

CAMERA WORK:

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PLATES

ALICE BOUGHTON

- I. Danish Girl.
- II. Dawn.
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- IV. Nature.
- V. Nude.
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CARICATURE AND NEW YORK

ART being the record of the self-consciousness of man, New York is naturally incapacitated from appreciating the works of the men who in the midst of the city's mad money-frenzy are doing something for the æsthetic advancement of the American people. New York is not yet self-conscious; the American people is not yet self-conscious. Until the senseless material orgy is at an end and the brain ceases to be the handmaiden of the belly, art must wait.

Especially is this so of the great and revealing art of caricature. The New-Yorker is as temperamentally unfitted for appreciating caricature as he is from experiencing emotion before an engraving of Felicien Rops or a great play like Ibsen's *Rosmersholm*. Always the finer, the supersensible, the subtle, the ironic escapes his fat mind. He, being still a child, must have the pretty and the pleasant. In matters artistic he is the Candy Kid. To him the truth about anything is a kind of infamy. In caricature, he scents ugliness, missing entirely the intellectual principle, the ironic twinkle.

The exhibitions of caricature which have been given from time to time in New York have been poorly attended. Very little or almost nothing has been sold at these exhibitions. The exhibition which was held here in 1904—an exhibition which gave us the best work of Sem, Cappiello, Fornaro and Max Beerbohm—resulted in the sale of a few of the Beerbohms, probably because Beerbohm's "art" comes nearer the comic Valentine stage than any one else's. And the comic Valentine is still confounded with caricature in this country.

An exhibition of caricature lately held in the Little Gallery of the Photo-Secession on Fifth Avenue was treated jocularly by a few reviewers and comparatively neglected by the public. These caricatures were among the most remarkable ever seen in New York. They were the work of Mr. Marius de Zayas; and, of course, were caviare to the general. Mr. de Zayas, like Sem, Cappiello and Fornaro, insists that his art must be taken seriously. And why not? A caricaturist, like a great novelist, a great painter, a great sculptor, sees the human race in his own way, his unique way, his own terribly sincere way. He, like them, is a divinizing psychologist.

The caricaturist has his message. But here in New York it so happens that this message carries at its core the one great sin, which is a violation of the Anglo-Saxon injunction: Thou shalt not commit irony! To the caricaturist the world exists to be sneered at. And this sneer is a serious matter. Swift, Voltaire and Flaubert—their works are a deadly sneer, a cosmic sneer, a ghastly sneer; a sneer rooted in perception. It is so, too, with the great caricaturist. His sneer is the sneer of all wisdom, the unarithmetical sneer of Aristophanes, the kindly-malicious wink of Cervantes.

For the poet the world exists to be wondered at; for the scientist the world exists to be analyzed; for the religious devotee the world exists to be

overcome; for the caricaturist the world exists to be sneered at. And to sneer in New York—well, artistically it means to take up your pack and walk.

Then, the original mind in New York has the moral canker to contend with. A thing must be good or evil, it must be tainted with the New England strain; it must be moral. Caricature is the art that is “beyond good and evil”—to use the pregnant phrase coined by Nietzsche. Sem, the great French caricaturist, says it is impossible to caricature a “good” face because goodness tends to stupidity. Where there is character there is always something of evil; that is, pain, rebellion, struggle, life-and-death. “How can caricature elevate the masses?”—we hear our socialistic East-Side workers asking us. A question that is at once stupid and superfluous. The caricaturist comes to slit your mask of smugness and conformity and create mirth in your brain. To him morals are myths.

Nor is the art of the caricaturist an amiable art—and in New York amiability is a cardinal principle of success. In art amiability is a vice; in caricature it is worse than a vice; it is ridiculous. Sem and de Zayas and Simpson sting and bite. These men are big in so far as they are pitiless. The caricaturist flings your face on paper, and if you shudder at the epiphany of your curtained secrets—as in that wonderful picture of Réjane by Sem—it is because you fear this peering trespasser in your soul. And when he sees the bourgeois shudder—that is the sign by which he knows he has done greatly.

This art is a stringent, peremptory art. It has a logic based on acute insight, a remorseless logic that runs down to its extremest esoteric secret, that hardly perceptible line around the mouth or the wavering look in the eye. And the logic of a face or gesture is seldom flattering. It stings like truth.

It is by this deft distortion—or rather accentuation—of mere fact that the caricaturist shocks. In a single line he will bring each hair to judgment—because each hair, to him, has character. He loves the human race for the mistakes it has made. He is a sneering seer, a prankish Mephisto, with just a touch of Hamlet’s malady. If he is sometimes fantastic and grotesque in his work it is because life seems to him fantastic and grotesque; it will seem so to any one who stands high enough up the mental rungs and looks down. And when the New York mind gets out of the gutter long enough and mounts these rungs of perception it will come to understand and appreciate the caricature.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

MODERN CHIAROSCURAL DEFICIENCIES AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON PICTORIAL ART

IN his "Art in the Netherlands" and his various books on Italian art, H. Taine has maintained that the hand of the medieval painter was largely guided by optical sensations. And following his rather suggestive than conclusive trend of argument we will readily perceive that the peculiar lighting conditions of those days, the semi-darkness of the interiors, the play of sunlight dying in the obscurity of shadows, and the absence of strong artificial lights, have done much to disclose to the genius of a Titian and a Rembrandt the manifold harmonies of chiaroscuro, of coloring, modeling and emotion. The tallow-candle, the oil-lamp, the torch and the open fireplace were the only artificial light appliances known to the middle ages, and they were all only like solitary rays of light in universal darkness. Illumine a room at night by putting a candle on the table or on the floor, and judge for yourself. The effects obtained will no doubt appear to you as very weird and picturesque. The flickering light is feeble, the shadows are intensely dark and pronounced, almost crude, and vacillating, as if engaged in a continual combat with light. The contrasts are startling, yet not discordant; the vague train of light mingled with the shadows accentuates only a few places with vivid spots, perchance the polished surface of a piece of furniture, a glass or pewter mug on the table, the collaret or jeweled belt of some fair lady. The eye is led to noticing gradations of obscurity, the darkness grows animated with color and form, and we see the objects as through a *glaze* of Vandyke brown.

No wonder that the painter of the middle ages, having become sensitive to the beauty of transparent darkness and the brilliant passages of light, dared to unite the greatest extremes, and show every form and color in its full strength. The vagueness of chiaroscural effects was the great modifier which enveloped all adjacent objects in *clair obscure* and tempered them with a warm and mellow radiance.

How different are the conditions in our time. There are no more Scholken or Rembrandt effects. We have succeeded in banishing darkness from our homes. We have become very sanitary, we want light and air, and our windows are built on a level with the floor, and through the increased largeness and transparency of panes the daylight streams in with dazzling vehemence. It penetrates into the remotest nooks and corners. Even at dawn the shadows are only vaguely dark, of an uncertain and mixed bluish gray. Lenbach, the portrait painter, realized this deficiency and found it necessary to construct a special studio, where the light is only sparingly admitted through narrow windows, and in which the sitters for his old-masterish interpretations of modern characters are placed far away from the windows.

The greatest havoc among chiaroscural effects, however, has been played by modern light appliances. Gas and electric light with their various modifiers

and intensifiers have killed all the old ideals. There are no longer any striking chiaroscuro contrasts or strong accentuations. In the middle ages dress and drapery showed depths of folds and recesses which are absolutely unknown today. Now everything is diffused with light. Nothing is steady and fixed, and yet objects stand out in painful relief. The modeling has lost much of its tonal variety, and all objects vaguely reflect the imprint of the all pervading light. The values of color appear bleached and vary incessantly. Our eyes are perpetually moving in a restless manner from one part to another, and no longer find any place of rest in the depth of shadows.

