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PLATES

ANNIE W. BRIGMAN

- I. Soul of the Blasted Pine.
- II. The Dying Cedar.
- III. The Brook.
- IV. The Source.
- V. The Bubble.



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HENRI MATISSE AND ISADORA DUNCAN

AMONG the sculptors, painters and critics, quoted in the latest issue of *CAMERA WORK*, there were only two men who dissented from the proposition that photography may be a form of artistic expression, and one of these was Henri Matisse. He regards photography as a source of documents, valuable to the artist for their richness of suggestion; a means to an end, not an end in itself. Therefore the photographer should not tamper with the record. Let the objectivity of the latter be completely preserved.

This opinion is interesting in its self-revelation of Matisse, whose own motive is to get away from objectivity and to make his pictures interpret an abstract idea. While he has a small but ardent following in Paris, to the great majority of artists and critics his work is *bêtise*. Some one dubbed him and his group *Les Fauves*; and the name has stuck; and certainly from the ordinary standpoint of appreciation and criticism "The Wild Men" have justified it. To the academic painter their pictures are an inconceivable outrage; to the impressionist, as offensive as those of the original impressionists were to the conservatives of their own day.

To the student, however, who keeps aloof from the clatter of cliques and tries to understand each man in the light of the man's own intentions, some questions arise: Is Matisse a charlatan? If not, is he, though not trying to deceive others, a victim of self-deception? On the other hand, is it possible that a later generation may endorse at least his motive, just as today we endorse the motive, if not all the productions, of impressionism?

What is his motive? As he himself explains it, it is the effort to interpret the feeling which the sight of an object stirs in him. This has a familiar sound. Yes, there is nothing novel in the general motive of Matisse. The novelty begins to appear in its application. He too is an impressionist, but with a difference. It is not the ocular but the mental impression that he is intent on rendering, which again has a ring not unfamiliar. But his difference consists in the big gap which appears between the ocular and the mental impression. For example, I saw a picture of a woman. The original I was told, had a band of orange and scarlet ribbon around her throat and waist; otherwise she was dressed from head to foot in black. So much for the ocular impression. This, however, when it had filtered through his mental vision, emerged as a brilliant color scheme of rose, purple, peacock-green and blue, with a prevalence throughout of greenish suggestion. Why not, you reply? He was not bound to represent the woman as you or I might have seen her. How much better, if the contrast of yellow, red and black suggested to his imagination a sumptuous and subtle color harmony, that he should create it.

Yes, as an abstract proposition, such a course seems admirable. But you examine the picture in detail, the features of the face have been drawn in with lines of the brush, very crudely as it seems, almost like a child's handling of the brush. Then you turn to another picture, this time of a nude. The

features again are portrayed in this rudimentary way, and the chin slopes into the neck with a suggestion of imbecility. But the drawing of the limbs and torso are worse yet; one leg, for example, is palpably bigger than the other; and, while some of the lines have a fine sweep of movement, passages occur that seem to you like the fumbling of a person who cannot draw. The grotesqueness of the whole thing shocks you. It is impressionism run mad!

But a visit to Matisse does not endorse this hasty surmise. When I entered the big building—a disused convent—in which he works, the first sight I encountered was that symbol of domestic conformity, a baby carriage, and the next the father himself, a stocky simple person, in appearance a sane and healthy bourgeois. No suggestion of the decadent esthete; still less of the poseur or charlatan. He shows me a series of drawings from the nude. In the first, he explains that he has drawn “what exists”; and the drawing shows the knowledge and skill, characteristic of French academic art. Then others follow in which he has sought for further and further “simplification,” until finally the figure, as he expressed it, was *organisé*. To the academician it may appear spoilt, brutalised or enfeebled, at any rate ridiculous. But for Matisse’s own purpose it has been “organized,” brought into conformity with his controlling purpose. And the latter, he explains, is to sacrifice everything to unity; so that you may be able to see the composition as a whole without any interruption.

He sees me looking at some wooden figures carved by African natives. These with some fragments of Egyptian sculpture are almost the only objects, besides pictures, in his studio. As he passes his hand over the wooden figures, he utters one word, “Simplification.” Meanwhile, it does not escape me that the incised lines and the treatment of the planes in these figures, bear a close analogy to his own method of drawing and modeling; and I note that his figures have a feeling of quiet self-contained bulk, corresponding to the old African carver’s expression in wood.

Then, as he talks about the importance of form, and especially the need of preserving and relying on its plasticity, he leads me to another room, where in the big emptiness of the surroundings he is modeling a figure in clay. It is a woman, seated cross-legged, and it has the proud, poignant aloofness of Chinese hieratic sculpture, and something also of the plastic stability, yet nervous calm, of an Egyptian statue.

In fact it is toward Oriental art that Matisse leans in his study of how to simplify. His simplification is not for the purpose of rendering more vividly the actuality of form; it is to secure a unity of expression in the interpretation of an abstract idea. And he is seeking for the source of the motive and the means of achieving it in primitive art, even in what in our sophistication we too hastily reject as the era of the child-man in art.

A few days ago I saw Miss Isadora Duncan in her dance interpretive of Beethoven’s Seventh Symphony, which Wagner described as “An Apotheosis of the Dance.” It appears that some of the musical pundits of the

press were shocked. It was a desecration of such music to associate with it so "primitive" an art as dancing; too much, I suppose, like opening a cathedral window and letting nature's freshness blow through the aisles and vaulting. It ruffles the hair of the worshippers, and disturbs the serene detachment of their reveries.

From their own standpoint, quite possibly, the pundits are right. Like so many musical folks, they have trained their ears at the expense of their eye-sight, and accustomed their brains to respond exclusively to aural impressions. Why should they sympathize with an effort to reach the imagination simultaneously through the avenues of sight and sound? So they belittled the dancer and her art.

If you have seen her dance, I wonder whether you do not agree with me that it was one of the loveliest expressions of beauty one has ever experienced. In contrast with the vastness of the Metropolitan Opera House and the bigness of the stage her figure appeared small, and distance lent it additional aloofness. The personality of the woman was lost in the impersonality of her art. The figure became a symbol of the abstract conception of rhythm and melody. The spirit of rhythm and melody by some miracle seemed to have been made visible.

