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PLATES

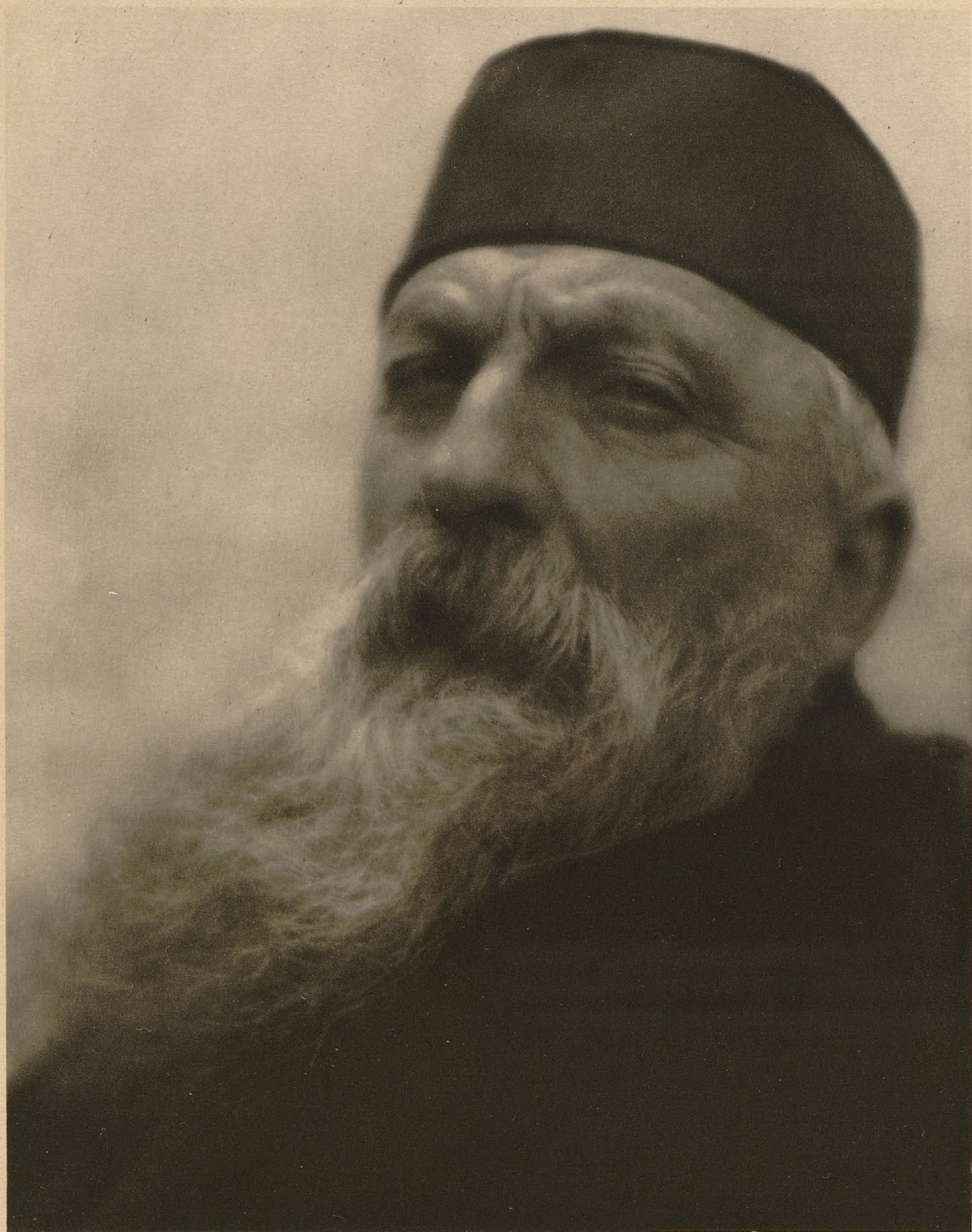
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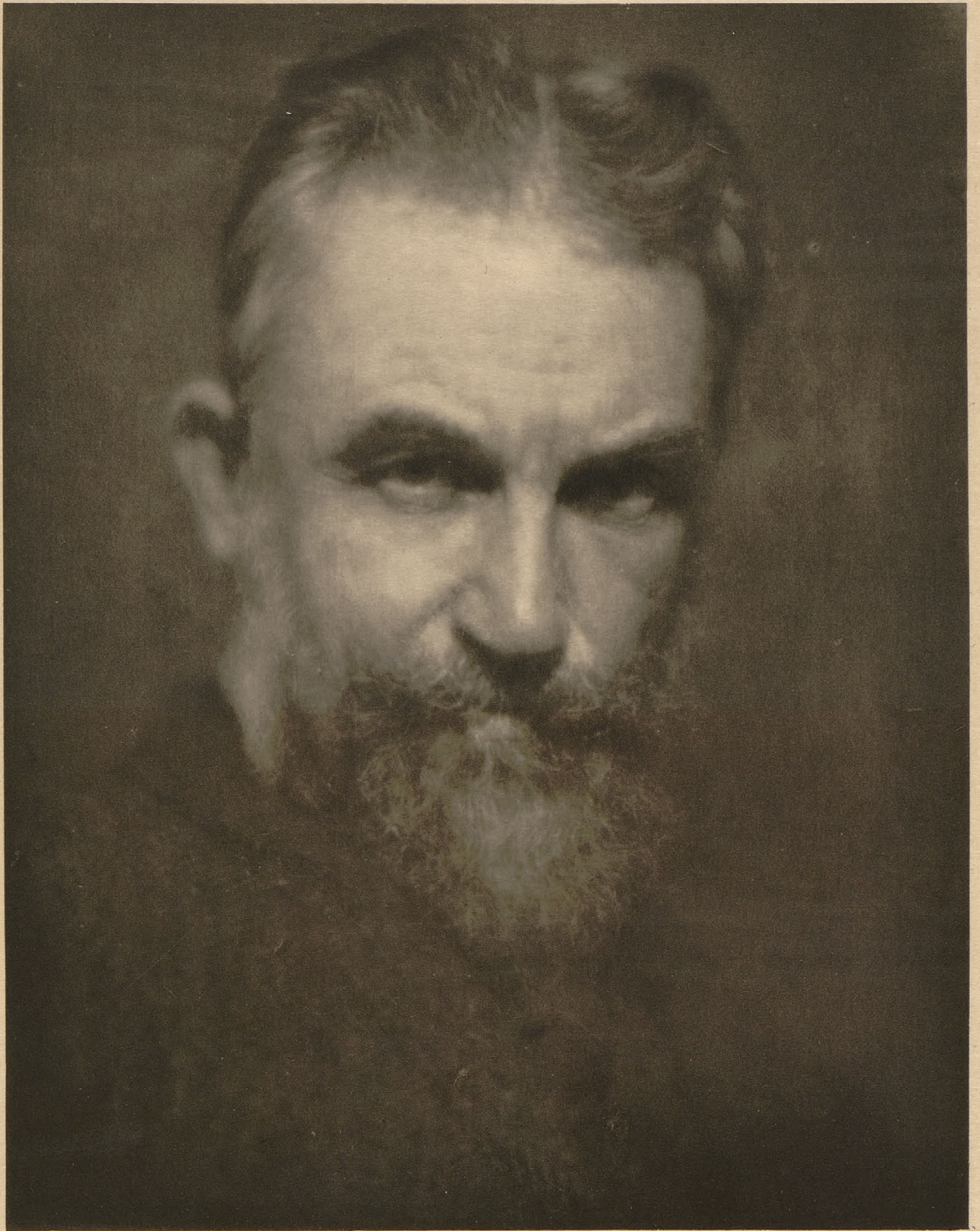
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IS PHOTOGRAPHY A NEW ART?

