

CAMERA
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GERTRUDE KASBERG

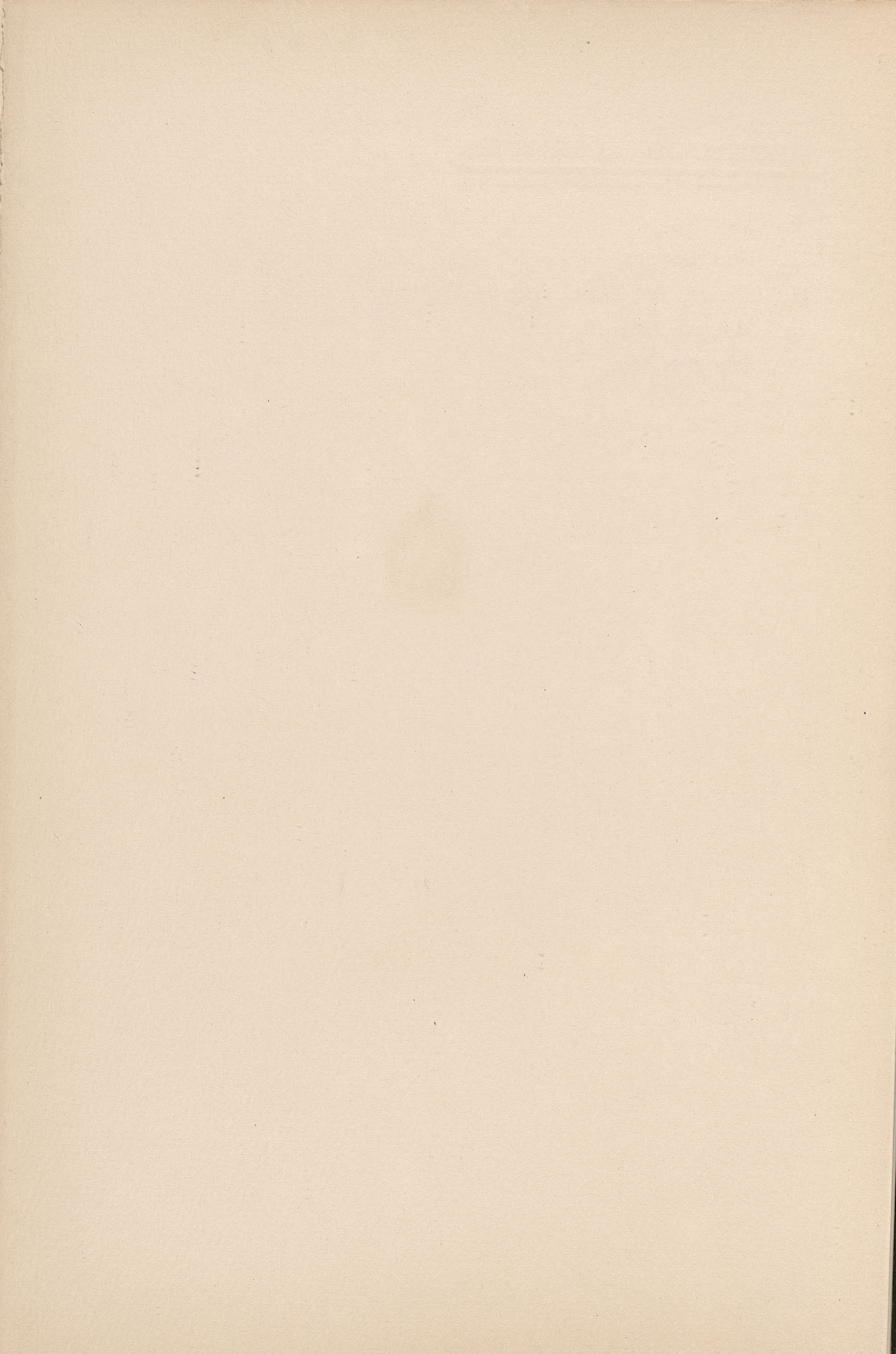