A presence, distilled from the corporeality of things, it floated in, bringing with it the perfume of flowers, the breath of zephyrs, and the ripple of brooks; the sway of pine trees on hill sides, and the quiver of reeds beside woodland pools; the skimming of swallows in the clear blue, and the poise of the humming bird in a garden of lilies; the gliding of fish, and dart of fire-fly, and the footfall of deer on dewy grass; the smile of sunlight on merry beds of flowers and the soft tread of shadows over nameless graves; the purity of dawn, tremble of twilight, and the sob of moonlit waves. These and a thousand other hints of the rhythm which nature weaves about the lives and deaths of men seemed to permeate the stage. The movement of beauty that artists of all ages have dreamed of as penetrating the universe through all eternity, in a few moments of intense consciousness, seemed to be realized before one's eyes. It was a revelation of beauty so exquisite, that it brought happy, cleansing tears. Brava, Isadora!

But why should I think of her while writing about Matisse? Simply, I believe, because the musical critic thought her performance primitive and therefore beneath his notice. It *was* primitive; old as the world, and it was for that reason that I loved it. And yet toward Matisse's motive, notwithstanding that it also is an expression of primitive elemental feeling, I find myself like the musical pundit. At least, not quite; I can appreciate the motive, but not understand the interpretation of it. That may be my fault or Matisse's. I may still be too sophisticated to appreciate; too wedded to the need of scholarly drawing and the preconceived ideas of beauty; too much at the mercy of our habit of expecting to find in pictures accurate representation of the ocular impressions; not yet able to detach the spiritual

idea of abstract beauty sufficiently from the accidents of concrete appearance.

On the other hand, it may be that Matisse has too completely cut himself off from our traditions, and has not yet bridged over the wide space with methods reasonably persuasive. For the present, maybe, he is but blazing a path, that as yet he does not himself know how to coördinate with the rhythm and melody of nature.

Meanwhile, I found that after I had been with his pictures some time, they exerted a spell upon my imagination. So much so, that after I had left them I could not immediately look at "ordinary" pictures. For the time, at least, the latter seemed banal in the comparative obviousness of their suggestion.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

THE HOME OF THE GOLDEN DISK



HEN, on April 30th, 1908, "The Little Galleries" turned over their original rooms, at 291 Fifth Avenue, to a tailoring establishment, a chapter was closed in the history of the Photo-Secession.

For three years, under the directorship of one man, who gave his entire time to this educational work, exhibitions have been held in these rooms, which have attracted the New York public, compelled the attention of dealers, critics and art institutions, and obtained that recognition for photography as an art, for which the champions of the new movement have been striving.

Perhaps, the first time you went up the narrow elevator which took inquirers to the top floor and entered the room to your right, the director, the leading spirit, would be found in conversation with some friends or visitors. The minute you gazed into the rooms so fittingly designed, you seemed to breathe a different atmosphere. The quiet, neutral tone of the walls and of the woodwork; the softly diffused light; the happy spacing and proportions of the rooms and their furnishings; the color note of autumn foliage in the big brass bowl in the centre of the farther room; all combined to give you from the outset a feeling of harmony, balance and repose. You insensibly relaxed. You fell into a receptive mood.

Before you could phrase your inquiry as to whether you were in the right place or were addressing the proper person, you would be greeted by a slight nod of the head, and a, "You want to see the photographs? They are inside. Walk right in." Entering the rooms to your left, you found yourself confronting a set of pictures which immediately arrested your attention. You looked to the catalogue for the name of the artist; the name was unknown to you; the titles did not help you. Giving up the catalogue, you returned to some one picture which had attracted your attention more particularly; then to a second, then to a third,—and you wondered at it all. Surely these were only photographs, obtained by a mechanical process incapable of recording anything but facts, and yet they appealed to your emotions. There was atmosphere, there was feeling in them, an unexplainable something recognizable in every one,—the stamp of individuality.

Startled out of your reverie by a, "Well, what do you think of them?" you turned around and met a pair of dark eyes behind glasses, looking at you from under a mass of bushy black hair. If your answer showed any response whatever to the artist's appeal, then you had a treat before you. Conversation warmed up; you branched out into other fields, painting, etching, sculpture, music; you heard of personal experiences with casual visitors, and with friends, some encouraging, some discouraging. For half an hour, or an hour, or two hours you forgot all about New York, the rush of the subway and the struggle after the almighty dollar; and when you got back into the street, into the turmoil of everyday life, you felt that you had discovered an oasis, seemingly thousands of miles from the scorching struggle for life, where at your pleasure you could stop and refresh yourself in the peaceful

enjoyment of the beauty of life; a quiet nook in a city of conflict, where you breathed an atmosphere of mutual helpfulness and understanding.

You began to wonder also how much or how little truth there was in the rumors you had heard, that the Photo-Secession was merely an organization working in a narrow circle for the benefit of a few individuals of the photographic world. The Secessionist spirit loomed far bigger before you. The label of Photo-Secession seemed almost a misrepresentation, apparently narrowing its interest to photography,—while your talk with its director had left you under the impression that its scope spread far beyond this first field of its activity. Its fight had been first and foremost for recognition of photography among the arts, but now that this object had been attained, could it not legitimately bring to the fore new and interesting work in other arts, provided the men it championed worked in a medium which allowed personal expression?

Etching, drawing, painting, sculpture, music, seem to be its legitimate province. We are dealing, not with a society, not with an organization, as much as with a movement. The Secession is not so much a school or a following as an attitude towards life; and its motto seems to be:—"Give every man who claims to have a message for the world a chance of being heard."

Under our social system each generation is living forty years behind its time. Our laws are written by men past their sixties, and reflect the ideas which they formed when they were in their twenties. The artists now in vogue are either dead or old men. Ibsen writes:—"The younger generation is knocking at the door," and the older generation is trying to keep it closed before them. The Photo-Secession, through the "Little Galleries," has tried to help the modern tendencies to come to the front, to show the public what was being done, and not what had been done; to make people look, not to the past, but to the present and to the future; and now that the original "Little Galleries" are closed, having accomplished their purpose, the Photo-Secession is still living, and stronger than ever through the interest it has awakened widespread among the public.

It has its new gallery right across the hall from its old quarters, and under the same enthusiastic and devoted directorship, it will pursue its work without any fixed programme, for, depending on work which is yet undiscovered or possibly not even produced, it knows not what its evolution may be. It will give those of strong individual artistic personality a chance to make their appeal to the public, even though it may not feel in unison with them. It will be sufficient that the work be of the kind that makes one interested in discovering the message of the artist.

If it has led one step further towards our interest in the thoughts of our fellow-men, and towards the happiness which is to be found in love and understanding, its efforts will not have been in vain, and such a result will be sufficient reward for the man who has given so much of his time, energy and financial support, in the accomplishment of this self-appointed task.

PAUL B. HAVILAND.

PLATES

EMA SPENCER.