WHEN photography was first discovered, and it was realized that machinery and chemicals could make what had hitherto been held to be exclusively the product of man's most superior faculties, many asked the question, "What will the artists do when this process becomes more nearly perfected?" The amazement at the almost magical result that had been achieved was so great that enthusiasm, and expectation of further and equally startling revelations, knew no bounds. Perfect results in color were confidently expected to follow shortly—then the artists were to go into bankruptcy. The painters for their part denied the possibility of machinery ever producing art; they engaged in controversy with the photo-enthusiasts, and argued the case endlessly.

This was in the first part of the last century. What is said of photography now? Are the portrait- and landscape-painters told that their doom is sealed, and that when color photography shall be discovered, their stuff will no longer be a desideratum? To the contrary, the word photographic, in the minds of the general public, is synonymous with pedantic exactitude, illogical selection, absence of imagination, and feeling in general; in fact, anti-art. Of course, as every one interested in pictorial photography knows, there are little oases like the Secession, and corresponding European organizations, in which the tradition that photography is an art is still kept up; but, as a widespread rule, the discussion is looked upon as closed—the public has made up its mind, and so far to the other extreme has its feeling swung, that even painters dare not say that they sometimes use the camera as an aid to their work for fear of being thought inartistic.

Now, it appears to me that the whole discussion as to whether photography is or is not an art has always been, and is still being, conducted on an illogical basis. The question rightly put is, "Is photography one of the fine arts?" To either prove or disprove this question, the disputants have always entered upon long definitions of painting, etching, charcoal, water-color, and what not, in order to find what resemblances or dissemblances there were between these arts and photography. But on the face of it, this method of reasoning is fallacious, for the question asked is not, "Is photography one of the *graphic* arts?" but is, "Is photography one of the *fine* arts?"—and even if it can be proven beyond doubt that photography is not one of the graphic arts, it does not at all follow that it is not one of the fine arts. The conclusion I have come to after much investigation is that photography is not one of the graphic arts, but that it is one of the fine arts, and more closely allied to architecture than to painting. To prove my point, I will ask the reader to follow me through a short analysis of the different fine arts, and a little deductive reasoning.

Music makes its appeal to the sensibilities through the sense of hearing. The symbols it uses are sounds, pure sounds, without any intelligible meaning attached. The element of time enters as an all-important factor, much of the effect produced depending upon the relative duration of the different

sounds, and upon the spacing between them. What is termed rhythm is another factor. Poetry, although considered an entirely different art from music, appeals largely in the same way—sounds controlled by time spacing and rhythm act through the ear upon the intelligence. In addition, then, to its musical components it contains thought, and this thought-element plays upon the sentiments, either directly, through association, by arousing the imagination, or indirectly, through the reasoning faculties. Painting addresses through the sense of sight. It contains no elements of time, but representations of space. Its symbols of expression are colored or black-and-white imitations of fragments of nature. Though quite unlike poetry, some classes of painting, called illustrative, as the old Italian, possess a certain amount of the “thought” or literary element—even if not expressed in words—and act upon us in part like poetry. There are kinds of painting, however, in which the literary component does not exist, and these please purely through color, light and shade, and line. The art of sculpture, instead of dealing in representations of space, as does painting, deals in actual space quantities, which manifest themselves through light and shade, and line. Sculpture, curiously, although at first sight not obviously so, is dependent upon the time-element. Any single view of a piece of modeled clay or marble from a single point is not sufficient to its complete understanding—it is necessary that there should combine in the mind innumerable different impressions, and these impressions are only obtainable through a series of successive views. Further, these successive views must be presented to the mind in a logical time-sequence, such as that obtained by slowly walking around the piece of sculpture, and this, because much of the beauty of sculpture is due to what may be called the rhythmic appearing, changing, and disappearing of lines, and if the time-sequence of the successive views is not logical, the proper rhythm will not be produced, and much of the effect will be lost. The fine art of dancing, although enhanced by the color of the dancer, is really largely the same as sculpture, only the time-element is as important as in music.

It will be seen from this analysis that the fine arts differ from each other, not in that their components are totally unlike each other, but more in that the proportions of these components vary in quantity. Music and dancing have much to do with time; poetry, a little less; sculpture, still less, and painting, not at all. Poetry has much to do with literary thought; painting, a great deal less; dancing, and sculpture, still less, and music, not at all. Poetry and music are independent of the space-element; sculpture and dancing could not exist without it, and painting makes believe it possesses it. None of the fine arts possess all of the possible qualities, but each has at least one quality in common with another, and thus they all blend into each other, sometimes so subtly that it is impossible to tell where one begins and the other ends.

It would appear, however—at least according to the dictum of many learned philosophers of many ages—that there is one quality which all arts must possess, and that is what is termed the personal touch. I concede the

proposition, but as almost the whole controversy as to whether photography is or is not a fine art, has turned on this single point, let us make an inquiry as to what the nature of this "personal touch" is, and see if all the arts must really possess it, and, if so, whether it can be found in photography. In painting, what is usually called the personal touch evinces itself in local touches and exaggerations, unmistakably bearing the stamp of the work of a human being. However, different paintings vary as to the quantity of the touch they possess, archaic work being more strongly flavored with it than some more recent productions. In music, the personal touch is the finger-touch of the player. That this touch is necessary for the production of true music is proven by the fact that such machines as musical piano-players, and pianolas, even when exactly rendering the score, can not make music, and the more perfectly they are constructed, the more diabolical they are. In dancing, the personal touch mutates into actual existence—it is the person, as well as the personality of the dancer. In oratory, the personality of the person becomes so important that it receives a special name, magnetism, and without it, a man may utter Aristotelian wisdom unheeded, while another, possessed of it, will talk semi- or fully-idiotic propositions to a crowd beside itself with enthusiasm. In sculpture, the personal touch is very small in quantity; it can produce its effect by running extremely close to nature. Plaster casts of parts of the living body, when that body is beautiful, produce the same esthetic sensations, although in a smaller quantity, than actual, hand-made sculpture does. Not merely is this true, but when the roughnesses which imitate the coarseness of the human flesh have been smoothed down, the result is still more artistic. But, strangely, this operation of smoothing is mechanical, and rather takes from, than adds to, the personal touch. In architecture—except in primitive forms—the "personal touch" *does not exist*, and it appeals to the emotions solely through its proportions.

Now, from the above, it would appear that either architecture is not a fine art, or the personal touch is not needed in art, or there has been something wrong in my reasoning. My reasoning, however, has not been wrong, and the personal touch is necessary in the fine arts, and, also, architecture is one of these fine arts. What is, and has always been, wrong, is the conception photographers attach to the term, personal touch. There are two meanings of the word: the first is the kind we have been speaking of, of which the orator has the most; the sculptor, very little, and the architect, none—the corporeal touch. The second is the true and philosophic meaning, namely, to create with the brain, and bring into concrete existence, through one or other of the physical organs, as by the hand. But to give life by the touch of the hand does not at all imply that, after life has been given, any evidence of how it was produced shall remain—in architecture, as we have seen, it is eliminated, and whole schools of even the graphic arts, as the Asiatic, demand that the personality of the creator shall be suppressed as much as possible.

