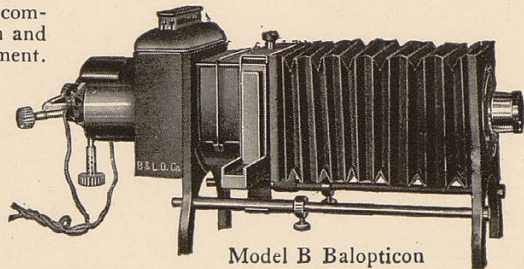
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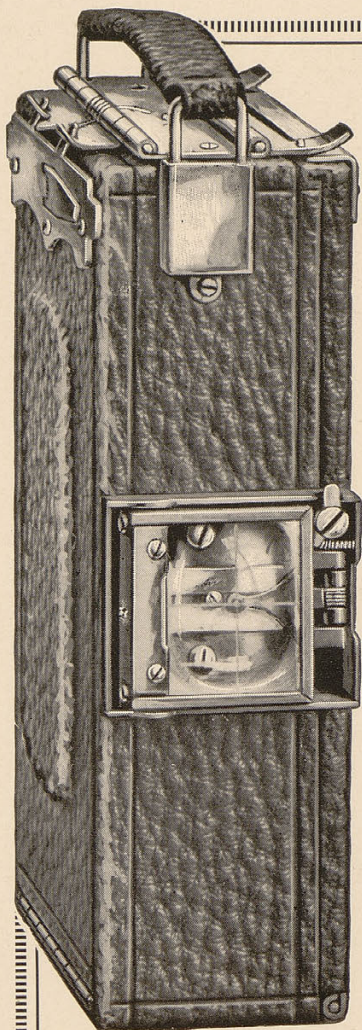
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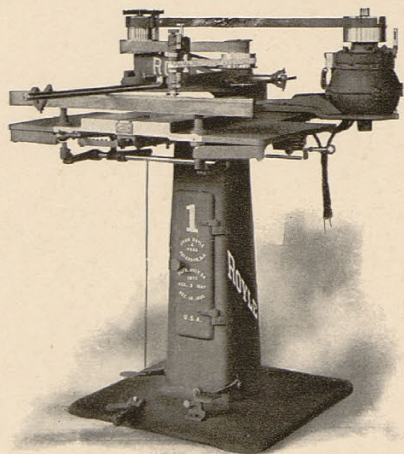
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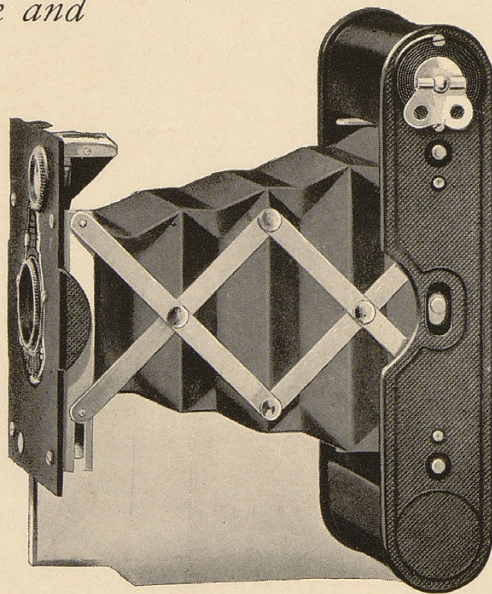
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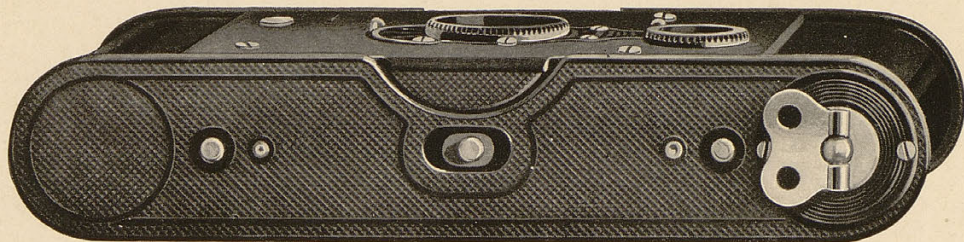
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