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PLATES

JOSEPH T. KEILEY.

- I. Lenore.
- II. The Last Hour.
- III. Portrait—Miss De C.
- IV. A Garden of Dreams.
- V. Spring.
- VI. A Bit of Paris.

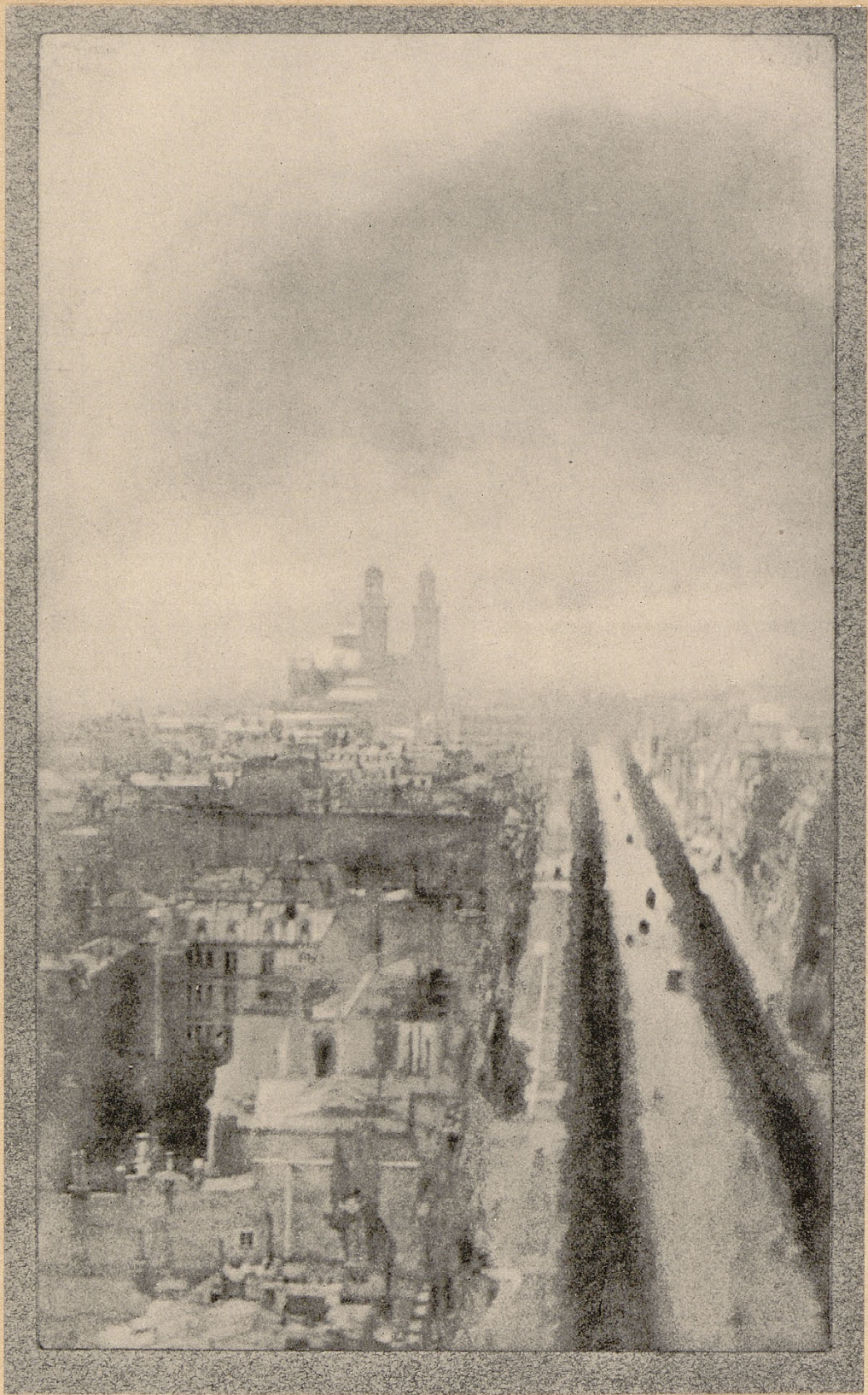












IS HERZOG ALSO AMONG THE PROPHETS?



HAD been looking over the prints of F. Benedict Herzog, and listening with interest to his talk. At length he cornered me categorically. "Surely you will not deny that these prints have beauty?" "Certainly not," I said. Then he asked: "Has the like been done before in photography?" I replied that, as far as I knew, it had not. "Well, then," said he, "haven't I advanced the art of photography?" When I demurred that using photography for a purpose to which previously it had been put only by painters, did not seem to me to be carrying the art forward so much as backward, he interrupted me: "That is what other people say. Now won't you explain your meaning?" I said I would try, and herewith make the attempt.

As I sit trying to arrange the train of my thoughts there strikes across it a flash of boyish memory, connected with a certain great lady. She was a very great lady. There could be no doubt of that, for she occupied a big, curtained pew in the chancel. When she stood up during the Creed a bit of black feather showed above the curtains, and I, a very small boy, was not the only member of the congregation whose eyes were fixed on that feather with a longing to see the face underneath it. For beside being a great lady she was a very great mystery, even to the villagers whose cottages nestled outside her park fence. Presently, when the service should be concluded, she would pull down her veil, and, escorted by the rector, pass through the churchyard, where the living clustered in groups above the sleeping-places of the dead, while hats were doffed and curtsies bobbed, as the tall black figure cleft the sunniness of the footpath and cast a passing shadow over the grassy mounds. And it was not until the postern-gate at the corner of the churchyard had been opened, and the arch for a moment framed the black figure, and the door had closed upon it, that the awe was lifted from the people.

But I was privileged to see her, and much more of her than her face, as you shall hear. For, during her visits to the country, she laid a command upon the rector that he should dine with her every Sunday evening, and because of her wealth and that through him she distributed much of it to the poor, and because also she was a parishioner and ought to have a soul to be saved, he submitted to her whim. And on this occasion she had notified him to bring his little visitor, myself.