And what does creation by the brain, and bringing into existence by the hands, mean? It means only one thing—composing. Man can not truly

create; but he can stick things together in such a way as to illude into the belief that he has created; and it is this esthetic quality of composition which all the fine arts must possess, but is the only one which they must possess in common. As the truth of this proposition is possibly not evident at first sight, I must again ask the reader to follow me through a short investigation to determine what composition is. Let us begin with composition in the graphic arts.

Any and every transcription of nature to canvas or paper will not make a composition; it is essential that such elements should be present that some particular idea is conveyed to the mind of the spectator. Further, it is equally essential that no more elements than necessary shall be present, for the superfluous both contradicts and detracts from the particular idea. And it is also equally important that the composing elements be so disposed that their contours shall naturally lead the eye over the picture in such a way that there be presented an esthetically logical sequence of facts. A composition is in fact like an American anecdote. If the raconteur places the different parts of his anecdote in a wrong sequence, the point is either entirely lost or marred; if he omits or adds, the result is likewise incomplete. A composition differs, therefore, from a scientific statement, in that it is not a matter of facts which can be stated in any way, and in any order, without destroying their truth; but it is a series of facts whose truth is purely dependent upon their special juxtaposition. Now, just why a series of facts, possibly commonplace enough in themselves, and entirely uninteresting in the combinations they are usually found in in nature, should suddenly become interesting when "composed," nobody knows. Why the same rocks, fields, trees, and sky seen from one point of view should look ordinary, but when looked at from another, should tell a story which affects to our innermost depths, is a mystery that has never been solved. Ruskin, in "Modern Painters," after solving to his own satisfaction many enigmas, gives up composition in despair. At the conclusion of this long work he says, speaking of composition, "The power of mind which accomplishes this, is as yet wholly inexplicable to me, as it was when I first defined it in the chapter on imagination associative, in the second volume." Psychologists tell us that composition in some way appeals to the subconscious part of the brain, and that they are at work on the problem, but have not yet quite solved it. Philosophers inform us that somewhere within ourselves a sense of absolute order exists, and that when this sense perceives absolute order in nature it is pleased; but when it sees disorder it is displeased. Undoubtedly, the scientists and philosophers, as well as John Ruskin, are right as far as they go; but, unfortunately, they take us no further than we were. Therefore, all we can say is, that to compose is to give order. The sculptor and architect give order through lines and proportions, and light and shade. The orator, besides placing his ideas orderly, expresses order through his voice, gestures, and even depends upon his physical stature and bulk. The painter produces order through lines and colors, and also by means of that peculiar *painter touch*, which those entering photo-polemics have so frequently

mistaken for the true personal touch. The musician orders through sounds and silences, leading the mind, we know not how, agreeably from one note to the other. All art is a matter of order, and nothing else, and where order has been produced, art has been produced.

Let us now see how the truths we have been gathering apply to photography; and let us first see if photography is capable of order; for if it is not, it is not possessed of the basis essential to all the fine arts, and we need proceed no further. Let us examine portraiture.

If a photographer should photograph his sitter just as he happened into his studio, the result would, with an almost absolute certainty, not be a composition. But if he were to exercise his sense of order, and arrange the folds of the dress, the action of the figure, the background, and light and shade into a composition, and then photograph it, he would produce a work of art. To this proposition, it is frequently objected that the posed model would be the work of art, and the photograph only a photograph of a work of art. If this is true, the portrait-painter, who brings to bear all his imagination and taste in posing his model, and then copies what he sees, is not making a work of art. The proposition is absurd. The posing of the model is only a means to an end—of course, if it is a *tableau vivant* that the artist is striving for, why then, that being the end, it itself becomes the work of art.

The question of composing a landscape is more difficult, as every photographer knows. Landscapes can not be easily composed. The order must be found. I know that it is generally held that nature herself will never make a picture. I also know that until recently it was universally maintained that it was impossible to talk to a person a thousand miles away. But that nature does compose, is proven by the fact that straight photographs of her have been made, which fulfill all the demands of perfect composition. How, and why, nature composes, and how, and why, philosophers have fallen into the error of arrogating the power of composition to man alone, is a subject which it would take us even longer to investigate than the present one. It is sufficient for our purpose to know that she does compose, and that the photographer can transfix her compositions to his negative. But let it be noted, fallacious as the proposition may appear, that the full credit for any such composition belongs to the photographer who has seen it, and seized it; for it is just as difficult to see and grasp the meaning of a natural composition, as it is, by the painter's more lazy method, to get a little piece here, and another little piece there, and glue them together according to the rules of the studio. In fact, if the truth be known as intelligent painters know it, the artist really never composes at all; he merely hunts nature for bits to make into such a whole as he has once actually seen, but which he was unable, owing to its fleetness or other reason, to transcribe to canvas.

Having now shown that a photograph can be a composition; that it can contain that basic life, which all works of art must contain, let us ask, through what manner of flesh, through what symbols, does the composition manifest itself to our senses. The only possible answer is, through scientific

imitations of fragments of nature. In other words, photography is the art that expresses itself through symbols, which, in their imitativeness of nature, are like those used in painting, but which, in their being scientifically made, and not hand-marked, are also like those used in architecture. That art may express itself through mathematically exact forms, I think I have sufficiently demonstrated; but if there remains any doubt in the mind of the reader, I will remind him that poets have on occasions used scientific symbols. Edgar Allen Poe, in his "Eureka," which he calls a prose-poem, and which it certainly is, speaks solely in scientific terms. It is true that the poem recounts his conception of the creation of the Universe; but he employs logical and material terms and scientific conceptions to produce his effect. It is through the proper ordering of these impersonal concepts, through exactly the right juxtaposition of mathematical facts, and even figures, that he makes a song as beautiful as could be sung in terms of love.

The conclusion, then, that we have come to is, that photography is one of the fine arts, but no more allied to painting than to architecture, and quite as independent in the series as any of the other arts. As a necessary corollary, photography can not be *pictorial*, any more than can music or oratory. Photography is photography, neither more nor less.

JOHN DONOGHUE.

THE worst calamity that can befall an artist is to cling all his life long to an ideal which, belonging as it does to another age, can not be realized under any condition. This was the fate of John Donoghue, sculptor. His ideal was the abstract, ideal beauty of form, the return of pagan athletes and goddesses in all their outward perfection. He had no sympathy for modern portrait statues of stout middle-aged gentlemen in vestments. His art disdained mere technical tricks or catchy emotional effects. He was a disbeliever in Rodin's new gospel of formal expression, for to him any deformity, any ungracefulness, militated against that pure beauty of form to which sculpture totally devoted itself in former ages. He did not wish to represent physical infirmity and moral ills, but the perfection of the body and the calmness and gayety of a non-moral life. He was almost a Greek in feeling, and technically sufficiently well equipped to furnish convincing proofs that shapes of Greek perfection were still possible in modern sculpture. But why was it his misfortune to be an American by birth? In France he might have realized his dreams. But in America, where face and hands are the only mentionable portions of the human body, where a prejudice against the "altogether" is deeply rooted in the mind of the average person, which is the public, and where drapery has become a necessity as the subterfuge behind which civilization seeks to hide her sins against nature! His non-success was a foregone conclusion, for every intellectual product in order to achieve success must converge to the point of view of the age and the people, in which it is produced. With Donoghue's lofty, austere ideals popular fancy had nothing in common. Nudity is truth, and people prefer to drink of the Fountain of Expediency forgetfulness of their physical and mental deficiencies.