Luckily for us, we have been rendered unconscious of these dangers, we have grown accustomed to them, but their influence on modern painting has been a most palpable one. Chiaroscuro composition underwent a complete transformation. Saliency of object induced the modern painter for a time, at the beginning of the last century, to strive solely for fixed and precise conceptions of form and to utterly neglect the beauty of light and shade. When he discovered his error, he went to the other extreme, and not merely softened contours, but blotted them out completely. At a loss how to meet this difficulty he lost himself in an intenser and more varied study of illumination, with the aim to reach a higher pitch of light. Lamplight and firelight effects and the contrast of commingling light rays from two or even three sources became the order of the day. Sargent studied the effect of a Japanese lantern on white dresses at dark. Harrison tried to fix the play of sunlight on the naked human body. Dannat experimented with flesh-tones and electrical arclight and magnesium flashlight illumination. Zorn endeavored to solve in his Omnibus picture the conflict of various lights in a glass-encased interior. Degas became enchanted with illumination from below and the lurid unnatural lights of the stage, and his disciples introduced the effects of footlights into interiors by placing the lamp on the floor.

All these studies address themselves most powerfully to the modern mind, as they depict contemporary conditions. The eye may be offended or even repelled by unnecessary trivialities at times, but the underlying aspiration is, after all, that of truth. From an aesthetic view point it is less satisfactory, as this modern substitute of light and shade composition, consisting of an opposition of colors rather than of masses, does not afford, in the speech of Herbert Spencer, "the maximum of stimulation with the minimum of fatigue." It contains a discord, a lack of normal gratification, and this shortcoming, in conjunction with the deterioration of the crafts, which were replaced by factory labor, and the hopelessly prosaic aspect of modern dress as far as color is concerned, directed the painter into other fields of investigation. He realized that nature had remained unchanged, that the color-symphony of sea and landscapes, of dawn and sunset, were as beautiful as ever, and he went out of doors for inspiration. And then to his great astonishment he discovered that the optical sensations afforded by nature were very similar to those he had experienced in his home life; also how everything was diffused with light, and forms rendered uncertain by the vibration of light.

The famous color-harmony of Italian painters, red, green, and violet, which roused action successively in the whole field of vision without exhausting it, seemed meaningless. Strange, apparently discordant combinations of green and blue, green and yellow, orange and red, which stimulate only certain portions of the retina at the expense of others, obtruded themselves upon his optical consciousness. It became apparent that light does not emphasize, but that it generalizes, and that colors and tones, although more varied, are less decisive than in the paintings of the Old Masters. The charm of pictorial illusion seemed to have shifted from the juxtaposition of contrast to the more subtle though less powerful variety of half-tones. It is not so much the richness and fullness of color the modern painter strives for, as Raffaelli has pointed out, but the combination of colors which yield a sensation of light, which in a way is a reflection of our temporary light conditions. That the impressionists banished black from their palette is significant itself.

Ever since the semi-darkness of the middle ages was dispelled, the mind of painters had been occupied with the invention of a new method of painting. Chardin and Watteau, who crosshatched and stippled pure colors in their pastels and water-colors, were really the forerunners of impressionism. Delacroix was the first master-painter who scientifically concerned himself with light and color notation, as Turner (via Ruskin) introduced the emphasis of the color of shadows at the expense of their tones. But not before science came to the assistance of the painter, was he able to perfect his system of open-air mosaics, of several color-planes set at different angles.

And it is Chevreul, Young, Helmholtz, and Ogden Rood, who, after realizing the chiaroscuro deficiencies of modern times and tracing them to their causes, supplied the genius of Manet, Monet, and Degas with a new pictorial revelation of light and color. The modern style of painting is a direct outcome of the environment in which we live. With the decline of candlelight parties the new era was ushered in, and the kerosene lamp was the last harmonizer of light and darkness. As it went slowly out of fashion, the reign of half-and-quarter-tones, or in other words, the reign of light, set in.

A. CHAMELEON.

IRRESPONSIBILITY IN HIGH PLACES

THE great majority of people in this country derive their information from newspapers. From the same source they also draw their opinions. If the topic discussed is one on which they do not feel themselves qualified to have an opinion of their own, they are very apt to assimilate the one they read. This is particularly true of topics concerning art. A great ignorance of it prevails and at the same time a great desire for knowledge on the subject. People read what the newspapers say about it, and are influenced thereby; especially if the opinion expressed bears the authority of some well-known name or of some one in a distinguished position.

For example, if a man in the position of Sir Purdon Clarke expresses an opinion, the latter is bound to carry great weight with the general public. They may know nothing of him personally, of his attainments or particular qualifications to speak upon the subject at issue; but his position as Director of the Metropolitan Museum assures them that he speaks with authority; and his utterances are very likely to be accepted as gospel.

It is this fact which renders the interviews with Sir Purdon that have recently appeared in the "New York Evening Post" and "New York Times" so pernicious. Those who know the personality of the man, his weak as well as his strong points, can discount his utterances. As an artist said to me a few days ago, "I used to take Sir Purdon seriously," and there was a suggestive emphasis upon the past tense. But, outside of the artists and of the comparatively small number of Americans who have made a study of art, Sir Purdon still cuts a big figure. For the general public is very naive. They pay more than a child's implicitness of respect to the written and spoken word. If they see it written in their favorite journal, they still believe "it's so." They cling to the belief that, because a man writes on a special subject, he must be a specialist in that field. And a similarly unsuspecting attention is given to the spoken word, whether delivered in speech or indirectly through an interview, if the speaker assumes authority or seems to be clothed by his position with the qualifications of an expert.

Now, is Sir Purdon an expert? In certain fields, yes; on the subjects he presumes to discuss with an air of authority in these interviews, certainly not. His early training was as an architect, and circumstances identified him with the special field of Oriental architecture, from which he spread out to the adjacent territories of textiles, ceramics, wood-carving and metal work. On these crafts, ancient and of later date, his long service under the British government, both as explorer and collector and as head of the South Kensington Museum, entitles him to speak with an authority that every one respects. It was Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's own interest in these branches of art that attracted him to Sir Purdon, and led to the latter's appointment as Director of the Metropolitan Museum: his expertness in the crafts and his executive ability. The reason has been fulfilled in the results. Under the joint influence of these two gentlemen the conspicuous additions to the collection have been

in the line of the antique crafts. In regard to painting, which was the topic of these interviews, Mr. Morgan's interest stops short at the end of the eighteenth century, and Sir Purdon has actually stated, I believe, that it is a branch of art which he has not specially studied. Yet, even if he made the statements as reported, without any assumption of expertly, they will have been accepted as authoritative by a great number of people. Hence their perniciousness.

And what were the statements? Some of them were casual shots, aimed here and there, but in general they represented a fusillade against what Sir Purdon understands by "impressionism." Among the former were such choice bits of self-revelation as the following: "A Blake (drawing) is not worth the paper it is printed on"; "Bierstadt's 'Rocky Mountains' is the best landscape in the Museum"; "Millet's 'The Sower' is only praised because cant and humbug prevent its admirers from saying what they really think." He fired a shot also at the cant of people who talk of the "enjoyment" they derive from pictures, and at the "humbug of others, who look to a picture for suggestion rather than direct statement." And this led him to enlarge upon "impressionism."

He objects to it, and his objection is quite intelligible in view of his early training and his British prepossessions. Both his experience as an architect and the influence of the Royal Academy traditions explain his preference for built-up compositions of form, well-defined contours, elaborate detail, and for the telling of a story that leaves as little as possible unsaid. Naturally, therefore, he has little sympathy for a picture in which harmony of values takes the place of harmony of form and only the essentials of the subject are enforced, the rest being interpreted to the imagination of the spectator by suggestion.

Many American artists share Sir Purdon's preference for the detailed picture and his prejudice against impressionism. Many lay students of art also. They will say that he is quite right. But, granted that, as a private individual, he is entitled to his own opinion, his own likes and dislikes, does this justify his circulating them broadcast with the impress of his authority as the official of a great public institution? Emphatically no; because, whatever he and others may think of impressionism, the latter has been during the past sixty years the prime impulse of an immense artistic output, not only in painting, but in sculpture, music, and literature. Yes, even in acting and dancing, for have we not a Duse and an Isidora Duncan? Is this great movement that, so far as painting is concerned, had its source in Velasquez and some of the Dutch artists of the seventeenth century, to be brushed aside peremptorily by any Gamaliel, who would settle the matter off hand by the *ipse dixit* of his own personal prejudice?