I. Girl with Parasol.

C. YARNALL ABBOTT.

II. Sentinels.





IMPRESSIONS OF THE LINKED RING SALON OF 1908

IT being the day of the official opening, the exhibition gallery of the "Royal Society of Painters in Water-Color" was almost crowded. A confused buzz of voices and the hum and rustle of people moving about stirred the air, like the murmur of a steady breeze. At one end of the room was a white-clothed table, whence tea and cakes were being served to those desiring refreshment. Down the centre of the room a long narrow housing, with far projecting eaves, that looked like an incubator on stilts, had been erected for the display of the autochromes. Benches, placed parallel with the length of this and far enough away to make an avenue on each side of the autochrome casement, afforded coigns of rest for the weary. About the walls were the prints; with few exceptions framed and hung to advantage, and, when possible, in individual groups.

The impression as a whole was dignified; and certain of the English critical press, both lay and photographic, pronounced it to be the most impressive photo-pictorial exhibition held in London for some years. Compared, however, with the exhibitions held during the last three years in the "Little Galleries" of the Photo-Secession in New York, it fell considerably short of their standard. Nevertheless the exhibition was strong and reasonably harmonious; and, in the case of certain of the exhibitors, showed a marked advance. Noticeable in this regard was the work of Coburn, which is more careful in its technique and more mature in its conception. The most striking of his prints was his picture of the "flip-flap" at the Franco-British Exposition. Its great steel arms make a narrow upward V against a heavy English sky, vigorous in its cloud-massings; the whole being suggestive of suspended motion, the large, rhythmic motion of great light-moving machinery, and of massive on-gliding clouds.

A steady advance seemed also apparent in Baron A. de Meyer's work, which gave the impression of being stronger in character and more consistent of purpose than formerly. Its harmony of purpose and style contrasted strongly with that of M. Demachy, which was restless and groping. I could not get away from the feeling, as I stood before the work of these two, that they represented the two elements now agitating the photographic world here in London: the artists who have turned to the camera as a means of expression, and the photographers who with the same intention have turned their cameras toward art.

The latter have brought the photographic media to that point of perfection, pliability and expressiveness that has made it possible for the artists to resort to it as a means of original expression. But while the artist concerns himself primarily with expression and but secondarily with photography, they concern themselves primarily with the latter: with the process rather than the expression.

As an example of rich oil-printing, M. Demachy's "Portrait of Mlle. B." was one of the most notable things in the exhibition. The work of Malcolm Arbuthnot, which seems to be somewhat indebted to the influence

of Coburn, shows thoughtful composition and a strong feeling for the decorative, with a tendency toward the bizarre. That of Walter Bennington, while ambitious in its character, lacks in verity of values and indicates that the subtler feeling for delicacy and harmony, so essential to the artist, has not yet realized itself. The work of F. J. Mortimer evidenced a fine feeling for landscape, and his print, "The Mill," admirably handled in its technique, was one of the most charming landscape pictures in the Salon. Another pleasing picture, full of a soft charm, was "Beech Sprays" by Alexander Keighley; one of the best things of his that I have seen. But it displays the tendency that marks nearly all of the English art of today, an expression of the sweetness of a theme at the expense of its strength. Compare, for example, a Constable landscape with the best example of the foremost English landscape painters of today and the distinction will become at once apparent.

John H. Anderson's fine examples of the beautiful possibilities of oil-printing displayed an admirable selection in the way of subject; particularly his "Steam Trawlers off Yarmouth," which also charmed by its luscious richness. Of all the British work exhibited that of J. Craig Annan easily took first place with its direct honesty and simplicity of purpose and perfection of technique. Of his little grouping of fine things, the portrait of "George Davison" was the best. It is Davison to the life; one of the most living, splendid things in portraiture that I have ever seen.

Of the American workers, other than Coburn, Steichen, Eugene, White, and Stieglitz were well represented with strongly individual exhibits. Eugene's consisted of a group of fine rich new prints, some of them from old negatives; while Steichen's was mainly composed of the prints exhibited last Spring in the "Little Galleries." Next to it came the Stieglitz-White group and White's individual display, succeeded by two of Mrs. Brigman's dramatically poetic prints. This collection of groups with that of Coburn, adjoining it at right angles, made a very argumentative display. It was characterized by a directness and simplicity of purpose that betrayed no wavering, no doubt, no half-hearted belief in the possibility of photography as a medium of original individual expression. Add to it the examples by Annan, de Meyer, Müller, Theodore and Oscar Hofmeister, and one or two others, and it is impossible not to feel respect for their accomplishments, even though all of their work may not be equally sympathetic.

Among other pictures that held one's attention was Archibald Cochrane's "Horses Drinking;" a beautiful bit of composition, though the printing seemed rather clogged, corresponding to what painters would term heavy, dead color. This defect however may have been exaggerated by the lighting in these galleries, for it was noticeable that many of Steichen's prints, which, when exhibited in the "Little Galleries" did not convey that impression, as seen here, appeared somewhat heavy in their shadows; the transparency of the shadows not realizing its proportionate values in this light. Still other noticeable exhibits were a head by S. Berssenbragge, one of the strong things of the Salon; J. Dudley Johnston's several prints; the "Ploughman" by Mrs. Caleb Keene; the "Fantastic Pine" by Harold Jacob, which was rather

decorative; some studies in color by E. Warner, very interesting and extremely well executed; a pleasing little print by Will Cadby, and by his wife a dainty simple study of an attractively gowned young woman.

Evans was represented by a single print and that not particularly interesting. Some of his friends assert that it was but an experimental print and the weakest of those sent. If that be so, and he took the Salon with so little seriousness as to submit a weak "experimental print" to its Committee of Selection, he has small reason to complain because the Committee of Selection took him and his work more seriously than he took himself or them. Nor is his subsequent conduct, in publicly and privately attacking the work and the motives of the Committee of Selection and condemning the Salon of 1908 as a farcical affair, calculated to awaken sympathy or admiration.

Had the Jury been heartlessly faithful to the high standard set by them, the exhibition would have gained materially in strength, but there were evidently moments in which the Committee of Selection permitted kindness to influence discretion.

II

The autochrome exhibits, which did not show to the best advantage owing to the difficulty of giving them the most effective translucency, were extremely interesting in their demonstration of the color possibilities of this branch of photography. Many of them also were of high value in a pictorial sense. The two chief exhibitors were Baron A. de Meyer and Eduard J. Steichen. Aside from their other merits, de Meyer's plates were almost flawless technically, showing no signs of the ravage of defective emulsion. His composition arrangements were somewhat monotonous, savoring of repetition; but his color sense is exquisite. Few more delicate color schemes could be conceived than those that appear in certain of his subjects. It is color above all else that appeals to him; subtle refinement of color, Chopin color, if such expression be permissible; color such as nature in her gentlest and most ethereal moods uses in the pigmentation of her flowers of rarest loveliness. In no other medium known could certain of the color results, secured by de Meyer in these plates, be produced.