Yet fortune smiled on him at the start. I met him in the heyday of his success, 1886, in Boston. He had just returned from Europe, and introduced himself to the American public by an exhibition of his "Sophocles," "Venus" and "Diana." His "Sophocles Leading the Chorus After The Battle of Salamis," now at the Chicago Art Institute, is one of the finest nudes of modern times. Ideal in form, graceful in attitude, simple in emotional elements, it stood out in clear and bold relief in the gray monotony of modern life. With all our older classicists, even Hiram Powers, sculpture had not been much more than cold, lifeless imitation. Donoghue, like a few French and English sculptors, succeeded in lending animation to classic forms, and in making the soul shine through the outer form. Having accomplished more than any other American sculptor at his age—he was not yet thirty—he was hailed as a genius. Had he not received the gold medal for his "Sophocles" at the Paris Salon, and sold his "Phædra" to some European gallery? He was even heaped with orders. Nonchalant and arrogant in his manners, as any youth can be, enthusiastic, sincere and conscientious when it was a question of art, he lived in luxury, hoping to realize in his "Boxer" a perfect image of manly force.

Famous at twenty-one, entirely forgotten at forty-nine, thus reads the troubled writing, as we unroll the scroll of Donoghue's life.

How did this change come about? Oh, it is a simple story, he could not do the work the people wanted from him. As time slipped by orders became scarce. He knocked at a good many doors, mounted many weary stairs, the answer was always the same.

He had nothing in common with the aim of the profession. The Renaissance that is said to have taken place in American sculpture is largely limited to decorative work executed by foreigners, Italians and Viennese, who own nothing of classic culture but hand-books from which they can plagiarize. Phidias' art is nothing but a superior form of mechanism, depending on life casts, callipers and blocking machines. The delight of touching a block of marble, pregnant with the ideal human form, has become a myth. There is no demand for ideal figure work, hardly for portrait busts, and the bric-à-brac statuary is mostly imported. The majority of the statues for our public buildings are solemn infamies in the barrenness of their ideas and incompetence of technical faculties. Sculpture is shamelessly mercenary, a lobbyism in the antechambers of organizations, of committees and contractors. Of course there was St. Gaudens, and a few other serious workers, but even their aims were vastly divergent from those of Donoghue. Donoghue was sadly out of place in our time. He should have lived in those palmy days, when art, philosophy, and literature had lifted up that wonderful little people of the Hellenic peninsula to the heights which have scarce ever since been reached. He no doubt would have found no difficulty in satisfying the idiosyncrasies of a Cleon, but he lacked the "scheming" and "hustling" gifts to get along with our New York art-promoters. He still believed in the days of patronage, and patiently waited for *the* great commission.

He had long cherished the idea of creating some colossal ideal statue, not platitudes like our statue of "Liberty" and the "Germania" on the Niederwald—that are large in size only—but one carrying out his ideals of Greek perfection. As theme he had chosen Milton's "Spirit," who "from the first was present and with mighty wings outspread, dove-like sat brooding on the vast abyss and made it pregnant."

Finally the opportunity came for the realization of his scheme. The management of the Chicago World's Fair had agreed to place it on the shores of Lake Michigan. He at once set out for Italy and hired the Baths of Diocletian as studio. It was the work of several years, as the figure in a sitting position was thirty feet high. The face, radiating some of the seductive charm of full moon, was uplifted to celestial regions, while the eyes looked downward into the abyss, and their beaming glances seemed to glide along the edges of the mighty wings that sweep forward and downward in a bold and vigorous curve. Such was the conception as he has told me in his own words.

Why it never reached Chicago has remained more or less a mystery. It seems that in the winter of 1892 the U. S. ship "Constitution" was specially sent to Rome to convey the colossal statue to these shores, but

somehow the statue was not yet finished, and the ship finally left without it. A few months later when the task was accomplished to the artist's own satisfaction, and all the sculptors of Rome had journeyed into the Campagna to see it, it fell upon Donoghue to defray the expenses of shipment, only to find out when he had brought it over, that for some reason or other it had been judged too unwieldy for exhibition. The sculptor's resources had been completely exhausted, and the colossal "Spirit," perhaps the most important work ever produced by an American sculptor, moldered away unseen on a Brooklyn wharf, and finally was broken to pieces.

It was one of the most tragic incidents that has ever occurred in American art.

It would be too pitiful to dwell upon his utter disillusionment. May it suffice to state that he never recovered from this blow. He saw the absolute uselessness of making further efforts to realize his ideals, and gave it up in despair. With the exception of an Iris, and a few charming composites tinted like Tanagra figures, nothing left his studio worthy of his name. He received a few commercial orders, he struggled hard with them, and his "St. Paul" for the Congressional Library was quite an able work, but the architect did not approve of it, and he was forced to mutilate it. He finally lost all interest in sculpture, he lost himself in mysticism, wrote a book on religious symbols, began to paint, and worked on a scientific system of cultivating the human voice for singing. I met him from time to time, and noticed with alarm how rapidly he was sinking. Without friends and influence, living in narrow circumstances, he seemed to have lost all faith in the world and, what was worse, in himself. Wearily the years dragged by, middle age advanced slowly and surely, and with it the last call of the senses that rises in a man and makes him brim with the desires of youth and its stress of passion before its slumbering quiet. But it did not urge him on to new endeavor, it found him a tired man with a disordered vision, the outlook of the future all blurred by the calamities of his past.

He had done all he could. It was up to the other side, the public. And as no response was forthcoming, it was a futile quest.

And so it came to pass that he was found one morning with a bullet in his left temple on the shores of Lake Whitney near New Haven.

Yes, Donoghue's life was a failure, and the sole cause of it was that he would not or could not conform, like St. Gaudens, his great contemporary, to the demands of his time. One day when I expressed my astonishment to St. Gaudens that he had submitted to the ridiculous accusations of the impropriety of his World's Fair Medal instead of flinging it into the face of his critics, he answered that the sculptor's vocation was not so much to raise himself above the narrow lines that contemporary conditions have so tightly drawn around American art, but rather to accomplish some good, conscientious work within these limitations; and I have since then realized the truth of his remark. A man with an ideal is apt to lose the wide view that looks at life as a whole. He forgets that you and I and he himself, and each living man and woman, is but a bit of color, red or gray, as that may be, of the


cosmic mosaic. The utmost we can do is to fit ourselves into our tiny places as easily as we can, and if we do not, the loss is our own. For even the strongest of us are comparatively so trivial that our absence would scarcely be noticed in the boldness of the design.

Donoghue did not understand how to set himself aright with this world. He was not versed in human lore, and lacked the gift to gild common objects with the radiance of his dreams. Have we a right to find fault with this? No, let us rather admire him for having fought and died so bravely.

A devotion to art like his is too rare in these days to be entirely forgotten, and although his art is great rather by what he designed than what he achieved, he has not worked in vain, and the world-flower of appreciation that springs after death from the cairns of stone flung at genius during life, may also bloom for him.

S. H.

THE DREAM OF BEAUTY.

ND hands grasped for it—eyes sought to behold it—ears strained to hear—hearts throbbed for its responsive throb. Some died lacking vigor of body and brain to pursue the dream of their heart—to snare that which echoed in every vale but eluded pursuit; that vanished in every pool but defied enmeshing; that faded with every sunset—but was always beyond the horizon; that glowed forth from certain eyes—but was lost as behind a veil when one sought to understand; that awakened desire but died at touch of caress or kiss, leaving but the body.