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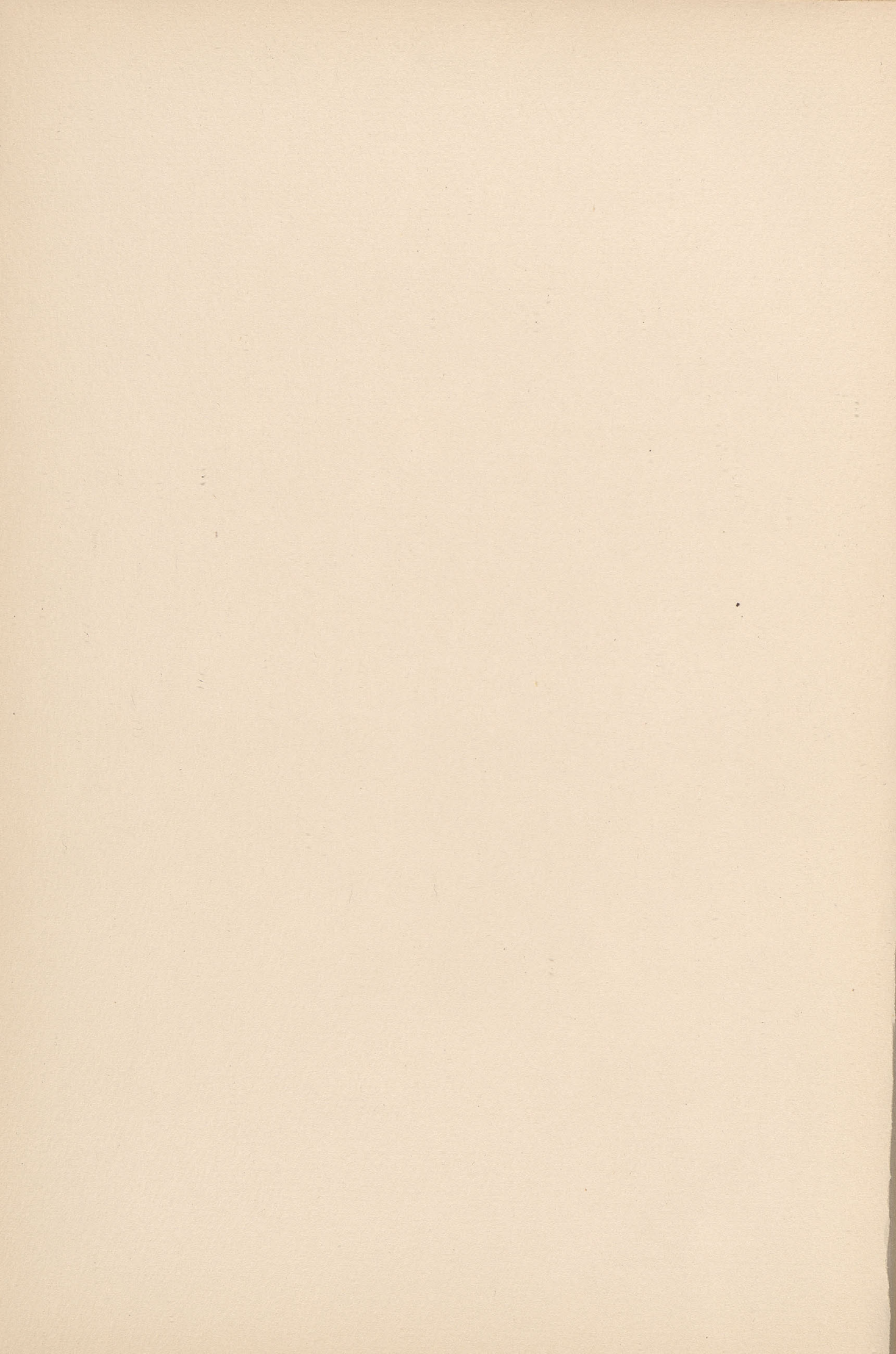
GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER

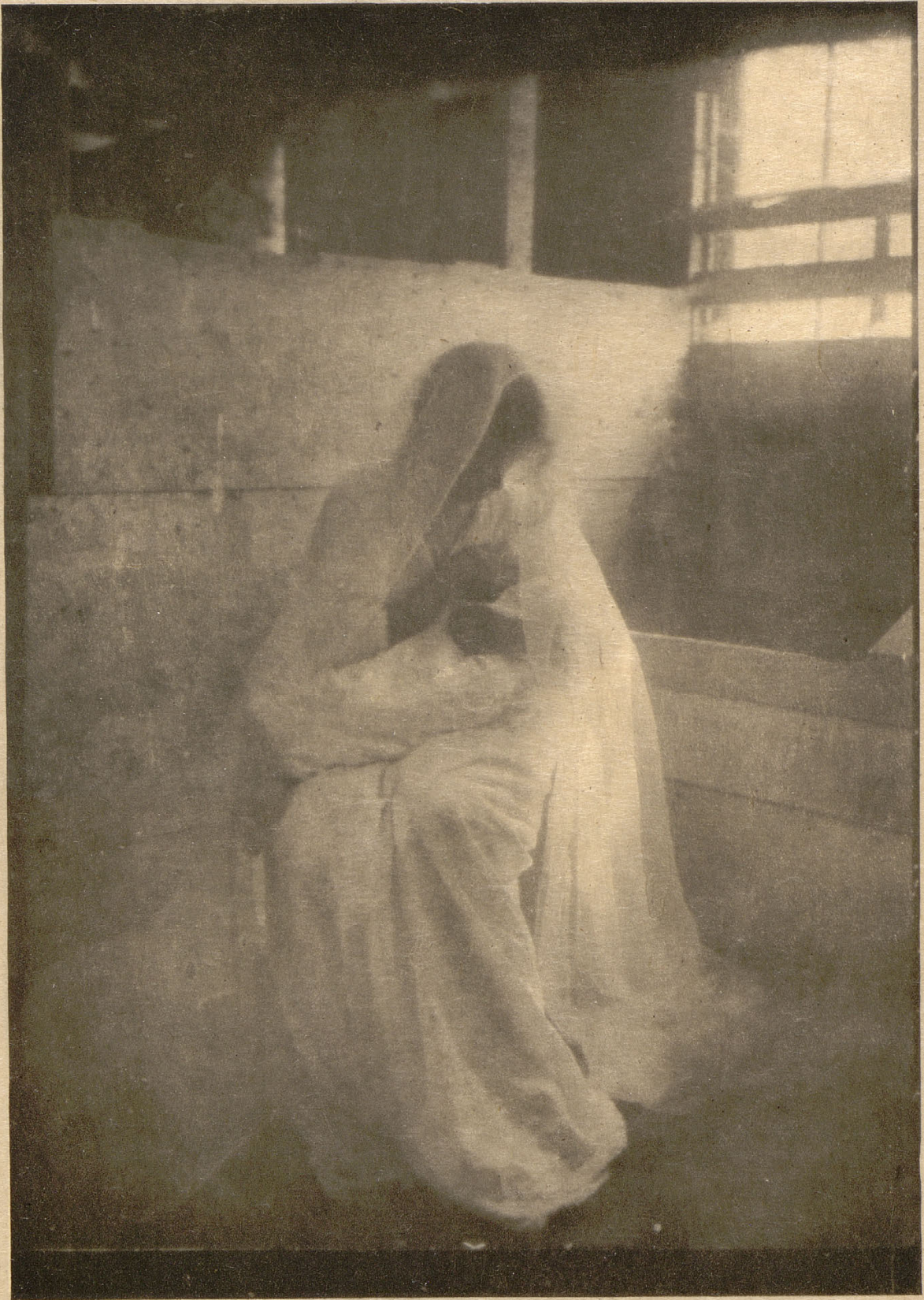
- I. Dorothy.
- II. The Manger.
- III. Blessed Art Thou Among Women.
- IV. Portrait (Miss N.)
- V. The Red Man.