Is not the great audience of uninformed but inquiring minds which Sir Purdon's interviews reach, entitled to be told that there is at least very much to be said on behalf of impressionism? Shall not Sir Purdon, if he has a conscience, feel compelled to state both sides of this big question, as a preliminary to the enunciation of his own preferences? One would have thought so, but apparently Sir Purdon does not.

Nor does the mischievous effect of his narrow sympathies and of his lack of moderation and conscience in expounding them stop here. It is impressed also on the character of the collection over which he has the honor for a few years to preside. Sir Purdon's term of office is becoming conspicuous for the little recognition that the Museum is giving to modern art. Through his dislike of impressionism and his consciousness that all painting, characteristically modern, is more or less affected by it, he has failed so far to give such painting adequate representation in the collection. This policy of imposing his own personal likes and dislikes on the conduct of a great public institution, the true policy of which should be and was intended to be that its galleries shall contain, as far as possible, full representation of all periods and phases of art, is saddling future directors with undue liabilities. They will have to remedy the deficiency; probably with examples less good than the best and at an increased cost.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

The following is a reprint of the interview published in the "New York Post," December 30, 1908, and referred to in the above:

CLARKE TALKS ABOUT ART

SIR PURDON DISCUSSES OUR MODERN PAINTERS

Director of the Metropolitan Museum is a Foe of the "Cant" of To-Day—Americans Afraid of Expressing Their Honest Opinions—Impressionism and Highly Finished Work

"The trouble about most Americans so far as art is concerned is that they are afraid of expressing their real, honest opinions for fear of being jibed at as mere Philistines."

The director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art swings himself around in his chair as he sits at a desk in the big book-walled office facing on Central Park, and there is a merry twinkle in his blue eyes as he adds:

"You know, there's an awful lot of humbug about it all."

Sir Purdon Clarke is a bitter foe of what he calls the "cant" of the school of impressionists.

"I think," he continues, "it was Carlyle who said that there were two classes of humbugs, the humbug who knows he's a humbug and the humbug who humbugs himself. It is the latter that is the most dangerous because he is so convincing, and he is the humbug who is doing much harm to art here in this country.

"Why can't people have the courage of their opinions in art? Why should Boston

dictate to us what is good and what is bad and frighten us into expressing opinions that we know we don't hold? A few nights ago I gave a talk on art to a couple of clubs in Brooklyn, and did my best to expose the cant of the present ruling fashion in art. After the lecture man after man came up and thanked me, saying he perfectly agreed with what I had said, but did not dare say so himself, for fear of being denounced for his ignorance.

"Now, don't imagine I am a rabid Philistine, for I am not. I can see good in impressionism, but only in its right place. Even dirt is but material in the wrong place. There is room for impressionism in art as well as for pre-Raphaelism."

WHERE ART NOUVEAU FAILS

"But you have the reputation, Sir Purdon," says the reporter, "of being strongly opposed to anything that is new in art."

"If you mean by that what is known as 'art nouveau,' I am. My fight against these new art people is in their holding the dogma that the moderns must not imitate in any way the work of the past. By their works they shall be known. So far I have seen nothing to justify their existence. As director of this Museum my object is to gather together such objects of ancient art craft that the crafter of to-day may study what his predecessors did and profit by their mistakes. The modern can improve on the works of the past, certainly, but if he tries to start off on a new art all by himself,

without making use of what his forerunners did, why he is throwing away centuries of evolution."

"But how about impressionism in painting?"

"Supposing a picture is highly finished, you see at one view all that it has to tell, while in a painting that is more or less suggested you discover something new each time you return to it.

"Suggestion! What a lot of humbug there is in that expression! If you want a supreme example of suggestion go and look at Turner's 'Garden of Indolence,' in the gallery outside. You may visit it every day in the year and get a fresh idea of what it means each time without ever reaching at the one Turner intended to express, and heaven knows what that was exactly. There is a certain class of persons that is very fond of talking of a certain class of pictures as 'enjoying' them, and this class is especially strong in female gushers. The enjoyment they get is sensuous, but that is wrong in art. I am sick of this talk of 'enjoying' pictures, sick of the 'mysteriousness' discovered in paintings. The same 'cranks' who discover these mysteries search for the meanings of Browning, and Browning himself confessed he did not remember exactly what he meant when he wrote certain lines.

UNREST IN ART

"Philistine you may think me, but I find the same trouble with the music of Wagner and his followers. They start with a melody and then get up their heads against a wall and never finish it. There is a state of unrest all over the world in art as in all other things. It is the same in literature as in music, in painting, and in sculpture. And I dislike unrest."

And Sir Purdon's appearance tells even better than his words that, hard-working man though he is, he is an apostle of rest.

"I was brought up as an architect," he goes on to say. "I learned in my youth the necessity of good foundations and of good structure. I am inclined to apply the laws of architecture to the other arts. The technique of the impressionists was invented in the absinthe shops of Paris. Meissonier and such men were pooh-poohed by men who either couldn't do such work or would not take the trouble to do it. Clever men have fallen victims to the fashion of the day. It's a pity. They are simply disfiguring canvases with kaleidoscopes of color to try and hide from the public that they have not the energy or power to do good work.

"Look at the Austrian impressionists! They are proud of being 'decadents.' Look at Aubrey Beardsley, supreme as a draughtsman, and yet how he disfigured his art."

THE STUDY OF ANATOMY

"George Russell, the famous English pastelist, used to say to his pupils, 'Learn anatomy thoroughly and then forget all about it,'" suggests the reporter.

"And Russell was right, to a great extent," replies Sir Purdon. "But your former knowledge of anatomy, even if you forget all about it, should prevent your making mistakes. It should have prevented Rodin turning the muscles upside down, as in his St. John; it should have prevented his showing muscles in knots, for he should have known that a muscle begins in a bone and ends in a bone. But even Michael Angelo made such mistakes—forgot too much about what he had known of anatomy."

The reporter had, on his way to Sir Purdon's office, noticed two young women going into ecstasies over some of Blake's drawings, because they were "so old." He mentions the incident.

"A Blake is not worth the paper it's on, and yet we have to pay hundreds of dollars for one of his drawings. It is not everybody who can understand Blake's writings, and if you don't, you cannot comprehend his pictures. But come into the gallery and I will be able to express better some of my opinions of paintings by illustration," says the Museum's director.

HIGHLY FINISHED PAINTINGS

Just outside Sir Purdon's office, in the Vanderbilt collection, hangs Alphonse de Neuville's "Le Bourget," representing the scene of the taking of that village by the Germans after its gallant defence by a small French force.

"Now," says Sir Purdon, "here is a picture which I consider a model painting of an historical event, and when Mr. Vanderbilt takes 'Le Bourget' away it will be a decided loss to the museum. It is highly finished as, all historical paintings and such as are ordered by governments to record particular events should be, for posterity does not in these cases want anything to be left to the imagination, needs no suggestion. How could the story be better told? Look at the short French colonel who defended the village with two companies against that artillery. Look at the giant

Prussians; the wounded being brought out of the church. There is the tale of a gallant defence told as no impressionist could tell it."

And then turning to Villegas's "A Spanish Christening" in the same collection, Sir Purdon continues:

"Here is what I consider one of the finest pictures in the Museum. Hogarth could not have introduced more humor and could not have drawn or painted it so well. Notice the priests; their expressions, the awkwardness of the man who holds the baby. There is impressionism here where it is needed, and high finish as well, and what color."

Sir Purdon crosses the gallery to Millet's "Sower."

"What reams have been written in praise of this picture! What wonders have been discovered in it, what originality! Why, the subject is thousands of years old in art. You find this same man, in the same attitude, in the same slouched hat pulled over his eyes, on the Etruscan vases. It is painted in a low key to hide its deficiencies. It isn't even true to nature. In the light of fading day the ploughed land behind the sower would be pale gray, not almost black as Millet has painted it. But the world raves about the picture because it is afraid of speaking its own mind.