Steichen's subjects, on the other hand, showed excellent and varying composition that did not repeat itself, and, while he displayed some subtly delicate things, his inclination apparently is toward bold vigorous color expression. The "Nocturne of the Red Lanterns" was an exquisitely beautiful picture—one of the gems of the exhibition, if not *the* gem, the memory of which still haunts one like ghostly music, a phantom of perfect harmonies.

Coburn, whose autochrome of Lady Ebury I especially liked, had the next largest autochrome display that included some very interesting things, as also did the group by G. Bernard Shaw, whose "First Day of Winter, 1907" attracted much attention. There were plates, too, by J. C. Warburg; while J. Craig Annan's two studies, "The Blue Gown" and "Sunshine and Flowers," were characteristically individual and charming.

A source of regret was the absence of examples of the fine autochrome

work by Stieglitz, White and Eugene, inclusion of which would have added very materially to the scope and power of this most interesting collection. It is worthy of note that veteran pictorialists, whose long associations with the Salon have made them look to tradition as a guide, objected to the presence of the autochrome, because tradition forbade transparencies and because of the alleged entirely mechanical character of the autochrome process. A careful study however of the work of the five exhibitors whose plates went to make up the Salon's autochrome collection should convince one that the results are not mechanically similar. Both de Meyer and Steichen, for example, have handled flowers in their autochrome pictures. Their feeling and taste for color differs widely. Their renderings of the colors of the same flowers reflect strongly this difference, which could not be the case were the results of necessity entirely mechanical. A further comparison of the exhibits of the other three but confirmed this conclusion.

III

Several times after the official opening I visited the Salon. Except for one or two persons, the place was deserted. Apparently the chief way of announcing certain exhibitions here is by means of sandwich men. Often in the neighborhood of the Haymarket, Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly and Regent Street a line of wretched human derelicts can be seen marching along in slovenly way, placarded over chest and shoulders with the notice of some exhibition.

One day in hurrying to an appointment at the "Carlton" I had my way blocked by a long line of these curious, pitiable figures, walking Indian file, each chasubled with large lettered placards, advertising an exhibition of the work of a Spanish painter at the Grafton Galleries; a dirty, ragged philosophic-looking lot, slouching along, the peripatetic heralds of art. And, for advertising the Salon also in this way, posters had been printed. They were still piled on the table-desk in the Gallery. But, even had greater effort been made to draw a crowd, the results I suspect would have been the same. An English friend who chanced to be in the city, an art lover and collector who knew nothing of the "Linked Ring" and pictorial photography till I introduced them to him, explained that practically all art-loving London was away at this season. "Why are these exhibitions held at this season?" he asked. I gave him the explanation of one of the most active local members of the "Linked Ring," favoring this time for exhibitions: namely that, because it is the opening of the season, the newspapers, having nothing else in the way of exhibitions, give full notice to this one. Otherwise it would probably receive little attention, being crowded out by the others, and thus the "Linked Ring" Salon really opens the exhibition season. Further, it would be quite impossible to get a good gallery at any other time. My English friend smiled. "A gallery can be readily engaged at this time" he said "because it is the period of the long vacation, and most of London is abroad. As for the value of newspaper notices in advertising the pictorial movement in photography, I who follow art matters pretty closely

knew nothing of it till you told me; and, if all your "Linked Ring" exhibitions have been of this character, I sincerely regret that I did not know of them before. I had no knowledge that this sort of work was even possible. I did see some newspaper references to this exhibition; but learned little more from them than that there was some sort of difference between several photographic factions; and rather gathered that an American faction had managed to get the upper hand of things and pack the jury, to the large disgust of the patriotic English members."

Once again I visited the gallery. There were two other persons there: the attendant and the polite lady secretary who sat at the desk. The day being cloudy, the place had about it a touch of gloom. "Have there been many visitors?" I asked. "Very few," was the reply. The gallery wore a look of dignified sadness and desertion. Poor old Salon!

IV

In point of fact it is but fair to many members of "The Ring" and many of the English photographers to state that the Salon of 1908 met with large disapproval in English "Linked Ring" circles. On the opening day, the only day on which anything like a goodly number of persons was present, a comparatively small percentage of the number seemed to take only a negative or condemnatory interest in the exhibits upon the walls. The interest appeared to be centred rather in the prints that had not been hung; in those that the Selection Committee had rejected. The atmosphere was tense with resentment, and already there was talk of a *Salon des Refusés*. With a frankness that, but for its naivete, might have seemed almost rudeness, the jury and more particularly the Americans were permitted to feel that their judgments were not approved, were even viewed with suspicion, and charged with having found their judicial inspiration in selfish motives. In some quarters it was not merely hinted but openly intimated, that the stronger English work had been rejected to make the foreign work stand out more prominently by contrast. So bitter was this feeling, especially against the Americans, and so generally was it accepted as a fact by the English press and in English photographic circles that the Americans had a majority on the Committee of Selection, and that the tyrannical Photo-Secession had ridden rough-shod over English work, that it will be a matter of interest to consider, in passing, the appointment and composition of the Jury of Selection.

The composition of the Jury of Selection, as published, was as follows: J. Craig Annan; Malcolm Arbuthnot; Walter Bennington; Alvin Langdon Coburn; George Davison; Eduard Steichen; Robert Demachy; Frank Eugene; Heinrich Kühn; Baron A. de Meyer; Alfred Stieglitz, and Clarence H. White. The last five gentlemen being absent from London did not serve.

It was a calculable probability, when certain members of the Committee of Selection were originally named, that they could not be present. Local selection of prints in the different countries having been abolished by the English Links, the naming on the Committee of persons who could not

serve was apparently a sort of conciliatory courtesy or purely nominal and honorary distinction, and the printing of their names an amiable fiction.

Had all the Americans named actually served, there would have been but five to seven; or five Americans and five British jurors with Demachy and Kühn holding deciding votes. But of the Committee of Selection that actually served only two out of six were Americans. The "British Journal of Photography," stated on "good authority" that J. T. Keiley, though his name was not printed among those of the Committee, had actually served. He had not, and wrote to the Editor asking for his authority, but received no reply. That the Editor believed he had the best of authority, there cannot be a moment's doubt. Apparently he had been wrongly informed by someone who would not permit his name to be known, and so to the obligation of confidence, sacrificed his sense of editorial courtesy and subsequently ignored the subject.