So in the hush of a summer evening I passed with him through the mysterious postern. I remember a house that looked as old as the church, but a hundred times bigger, with rows upon rows of windows, all dark except a few upon the ground floor; a stately terrace with peacocks standing on the balustrade, and when we approached they recollected, as the rector said, that it was bedtime, and rose in a mass and floated over to some tree-tops, where the park began in a broad avenue which stretched away so far that the dark trees seemed already asleep against the pale sky. But the memory of all this

is blurred, as, too, is that of the great salon which was full of gold furniture. Presently, however, as we waited, the boy's hand snugly in the rector's, the curtains over a doorway parted, and two tall men, more beautifully dressed than the grandest soldiers I had ever seen, stepped through. Each held a gilded sconce, brilliant with lighted candles; and the one stepped to the right a pace and the other to the left; then they drew apart the curtains, announcing in a deep voice, "Her Ladyship."

Yes, it was the Great Lady herself; a tall figure in a mossy green velvet gown that descended from the waist in volumes of heavy folds. Above her waist were bulging sleeves and a deep-cut bodice, that allowed more to be seen than to be conjectured. And it was all very white, while her cheeks were crimson, and her eyes large and very black, and her hair a mass of reddish gold. And as she stood there beneath the canopy of cloth-of-gold curtains, lighted by the glare of the candles held by the two grand men, she looked like some old pictures that I had seen, very wonderful and very ugly.

And indeed she was a painted lady—this and more about her I have heard since—and very ugly, with that terrible kind of ugliness that comes of an old woman's attempt to look young. She had been a noted beauty; artists had coupled her name with the creations of Paul Veronese, and rumor mixed her honor with somebody else than her husband. She had been a *femme galante*—but that was fifty years ago. Now she was a *devote*, and her mind, fixed on eternity, had lost count of the flight of time. Decrepit as she was, she fancied herself in the full glow of her mature attractions, and that evening, as on other Sunday evenings, she displayed them for the edification of the rector partly, but mostly of herself. It was a dreary meal, despite the gold plate on the table and sideboard. The lights were arranged to set off her person, as she sat with the rector on one side and me on the other, the rest of the long table vanishing into gloom, while the desolation of the huge room was relieved only by the spectral forms of six silent serving-men. The rector exhausted his gifts of talk; she was mute, a decked corpse at her own Egyptian feast.

Crazy? Who knows? For my own part I was too young then to analyze causes, and to-day I only recollect her as a worn, sapless woman, masquerading in the memory of her past.

But why should Herzog's prints have awakened this reminiscence? If you are familiar with them, you will recall that his motive is to create compositions of ideal beauty that shall appeal to the imagination through the decorative arrangement of line, masses, and chiaroscuro, and through sentiment of expression in the faces, poses, and gestures. Generally the appeal of these pictures is purely abstract; sometimes, however, it includes an allegorical or literary significance. His method of composition is based upon the principles brought to perfection by the great Italians—a balanced distribution of nicely calculated repetitions and contrasts. They derived it from the study of antique sculpture, influenced also, one may suspect, by the example of architecture. For, as in the case of the latter, it is a composition

of geometric arrangement, as florid as the designer chose to make it, yet essentially precise and formal.

The example of Michelangelo, Raphael, and Correggio, was imitated broadcast through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, until Winckelmann once more directed the attention of artists to the original source of Greek sculpture. Painting, thus re-inspired, produced a David, from whom are lineally descended the modern representatives of the so-called Academic School. Individuals have been variously affected by the naturalistic tendencies that surrounded and assailed the fortress of the Academy, but the latter still remains the exponent of form as opposed to color, of the formal, artificial building-up of "ideal" compositions instead of the representation of life. It stands for art as a thing separate from and superior to nature, in opposition to the modern effort to find the ideal in a union of art and life.

In applying the academic principle to photography, Herzog is without a rival, whether one considers the abundance of his studies or the knowledge and skill they exhibit. Yet the question arises: Is what he is doing worth while? I will try to consider it from two view-points: that of pictorial art generally, and of photography in particular.

Its relation to the academic department of painting is direct and close. Herzog, the photographer, is using his art as a good many painters use theirs—actuated by similar motives, employing corresponding methods, and producing practically equivalent results.

The *motive* is similar, for all set out to invent an ideal composition, in which the effects of nature shall be superseded by artifice. As to *method*, they start with some kind of preliminary sketch in which, as they would say, they "hunt" the line; decide upon the general direction and character of the lines and the distribution of the masses. Then for each of the figures a model is separately posed. The painter makes a detailed study of it; copying such parts of the figure as satisfy his taste, correcting others to bring them up to his standard of perfection, and changing the features and expression of the face to accord with his ideas of beauty and sentiment. Or, as is frequently the case, he will save a good deal of time and trouble by having the model photographed; after which he has a lantern-slide made, and throws the figure on to his canvas, draws it in either with his own hand or his assistant's, and subsequently adds what he can of perfection and sentiment. It is in this particular that the painter, while making a convenience of photography, boasts his superiority to it. He is not, he says, dependent on what the camera sees; he can have an antecedent conception, and work to it freely from start to finish. In this he recognizes, as we all do, the artistic limitations of the camera, but is ignorant of the artist-photographer's ability to reduce them. We will refer to this later; meanwhile it is pertinent to remark that this criticism of photography comes mainly from the academic painter, whose mind is blurred with the academic formula stated so bluntly by Ingres, that "form is everything."

However, even in this method of securing form-effects by the use of the camera, Herzog has gone the painters many times better. He has

trained his eye and feeling, as they have, by study of the old examples ; and he can pose a figure, manipulate the draperies, and calculate the niceties of gesture with the best of them, and surpass them in the originality and resourcefulness of his inventions. You may pick out dozens of his studies that are more imaginative in conception and handsomer in the patterning of forms and spaces than the mural paintings which are the product of our academic painters. If "form is everything," he has them beaten ; nor in the rivalry of coloring is he at much disadvantage, for the academic painter is not a colorist, and his tinted compositions make a poor showing beside the rich chiaroscuro of Herzog's prints.

He betters his painter-cousins in another way. With the audacity of the neophyte, he summons the conceptions of his imagination into immediate shape by posing a number of models simultaneously in one composite picture. In far less time than the painter bestows on the study of a single figure, he has secured a study of the whole. The results, as a rule, are surprisingly free from imperfections. With a remarkable faculty, simultaneously of comprehending the *ensemble*, and of being keenly sensitive to details, he handles his models with the genius of some great stage-manager, evolving an intricate figure out of a bunch of ballet-girls. They are responsive to his directions, and inspired by his purposes. On the other hand, if he is not satisfied with any attained result, he attacks his problem again, and, if need be, again and again, his own rapidity reinforced by that of the camera. So while a painter is tiring out his model over one drawing, Herzog can multiply his studies while his model or group of models is still fresh. The benefit of this is very marked. The best of his work has a spontaneity of feeling, a fluency of movement and line, compared with which a good many of our mural paintings seem mechanical and labored. They betray the evidence of having been built up piece by piece, while his would rather seem to have grown together. Therefore it is not surprising that the academic painters applaud Herzog's work as the best thing in photography, while some few even regard it as a menace to their own art.