"I consider Bierstadt's 'Rocky Mountains' the best landscape we have. Now don't write me down a Philistine."

THE ARTIST

ONE evening there came into his soul the desire to fashion an image of *The Pleasure that abideth for a Moment*. And he went forth into the world to look for bronze. For he could only think in bronze.

But all the bronze of the whole world had disappeared, nor anywhere in the whole world was there any bronze to be found, save only the bronze of the image of *The Sorrow that endureth for Ever*.

Now this image he had himself, and with his own hands, fashioned, and had set it on the tomb of the one thing he had loved in life. On the tomb of the dead thing he had most loved had he set this image of his own fashioning, that it might serve as a sign of the love of man that dieth not, and a symbol of the sorrow of man that endureth forever. And in the whole world there was no other bronze save the bronze of this image.

And he took the image he had fashioned, and set it in a great furnace, and gave it to the fire.

And out of the bronze of the image of *The Sorrow that endureth for Ever* he fashioned an image of *The Pleasure that abideth for a Moment*.

OSCAR WILDE.
(From "Poems in Prose")

PLATES

J. CRAIG ANNAN

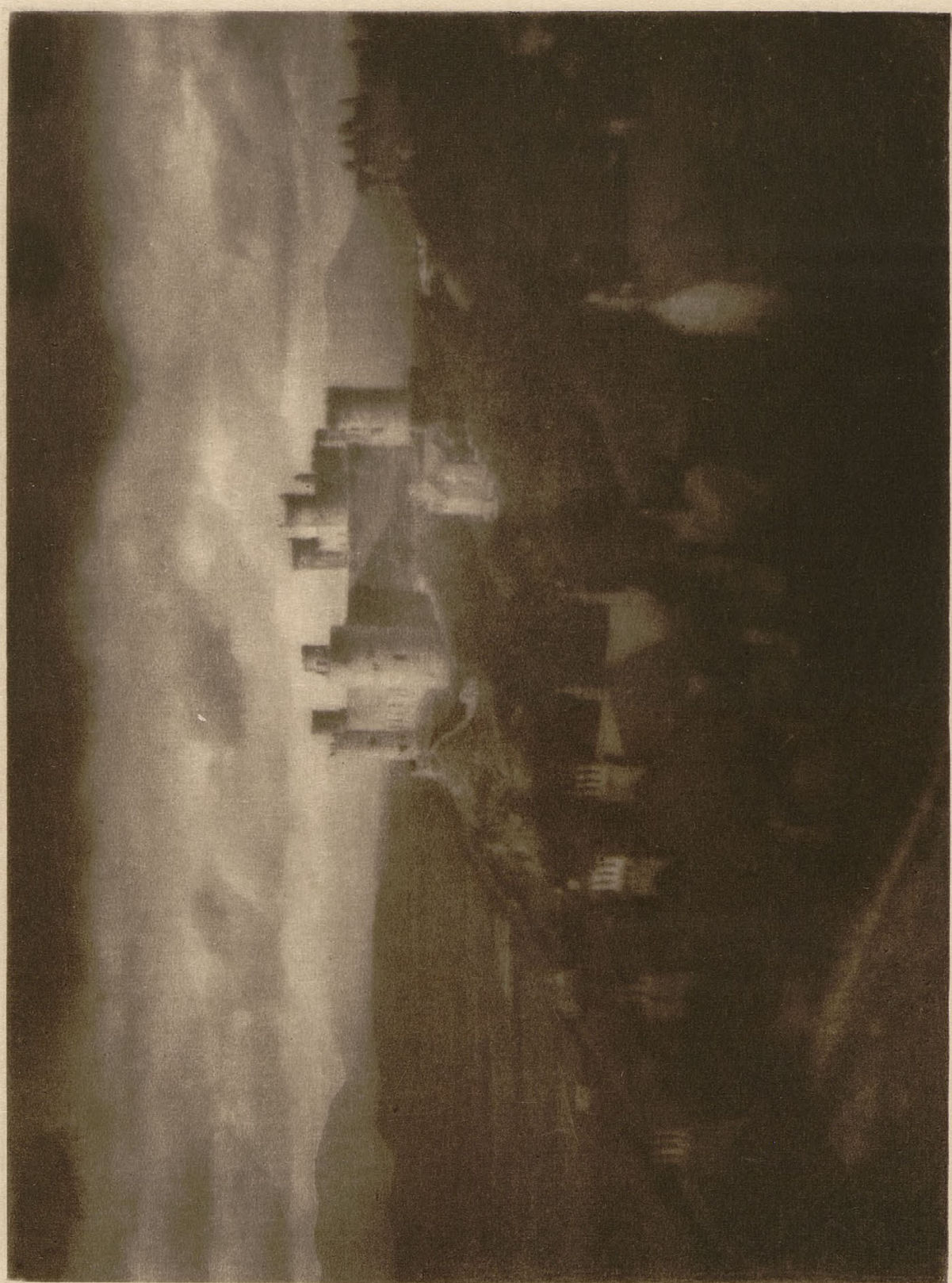
I. Ex Libris.

GEORGE DAVISON

II. Harlech Castle.

EX:LIBRIS..





PHOTOGRAPHY, A MEDIUM OF EXPRESSION

As an illustrator and portrait photographer, Miss Alice Boughton, has achieved a prominent place in American photography. Six of the illustrations in this number of *CAMERA WORK* are devoted to her photographs. To more fully understand Miss Boughton's particular point of view we reprint an article she wrote for "The Scrip," December, 1905. This article in parts conflicts with some of our own views on photography, but we wish to reiterate for the nth time that articles published in the magazine do not necessarily reflect our own views. As a matter of fact but 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 discussion.—Editors.

THE highest praise—supposedly praise—which is ever applied to a print, is, that it does not look like a photograph, meaning the ordinary, hard, retouched reproduction, which people in general are accustomed to see. It is this latter thing, which the public have had so long as an ideal, which gives rise to such a remark.

The modern movement started among the amateurs, not among the photographers. The amateurs wanted to have a little fun, to express themselves. Not being of the profession, they went at it with a free hand, unhampered by tradition. The cheapness of the camera allowed the many to indulge. Also, the more ambitious wished to experiment with different kinds of papers, from the ordinary silver print, to sepia and water-color. As these became more interested, there appeared in the field new workers of intelligence and imagination, who gradually acquired understanding of the medium. Having something to say, they tried to say it. If they did not always succeed, still they worked on, undisturbed by the jeers and gibes of the professional and his accepted, academic point of view. At the present moment, it is the professional who no longer scoffs, but tries to keep up and be in, what he thinks is the fashion, not really comprehending how and why it has come about.

The so-called "new school" has this to guard against, a sacrifice of idea to technique, pure and simple, so that one becomes conscious of an effort to disguise, rather than use the camera. We hear much of a photograph, "like a Rembrandt," "a Holbein," "a Whistler," and so on. This is simply the imitative instinct rather than the creative; but as the latter is the rarest gift in any art, one may be tolerant of that phase, even though it does not satisfy deeper desires. The conception is of primary importance, while technique, ability to handle the tools, is, not only not to be despised, but absolutely necessary. To have their productions not in the least resemble a photograph, seems to be the goal of some of the new workers, but this attitude is both forced and false. Why not avowedly use the camera? Why be ashamed, because it is not something else? It is partly this bias of mind, and partly the pleasure derived from mere cleverness, which has swung the pendulum too far in the direction of the non-academic, which, in its turn becomes just as unspontaneous and formal. Why strain after effects, which are ultra-forced and not quite sincere, when so much can be done simply and directly? Much discussion has arisen as to whether photography is a fine art, many declaring that it is. This claims

too much, for, after all, the mechanical plays in it too important a part for such extravagant praise. This however, does not alter the fact that photography can be made valuable means of expression and has some real art value.