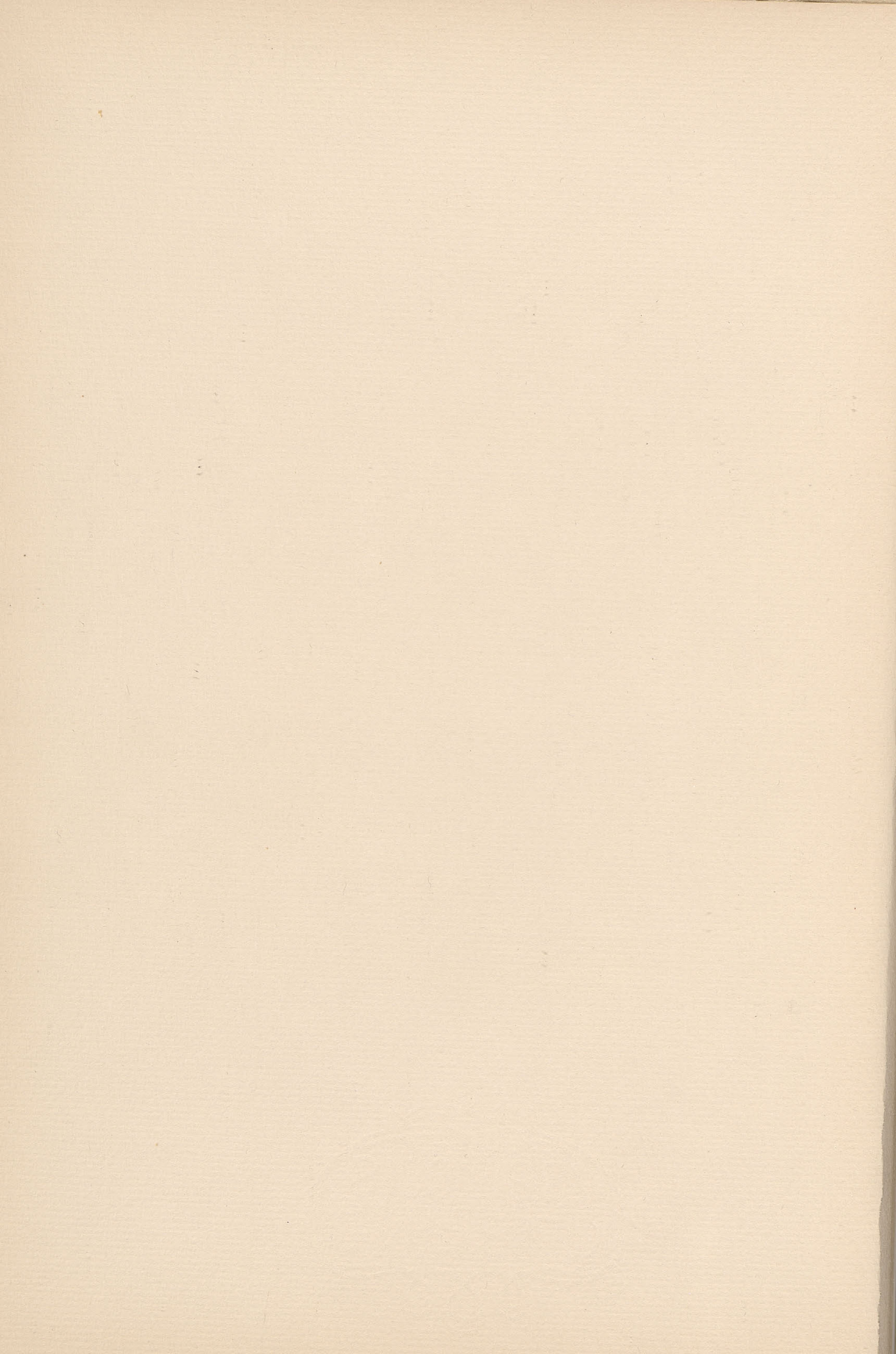


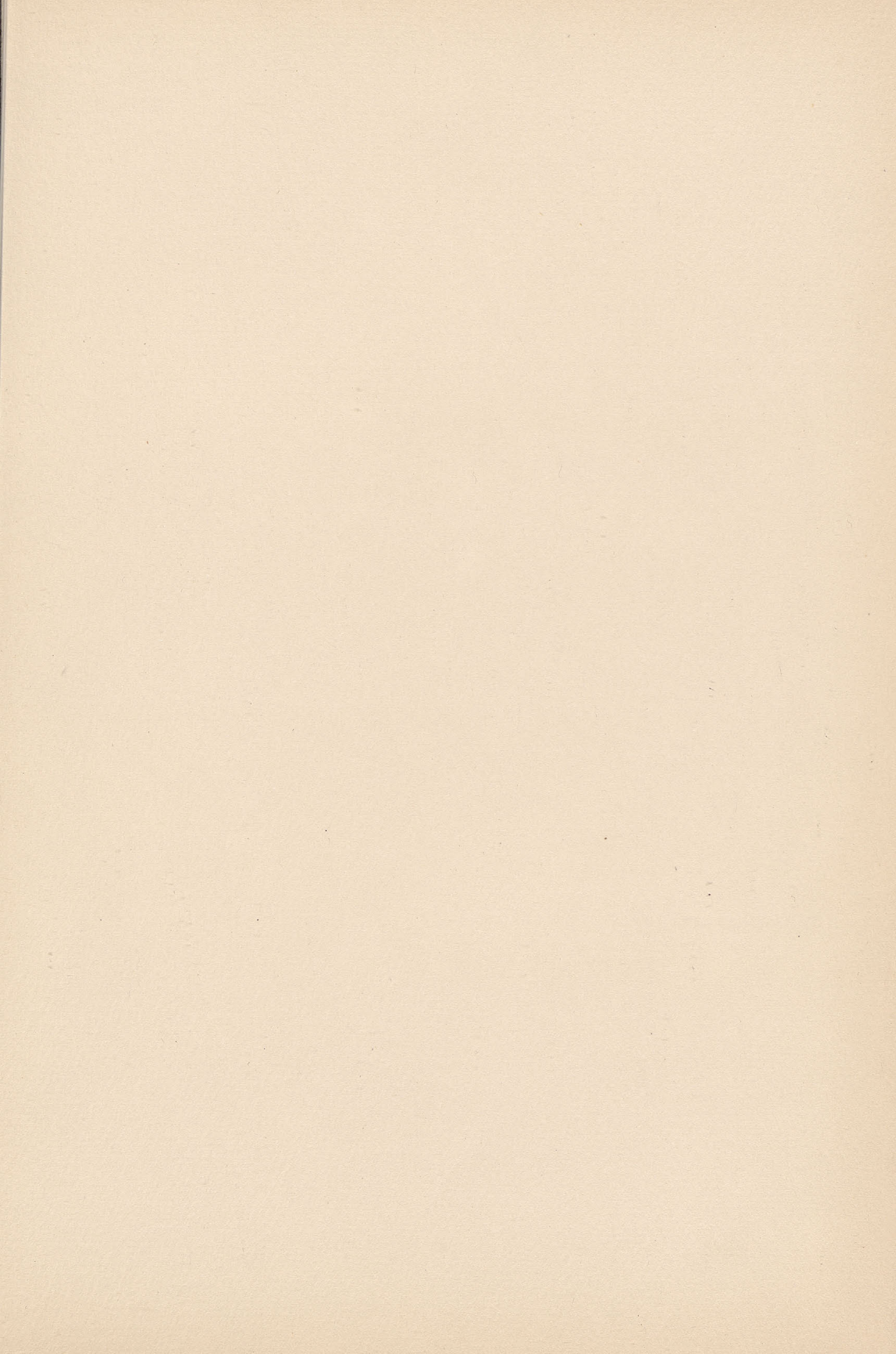












AN APOLOGY.



THE TIME appearing ripe for the publication of an independent American photographic magazine devoted largely to the interests of pictorial photography, "Camera Work" makes its appearance as the logical outcome of the evolution of the photographic art.

IT is proposed to issue quarterly an illustrated publication which will appeal to the ever-increasing ranks of those who have faith in photography as a medium of individual expression, and, in addition, to make converts of many at present ignorant of its possibilities.

PHOTOGRAPHY being in the main a process in monochrome, it is on subtle gradations in tone and value that its artistic beauty so frequently depends. It is, therefore, highly necessary that reproductions of photographic work must be made with exceptional care and discretion if the spirit of the originals is to be retained, though no reproductions can do full justice to the subtleties of some photographs. Such supervision will be given to all the illustrations which will appear in each number of "Camera Work." Only examples of such work as gives evidence of individuality and artistic worth, regardless of school, or contains some exceptional feature of technical merit, or such as exemplifies some treatment worthy of consideration, will find recognition in these pages. Nevertheless the pictorial will be the dominating feature of the magazine.

"CAMERA WORK" is already assured of the support of photographers, writers and art critics, such as Charles H. Caffin, art editor of the American section of *The International Studio* and art critic of the *New York Sun*; A. Horsley Hinton, editor of *The Amateur Photographer*, London; Ernst Juhl, editor of the *Jahrbuch der Kunstphotographie*, Germany; Sydney Allan (Sadakichi Hartmann), the well-known writer on art matters; Otto W. Beck, painter and art instructor at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn; J. B. Kerfoot, literary critic; A. Radclyffe Dugmore, painter and naturalist; Robert Demachy, W. B. Cadby, Eduard J. Steichen, Gertrude Käsebier, Frank Eugene, J. Craig Annan, Clarence H. White, Wm. B. Dyer, Eva Watson-Schütze, Frances B. Johnston, R. Child Bayley, editor of *Photography*, and many others of prominence.