And now for a consideration of his *results*. I have said they are practically equivalent to those obtained by the academic painter : by which I mean that they make a corresponding appeal to the spectator. How does the work of both affect us ?

If we are satisfied with the abstract enjoyment to be derived from the beauty of lines and masses and chiaroscuro, we shall applaud it, not vociferously, perhaps, but sincerely. So, too, if we can still take an interest in allegory, and recognize, for example, in a lady, holding a toy ship, an adequate suggestion of the vastness and complexity of modern commerce ; or, when the artist requests her to slip off her clothes, and hold a mirror, discover in this allegory of Truth some incentive to more honorable living in our own day. But I have strayed into an inadvertence ; for this style of picture makes little or no pretence of wedding art with life.

What, however, if we happen to be much alive, and to know and to be impressed with the fact that the whole trend of modern science has been

toward a better understanding of living, and the direction of modern art to try to body forth the form and ideals and emotions of actual present life? What, if, with no less respectful admiration for the dead Beethoven, we thrill to the modernity of the living Strauss? Will such of us be able to satisfy our sense of structural beauty, our spiritual consciousness, and the eager longing of our physical and mental life, with this comparatively puny effort to revive the spirit of a past that is dead? For the Academician, whether painter or photographer, is only stirring ashes out of which all fire is passed. The fire is dead because the conditions are dead which started it and fed it. For in its recovery of art and knowledge, the world of the Renaissance was a young world, with, at once, a child's sexless attitude toward form, and the natural man's capacity for passion: a world of pageantry, set before all eyes in religious and public ceremonies, familiar to those of high estate in palaces and courts; an age accustomed to mimic allegorical displays in which the stage-carpenter, property-maker, and costumer carried out the designs of the artist. And when the latter, in easel-picture or mural panel, rendered the religious fervor of the masses, or the devotion, scarcely less religious, of cultivated people for the classic legends, or celebrated the pomp and circumstance of a municipality or a noble family, he conceived his subject with a mingling of naïveté and freedom of intention, and represented it in a manner of formal stateliness or of splendid pageantry that was tuned to the emotion and experience of the time.

But to-day, and in America? Our drama, when it is anything but foolishness, is realistic; our engrossment, not with allegories and old-world myths, but with actualities of the present; our life is a fast and strenuous race, heeding little of ceremonial formalities; the cast of our mind toward seriousness and subtleties; our capacity for pain and pleasure multiform and complex. For all the youth of the nation, we have been born into a late time. Yet these academical artists would interpret the drama of our throbbing life by recourse to costumes, mechanicals, and properties dragged from the lumber-room of antiquity. No wonder I was reminded of that painted, costumed anachronism, Her Ladyship, the Countess!

So far we have been considering Herzog in company of his colleagues the academical painters. It remains to discuss him in relation to his own, particular art of photography. We recall that the latter is a new art, as electricity is a new science. Each has captured and harnessed an elemental force: the one to transmit speech, the other, sight. Each is endowed with motive power: electricity to move the body, photography, the spirit. We recall too, that contemporary with the development of photography has been a new development in painting. The new motive of the latter, intent at first upon the actual representation of form, as it is, gradually passed to a study of the *milieu* in which all form appears—the *enveloppe* of lighted atmosphere. The realist and the idealist, alike, discovered that the means to attain his purpose was to be found in the rendering of light.

The one, by rendering the light upon his figure, gave it increased reality; the other, noting how the variations of lighted atmosphere changed

the aspect of the landscape, discovered that the rendering of light was a potent means of emotional expression. For the grand generalization of old-fashioned chiaroscuro, the artist, working in the modern spirit, has substituted a delicate analysis of light. Moreover, in studying the effect of light on the local colors of objects, he has discovered new subtleties of tone. In a word, *quality*, as represented in the "values," or degrees of light, and in "tone," or the relation of lighted surfaces to one another, is now both the motive of his craftsmanship and his medium of expression.

Herzog, however, regards this *quality* as being purely a trick of craftsmanship, attainable in its perfection by any one with a reasonable knowledge of and skill in photographic processes. If it is so simple a matter, how surprising that so few attain it! His own failure to secure this *quality* he explains by saying that he does not consider it of sufficient importance!

It is precisely in this respect that he proves himself to be out of touch with his time and with the modern aims of painting and photography. Though he is handling a new medium, which is peculiarly responsive to the new technical motive, he puts it to the service of a motive that is belated. He affects to belittle it, forgetting that it is by the use of this technical "trick," as he styles it, that Whistler expressed the beauty of his conceptions, and that the modern landscape picture has been brought to its present efficiency; that, in a word, it is to the use of this "trick," that the majority of what is best in modern pictorial art is to be ascribed. Meanwhile, he himself locks step with the painters of Her Ancient Ladyship, as she masquerades in the gewgaws of her youth.

But there is another aspect of *quality*. It is not only a matter of technique, but a medium of expression. Of this, however, it would seem that Herzog is completely unconscious. Yet he must admit, I suppose, that even in manipulating the technical "trick," the result is considerably determined by the operator's own personality. He can not prevent the print from becoming an expression of either the depth or the shallowness of his artistic intentions. Herzog's own prints, for example, betray the limitation of his purpose. They show him to be mainly occupied with the abstract beauty of line and mass, with the unindividual expression of form—the academic ideal of expression. Meanwhile, the tendency of the modern world has been toward individuality, and the modern artist has extended his conception of beauty in order to include Rembrandt, for example, as well as Bouguereau.

So far as it can be put into one word, the new ideal is character—both expression of character and character of expression. The modern artist seeks to discover the individuality existing both in himself and in his subject; and, not in the manner of sweeping generalizations, but of searching and exact analysis. He is conscious of a complexity of sensations in himself and of suggestions in the world about him, and seeks to interpret their subtlety. He has found the means in this new idea of technique. It is to him an instrument of wide range and sensitive possibilities, responsive to the variations of his own moods, and suggestive to the imagination of others; and, as the musician, not satisfied with brilliant finger-work, demands *quality*

in his instrument, and seeks to express *quality* in his playing, so the painter and photographer, if he is in touch with modern feeling, tries for *quality* in his pictures.