This suggests the most artistic, perhaps, of all photographic prints—the gum-bichromate, usually known as “a gum.” The paper is not to be bought, but is freshly prepared in the studio, by coating with a mixture of gum-arabic, a sensitizer and any color desired. As the texture of papers varies so greatly, the prints produced from the same plate will be exceedingly different according to the kind used. It may be charcoal, letter-paper, Japanese tissue, or other. This particular kind of print is manipulated like a charcoal drawing, only, instead of using the finger or bread to remove color, a fine stream of water or a soft sable brush is applied, thus removing the pigment and bringing out the spots of light while the print is kept very wet. These prints are especially adapted to nude figures, in and out of doors, as one is able to suggest outline and modelling rather than actual, detailed representation, carrying the development on farther in some places than in others. The bugbear of the photographer with any art instinct is the undue importance which non-essentials assume in a photographic plate. The gum-print makes it more possible than in other kinds to subdue and eliminate unimportant detail. It becomes almost freehand work, so sensitive is the wet print to the touch. It is impossible to make any two prints alike, and the difficulties are very great in producing a successful one. The flexibility of the material in this case makes the personality of the artist a factor in its production. If the personality be interesting enough, also the subject, the result may approach a work of art.

The glycerine print allows a more limited freedom; the result has somewhat the appearance of a wash-drawing. A platinum print is covered with glycerine, and the parts to be brought out are developed by means of a brush. The glycerine retards development, so that the process can be regulated by keeping a sufficient quantity over the portions to be omitted and letting it run off into an irregular and undefined edge. The great variety of papers now in use cannot be gone into at length. Platinum paper is undoubtedly very generally used. In this are many shades of greys, blacks, and browns. These are the kinds to be seen everywhere in the commercial photograph gallery and in the studio of higher grade. There are carbons and ozotypes and the shiny gelatine print. One paper not very much used, on account of its cost and the delicacy required in handling, is the Japanese tissue, sensitized to take to the image. This, in general, is less hard and defined than the well-known platinum, and often gives charming effects.

The uses of photography are multiplying for such purposes as illustration and advertising. It gives clear, accurate reproductions, which are of priceless value to the scientist. The definition found so difficult to soften and lose in the search for artistic effects is here of greatest assistance, precisely because of its brilliancy of detail. Its weakness is here its strength, and much has been accomplished in that branch alone which deals with movement,—running, jumping, flying appearances and instantaneous attitudes of bird, beast and fish,

of earthquakes and cyclones, comets and meteors. Through the whole list of the sciences, from astronomy to medicine, it is being adopted.

But to return to artistic photography—though the adjective is overworked in these days—no word has yet been said of the conditions which exist in the studio, of the relations between photographer and sitter, and of the many things which go to make up a successful photograph, which must also be a portrait. Among the many who admire this “new photography” and say it is just what they want, there still lingers the old ideal of retouched prettiness, and if the result does not fit this preconceived notion, they will none of it.

It has already been said that the photographer must first of all have ideas, that he must understand his tools and that his personality plays so prominent a part that it cannot be undervalued. He must have tact, the social instinct, and infinite patience. In doing children, for instance, he must amuse, watch for the right moment, be constantly and continually on the alert, and work for the unconsciousness which is one of their chief charms. With grown people, although great rapidity is not so essential, there are other requirements. The photographer should be intuitive, to be able to get in touch with his subject, just as the painter; to study character every moment while not ostensibly doing so, and to be ready when the right instant presents itself. This is not an easy task, and frequently incurs the spoiling of several plates, besides taxing the utmost resources of the photographer. The painter usually has several sittings, sees his subject under varying conditions in different moods, has a chance, in short, to become acquainted with the personality he is to portray. The photographer, on the other hand, has one moderately short session, and for that reason, too, he must sharpen his wits.

He should realize at once how different persons should be done; which require delicate treatment and which can stand strong contrasts. Sometimes a light scheme of whites and greys, by the very closeness of the values, can suggest the ethereal quality of a delicate child, or a young girl, or frail old age. Heavy blacks and browns are for persons with color and brunettes, and are strong masses for men. In between come a countless number of gradations, from the subtlety of a fine drawing to the Rembrandtesque distribution of lights and shades. The photographer also must understand pose and lighting. Composition in itself suggests endless variety, the word being used in the painter's sense. Here one of the limitations looms large.

That there shall be one centre of interest is necessary, and that the parts should not apparently be out of focus. A good composition presupposes a “pleasing arrangement of shapes.” This is, of course, an art phrase, but entirely applicable. By it is meant that the design—which may be a single figure or a group—shall fill the size plate used in an agreeable manner.

To repeat, if the photographer has sufficient insight to perceive the interest and character of the sitter, the result may be a real achievement. This does not necessarily mean that the subject should be beautiful or graceful, or “know how to pose.” It is the photographers' business to try and seize upon and bring out the innate quality the individuality or charm of each.

Referring to the statement at the beginning that photography can hardly

be classed as a fine art, it has been and will be in the future of great service in establishing a truer art ideal that at present exists among the mass of people and many so-called artists.

Much of modern art has for its motif exact representation of facts, cleverly rendered, or arrangements of tones and lines—the exterior of things. Why spend years of labor to achieve this result, which any one with an educated taste can accomplish, barring color, with a machine? Already there seem to be signs that the public recognize this and begin to demand more vital things.

The phrase “work of art” will in time be used more sparingly, and will designate creations of a mind gifted with poetic and imaginative insight. If the camera by its very limitations can further this point of view, it has, indeed, rendered a service to art.

ALICE BOUGHTON.

THE PHOTO-SECESSION GALLERY

HOUSE WARMING AT 291

ON December first, 1908, after a house-warming dinner held at Mouquin's, those Secessionists who live in New York or in the vicinity gathered at 291 Fifth Avenue to assist in the opening of the new quarters of the Photo-Secessions. To those who last spring had seen the unspeakable garret which was to become the new Little Gallery, the transformation appears to be nothing short of a miracle. The same homelike, restful spirit, so characteristic of the old rooms, greets you. It is even emphasized, perhaps, by the more intimate proportions of the rooms and by the little refining touches, due to the care with which every detail of fabric, color and line have been attended to under the same vigilant directorship which never lets a faulty detail go by uncorrected. It represents, in fact, the spirit of the Photo-Secession that only through devotion in small things can the whole be made approximately perfect.

According to custom, the season was started with the Members' Exhibition. Thirty names, several of them new, were represented, showing the movement to be alive and spreading. The average quality of the prints was high, higher than in any previous Members' Exhibition. Moreover no worker predominated, as, owing to the smaller quarters, no one was permitted to show more than three prints. The result did credit to the Photo-Secession.

MARIUS DE ZAYAS AND JOHN NILSEN LAURVIK

The members' show was followed by an exhibition introducing the work of the caricaturist, Marius de Zayas. For two weeks the press and the public came and smiled at his daring characterization of well-known people about town as they appeared to him in the street, in the theatre or on the stage. Members of New York's social set had the place of honor on the main wall, flanked on one side by members of the Photo-Secession, and on the other by

foot-light stars. The limelight of caricature was thrown with a curiously subtle discrimination and equally without fear or favor on all those who by their position or accomplishment are properly to be classed as public characters. The characterizations were without the sting of malice, so that no one who was portrayed or whose friends were among the victims could resent these caricatures with reason.

Color transparencies were shown simultaneously by J. Nilsen Laurvik, a new man in the photographic field, whose work should be watched with interest. He has struck, as far as the writer is aware, a note different from anything that has yet been shown in the new medium and his development along a very personal line promises much of interest.

THE COBURN SHOW

During the latter half of January there was on exhibition the work of Alvin Langdon Coburn in monochrome and color. The show was evidence that this remarkable photographer is indefatigable in producing new and striking work. This exhibition will be dealt with more fully by Mr. Charles H. Caffin in our next number.

COMING EXHIBITIONS

As we go to press the De Meyer color work and monochromes are being shown and are attracting a great deal of deserved attention. This exhibition, like the one of Coburn, will be reviewed more fully in the next issue of *CAMERA WORK*.