THOUGH the literary contributions will be the best of their kind procurable, it is not intended to make this a photographic primer, but rather a magazine for the more advanced photographer.

"CAMERA WORK" owes allegiance to no organization or clique, and though it is the mouthpiece of the Photo-Secession that fact will not be allowed to hamper its independence in the slightest degree.

AN undertaking of this kind, begun with the sole purpose of furthering the "Cause" and with the intention of devoting all profits to the enlargement of the magazine's beauty and scope is dependent for its success upon the sympathy and coöperation, moral and financial, of its friends. And it is mainly upon you that the life of this magazine hangs. The many subscribers who have responded to our advance notice have encouraged us to believe that the future of the publication is assured beyond question; but we can not express too strongly the hope that you will continue your good offices in our behalf.

WITHOUT making further pledges we present the first number of "Camera Work," allowing it to speak for itself.

ALFRED STIEGLITZ

Editor.

JOSEPH T. KEILEY

DALLETT FUGUET

JOHN FRANCIS STRAUSS

Associate Editors.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ALL shadows once were free;
But wingless now are we,
And doomed henceforth to be
In Light's Captivity.

JOHN B. TABB.

MRS. KÄSEBIER'S WORK—AN APPRECIATION.



NEW MAGAZINE, devoted to the higher interests of photography—for which, by the way, I earnestly wish all the success that I am confident it will merit—not inaptly opens with a survey of the work of Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier. For this lady has won a most enviable reputation both for the quality of the work and for the tact with which she has united artistic endeavor to business considerations.