The thirst of sense, that sight of beauty awakened, some mistook blindly or wilfully for beauty's self, and so busying themselves therewith forgot beauty—in the perversion and inversion of the mere working of the physiological and psychological machinery of self—and the brain appreciation thereof—and produced mad things, strong, sinister, revolting; degrading to self and to art—and went mad. Others, having once tasted the honey of beauty, forgot the flower thereof in the honey—and thereafter sought the mere saccharine. Others again, because its shadow was wonderfully luminous, attempted to depict only melancholy shadows. But some who were large of brain and pure of heart rested not in their search. To them beauty, ever elusive, was always near at hand. As harps perfectly attuned speak out of the silence of death only at outward touch—so spake their senses, emotions, understanding, at the touch of perceiving will—awakened to song by outward signs of the inspiration of Beauty. As are they, so is Beauty, a manifestation of the Infinite Harmony, such as finite sight may never perfectly see, but of which inspired imagination may awaken a dream.

JOSEPH T. KEILEY.

AN IMPOSSIBLE CASE.

IT all comes back to me this evening. Yes, if you wish it, I will tell you the story. Fill your pipe and glass.

Well, we were back in his studio again. Felice, exhausted, had dropped onto the edge of the lounge, her hands clenched in her lap, her eyes staring straight before her. She seemed dazed, as she had been while sitting beside me in the carriage, and while we stood by the narrow hole into which Edgar's body had been lowered. Yet, she had been only his model; nothing more, I am convinced, at least in his eyes.

I crossed the passage to my own studio and lit the gas-stove. The girl needed a cup of tea. For myself, I poured out a glass of whisky and drank it to my dead friend: "Here's wishing you better luck, lad, in your next existence." For, born too late or too early—I don't know which—he had been at odds with his time; and, loving him as I did, I felt a strange peace now that he was out of the unequal struggle. For he had been one of those men for whom others have to shoulder responsibility. He himself had no sense of it. Thought and work on his account I hope I never grudged; but his unpracticalness continually thwarted me. He had never sold a picture and declared he never would. I believe he would have starved rather than go back upon his convictions. "Do men sell their children?" he would say simply to all my arguments. "When I am gone, I will leave them to the world; perhaps put them out into the world before I go. But sell them? Can one sell the offspring of one's soul's love?"

Yes, he was quite impossible. But, if you had known the boy as I did, you would have been persuaded that he was right—for himself, at any rate. His was so sensitive a nature, that any touch of the world would have hurt the bloom on it. I stood between him and the world; and the girl, Felice—Well I will speak of her presently. Then the independence of his spirit was such that he could brook no curb, not even any suggestion of this or that. You're right, he was supremely, exquisitely selfish; he was the true artist in that. And also in his absolute unconsciousness of the material needs and claims of life. He lived entirely in the spirit, and took the things of this life, as the flowers take rain and sunshine. It was the discovery that I was sharing my meals with him and carrying his rent that killed him.

Yes, killed him. I was behindhand with the rent and the landlord had called to collect it. The man was out of patience and turned from my door with a threat that he would put my friend out on the street. Edgar was coming up the stairs and the man, as he passed him, repeated the threat.

White in the face, Edgar asked me the meaning of the threat. I tried to put him off. But his mind was as keen and clear as his spirit; and, once roused, it scorched me with questions. What was the income of the little money he had put into my hands, on his return from Paris—the remnant of a legacy that had made it possible for him to study abroad? What was the amount of the rent; of his personal expenses? It was no use lying to him. Beside, it seemed best to tell the truth. His pride, I knew, would be wounded;

but it would spur him, perhaps, to recognize the need of being a little of the world as well as in it. Bit by bit, then, he discovered his indebtedness to me. He said nothing, wrung my hand, and shut himself in his studio. Coming home that night, I tapped, according to my habit, on his door. There was no response. Usually, I should have concluded he was asleep and passed on to my own studio. But to-night the silence alarmed me. I opened the door and stepped into the darkness, struck a match and lighted the gas, overturning as I did so a canvas with my foot. It had been propped against the easel, alongside another picture, while a third stood on the easel, and several more were placed against the platform. Turning, I saw the figure of Edgar sitting in a chair, the head bowed on his breast. He was dead. His pride had killed him. Pride, and the dread of what he called prostitution. For the canvases around him showed that he had been facing the need of having to sell them.

The girl? I have told you how I left her after our return from the funeral. The position is engraved on my memory, for I never saw her again; and I have often compared that last sight of her with the first one. It was in Paris in a tiny walled-in garden, adjoining his studio, under a screen of vine-leaves, the early summer sunshine creeping between the leaves and dappling the curves of her body. She was resting from the pose, and was playing with a black kitten; looking like a kitten herself, a bit of the inexhaustible youngness and gaiety of this old, old world. It was her pure sweet animalism that had warmed my friend's too abstract nature, and given substance to his dreams. Her flesh was wedded to his spirit, and the children of the union were his pictures. I never knew whether he brought her over; it may well have been so, for she had been a necessity to his creativeness. Or she may have followed him; for, after her fashion, he too had been necessary to her. They were, indeed, two children; she a child of nature, he, of art—the one complementary to the other. Though, sometimes I fancied, there was so much of nature in her that, while his spirit lifted, his art dissatisfied, her.

Well, that dull November evening of the funeral, I gave her some tea and tried to cheer her. But she was pathetically, unapproachably dejected, like a sick animal; and begged that she might be allowed to stay in his room and set things to rights. I retired to my studio to think over what could be done for the girl.

She had had so large a share in the creation of his pictures, that, now that he was gone, leaving no relatives, they seemed of right to be hers. Well, the question could be decided later. It was being decided, while I, tired out with the sadness of the day, slept. Next morning, when I visited Edgar's studio, I found it bare of pictures. A heap of charred fragments in the stove was all that remained. Felice had disappeared, and I have never seen her since. To this day, I am in doubt whether she fancied herself to be carrying out the wishes of the dead, or was revenging upon their "children" the indifference which Edgar had displayed to their mother in herself.

"And I," said Johnson, relighting his pipe, "find myself wondering

whether the case of your friend was really as impossible as the world would judge it. The world, of course, translates everything into terms of barter. To have something salable, and not to sell it, unless you are waiting for a rise in values, is foolishness. If the artist chooses to rank himself alongside of other makers of salable commodities, he has right and common sense on his side. A tradesman's vocation is respectable and may be honest; but, given that they are respectable and honest and successful, one tradesman can not reasonably look down upon another one. Yes," continued Johnson, waving his pipe in the air and growing quite enthusiastic, "I can imagine a time in some far-off millennium, when art will be sufficient for the artist. Some arrangement, of course, will have to be made for the requirements of his body, but when it comes to the creations of his spirit, the act of creation will be complete in itself; it will be a final expression of himself, needing no supplementary proceedings of fetching so much money. Then, the artist will be truly free, working in the freedom of his own spirit."

"And till then?" I asked.

"Until then," said Johnson, "I hope every rotten picture you paint, will be accepted by the public and paid for, as a masterpiece."

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

A BIT OF COBURN—OUR PICTURES.

HIS number of *CAMERA WORK* is devoted to the work of Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, of Boston and London. Some of Mr. Coburn's pictures are already well known to our readers, six of them having appeared in Number VI, and six others in Number XV. The twelve of his more recent productions, shown in this number, prove that Coburn has kept his early promise, and has justified those who from the very first had faith in his artistic potentiality.