Following the De Meyers, etchings, dry-points and book-plates by Allen Lewis will occupy the walls; after which in due course will succeed water-colors by John Marin and sketches in oil by Alfred Maurer, both Americans living in Paris and doing remarkable work; new work by Pamela Smith; a series of ten prints by Steichen of the Rodin Balzac, showing Steichen in a new and powerful light; a select series of Japanese prints from the F. W. Hunter collection. On the other hand the Brigman and Eugene exhibitions may be postponed until next season, owing to the unavoidable clash in dates with an important exhibition to be held in Dresden.

Thus it seems that the doubt expressed by many friends of the Secession, and by some who are not, as to whether it could maintain the standard of last year has been dispelled.

Indeed one prominent critic, in no way identified with the Secession or with this magazine, recently said to the writer after seeing the de Zayas exhibition: "The Photo-Secessionists are the only body of enthusiasts who are accomplishing anything worth while."

In fact the Little Galleries have become a necessity to those who are looking for manifestations of personalities which may be the accepted commonplace ten years from now but which today mark a new step in the evolution of thought. Its spirit is the spring of eternal youth; all those who drink from it keep as young as their generation and live with the present and for the future.

PAUL B. HAVILAND.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB, NEW YORK

THE International Exhibition of Pictorial Photography held at the National Arts Club, from February second to twentieth, furnished an interesting and instructive demonstration of the possibilities of photography as a medium of personal expression. In its diversity of subject as well as treatment and in the high quality of its individual exhibits this show was far the best ever held in this country. It did much to open the eyes of many, both laymen and artists in general, to the intrinsic merits of photography which, however, not a few insisted on giving the left-handed compliment of comparison with painting. This was done not only in the case of the big Germans: Henneberg, Kühn, Watzek, and the Hofmeisters, whose prints by reason of their size courted this comparison, but also in the case of Clarence H. White, whose 8x10 prints together with the group contributed by Alfred Stieglitz, furnished one of the most delightful examples of straightforward photography and, let me add, of the imaginative, sensitive use of the camera, alert to the inner beauty as well as the outward glory of life.

And here we are at once at the very heart of all the misunderstanding, both wilful and merely ignorant, that has been an obstacle to the acceptance of the fair claims of photography. The public, the writers on art, and the painters have all been and still are worshippers of the fetich: that whatever is made by hand must necessarily be art, forgetting the while that the few authentic things in art are the product of the same fine intelligence and delicate perception that may choose the camera as its medium of communicating to the world what it sees and feels; that it is a matter of brains, not brushes, and that where the artist is there art will be.

This insistence upon brush marks as technique, and technique as art, has been the great stumbling-block to people seeing and enjoying for themselves what is inherently beautiful without regard to what is right and what is wrong, until many, wholly befuddled and discomfited by all this cant and humbug about what is art, take refuge in that back alley of individual discernment: "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like," which is perhaps just as wise as the people who know all about what is art, but don't know what they like when they see it. For both of these, and they constitute the larger part of the much-talked-of "Art-loving Public," pictorial photography is more or less a delusion and a snare. It is too new, too recent, too much a real part of the logical development of contemporary life and comes a bit too proudly and unconventionally to be understood and accepted of its own time. And some of the ablest and strongest photographers have themselves felt this and been influenced thereby to meet the painters more or less on their own grounds, both as to the size and the general treatment of their subjects, proving quite conclusively that what the painter could do with the palette and brush they could do equally well with the camera.

This was true very largely of that fine group of German prints, to which I have already referred, and of Steichen's splendid series of seven prints, which surprised all who came to praise painting at the expense of photography. Many could not and would not believe that they were not reproductions of paintings or else prints that had been painted upon with a brush. When told that they were neither one nor the other they simply scoffed and hooted and replied that they knew better.

While this may serve the purpose of obtaining for photography a certain recognition, I do not believe it is the best kind of recognition in the end, for it seems to me to defeat the real spirit of photography which is not to simulate this or that established or accepted medium, but to be wholly and uncompromisingly itself, expressing in a new way somewhat of the ancient beauty of life. That it does this few who saw the exhibition at the National Arts Club will deny; that it does it as well as painting, not a few will admit, and that it will in time make poor painting and especially painting of the obvious, surface facts of life superfluous a few are already willing to acknowledge. But this is not the whole thing, nor yet the most important.

This exhibition demonstrated for the first time in a comprehensive manner that pictorial photography is *the* one and only new contribution made to the art of the world by America, and furthermore that it is the only other art movement of modern times that can be compared in sig-

nificance and importance with the Impressionist movement. This may seem an extravagant statement on first thought, but I venture to say that twenty years hence it will appear to be nothing worse than a trite truism. Nevertheless I stick to it at the risk of being regarded as trite by my grandchildren, or rather by the grandchildren of my astonished contemporaries. But as a little clue I would simply throw out the observation that the highest expression of the imaginative and inventive genius of our time, especially of the best creative minds of America, is the machine in all its beautiful simplicity and co-ordinate complexity—in it we find our sonnets, our epics, and therein lies expressed eloquently the true greatness of our age.

Why, then, shouldn't some of our most sensitive, progressive and, in the best sense, truly modern minds find in this exquisitely sensitive machine, the camera, an instrument responsive as none other to express what they feel and see of the beauty and glory of life? Yours, gentle but stubborn reader, is the onus, not mine, and I leave you to answer it as best you may. As for me, the exhibition under consideration confirmed in the most positive fashion that photography is such a medium of expression. So much for the deeper significance of the show and the impression it made upon me and others.

As for what the exhibition comprised, it is only necessary to state that, beginning with the seven prints printed by Coburn from negatives made by D. O. Hill in 1843, the evolution of pictorial photography was shown up to the present time, including representative groups of prints by such comparative newcomers in the field as Mrs. Annie W. Brigman and George H. Seeley. The group of Hill's was a revelation to every one. They suffered not at all by comparison with the best work done to-day by our ablest men, many of whom might be proud of such achievements. They showed photography at its best—full of light and distinguished by a charming simplicity of arrangement in the posing of the figures. Of historic importance, though somewhat less beautiful artistically than the Hill's, were the four prints by Mrs. Julia Cameron, done back in the early seventies, whose portrait of Herschell was one of the most impressive prints in the exhibition, and this despite the fact that it was poorly printed. One wonders what the modern art of printing would bring out of these negatives in the hands of a man like Steichen, for example. In passing it is of interest to mention that these 11x14 portraits by Mrs. Cameron were done on wet plates, which in itself was a feat of no inconsiderable importance in her day.

Chronologically next in order, but in many respects of prime importance because of the wide and progressive influence exerted by them on the whole movement of present day pictorial photography, is the group of seven prints contributed by Alfred Stieglitz. Here one found the incentive for many a print by newcomers and not a few paintings, as for example, the "Winter on Fifth Avenue," done in 1893, which has furnished many of our younger photographers the inspiration for a whole series of New York street scenes, besides being responsible for opening the eyes of the painters to the pictorial possibilities of so-called ugly New York. Pictorially and photographically these prints were among the most interesting and important in this exhibition of big men. Absolutely straightforward, they more than held their own with much of the more pretentious, eye-compelling work that at first sight took your breath away. And here let me state that this is said against the protest of the editor, Mr. Stieglitz, as I insist upon so doing, because a survey of this kind would be incomplete without a mention of the part he has played in the development of pictorial photography.

Contemporaneous with him in this pioneer work the names of Mrs. Gertrude Kaesebier and Clarence H. White stand out conspicuously. In them the movement found two of its most active and ardent supporters, whose productiveness and high artistry have done much to win for photography its present recognition, and it is safe to say that their work will be esteemed at its true value more and more as time goes on. The group of seven prints, contributed by Mrs. Kaesebier, including her portrait of Rodin, her well-known print called "The Heritage of Motherhood" and the "Sorbonne" was highly indicative of her powers. As in the case of one or two others one felt that a better and perhaps a more representative selection might have been made, yet on the whole these seven prints showed the qualities as well as the shortcomings of her work without calling especial attention to either. Five out of the seven were gum prints, if I mistake not, and none of these compared with her fine portrait of Alfred Stieglitz in the same medium, which was not shown. They were all rather tentative in treatment, and, with the exception of the portrait of

Rodin, rather slurred over than made full use of the qualities that distinguish photography at its best.