THE latter is no slight achievement, since Mrs. Käsebier is doing what the majority of professional photographers are only pretending to do. Every practitioner with the camera nowadays dubs himself an artist, just as we have tonsorial and sartorial artists, until the designation has become a by-word and a joke. The dear public also are practically unanimous in desiring artistic photographs and almost equally ignorant of what really makes a photograph artistic. So, to have emerged clear of the ordinary clap-trap of the profession and at the same time to have impressed upon clients her own estimate of artistic qualities in a photographic portrait, represent a very remarkable triumph. It has not been without some compromises, of which no one, I dare say, is more conscious than the artist herself; but the same only redound to her credit. They have been sacrifices which she was wise enough and big enough to make for the ultimate end of her endeavors, which is to establish photography, where many of us believe it belongs, as a distinct and valuable medium of artistic expression.

I HAVE spoken above of "photographic portraits"; not because Mrs. Käsebier has confined herself to these, for she has produced many pictures in photography, but because it is in the former *métier* that she has gained the special distinction that I have been discussing. And what a rare combination of qualities is necessary to have so distinguished her! Consider only that one quality of sympathy which must intervene if the character of the sitter is to be rendered in the picture. A painter enjoys the advantage of many sittings, during which he may gradually establish an agreeable intimacy with his subject and study the latter's characteristics. One visit, however, is generally all that the photographer can count upon, during which the matters of pose and lighting have to be seized and satisfied, at the same time that some estimate of character and characteristics is being formed. Moreover, the photographer, notwithstanding his acumen and well-laid plans, is at the mercy of the sitter's nervousness or excess of *sang-froid*, so that he must have the magnetic influence which wins the sitter's confidence and puts him or her in an easy and natural state of mind. This is less difficult to accomplish in the case of children, whose unconscious artlessness is more readily awakened, so it is not surprising that her portraits of little folk represent some of Mrs. Käsebier's most charming work. But still one will often be surprised at the extreme freshness of fancy on the

artist's own part, which characterizes these pictures, lifting them, as conceptions, so far above the ordinary. Similarly in the case of old people there is a simple acquiescence in themselves as they are, an unconsidered mental and physical bearing, which renders them sympathetic subjects. It is with the sitters of both sexes in between the extremes of age that the difficulty is greater; and particularly in the case of those who feel bound to live up to a reputation for being intellectual or artistic. I am not aware what prints are to be used to illustrate this paper, so I can glide around this delicate question without risking any personal reference. But, among a considerable number of Mrs. Käsebier's prints which I have seen, I can recall a few, which jar upon myself as being affected.

THIS is, perhaps, the weakest point in the efforts of some photographers to be artistic. The large majority of photographic portraits are merely commonplace. I do not allude to these, but to the ones in which there is a definite aim to create a pictorial ensemble. And in how many of these can one detect some trickiness of pose or arrangement, some artificiality of sentiment, that is repugnant to good taste! Generally, no doubt, it results from the photographer's own lack of taste, from a certain flashiness of mind that regards the unusual as necessarily admirable, and mistakes sentimentality for sentiment. It is for the most part accompanied with very meagre knowledge of what really constitutes the artistic qualities of a picture. Now this is so clearly not the case with Mrs. Käsebier's work, that it is reasonable to charge any affectation that may appear to the sitter. But even so well-trained an artist as this lady, with her instinct for what is sincere and fine, labors under the disadvantage of being continually, as it were, before the footlights. It is a disadvantage shared by all artistic photographers. It is difficult for them to forget that they have a "mission"; they are particularly open to the temptation of taking themselves too seriously—a complaint, by the way, to which we, writers upon art, are conspicuously liable—and it must be hard indeed for them to be free altogether of some occasional pose of mind. It is, as I have said, a very detectable flaw in much artistic photography, alluded to here because it is very rarely to be detected in Mrs. Käsebier's work and its absence, therefore, is one of the most commendable features of her work.

THAT it appears so seldom, or, as I am sure many of her admirers will say, never—is due to the fact that she is an artist by training as well as by temperament; that she has a sound basis of knowledge and an abundance of imagination. For, in enumerating the artistic qualities of her work, let us not overlook this one of imagination, which irrigates and fertilizes all the others. I know of no photographer, at home or abroad, and not too many portrait-painters, who display so much charm of invention. There is always in her work the delight of surprise; no ordinariness, not even a tolerable repetition of motive; but, throughout, a perpetual freshness of conception, as extraordinary as it is fascinating, when one remembers the conditions under which she works. And the creativeness is not limited to a happy choice of pose and gesture; it circulates through all the elements of the

picture; giving quality to the scheme of light and shade, to the tone and to the textures; permeating the whole composition and making a generously artistic ensemble.