Herzog doesn't. In belittling the technique of quality he proves himself behind the march of the last fifty years; in not caring for its expressiveness, he is out of touch with the modern spirit. While photography, like painting, has been striding toward a new light, he has made a strategic movement to the rear, and set his face backward, to where the sun has long since set. In the dwindling glow of its reflection he conjures up the phantom of Her Ancient Ladyship.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

SOME SAYINGS OF ALFRED STEVENS.*



HE more an artist knows, the more he simplifies.

An artist's feeling may be judged by a flower that he has painted.

A smile is more difficult to express than tears.

Art is made for the fastidious and passes over the heads of the vulgar; otherwise it would no longer be art.

Violence is not strength.

A painter should not live on his memories: he should paint what he sees, what has just moved him.

In painting there are no phenomenons; infant prodigies such as Pascal, Mozart, Pico de la Mirandola, etc., do not exist in our art.

The grandeur of a work is not measured by its dimensions.

One is a great painter only on condition of being a great craftsman.

Air indoors is more difficult to paint than air outdoors.

A picture, like a pretty woman, needs dress.

—From *The Scrip*.

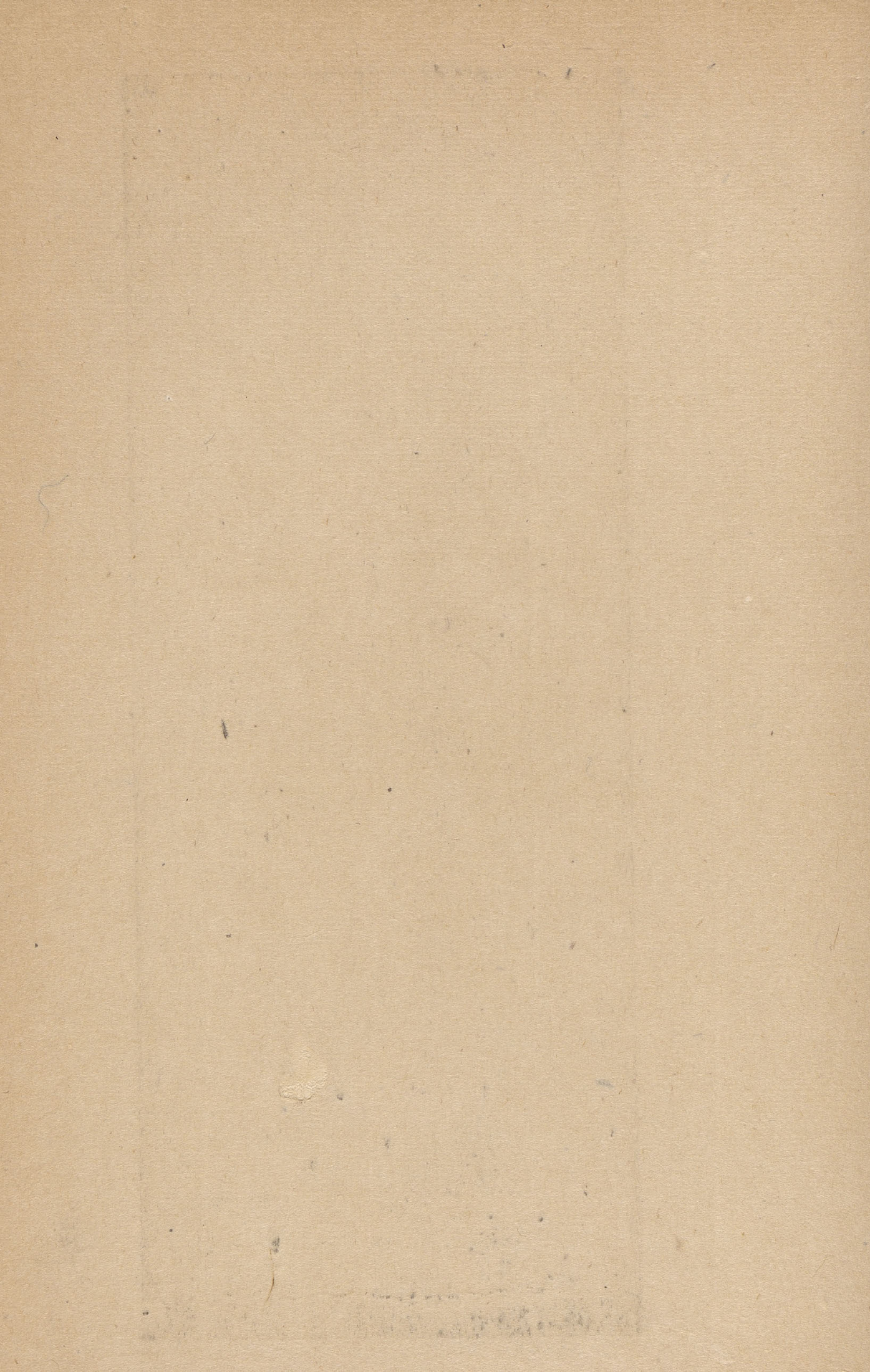
* Translated from the French by Mary Gould Luther.

PLATES

F. BENEDICT HERZOG.

- I. The Banks of Lethe.
- II. 'Twixt the Cup and the Lip.







THE LONDON PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON FOR 1906.