I must repeat here what I have said before that it's no credit to photography to masquerade as charcoal drawings, etchings, water-colors, chalk drawings, and paintings any more than it is to the credit of a man to look like a monkey, unless he feels like one, and then he might just as well swing by his tail, and so might the photographers who want to be taken for something they are not—but first get the tail and then we will applaud you to the limit. But why make the world believe that you have a tail when you haven't? It is very ridiculous to those who know, and it's shockingly, indecently alluring to those who don't. I am afraid I have digressed too far, for plainly it's a case for Comstock or the Pure Food Commission.

No better example of intelligent and inspirational use of the camera has so far been achieved than the work of Clarence H. White, whose group of seven prints were distinguished by a fine sense of the limitations as well as the possibilities of photography. The motif, so to speak, of all his best work is *light*. He celebrates the glory of light on the summit of things and the mystery of light in the shadows to a degree unsurpassed by any one else. This was beautifully exemplified in the fine seated portrait of Mrs. Clarence H. White, which, photographically speaking, was not only the best print in the exhibition by reason of its masterly handling of the light in the shadows and its correct rendering of all the values, giving a sense of space and atmosphere, but in my opinion it was the best print pictorially. If photography ever attains that general and intelligent recognition which it assuredly merits, this portrait will be considered one of the great things in art, not unfit to stand with the most living portraits done in modern times. This too, I am sure, will seem little more than a trite truism to future generations—to-day's prophecy is to-morrow's truism. This same fine quality of light characterizes his "Boys Wrestling," the "Blind Man's Buff," done in 1896, and "The Orchard," wherein the light fairly foams and ripples down the gown of the stooping lady in the foreground.

Kindred in spirit, though quite different in subject, is the work of George H. Seeley whose prints, rich brown platinums, also show a seeking after light, but of a more dramatic quality than anything in White's work. There was a luminosity in the shadows and a brilliancy in the high lights in these prints that contrasted strongly with the flat, rich, black, enamel-like surface of some of Steichen's gum prints such as in the noble portrait of Watts and in the Rodin, both done in 1902. In both of these, especially in the Watts, real light had been sacrificed for a decorative and dramatic effect that, however alien it may be to photography and to life as seen from the point of view of White's work, is nevertheless singularly impressive.

Though one may quarrel with these because of their glorification of certain painter-like qualities at the expense of qualities essentially characteristic of photography it can not be denied that they are among the very few things produced via the camera that must be reckoned with in any consideration of photography. That they hark back to painting rather than point forward to something new, as do the prints of Stieglitz and White, is both their strength and weakness and explains their wide-spread vogue and influence. They have met the prejudices of the art world more than half-way, they are not caviare to the general, being more easily comprehensible in that they are achieved along well-marked lines of tradition, thereby winning a measure of recognition for photography that even the best work of Stieglitz and White could not wring from an unwilling public. Herein lies their chief glory to the cause of pictorial photography—as works of art they must ever make their appeal to the established taste of people, the fact that they are photographs only adding an element of surprise to their esthetic enjoyment.

Their influence on the younger workers is quite pronounced—both Seeley and Coburn have come under their spell one way or another, without, however, attaining the stunning, compelling quality that makes every fine print of Steichen arrest and hold the eye as do few things in photography. By comparison Coburn's group did not hold its own—pictorially interesting and potentially good it nevertheless failed to carry by reason of a technique that as yet is tentative and lacking in the masterly qualities that would have made his prints, individually and collectively, carry with the other big men in the same room. Perhaps it is unfair to compare them with the amazingly clever prints of the big Germans and of Steichen, but their size and general character courted this comparison, and they demonstrated that as yet he is not actually in their class, though potentially he is one of them. Few have a more pictorial point of view, have a more personal and vivid sense

of composition than Coburn at his best, and few of those worthy of serious consideration are more disappointing on the whole. At least such was the case with these prints, heralded from the London Linked Ring Salon of last year as something far in advance of his previous work. And curiously enough, this was my first impression of them when I viewed them privately one by one; they seemed a great step in advance of his past performances. But they did not wear well—when seen again some months later; in his one-man show at the Photo-Secession they looked so utterly different that I could hardly believe they were the same prints. And they were. The group in the National Arts Club only confirmed and strengthened this impression. There was nothing here as fine, even pictorially, as "The Fountain, Trevi," "The Bridge, Venice," "Weir's Close" or "The Rudder," all of which prints represent Coburn in a manner unsurpassed by any one. "The White Bridge, Venice," luminous and sparkling with light, and "The Tunnel Builders, New York," were the only two prints here that in a measure held their own with his former work or with the best of the same kind in the exhibition.

One of the most delightful notes in the show was the group of seven prints by Mrs. Annie W. Brigman, whose work is the most personal and highly imaginative contribution to pictorial photography that has appeared in some time. This group created considerable interest among artists and public alike and did much to illustrate the wide diversity of subject and treatment among the workers in this movement. Of like interest and importance were the delicate evocations of Herbert G. French, whose prints, almost breath-like in their subtlety of tone furnished the most striking example of artistic reticence in the exhibition. In a measure comparable with these, not as evasively delicate, though executed much in the same spirit, were the prints of Baron A. De Meyer, whose work betrayed an almost hypersensitive feeling for light combined with a certain aristocratic aloofness that gives an air of distinction to everything from his hand. It is therefore vain to signal out of his seven prints any one in particular—they were all interesting, marked by an unerring sense of the fitness of things artistically and a fine appreciation of the rich possibilities of photography.

In strong contrast with De Meyer's work were the large prints by Kuehn, Watzek, Henneberg, and the Hofmeisters which dominated the whole show by their size and the vigorous, painter-like treatment of their subjects which made them carry across the room much in the same manner as would a boldly painted canvas. This was too obvious at times and a bit disconcerting to the uninitiated who looked upon them as paintings or reproductions of paintings, especially in the case of the "Sheep" by the late Hans Watzek, in which the effort seems to have been to obliterate as thoroughly as possible all evidences of photography. On the other hand, the "Pommeranian Motif" by Henneberg and the "Moonlight, Villa Frascati" by Kuehn were all and more than one might ask for. They were not only beautiful pictorially but fine technically, showing a consummate mastery of photographic craftsmanship. In the "Moonlight, Villa Frascati" Kuehn has succeeded admirably in retaining a feeling of light throughout, which is particularly notable in the wide reach of shadow cast by the long lane of trees leading up to the ghostly white spot in the distance that is the villa. The most unforgettable photograph in the show was perhaps the very large print by Theodore and Oscar Hofmeister called "Solitary Horseman" which astonished every one by its size as well as by its sombre, decorative qualities.

In the British section, J. Craig Annan was easily first, and the only one among them whose work was fit to rank with the best of the other big men. His "Lombardy Plowing Team," done back in 1893, and the beautiful, dignified portrait of "Janet Burnet," done in the same year, were indicative of the high powers of the man. The architectural studies of Frederick H. Evans were interesting as showing the work of a man who in his way was one of the pioneers, so to speak, of pictorial photography in England. Mr. Evans' prints are absolutely straightforward renderings of architecture which he is never able to make twice alike, according to his article published in the last issue of "CAMERA WORK." That this is a feat of no inconsiderable importance no one will dispute. It only remains to add in regard to Mr. Evans' work that his multiple mountings are the despair of all imitators and one has a good notion of his unique place in the photographic world.