LIGHT, tone and texture, the qualities preëminently within the range of the photographer, Mrs. Käsebier introduces with a deliberateness of intention and resourcefulness of means, that fill one fairly with enjoyment. At one time it is with a masculine breadth of effect, at another with indescribable delicacy; now imposingly rich in masses, now intricate and subtle; full and organlike, or again vibrating like a flute. Two of her subject-pictures come to my recollection as I write—an old man filling baskets with apples and a Madonna in the stable. How far apart they are in treatment, though akin to each other in their gentle intimacy of feeling! In one there are the glow and opulence of autumn; velvet pasture and firm gleam of apples; nature's abundant vigor contrasted with stooping, aged humanity; in the other figures of touching refinement in rude surroundings, irradiated with a soft flood of light that fills the place with heaven and surrounds the figures with divinity. Prints, like these, prove how abundantly Mrs. Käsebier possesses the picture-making faculty, and it is this possession which gives such marked distinction to her portraits.

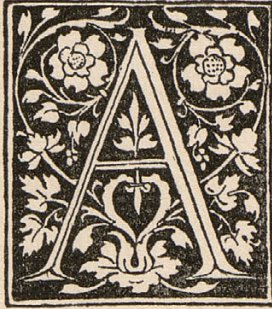
FOR, in concluding a brief appreciation, I would insist upon this quality of distinction. I do not mean the entire absence of the commonplace, flashy, or cheap in her work, which, however, would of itself serve to distinguish her from a great number of *soi-disant* artistic photographers; but that finer quality of difference that is based on sound artistic knowledge and a very sensitive temperament. These give to her pictures, on the one hand, a satisfactoriness and on the other a stimulus of suggestion. There is nothing tentative, as in so much photographic work; the means are sound, well considered and convincing and, in addition, there is always a touch of something outside of and above mere soundness of method, the imprint of an actively original feeling, spontaneously tasteful and inventive. When we remember that this freshness of fancy has stood the wear and tear of professional requirements, we shall accord it all the greater admiration.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

TO plague our souls for the ideal,
Or stupify them with the real—
This is the choice for us each day,
Each to decide in his own way.

DALLETT FUGUET.

GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER,
PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER.



AN AUTHORITY recently summed up Mrs. Käsebier as the best portrait-photographer in the world. This is a sweeping characterization, entirely just, but to my mind it does not go quite far enough.

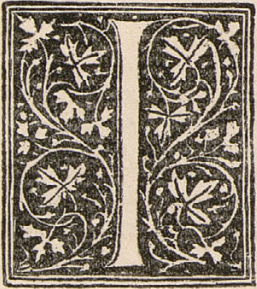
MRS. Käsebier is great as an artist and as such her unrivaled ability is everywhere conceded, but she is greater still as a professional photographer in that she is putting the whole force of her individuality into the uplifting and dignifying of her work, which with her is both art and profession. Even the most unobservant must appreciate the fact that a new movement is stirring professional portrait-photography from one end of this country to the other.

IT is plainly evident on all sides, from the modest show-case of the humblest village photographer to the most pretentious of the lavish metropolitan establishments. Everywhere the professional photographer is breaking away from hide-bound tradition; the top-light, the head-rest, the papier-maché accessories are being thrown out on the junk-heap along with the stilted pose and other affectations of former years. Not that the photographic millennium has arrived by any means, but the professional everywhere is *reaching out* for something new—something different; sometimes blindly because it is “done” elsewhere, sometimes with a glimmer of true insight, and again with sincere appreciation of what they are really striving for. There are undoubtedly many causes at work to produce this revolution, but the frankest among the professionals admit that the chief factor in the movement is the amateur. Now the epitome of all that is best in the amateur as a class lies not only in Mrs. Käsebier’s work, but through it, in her influence on other workers and on public opinion as well. With all the force of her wonderful personality she has struck the keynote of great achievement in photographic portraiture, and that keynote is absolute sincerity.

MRS. Käsebier’s portraits are not always great and they are not always pleasing, but they are never insincere and she likewise never fails to place the stamp of her own individuality upon even the most commonplace and uninteresting of her sitters. A genius may evolve an occasional masterpiece and in this respect Mrs. Käsebier fully lives up to the term; but to portray with artistic insight “all sorts and conditions of men,” the unwearying succession of the tall and the short, the stout and the lean, who fill the hours of the professional photographer, requires not only genius but a rare combination of other qualities—intuition, tact, sympathy and infinite patience. Gifted with such a temperament, this is what Mrs. Käsebier is doing and this is why her influence is extending in ever-widening circles to professionals everywhere, many of whom may not even know her name.

FRANCES BENJAMIN JOHNSTON.

HOW HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.



T WAS many centuries ago. Primitive man had but lately mastered the first reader of progress. He had achieved the opposition of his thumbs. He had caught the knack of standing on his hind legs. He had learned the taste of burned pig. Suddenly, one Spring, the rumor of a great discovery spread from cave to cave. The art of baking bricks had been perfected. Ah, what enthusiasm ensued! What a chattering there was in the scanty and hardly-won vocabulary of our forebears; that compound of the grunts, the barks, and the hisses of a devolved ancestry; the Volapük of the Stone Age! A new ambition stirred in those rugged breasts. With baked bricks and unity of purpose they would scale high heaven! That year was organized The Corporation of the Tower of Babel, Unlimited.