Coburn has been a favored child throughout his career. Of independent means, he launched into photography at the age of eight. Gradually, and to the practical exclusion of everything else, he devoted all of his time to its study. Originally guided by his distant relative, Holland Day, he, at one time or another, at home or abroad—the Coburns, mother and son, were ever great travelers—came under the influence of Käsebier, Steichen, Demachy, and other leading photographers. Instinctively benefiting from these associations he readily absorbed what impressed itself upon his artistic self. Through untiring work, and urged on by his wonderfully ambitious and self-sacrificing mother, his climb up the ladder was certain and quick. Arriving, three years ago, in London, for a prolonged stay there, his sudden jump into fame through the friendship of Bernard Shaw is well known. Shaw's summing up of Coburn can be found in *CAMERA WORK*, Number XV. No other photographer has been so extensively exploited nor so generally eulogized. He enjoys it all; is amused at the conflicting opinions about him and his work, and, like all strong individualities, is conscious that he knows best what he wants and what he is driving at. Being talked about is his only recreation. At present he is full of color photography. He was not greatly attracted to the autochrome process when he saw Steichen's color pictures in London early in the summer. Later, however, in September, he waxed enthusiastic after having seen, at the Steichen studio in Paris, the collection which was intended for the Photo-Secession Exhibition. Initiated by Steichen into the process, Coburn was enabled, within ten minutes in the dark-room, to reap the benefit of a whole summer's experimenting. Filled with the possibilities he returned to London loaded with plates. He writes that, for the present, black and white has lost its fascination, and that he is reveling in autumn landscapes, in portraits of Shaw and of actresses with gorgeous costumes and jewels. He informs us that many of the pictures he has obtained are great. Thus Coburn masters the field of photography and stands beyond cavil among the very few first-class photographers of the age. His pictures in this number of *CAMERA WORK* prove that conclusively. The gravure plates were made in London, under Coburn's personal supervision, by the firm of Waddington. In fact, Coburn did part of the work himself. The edition was printed in New York by the Manhattan Photo-gravure Company. The process blocks were made by the Photochrome Engraving Company, New York, from the original gum-platinotypes which were recently shown in Coburn's one-man exhibition at the Photo-Secession Galleries. As reproductions these are exceptionally good, interpreting fully the spirit of Coburn's quality and methods.

PLATES

ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.

VII. The Bridge, Venice.

VIII. Notre Dame.

IX. New York.

X. The Rudder.

XI. Spider-webs.

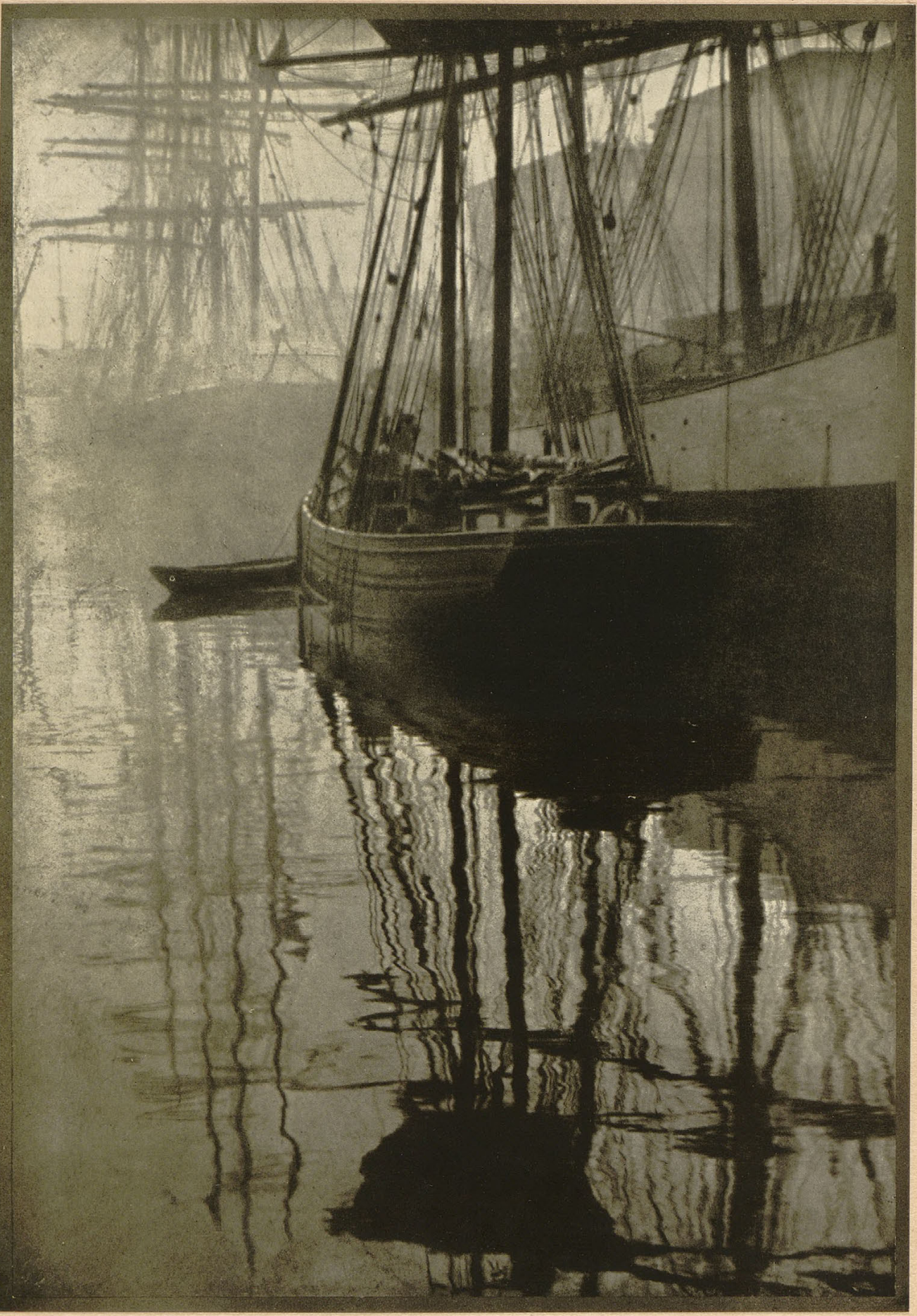
XII. The Fountain at Trevi.













THE PHOTO-SECESSION GALLERIES

THE MEMBERS' EXHIBITION.

ON November eighteenth the third series of exhibitions at 291 Fifth Avenue was ushered in with the Annual Members' Exhibition. In all ninety-five prints were hung, representing the work of the following Secessionists: (The numbers in parentheses denote the number of pictures each had on the walls.) Eduard J. Steichen (9); Alvin Langdon Coburn (8); Clarence H. White (7); Annie W. Brigman (6); Alice Boughton (5); Herbert G. French (5); George H. Seeley (5); Joseph T. Keiley (5); Gertrude Käsebier (4); Ema Spencer (4); William J. Mullins (4); W. Orison Underwood (4); Helen Lohman (3); Alfred Stieglitz (3); S. L. Willard (3); Jeanne E. Bennett (2); Fannie E. Coburn (2); Frederick H. Pratt (2); Harry C. Rubincam (2); W. P. Agnew (1); John G. Bullock (1); Sidney R. Carter (1); J. Mitchell Elliot (1); J. P. Hodgins (1); Marshall R. Kernochan (1); W. B. Post (1); Elizabeth R. Tyson (1); Myra A. Wiggins (1); Clarence H. White and Alfred Stieglitz in collaboration (1). A series of color transparencies, made by Messrs. Steichen, Eugene, White, and Stieglitz, were shown daily during the exhibition by Mr. Stieglitz in person.