The French group, composed of Demachy, LeBégue, and Puyo, were chiefly remarkable for their experiments in gum and oil printing, which they have pushed farther than any others. Demachy was represented by a series of seven prints, of which the print called "Louise" and the

"Sunshine and Shadow" may be noted for their dexterous and supple technique. Of the rest there remains to be mentioned the work of Joseph T. Keiley, Eva Watson Schuetze, Alice Boughton, and F. Benedict Herzog, not to speak of the very notable group of Frank Eugene, which, despite the limited space, I must refer to at greater length. This group, comprising his well-known portrait of Henry Irving, done in 1898, and the "Man in Armor," done in the same year, and the no less well-known portrait of Alfred Stieglitz, was notable because of its unusual excellence artistically as well as photographically, and by reason of the size of the prints, 5x7, which depended entirely upon their intrinsic merits for their appeal. Nor can I let a survey of this kind close without some further reference to the work of Joseph T. Keiley, who was one of the most enthusiastic workers in the early days of this movement in America, aiding it by his sympathetic and intelligent pen as much as by the actual work produced, of which one will always remember with pleasure the laughing "Bacchante," "A Bit of Paris," and the "Zit-kala Sa," all marked by fine feeling and artistic discernment of no mean order. As for Herzog,—well, it's out of my province to speak of his work; Kenyon Cox alone is capable of doing it full justice.

It only remains to say that this exhibition was one of the best attended shows ever held in the National Arts Club, and from the night of the opening, when there were several hundred persons present, to the closing day, the galleries were always well filled with people, and many of them came two and three times with the evident purpose of studying the work shown.

The Hanging Committee, to whom no little credit is due for the manner in which the work was presented, was composed of the following gentlemen, all of whom acted and were present throughout the four days required to hang and select the exhibits: Alfred Stieglitz, Chairman; Alvin Langdon Coburn, Paul B. Haviland, J. Nilsen Laurvik, George H. Seeley, and Clarence H. White.

J. NILSEN LAURVIK.

The chief aim of the exhibition held at the Arts Club of New York, and above reviewed by Mr. Laurvik, the originator of the exhibition, was to show pictorial photography's evolution as illustrated by a series of representative prints by the leading exponents of the various schools in photography, both abroad and in this country.

The following is a list of the countries and photographers represented; the number in parenthesis denoting the number of prints shown by each exhibitor:

Great Britain: David O. Hill (7)—prints made by Coburn in 1906 from Hill's negatives made about 1843—; Julia Cameron (4); J. Craig Annan (7); Malcolm Arbuthnot (3); Walter Bennington (3); Archibald Cochrane (1); George Davison (1); Frederick H. Evans (7); Dudley Johnson (3); G. Bernard Shaw (3)—these were not hung—; E. Warner (3). Austria and Germany: Hans Watzek (1); Hugo Henneberg (4); Heinrich Kühn (7); Theodore and Oscar Hofmeister (1); Baron A. De Meyer (7). France: Robert Demachy (7); René Le Bégue (4); Major Puyo (5). America: C. Yarnall Abbott (3); Jeanne E. Bennett (3); Alice Boughton (5); Annie W. Brigman (7); Elizabeth Buehrmann (3); Fedora E. Brown (1); Sidney Carter (2); Alvin Langdon Coburn (7); Wm. B. Dyer (2); J. Mitchell Elliot (1); Frank Eugene (7); Herbert G. French (5); F. Benedict Herzog (7); J. P. Hodgins (1); Gertrude Käsebier (7); Marshall R. Kernochan (1); Joseph T. Keiley (1); Helen Lohmann (4); Arthur Mooney (1); Wm. J. Mullins (3); Wm. B. Post (2); Frederick H. Pratt (3); Harry C. Rubincam (1); Sarah C. Sears (1); George H. Seeley (7); Emma Spencer (3); Eduard J. Steichen (7); Alfred Stieglitz (7); John Francis Strauss (1); Eva Watson Schütze (7); Katharine S. Stanbery (2); Clarence H. White (7); Wm. E. Wilmerding (1); Myra A. Wiggins (1); W. A. Boger (1); Fannie Coburn (1); Richard M. Coit (1); Arthur H. Flint (1); Landon Garlitz (1); Samuel Holden (1); James W. Kent (1); Robert B. Montgomery (1); Wm. Elbert MacNaughton (1); Jas. E. Underhill (1).

In the color transparency section, there were represented: De Meyer; Arthur Mooney and J. Nilsen Laurvik.—Editor.

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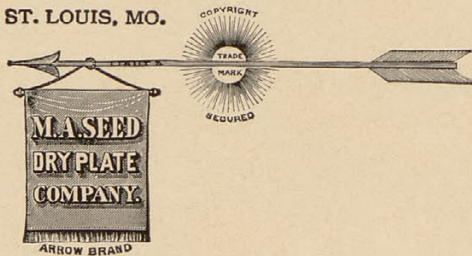


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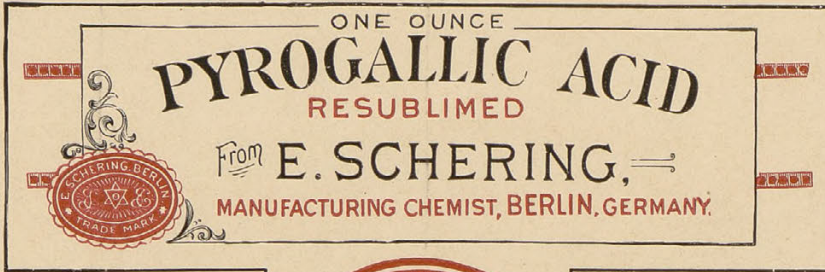


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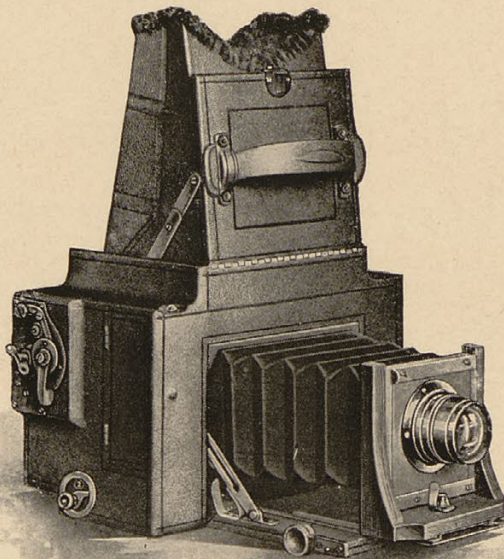
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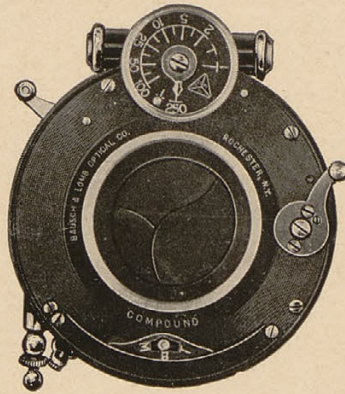
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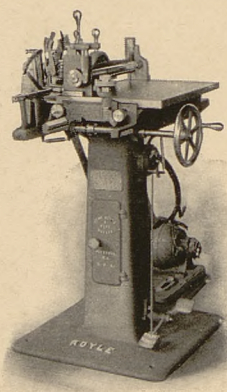


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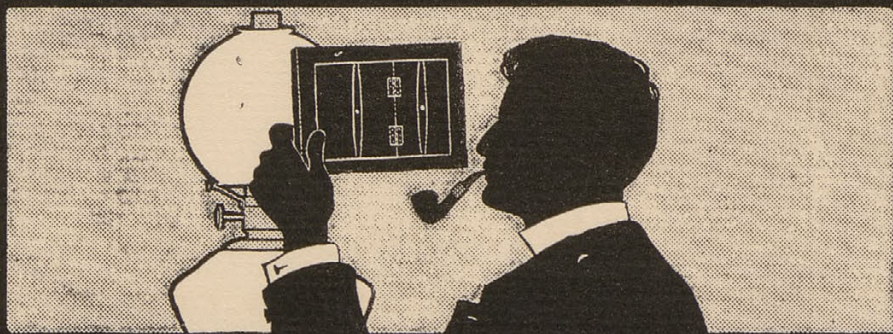
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