Certain it is that no effort was spared to put the blame of the 1908 "Linked Ring" Salon on the Americans and more particularly on the Photo-Secession. As intimated, it was even charged that the weakest work of England's strongest photographers had been selected, to make the American work appear the stronger. Even had the two Americans on the Jury of Selection been so inclined, they could hardly have influenced the four British members so to injure their compatriots. Of course the charge was made in the heat of the moment and should not be taken too seriously. But I revert to it to show the trend of feeling; feeling all the more bitter, because it realized that at last had come a parting of the ways: that the Salon was doomed together with the organization that created it, unless there was to come a radical change.

This organization which is supposed to stand for the highest and best in pictorial photography simply stands still. It has gotten into a rut, because the spirit and belief are not there. It struggles with methods without grasping principles. It has neither a definite purpose nor policy. Instead of being awake to the real significance of the work of the Jury of Selection, the majority of its English members can see in it only international rivalry, and wax indignant that its members should have shown as many of their own pictures as they did, thinking it "beastly bad form." "The Ring" in fact, contains too many who are not heart and soul in this movement, who think more of their personal work than of the future of pictorial photography, who indeed have little or no faith in it, because, knowing in their own hearts that they are not artists in the true sense of the word, that they are but acting a part where their possibilities are little and their limitations great, they profess to believe in the limitations of the camera, as thereby coextensive with their own lack of original expression.

The "Linked Ring," in fact, is in precisely the same condition as the Philadelphia Society at the close of the last of its real salons. Then, although the Society was pledged to what was most advanced, the purely photographic element in it revolted against the original pledges and leaders and held another, open-for-all, "Salon." That was the end of those exhibitions and of

the Philadelphia Society as a factor in the pictorial movement in photography.

In England also today there has been a revolt, followed by a *Salon des Refusés*. The people who originated the latter idea were not outsiders, not rival members of the Royal or of anything of that sort, but active and representative English members of the "Linked Ring," the Editor of the "Amateur Photographer," for example, warmly seconded by so active a member of the "Ring" as F. H. Evans, an ex-Secretary, who has raged against the Salon of 1908 privately and in the press, and who seems to feel that to have exhibited repeatedly in the Salon in the past and to have been an earnest supporter of the exhibitions that showed his work gave him an inalienable right to be accepted as an exhibitor perpetually, and to feel released from all loyalty to the organization as soon as it turns his work down. There are no more respected names in the world of Pictorial Photography than those of Annan, Davison and de Meyer. They stand for what is best and most progressive, and Annan and de Meyer are doing new work that ranks with the best of pictorial photographic work. Davison professes at present to be doing no new work. But these men and a handful of others, English members of "The Ring," who are artists in the real sense of the word, can no more drag the organization in the right direction than could the real artists and art-lovers of the old Philadelphia Society drag theirs. Those photographers referred to in an earlier part of this paper, who have turned their cameras toward art for theme with which to fill their plates, have realized that there has come the parting of the ways, and have risen in revolt. Circumscribed by their particular conception of the limitations of a process, they ever concern themselves, if sometimes unconsciously, with what is and what is not photography, what is and what is not legitimate, and lack faith in photography as a means of true original artistic expression. With such photography, while a charming pastime, has never been a serious calling. For they have never believed in photography as a means of original expression. Though they may believe themselves artists, capable of doing nice work that in consequence of some imitative or artistic ability has enabled them to keep up to some extent with the pace set by others, and pleased in the vanity to be associated with the popular interest and approval won by the new movement, with which chance more than merit has associated them, they are all the while doubters. They believe the new men to be either youthful enthusiasts or clever charlatans, who claim more than their right or who are smart enough to hoodwink the public. But, because through the efforts of these new men many art critics, properly so called, began to consider pictorial photography seriously and art magazines to give special attention to it, they were willing to share the benefits and ceased to talk about the newer men or their own doubts regarding limitations. They liked the notion of being artists in spite of themselves. Then came the awakening, and the revolt. Not all who participated in the *Salon des Refusés* belong to the clement I have described, many having been drawn into it who on reflection most probably would have acted differently.

But let those, directly instrumental in organizing that "rebuke" to the

committee which they themselves had selected, consider the Royal Exhibition of 1908 and what that stands for, and the so-called Linked-Ring-Photo-Secession Salon and what that stands for, and make their choice. But, in choosing, let them not forget the fate of the Philadelphia Salon; for inevitably the same fate is in store for the "Linked Ring," if it does not keep true to itself and the progress of the times.

There can be no half-hearted or temporising measures. The fate of the "Linked Ring" is at stake. It had better die than be false to the traditions and standards of its finest past; better not be at all than exist to become but a dead weight to the movement in England; holding back the progress of events, fill thrown off and thrust aside by a body more capable of conserving the interests and progress of photography as a means of original expression.

JOSEPH T. KEILEY.

PERSONALITY IN PHOTOGRAPHY— WITH A WORD ON COLOR



HE unwise, those who refuse to learn from the study of exhibited work, and who are unable to learn by practical experience, say that though photography may have its art aspects and value, yet it can never hope to attain to a very high place, as its sense of personality, its obedience to individuality, is so limited. Give half a dozen men the same camera, lenses and plates, and send them to the same place to do the same thing, and all the results will be alike, or so nearly alike as to reveal the real mechanicalness of photography. Yet, curiously enough, this is just one of the most difficult things a photographer can be set to do, to exactly repeat himself, or another. He may use the identical apparatus, know the subject perfectly, and yet be totally unable to bring away an exact replica.

Years ago I had the honor of having some architectural studies reproduced in this magazine, and to one of them I gave the title "Height and Light in Bourges Cathedral." Since then I have been able to repeat the subject in a larger size (4 x 5), but it came with a totally different effect of lighting; and this year I was able to repeat it once more, still larger, in 8 x 10 size; and as I was fully content with the light effect in my 4 x 5, I tried hard to get that rendering again. But the increase in size of apparatus and focus of lens made the position of camera so different as to prevent an exact repeating of the composition, the narrowness of the aisle was such as to compel the camera's distance from the subject to give a different composition.

The light also proved baffling; the two previous efforts had been made, as was this, in full summer, with a continuous blaze of sun; but the direction of the sun's rays from the different month, or week, or day, made a repetition of the previous light effect quite impossible, though it was studied and watched for at all hours. One version is not inferior to another, but it was interesting to find how impossible it was to repeat the former effect even by the same worker.