THREE summer months of camera work in France, chateau-hunting, deprived me of my wonted task of decorating and hanging the Salon, and of participating in the selecting-day's duties. This gave me a certain sense of detachment, when visiting the gallery to make these notes, and I found my general impression, both first and last, to be that it was dull; it lacked sparkle, life, attractiveness, special intention; it seemed too plainly only a photographic show. I did not feel in the presence of a new art, or of any particularly new presentment of *our* art. Though A. L. Coburn, my successor as hanger and decorator, has done his difficult work with commendable judgment, I think his brown-paper background a mistake; it works out with a too indeterminate white effect by reflected light, and is otherwise too much of one tone with the majority of the pictures to afford the required relief; its broken surface worries from its much crinkling. Paper is not a suitable medium for a wall covering, unless it be pasted down; this was of course impossible on these walls, and the result is an entire absence of even color or surface; indeed, the broken surface suggests nothing but defects in the putting-up. The dull impression, as a whole, is also helped by the too general keeping of each man's work together, and the consequent non-mixing-up of light and dark mounts and pictures. I still think that, for a public gallery, the purely decorative treatment is best; to regard the frames and pictures as so much decorative material; so that the walls shall first attract generally by the welcoming aspect of the room as a whole, and thus stimulate to a closer inspection; whereas, I felt these walls to almost repel, from their general dulness of effect. The only exception I should make as to hanging one man's work together, would be in the case of the pictures being hung on one line only, no one above or below another. One then goes from print to print, and does not lump several together in one effect, which leads too often to mere monotony. The much fewer number of frames accepted this year has given the hanger a much better chance than I ever had of properly spacing the pictures; but I think he has overdone this, and so has erred in placing many works of delicate effect or detail far too high to be properly seen or appreciated. Many things, also, are hung on the sight-line, which it would have been much wiser and kinder to have hung as high as may be. The dulness of the exhibition also comes from a too large admission of what I consider mediocre, or worse, prints. It is more than absurd to see on the same wall with the Demachy's, for instance, prints that ought really never be submitted to an important London exhibition. It either means that the majority of the thousand and odd prints submitted this year were really bad, for so many mediocre things to pass, or that the committee got overtired and lost judgment, in which case, some method of judging must be adopted, which will allow of a revision of the accepted things. It should not be possible for a rejected contributor to

attend an exhibition and find that worse things than his rejected ones have been hung; I fear that this year this must be the case in many instances.

But to come to particulars. Mr. Cadby (England) has four of his delightful child-studies; none seem to me quite so intimately happy as usual, and all would have gained by being seen separately, and not *en bloc*, as now. His "Snow Sketch," though clever to distraction, is not nearly as good as an earlier effort in the same genre I can recall; there is here no sense of cold or snow, only of blank paper with a few clever lines on it, excellently placed and spaced lines, to be sure, but not really winter suggesting. Mrs. Cadby's (England) "Honesty" fails in one way only; the spray is beautifully placed, but the texture of the paper shows too plainly through the seed-vessels, and tends to destroy their surface-charm and truth; their exquisite translucence is not fully suggested or given. The most satisfying collection in the gallery is that by Demachy (France). So good and so various is the work that it suffers no whit in being hung together. One feels at once in the presence of the trained and accomplished artist; one who has really learned his business; it is not the mere 'prentice-hand that is here evident. One does not need to accept or apologize for the work as merely relatively good, relative, that is, to the limitations of the tools, or the material, or the craftsman in the making. These things are positively, not relatively, good; the painter's, the picture-qualities, are instant in their effect on one, while the working out, the value of tone against tone, is so accomplished, so sincere and successful, as to make one both envious and emulous.

Craig Annan (Scotland), in his "Stirling Castle," and "Lady in a Silk Gown," is as distinguished as ever, though I can not quite accept the truth of his sky over the castle; such a brightly-lit, cumulous cloud could hardly have such a genuine early-evening effect on the foreground and middle distance. His "Thames at Hampton" is a delightfully soft and rich rendering of water, wet and deep, and full of true surface treatment. Mr. M. Arbuthnot (England) has some "gums," most of the sort that make one wish this aggravating but incomparable process had never been invented, such a misleading method is it in inefficiently-trained hands or eyes. The "Road to the Farm" in especial seems to me to be full of the worst faults of "gum"—granular surface, absence of planes, of tone-values, or of any real sense of textures. "After Rain" is better, so much so, as to make one wonder how the same man can accept both, though even this is not really worthwhile when one knows what the best gum-work may be. George Davison's (England) "The Mitre, Hampton Court," has a very pleasant effect on the wall, but it is hung too high for full enjoyment; here, indeed, is a definitely bad piece of hanging, for the gum under it, "Across the Sandhills, Harech," would have gained by being hung as high as possible, though, personally, I don't want it hung at all, it seems so lacking in truth to either subject or light, and is so disagreeably granular, and so barren of anything like space, aerial charm, or beauty of color. It must have some special attraction and meaning to its conscientious and experienced maker, but I fail to share it; it is the kind of "gum" that makes me bristle with opposition. W. Bennington's

(England) "Pines" is a good workmanlike exercise; the trees are excellently placed and in good lighting, but the whole effect is not specially inspired or inspiring; one accepts it, but does not linger over it. His "Evening Mists" is a tender piece of work in a difficult sort, but it errs on the side of indistinctness and irresoluteness; the detail, the "stuff" through the mist, should be a good deal more understandable, apparent, and real; the whole is too tenuous to have a sufficiently abiding charm.

Horsley Hinton's (England) "On the Moors," was a daring and a difficult thing to try for, but it "comes off" excellently. The sudden and fleeting mist that comes sweeping across a moorland stretch, filmy and transparent, yet of sufficient body to all but hide the rocks and ground it races over—all this I have reveled in many and many a time, and Mr. Hinton's fine work brings back my enjoyment with a keen edge to it. His composition is happier than usual, and the textures and focusing are free from those eccentric and inartistic—because unpainterlike—effects that too often, for me, mar his work. Mr. Craigie's (England) portrait of Coburn is quite successful as a character-study, very well lit and modeled; a virile and well-balanced piece of work. Arthur Marshall's "Appian Way" suffers from an absurdly undue mass of foreground, reducing the "Way" itself to a mere inconsiderable rise or slope in the distance; trim away a full half from the bottom and it becomes a good enough exercise, though not specially remarkable. These exaggerated foregrounds, which the eye never sees or feels, come from the full enlarging of whatever the snap-shot camera, with its insufficient rising front, has given. I feel sure that if this "Appian Way" had been taken direct in this size on a large plate this effect of grossly exaggerated foreground would not have been worked for; why then keep it, when it is but due to a defective use of a small hand-camera? "A Venetian Pearl," by the same hand, is nearly a really fine thing; but the sky is poor in gradation and sense of space; the whole is too good not to be discarded in its present state, and tried for again when the conditions should prove happier. Walter Clutterbuck's (England) "In the Trades" is finely full of go and motion, while at a respectful distance the undue granularity of surface does not worry overmuch. Here again this unpleasant peculiarity of inferior gum-work, the granular surface-appearance which obtrudes itself, and will not be lost sight of, goes through all planes alike, and insists on being felt. Kühn (Austria) has a good collection, which, though of course full of excellent work, does not move me as did last year's; but his "Schoolboy" is an unconventional child-study full of character.