The exhibition, which is critically dealt with elsewhere in these pages, fully sustained the high standard of previous years. The attendance has been more than double that of 1906, averaging about one thousand visitors per week; that means that the exhibition will have been seen by approximately 6,000 people before its close. The increased attendance at, and interest in, the Galleries can be traced to various causes. Primarily, because the sustained efforts of the Photo-Secession are gradually becoming more and more recognized and understood, and this leads to a keener appreciation, which results in unsolicited publicity. Secondly, because the free spirit permeating the "little garret" affords relief from the stiflingly laden commercial atmosphere of New York in general, so that this factor became a special drawing card in these days of business depression and gloom. Thirdly, because the examples of natural color photography shown have attracted a large and important element which had never before known of the Galleries.

It is gratifying to record that, notwithstanding the novelty and beauty of the natural color transparencies exhibited, and the universal admiration accorded them, the critical public was attracted most to the black and white pictures on the walls.


THE RODIN EXHIBITION.

ONE of the most important art events of the New York season will be the exhibition of the fifty-eight original drawings by M. Auguste Rodin, which will be on view at the Photo-Secession Galleries from January second to January twenty-first. Rodin, himself, and Steichen selected the drawings for the purpose. It is the first time that New York is to be given an opportunity of studying these unusual drawings.

The personal interest thus shown by Rodin in the Photo-Secession and

its aims constitutes the greatest recognition it has thus far achieved. It marks a milestone in the recognition of photography as a means of individual expression. In the next number of *CAMERA WORK* we hope to deal with this particular exhibition more fully.

THE MEMBERS' EXHIBITION AT THE LITTLE GALLERIES—AN IMPRESSION.

O these are the gleanings of another year. The impression of the whole is less immediately striking than formerly, possibly due to the absence of large work. And yet, curiously enough, those whose work in the past was said to have owed to its largeness the public attention lavished on it, still hold the attention of the public; while some of those who have sought to make their work more impressive through enlarged presentment thereof seem materially to have weakened it by such a course. Before some of the prints, ambitious in their effort, one finds oneself sighing and saying: "This one has come under the influence of the other; individuality has been weakened in unconscious simulation. The work has charm, but its values are faulty, and its maker seems somehow to have lost himself." Compared with these, the little, delicate, unpretentious landscapes in the other room are masterpieces in honesty and realness of expression. Some of the large portrait heads challenge attention by their half bilious and wholly galvanized insistence. The heads thrust themselves out of their backgrounds, instead of setting back therein. They are nearly all of an unpleasant clay-like complexion (that bespeaks an improper use of mercury in their development) that gives each a rather dirty and disagreeable look. Somehow they lack refinement and subtlety. There is one little Forest Snow scene that is a gem, one of the most perfect imaginable: and there are several gum prints that are melancholy enigmas. There is a fragmentary nude and a large profile head that are all but faultless and classic in their conception and treatment: while a charming Florentine composition leaves little to be desired. A curious placidity and unobtrusiveness of the creative imagination pervades the exhibition, such as forces the few exceptions to that rule into violent contrast. Vigorous and splendid in its imagination and poetry is the work of a Western woman, who for some years has been steadily forcing her way to the front. Her love of nature and its dramatic side has awakened in her fancy, dreams that recall some of the choicest episodes of the old Latin poets; that of Baucis and Philemon, for example, or of the Northern Sagas. Of all the work shown these few prints alone approach expressing any grandeur of conception or sublimity of fancy. To judge from the examples shown there are just two exhibitors who can lay claim, by reason thereof, to mastership in the art they profess—whose work shows unflagging creative imagination—rhythmically refined and delicately charming in the one instance, dramatically pictorial and vigorously delightful in the other. Curiously sensitive to rhythmic charm of line, the one presents

a series of line compositions beautifully finished and refreshing, whose delicate tonal values suggest rather a feeling for the subtle light and shade gradations of monotone than for color. Emotionally alert to the dramatic force and crescendo of splendid color masses and contrasts, rather than to the subtle gradations of line-rhythm and shade diminuendos, the other displays a collection of prints showing brilliant massings and contrasts, suggestive of strength, color, light. There seems less purposeless work displayed than before, and of those who at former exhibitions had their work hung, largely because their membership entitled them to representation, some of the least promising have made the greatest strides forward. Taken as a whole, the results are far from discouraging. A more definite purpose less hampered by affectation is generally apparent: and, while in certain cases there is a distinct falling off, generally speaking the results show advancement both in understanding and meritorious productiveness. All this places in a setting of bolder relief, those few examples of work that are clearly indicative of blind, unintelligent groping after that which may seem effective to others, rather than convincing to oneself. On looking at it, the thoughtful observer can not help but feel that its maker made the print without any definite purpose other than to have it look like something; succeeded in getting it to look like a foxed etching or the like, mottled with mellowing time-stains, and then, enamored of such looks, offered it for display because thereof. This may seem somewhat harsh — just as it may seem presumptuous to pass such criticism. It is not meant for harshness. On the contrary, and were mere inclination consulted, no word except of unstinted praise would escape pen or lips. It is merely the frank expression of a first impression of one who has carefully followed the work of most of those exhibiting from the time it first became known, whose interest in such workers as individuals and in the work as a whole is too sincere to allow suppression of honest impressions. Such impressions possibly may be helpful to those whom the whirl of events may have swerved somewhat from their several narrow paths upwards and caused momentary astrayness in the underbrush of praise-hunting or the briars of imitation. Such impressions as these may be worthless, as the best judges will assuredly be able to determine.

JOSEPH T. KEILEY.

OUR COLOR NUMBER

IN this issue of CAMERA WORK we had hoped to announce definitely the date of publication of our Color Number. An unfortunate chain of circumstances has prevented the firm of Bruckmann, of Munich, from keeping their promise to let us have complete editions before December first. Word has reached us that the firm has had much trouble in the making of the reproductions; three sets of blocks were made before anything satisfactory was secured. Even at that, so far, only three proofs have reached us. Proof of the fourth subject is not yet to hand. In view of this fact we can not possibly set a date for the publication of the proposed number. The Bruckmanns, one of the very best firms of the kind, are not of the type that believe in the "good-enough" and in "the public won't know the difference," and in consequence they are undoubtedly trying to do justice to themselves, to the Autochromes of Steichen, and to CAMERA WORK. It must be remembered that to reproduce these transparencies with any adequate degree of quality and precision is still a matter of initial experiment. The realization of this fact bridles our impatience. We hope a similar spirit will move our readers as far as we are concerned. The number will be announced as soon as the ordered edition is in the New York Custom-house.—*Editor.*