Critics, of the vague sort referred to, also deny the sense of creation to photography, limiting it, even at its best, to the achieving of a mere record. But set two men to record, say, a Rodin sculpture, or a cathedral grotesque; the mechanically minded man will only see and produce a lifeless result, a mere empty record; the artist, the trained observer, will study his subject till he sees the one point of view at which the vital essence of the sculpture is revealed in its fullest degree; one will be a dull, dead, uninteresting copy, the other as welcome and stimulating in its way as the original is in its, with its fullest characteristic or vitality made manifest.

That the recording factor is an instrument, a machine, if you will, no more compels mechanicalness than a piano makes a Beethoven sonata mechanical because it is only audible through its agency; it is neither the piano or the camera that really matters, it is what is done by them.

It is here also that the wonderful new color methods will prove so exhilarating and successful or so disastrously disappointing. So few are artists in color; the love of the reticent, refined, and pure in color is so rare among us. And the fact that photographers have been, necessarily, training themselves in black-and-white and all its subtleties, and therefore neglecting the study of color, may compel most of them to very dreadful failures; and failure in this color direction will be more painful than failure in black-and-white. The sense of values in color is a rare one, even among painters, with whom it is a daily professional study; it is but rarely we can say, so-and-so is a great colorist.

The photographer who aims at this color work must study his methods afresh from the beginning, it is a new education he needs on quite different lines.

The rules for exposure will need readjusting and formulating; it is one thing to expose for color with a view to an all-round successful translation into monochrome, and quite another thing to render in color the pure color values of nature. I foresee endless difficulties and failures, but the failures will only make the successes the more entrancing; though, alas! to those who are imperfect in their color sense and training, the sense of failure will not be apparent; what they get will be so novel and exciting as to make it difficult to regard it with cold criticality. But to the lover of pure color the difficulties will be only so many incitements towards the achievement of perfection.

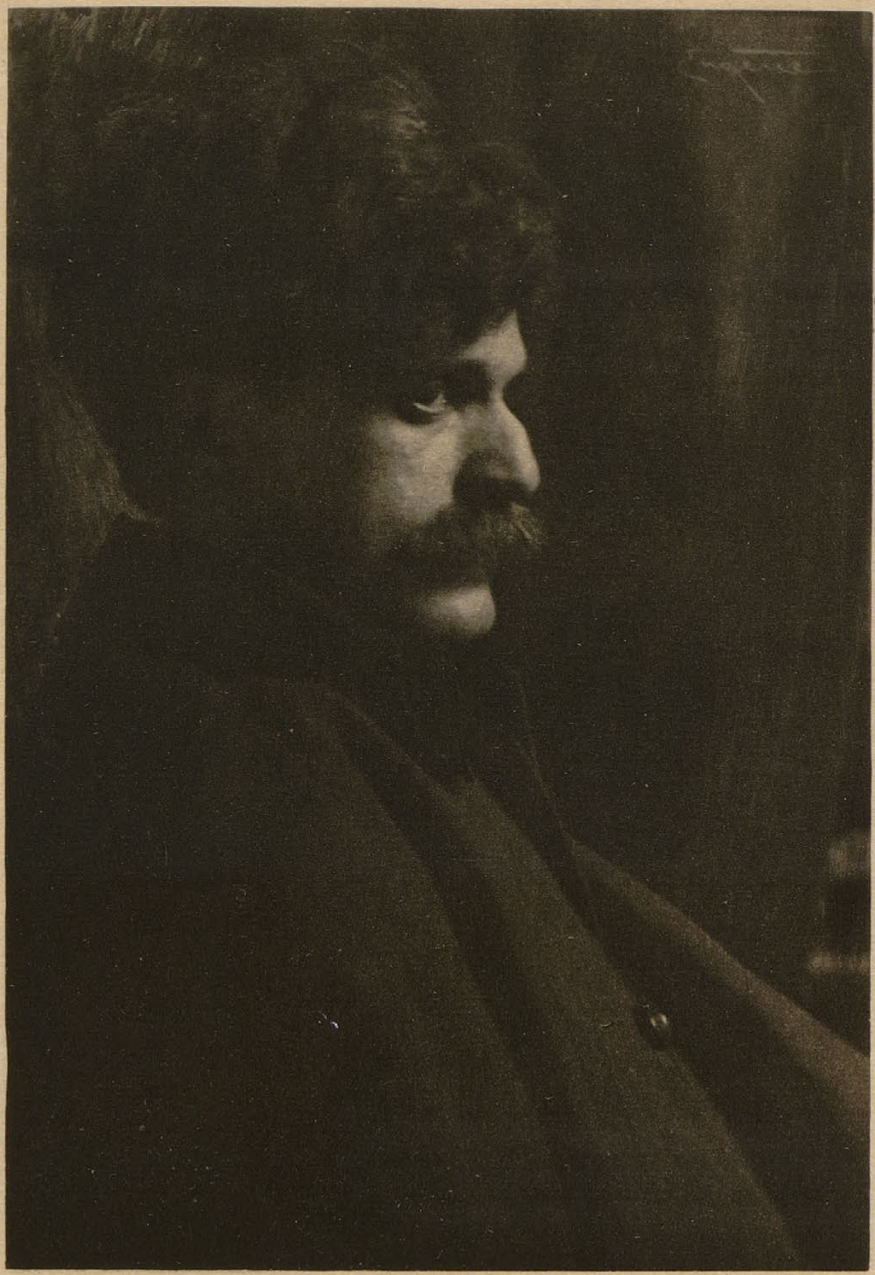
And if we can hope to go as far with it as photography already has gone in black-and-white, what a "feast of fat thing" may be looked for!

FREDERICK H. EVANS.

PLATES


FRANK EUGENE.

- I. Mr. Alfred Stieglitz.
- II. Lady of Charlotte.





HENRI MATISSE; A RETROSPECT

 HERE were eight ladies in the room. One of them (she hung on the wall) was dressed in a black polka-dot and lay on her side in a garden of green angle worms. Another (also hung) was composed entirely of lake-madder spots and stood on a beach made opalescent by pale mauve squiggles. The other six were visitors. Four of them wore Spring hats like Italian gardens. Two of them—I hesitate to say it—two of them wore trousers. But then, what would you have? After all, sex is a mere embriological coincidence, while ladyhood is a vocation.