Mrs. Käsebier (America) sends a gum version of her very exquisite girl-study, "Josephine." I rejoice in the possession of a perfect platinotype-print of this, and for truth, and charm, and value, in every way I rank it as infinitely superior to this "gum" version. The platinotype is arresting and enjoyable at first sight, and grows on one as a quite perfect and happy piece of true portrait-photography; but the gum version is hardly more than interesting. I should like to see a good platinum-print of Mrs. Käsebier's "From the Crinoline Ball," a colored photograph of much charm, though not

fully successful. It is, to my mind, horribly marred by the affectation of the roughly-torn edges of the paper it is printed on. The girls are dainty and daintily-dressed dears; why not send them out on a dainty and daintily-exact mount? Mr. J. P. Hodgins (Canada) has a most imaginatively treated avenue of trees, full of somber grandeur, though it is misleading in its title of "Landscape."

Alvin Langdon Coburn's (America) examples are in much the same vein as last year, while fully as characteristic and forceful. I like "Spider's Webs" much for its water treatment; this also seems a bad title, as there is nothing circular or radiating in the lines of rigging, and I would like to cut off the heavy piece of opaque reflection at the bottom, which has too little at the top as its counterpart to have a full meaning, and only suggests the beginning of a new composition, rather than the completion of this one. "The Rudder" has been widely praised, and deservedly so, for it is a successful study of action, and of values in shadows, while the masses and lines are quite imposing. His "Rodin" gives the man, the great man, the thinker and worker, more truly than any other version I have seen; it is quite one of the best pieces of portraiture this clever young man has achieved, and is a valuable legacy to contemporary records of our great men. The nude Bernard Shaw, "Le Penseur," "naked and unashamed," is an excellent exercise in sunlit flesh-tones, well modeled and given, except for the indeterminate treatment of the lower half of the legs and the feet. It also reveals the fact that Mr. Shaw's vegetarianism is nourishing enough to fully confound his opponents. The one objection I have to it as an exhibition-piece is that it seems to imply that Mr. Shaw does his thinking in this nude condition, a quite unnecessary piece of information. If it is meant to convince us that vegetarianism is as nourishing as a flesh diet, it should not have been called "Le Penseur," while, if that title is given to convey the information that Mr. Shaw's histrionic genius is sufficient to enable him to reproduce Rodin's famous statue in the flesh, then the recognizability of the face is a mistake, for that locates the thinker as G. B. S., and not merely gives, as Rodin's statue does, an impersonal semblance of a thinker. The fact is it is an amusing and successful bit of work, but it is not, therefore, necessarily suitable for public exhibition. One resents this giving our only important playwright such a cheap advertisement; he is far too valuable to the world at large to be minimized in this way. Mr. Herzog's (America) "Alas, Poor Yorick!" is amazingly clever and painstaking; but why a girl for the Hamlet? And who are the girls on either hand? I seem to remember that when Hamlet made that famous apostrophe, his auditors were but Horatio and the First Gravedigger.

Mr. Alexander Keighley's (England) work is, as usual, most interesting and picturelike; marvels of enlarging from the luckiest, or most consummate, of hand-exposures. His "Calle del Duomo, Chioggia," would be the best he has done, but for its poor and thin color, and for its weak sky, which has no depth in it or true lighting; but the whole makes a splendid piece of composition—grand and ennobling, and true to the spirit of the place.

I can not enjoy Puyo's (France) color-exercises; the color seems hot and unnatural, and not nearly so good or pleasing as those of last year; indeed, there seems to be no real progress at present in color-work anywhere.

"Fantasia," by Cavendish Morton (England), is a most exhilarating effort—a Columbine just halted in front of the footlights, the conductor of the orchestra below (almost a silhouette) with outstretched baton. It is full of fascination, movement, *esprit*; the pose is most happily caught; one realizes to the full, the happy bound with which the effervescent creature will spring away the next moment, while the smile is most fit and admirably given. Its only fault is the far too apparent handwork over background and conductor.

On the whole, however, I was discouraged. I came away with less of hope than usual; the game did not seem so well worth the pains. The exceptions are there, of course, but their influence does not seem widespread enough; perhaps it is a year of lying fallow, and the next may see a fresher outlook, and a more active endeavor after the exceptional in both subject and treatment.

FREDERICK H. EVANS.

TINNED TIDBITS.



BEAUTY is based on a formula!" asserted the too-learned Man. "I have dissected and analyzed it in its phenomena. It is composed of perfectly simple and ordinary elements, known to all scientific men"—(Here the Artist smelt of a moss-rose bud.)

"Some day we shall find the absolute method of synthesis," continued the Man, "applicable to all the arts. Then erratic artists, who say beauty is not a thing for pure, intellectual comprehension, will find out their uselessness, to their confusion. Art will become a by-product, to be manufactured by science when in a light mood."

"Yes, like very synthetic sausages!" murmured the Artist. "But I do hope the government inspection will be made stringent."

DALLETT FUGUET.

THE A B C OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

O is for Ortho, a foxy
Greek prefix for dry plates and doxy.
It is such a nice feeling,
Whether printing or kneeling,
To be perfectly cocksure by proxy!

P is the Pin-hole, with which
The frugal and leisurely rich
Spend time and save money
Doing pictures Saloney —
If only the subject don't twitch.

Q'S for Q. S. (that is *quantum sufficit*)
Which you've seen in the books, and thought, "Heavens!
What is it?"
Well — it's not an ingredient,
But means it's expedient,
Without being a hog, to eschew a deficit.

R is for Rembrandt. You bet
That we're proud to acknowledge our debt
To the Dutchman's account,
Who invented the mount
That is used on Fifth Avenue yet!

S is for Swing-back, a compound connection
Contrived by some genius for focal correction.
But the question, gol-ding it,
Of which way to swing it,
Balls up a non-genius's bump of direction.

T is for Truth, which we're often
Called "fuzzy" for trying to soften.
As though Art ever flourished
Without being nourished
By Truth — underneath — in its coffin!

J. B. KERFOOT.

PLATES

HARRY C. RUBINCAM.

I. In the Circus.

A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE.

II. Fish.



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OUR ARTICLES.



THE editors of CAMERA WORK wish to reiterate for the *n*th time that the articles published in the magazine do not necessarily reflect their own views. As a matter of fact few of them do. It has been our policy—and it will continue to be our policy—to print such articles as we deem timely, interesting or provocative of ideas.