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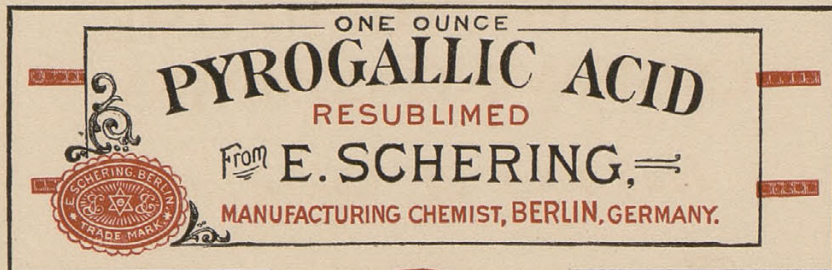
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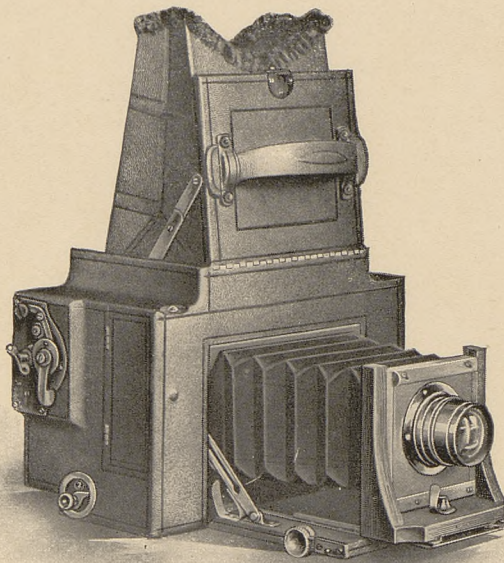
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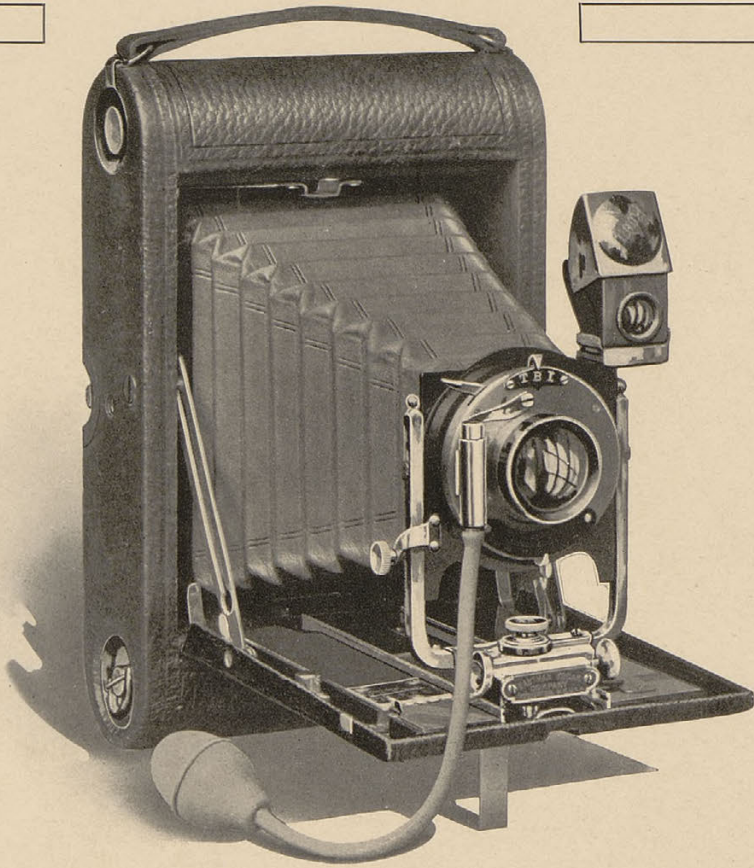
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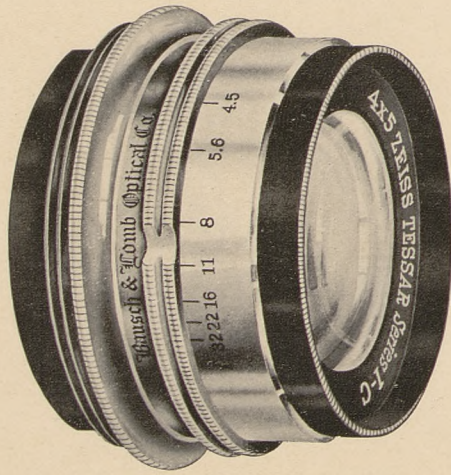


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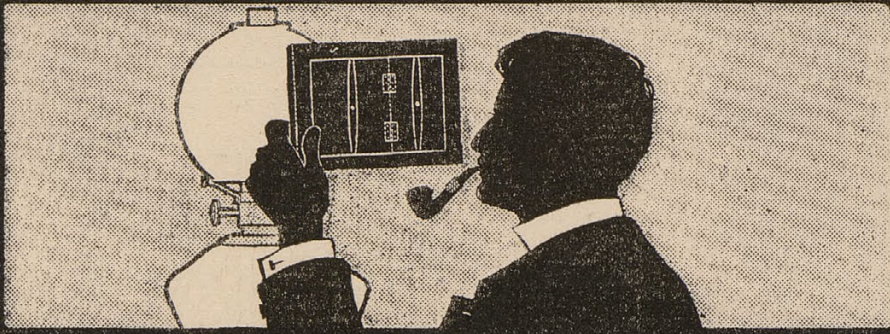
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PRINT until the highlights are well tinted.

WASH through six changes of water about 70 degrees temperature, separating the prints thoroughly in each water.

FIX twenty minutes, or until the shadows are well cleared up, in hypo bath 30 grains hydrometer test, or 4 ozs. hypo crystals to 32 ozs. of water. Handle the prints over in this bath and keep them well separated.

Take the prints from the hypo bath into a salt bath of 4 ozs. of common salt to a gallon of water. Keep the prints well separated in this bath for ten minutes. Then wash one hour in running water, or sixteen changes by hand, separating the prints thoroughly in each water. Dry between clean photographic blotters.

**ANOTHER FORMULA
For Purple Tones**

After printing, place prints one at a time, face down, into a tray containing 16 ozs. of water, to which has been added one-quarter oz. of common salt. When prints are all in, turn over the entire batch bringing the first prints in, to the top. In this solution the prints should be kept in motion and thoroughly separated. Allow them to remain in this solution until they turn to a purple tint, when the desired tone is reached transfer to a tray of clear water where they are left until the entire batch is toned, then transfer to another tray of clear water containing just enough sal-soda to make it feel smooth to the touch. Handle the prints over in this water for five minutes. Then remove them to hypo bath, and fix and finally wash according to the directions given above.

TO FLATTEN PRINTS

Proceed as follows: Take a piece of two or three inch gas pipe or a paste-board mailing tube two feet long and cover it with clean paper, pasting the paper to the tube. Cut a strip of heavy strong paper several yards long and two feet wide, roll same around tube, after a couple of turns roll the prints in face down between paper and tube—continue to roll until all prints are in and let them stand for an hour. Should prints curl too much reverse and put in roll for five or ten minutes.

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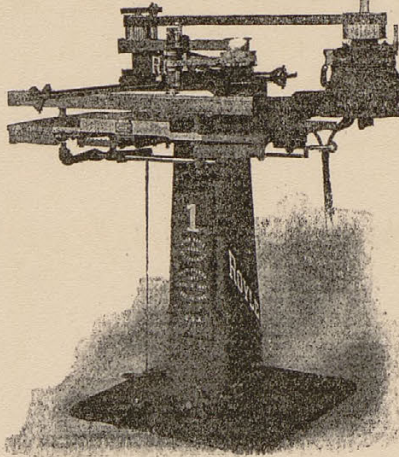
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