I had been spending an hour with Henri Matisse in the "Little Galleries," inviting my soul—and having the invitation refused. Somehow my soul acts like that at times. And I had been very nice about it, too. I had not just thrown out a careless, general invitation; a sort of "Now run down and see us sometime, do, there's a good fellow." I had been punctilious and particular. I had said, "Allow me to introduce you to a lady composed entirely of lake-madder spots standing on a beach made opalescent by pale mauve squiggles." I had said, "I say, old man, come and look at this sunset. You never saw anything like it." I had said, "Here's a charming girl I want you to meet. She dresses in a black polka-dot and lives in a garden of green angle worms." But there was nothing doing. And so, in default of what I had chosen to think better company, I turned my attention to the visitors. One of the ladies in a flowery hat was explaining to the three other ladies in flowery hats and to the two other ladies in trousers, the meaning of the lady in a black polka-dot. She was interpreting the message of Matisse. She was extra-illustrating it. She was adding foot notes. She was making an exegesis. And it was a labor of love. Her eyes glowed with the joy of discovery, and the pride of possession, and the fanaticism of the maternal. And as I listened, I understood. I understood Matisse, and the eight ladies, and many things. And my soul stirred, and accepted my invitation, and came out, and we looked at each other and smiled. For we had remembered my cousin Kate.

It was one of those still days in summer when all the windows stand open and the cicadas in the elm trees go Z—z—z—z—zzzzzt and cousin Kate had dropped in to lunch and had brought the baby. Now the baby was just starting in on her second year and was expected, by those who were in the know, to begin talking at any moment. But as yet, to the philistine observer, her medium of individual expression was scarcely classifiable as art. It consisted, for the most part, of dabs of the primary noises placed in arbitrary juxtaposition. Lunch, I remember, included red tomatoes and green lettuce against a background of polished walnut with touches of yellow lemonade. Nothing could possibly have made you feel hungry, but this almost made you feel cool. Kate was telling us all the things Anne had tried to say since Tuesday week and Anne was sitting on the floor with a large U-needa biscuit in one hand and a fly on the end of what, later on, will

probably be her nose. Now we do not keep babies in our house, but we have a Cocker Spaniel that for sheer—however, never mind that now. Just as Anne brushed the fly off her face with the biscuit, the cocker, with a most ingratiating grin, walked up and offered to go halves.

“Ow!” said Anne, leaning backward at a dangerous angle and holding the biscuit high overhead with one chubby arm, “Ow!—Ow!”

“See!” exclaimed Kate, her eyes glowing with the joy of discovery, and the pride of possession, and the fanaticism of the maternal. “Did you hear her? She says, ‘Bow Wow!’”

J. B. KERFOOT.

THE NEW LITTLE GALLERY

HS we go to press the Photo-Secession's new gallery opens its doors with the annual Members' Exhibition. This will be succeeded by the following planned exhibitions: Photographs, Mrs. Annie W. Brigman, of California; Baron de Meyer, of Dresden and London,—this exhibition will include some of his Autochromes—; Mr. Frank Eugene, of Munich and New York; Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, of London and New York; Mr. J. Nilsen Laurvik, of New York,—Autochromes—; Mr. Wm. J. Mullins, Franklin, Pa.; the New English School (Messrs. Malcolm Arbuthnot, Walter Bennington, J. Dudley Johnston, E. Warner, and others); the Viennese School (Herrn Dr. Hugo Henneberg and Heinrich Kühn); Messrs. Clarence H. White and Alfred Stieglitz, in collaboration. In other media: Etchings, Mr. Arthur A. Lewis, of New York; Caricatures in charcoal, Mr. Marius de Zayas, of Spain and New York; a loan exhibition of rare Japan Prints from the F. W. Hunter Collection, New York; other exhibitions will be announced later on. Visiting card admits to the gallery, which is open daily, Sundays excepted, from 10 A. M. till 6 P. M.

MRS. ANNIE W. BRIGMAN—A COMMENT

WITH the advent of Annie W. Brigman a new note is introduced into modern pictorial photography. Living amidst the wonderful natural beauties of California, far from the noise and wrangle of cliques, she has quietly evolved an art that is expressive and thoroughly individual. It harks back neither to this nor that man though in spirit and in the large and simple way of seeing things her work is kin to the ancient saga lore. Certain of her prints are fraught with that same brooding, elemental feeling that distinguish the speech and gestures of those old viking heroes. While this is the dominant, prevailing characteristic of her work, there are not wanting touches of idyllic, almost lyrical beauty as is shown by the prints presented here; but always there is mystery and a sense of aloofness in her figures which have the added virtue of never seeming out of place in their setting. In Mrs. Brigman's work, the human is not an alien, has not yet become divorced by sophistication from the elemental grandeur of nature; rather it serves as a sort of climactic point, wherein all that nature holds of sheer beauty, of terror or mystery achieves its fitting crescendo.

J. NILSEN LAURVIK.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS



RS. Annie W. Brigman, of Oakland, California, has during the past few years gained a prominent place amongst American camera workers. Undoubted talent, an unbounded enthusiasm and a love for all that is beautiful are the qualities which have enabled her to gain this position. The first five gravures in this book will give the reader of CAMERA WORK an adequate conception of her photographic achievement. Mrs. Brigman's printing medium for most of her work is bromide and her originals are usually moderate enlargements made from small film negatives. In order to correct a false impression which has gone abroad, we might add that these negatives are *not* produced in a "studio fitted up with papier-maché trees and painted backgrounds," but have been taken in the open, in the heart of the wilds of California.

The plates of Mr. Frank Eugene's two pictures, "Portrait—Mr. Alfred Stieglitz," and "Lady of Charlotte," were made from this painter-photographer's negatives taken some ten years ago. The original prints are in platinum. A future number of CAMERA WORK will be devoted entirely to Eugene's photographs. For the past few years Mr. Eugene has been sojourning in Munich, where he has met with great success as photographer and teacher. In our estimation of his work, he certainly belongs among the few "big men" in photography, if any such there be.

Of the remaining plates in this issue, one is by Miss Ema Spencer, of Newark, Ohio, and the other by Mr. C. Yarnall Abbott, of Philadelphia. They like the other seven in this number are photogravures made from original negatives.