Mr. Herzog's panel compositions having been the photographic "sensation" of the year and having been the subject of much discussion, not only among the photographers but among the painters, we are glad to print the article which appears in this number from the pen of Mr. Caffin, the art critic, giving his impressions of these studies. We have no intention of commenting in any way upon Mr. Caffin's views, but feel that it may be interesting, in passing, to supplement an incomplete statement made by him of Mr. Herzog's method of achieving some of his results. Mr. Caffin alludes to Mr. Herzog's composite groups, but omits to mention his actual method of producing, let us say, *The Banks of Lethe*, assuming that he posed the group of figures as rendered in that composition and then photographed it. As a matter of fact Mr. Herzog proceeded approximately as follows: having made innumerable single- or occasionally double-figure studies on 4 x 5 plates, and having made bromide enlargements from each of these negatives, and having from these enlargements cut out the figures, paper-doll fashion, he then proceeded, on a large panel, and with these figures and a paper of pins, to group and re-group, arrange and re-arrange—in short, carry on experiments in his "hunt for the line!" When finally the composition satisfied his eye, he pasted down the pinned figures and with brush and pigment filled the gaps and pulled together the sections of his composition. Lastly, he photographed this result in various sizes, thus producing a number of "original" negatives. From one of these the accompanying photogravure was made without any tool work or retouching whatever.

At the Fourteenth Annual London Salon just held, the United States, in comparison with recent years, was but sparsely represented, owing, undoubtedly, to the circumstances that many of its well-known pictorialists, Steichen, White, Eugene, Keiley, Dyer, Seeley, Stieglitz, Boughton, Schütze, Brigman, etc., etc., had refrained from participating. Notwithstanding the comparatively small number of American pictures shown in the exhibition—thirty-seven in all, representing the following workers: Jeanne E. Bennett, Sidney Carter, Fannie E. Coburn, Alvin Langdon Coburn, J. Mitchell Elliot, Adelaide Hanscom, J. P. Hodgins, Gertrude Käsebier, Helen Lohmann, W. B. Post, Frederick H. Pratt, W. Orison Underwood (these all Photo-Secessionists), Fedora E. D. Brown, A. S. Goss, J. E. Greene, F. Benedict Herzog, F. B. Johnston, and Ema Spencer—Mr. Frederick H. Evans, who had reviewed the Salons of 1904 and 1905 for CAMERA WORK, was nevertheless commissioned by us to review the exhibition of 1906.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE first six plates in this number of *CAMERA WORK* are devoted to the work of Mr. Joseph T. Keiley. The gravures, "Lenore," "The Last Hour," "Portrait—Miss De C.," and "Spring," were all made directly from Mr. Keiley's original negatives; none of which have been manipulated or retouched in any respect or from any point of view. "A Garden of Dreams" and "A Bit of Paris" are halftones made from two of Mr. Keiley's most successful glycerine platinotypes. This printing method he was undoubtedly the first to use with understanding, and in fact was the first to introduce to the pictorial photographer in its present valuable, practical and modified form, thus having virtually done for the glycerine process what Mr. Demachy has done for the gum.

The two plates devoted to Mr. F. Benedict Herzog's compositions are gravures made directly from "original" negatives. Mr. Herzog's pictures and methods are fully treated elsewhere in this number of the magazine.

"In the Circus," by Harry C. Rubincam of Denver, was reproduced directly from the original negative. Mr. Dugmore's beautiful fish study was similarly reproduced. Thus these two examples, together with four of Mr. Keiley's, represent photography in its pure phase.

In "Progress in Photo-Portraiture," by Mr. J. Montgomery Flagg, our readers are given an opportunity to see how one of this country's cleverest cartoonists has been impressed with some of the new photography as compared with the old.

THE PHOTO-SECESSION GALLERIES.



ON November eighth the second series of exhibitions at 291 Fifth Avenue was ushered in with a Members' Exhibition. In all eighty-four prints were hung, representing the work of the following Secessionists: (the numbers in parenthesis denote the number of pictures each had on the walls) Alvin Langdon Coburn (7); Gertrude Käsebier (7); Eduard J. Steichen (7); Clarence H. White (7); George H. Seeley (5); Alice Boughton (4); W. B. Dyer (4); Joseph T. Keiley (4); Frederick H. Pratt (4); Annie W. Brigman (3); Helen Lohmann (3); Alfred Stieglitz (3); Jeanne E. Bennett (2); Herbert G. French (2). The following had but one print each: John G. Bullock; Sidney Carter; J. M. Elliot; Adelaide Hanscom; I. P. Hodgins; Spencer Kellogg, Jr.; E. Keck; J. B. Kerfoot; Marshall R. Kernochan; Chester A. Lawrence; Chas. H. MacDowell; Chas. Peabody; Jeanette E. Peabody;

Landon Rives; Harry C. Rubincam; H. T. Rowley; Edmund Stirling; Myra Wiggins; S. S. Webber; and S. L. Willard.

The general average and standard of the exhibition were quite as high, it not somewhat higher, than that of last year's members' show. Several new notes have been struck, and all in all, American pictorial photography, as represented by this Photo-Secession exhibition, shows itself thoroughly alive. Up to the time of going to press, the attendance has been remarkably good, notwithstanding the fact that the novelty of the Secession Galleries has worn off, and that this particular exhibition contains nothing of the sensational order. This exhibition remains open until January first, when a new collection will be on view. Admittance is free upon presentation of visiting-card.

A VALUABLE BOOK — "THE COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHER."*



IT is with a sense of personal satisfaction—the personal satisfaction that comes to us from finding that some one has at last done what we have long wished that some one would do—that we call attention to "The Complete Photographer," by R. Child Bayley. The title is an ambitious one, and to say that the book comes calculably near to earning it, is to give it high praise; but Mr. Bayley's long personal familiarity with his subject, his very actual and very catholic interest, and the saving grace of his honest self-expression, give the book a character and a value that are not to be gainsaid. To trace the pedigree of photographic technics, to outline the successive dynasties of photographic motifs, to review the present (that is to say, the pictorial) situation, and discuss, informingly yet informally, the entire subject of photographic means and photographic methods—this is what Mr. Bayley has undertaken to do, and this is what, to a very satisfactory degree, he has accomplished. Moreover, he has fulfilled another and perhaps a less obvious implication of his title in that he has written a book which is neither deep enough to submerge the beginner, nor too shallow for the expert to swim in. Heretofore there has frequently been something of analogy between the attitude of the man who was writing about photography, and of the man who was submitting to it. Each has been unduly conscious of his position. Each has felt it incumbent upon him to sit up straight, and be preternaturally unnatural. Mr. Bayley, on the other hand, has managed to be human even while he is being technical, and the reader of his book has the double pleasure of learning a great deal about photography, and of feeling that he has met Mr. Bayley.