THE WHITE BOOK

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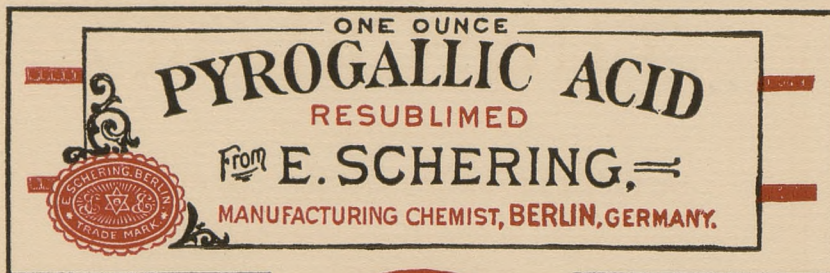
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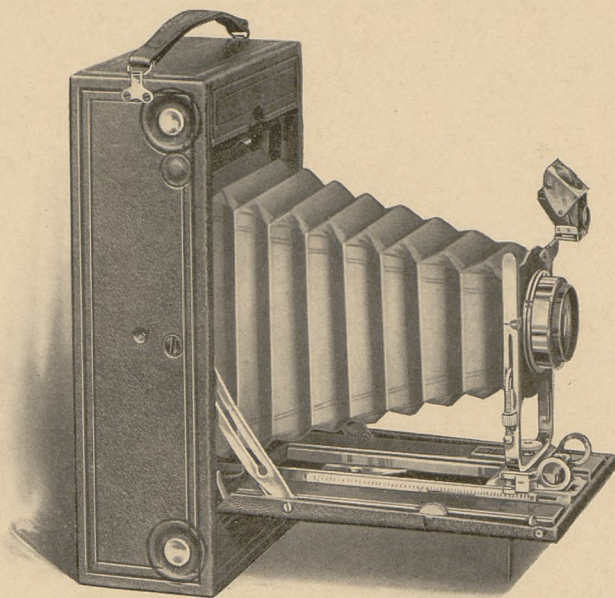


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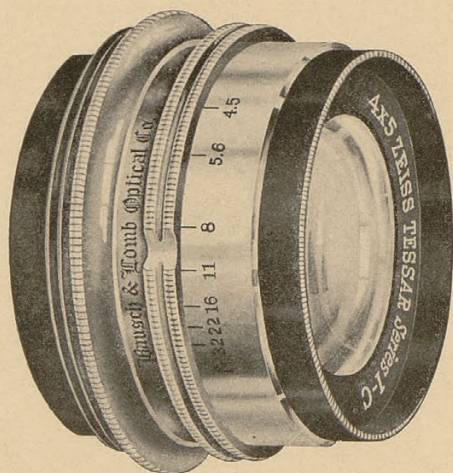
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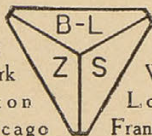
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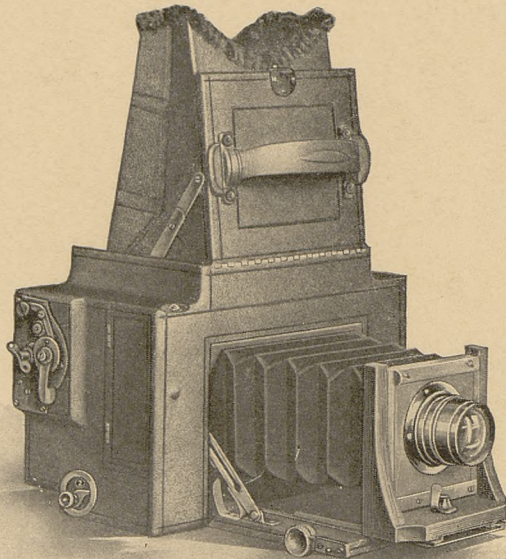
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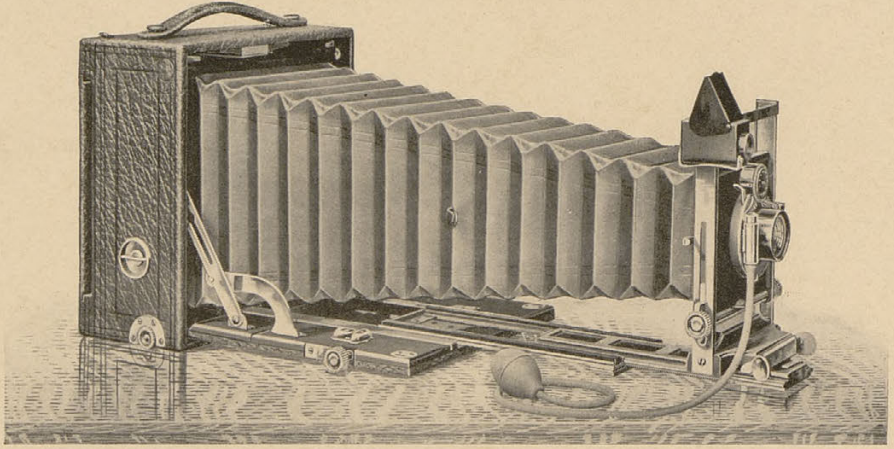
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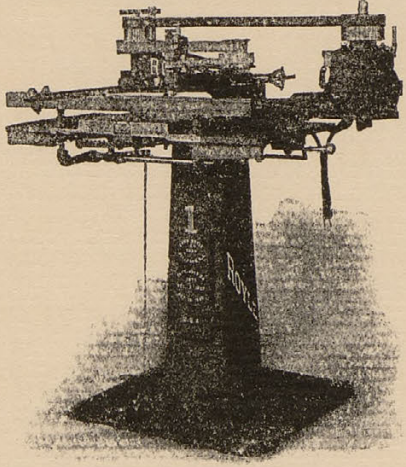
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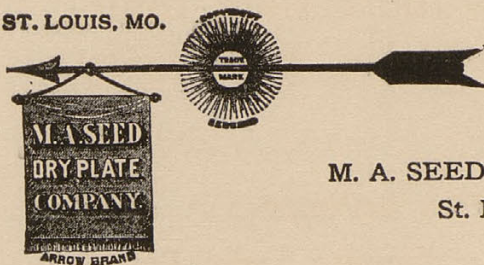
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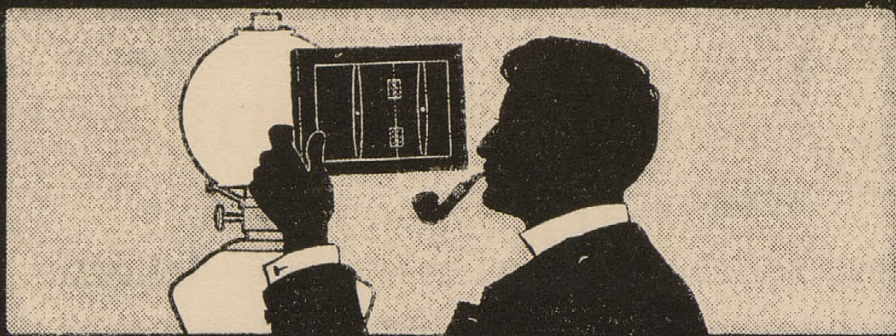
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