J. B. KERFOOT.

* "The Complete Photographer," by R. Child Bayley, with 100 illustrations, and photogravure frontispiece. Demy 8vo, pp. 410 + xii. Methuen & Co., London. For the convenience of our readers, orders can be placed with CAMERA WORK, 1111 Madison Avenue, New York. Price, \$3.50 net + postage, 50 cents.

PLATES

J. MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

Progress in Photo-Portraiture.

- I. Portrait of Mr. Wotsname taken several years ago.
- II. Portrait of same gentleman taken to-day.



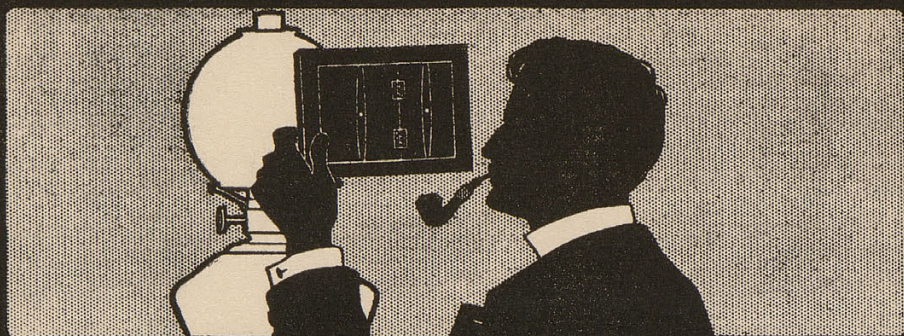
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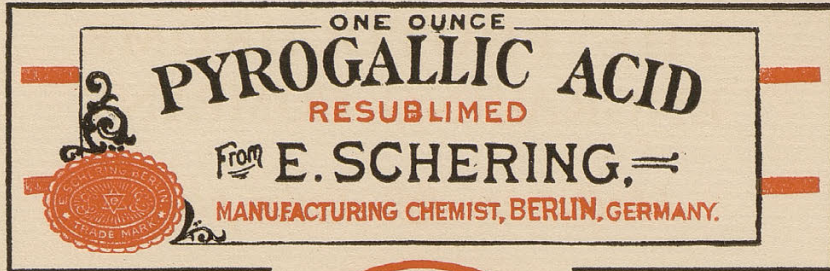
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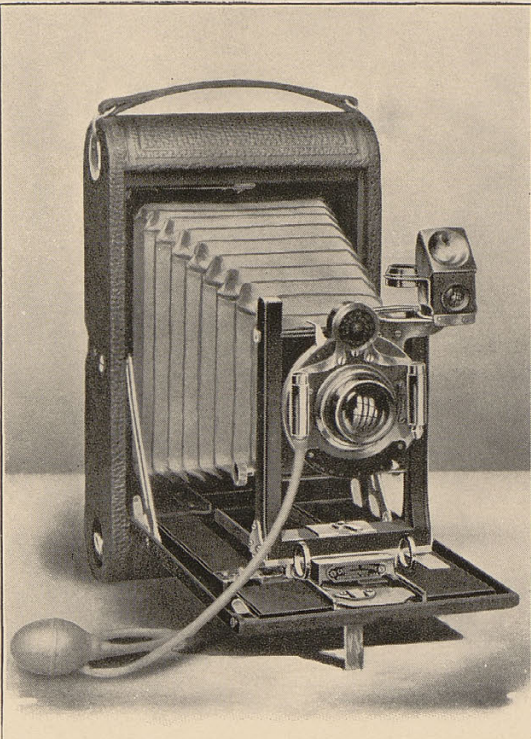
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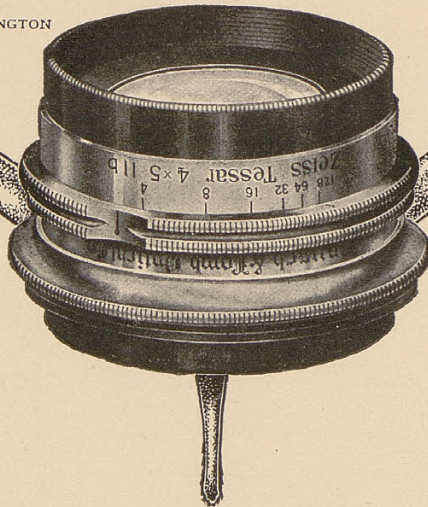
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2½ x 4¼	2dz. 45	5½ x 7¾		65
3½ x 3½	2dz. 45	6 x 8		75
3 x 4	2dz. 45	6½ x 8½		80
3½ x 4	2dz. 45	7 x 9		90
4 x 4	1dz. 30	7½ x 9½		1 00
3¼ x 4¼	2dz. 45	8 x 10		1 15
4¼ x 4¼	1dz. 30	10 x 12		1 65
3½ x 5½ Cab	30	11 x 14	1 15	2 20
3¾ x 5¾	45	12 x 15	1 35	2 50
4 x 5	30	14 x 17	1 75	3 30
4¼ x 5½	45	16 x 20	2 25	4 35
4 x 6	45	17 x 20	2 50	4 80
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DIRECTIONS

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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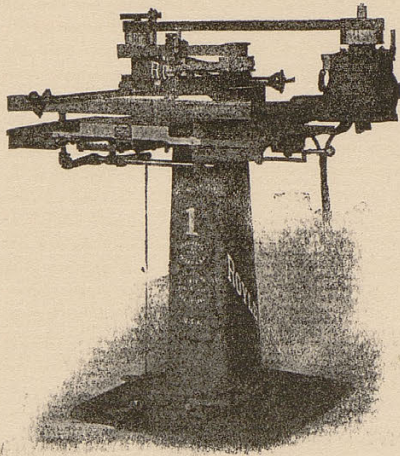
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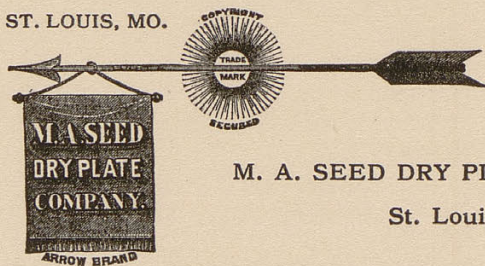
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