THEN, indeed, came a busy and harmonious time. Kaufmeyer molding rough bricks; Perkins evolving Tertiary ideals in Euphrates clay; O'Flanagan carrying mud-mortar; each with a cheerful word for his fellow-enthusiast. Alas, we know the sequel! One morning Perkins, forgetting his ideals, accused Kaufmeyer of bad language. O'Flanagan said that the foreman was talking through his hat. Bosom friends had their first misunderstanding. It was the beginning of the end. The Tower Company made an assignment.

HISTORY repeats itself and, proverbs to the contrary notwithstanding, *patientia* does not *docet*. Some years ago another discovery electrified the peoples. The photographic lens and the dry plate flashed upon a pencil-wielding world like a baked brick upon a cave-dweller. Once again man, united in a self-forgetful enthusiasm, vowed to scale the heavens in unity of endeavor. Once again was witnessed a busy and harmonious hustle. Kaufmeyer taking tin-types, Perkins making platinum-prints, O'Flanagan pressing buttons, each with cheery praise and encouragement for the other. But, alas, as we have said, history repeats itself, and we know the sequel! Kaufmeyer calling Perkins a fuzzy-typist, O'Flanagan calling Kaufmeyer—as I say we know the sequel. But though we no longer share a common language, and heaven has once more escaped capture by storm, let us remember, my erstwhile brothers, that that first cataclysmic dispersion at least scattered abroad the germs of new expression and some excellent receipts for making bricks. And who knows, from the clangorous discord of this new Babel may yet spring photographic epics to which an artistic philology of the future will point as classic. Here's hoping!

J. B. KERFOOT.

A CHAT ON THE LONDON PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON.

FOREWORDS (*From the Catalogue*)

Facts are not necessarily the end with them—they are only the means. They (these photographers) refrain from the vulgarity of full realization and essay no more than the pictorial expression of certain balanced and choice suggestions. — *Adapted from W. E. Henley (without permission).*



THE ABOVE few words, with a short description of the history and aims of the Linked Ring, confront the reader on an early page of the catalogue of this tenth annual exhibition of the Parent of Photographic Salons, which was opened with the usual Private View on September eighteenth. To say all London was there would be inaccurate, but this function yearly becomes more crowded, and one can not help noticing a more intelligent interest on the part of the visitors. But with this much acknowledged, the outsider still persists in asking at times the funniest of questions and making the quaintest of remarks with regard to the photographs, which, if collected and properly served up, would form amusing reading. "But do they use cameras?" was the quite serious query of a lady who had no wish to be funny. Then one often overhears the "Oh, I must take up photography myself," in a patronizing tone, as a smart woman rustles by. "What does it mean!" is another very general question, and one which was constantly applied to Clarence White's *The Spider-web*.

THIS being the tenth year of the Salon's existence, special efforts have been expended to make the Dudley Gallery suit the pictures. The walls are hung with a coarse brown holland, and the familiar ugly roof is hidden with a canopy of fine lawn, which diffuses the light and gives a far more complimentary effect than in other years. The walls are broken up into panels by ivory-colored moldings, each panel comprising a small show in itself, all of which harmonize well as a whole. The work of decorating and hanging has been a one-man undertaking, Mr. Evans having, unaided and, I might add, unhampered, carried it out alone. His energy and taste—two qualities that are not always combined in the same individual—have united in making his work a success. He grieved that the Jury of Selection had accepted so many pictures, although the number totals only two hundred and eighty-four. Indeed, there is no saying what Mr. Evans might have done, simply with the view of bettering his scheme of wall-decoration, with thirty or forty frames had he been entrusted with quite autocratic power.

THE internationality of the show is very apparent. The quickest glance round the gallery reveals the brilliant, big, convincing Austrian work; the dainty, sympathetic French pictures; the versatile, thoughtful and original contingent from America; and the——English photographs, for which, alas, good reader, I have no adjectives left! But to particularize. There are fourteen pictures from Vienna, distributed amongst five men. Dr.

Spitzer's two big works—a head and a full-length picture, both made from the same old pictorial model—are of necessity strong and attractive; but with his "Studie im Freien" of last year in one's mind, he hardly seems to have maintained his own very high level. But a *Paradestück* must not be expected of any one every year. Hugo Henneberg's work, too, I found a little disappointing, when compared with my recollections of his breezy, blue landscape of the last Salon. But, carp as I may, his three exhibits possess much of the brilliance and broad treatment we are accustomed to look for from Vienna. Heinrich Kühn has a sepia and two blue landscapes. The latter, though dazzling at first, on closer acquaintance seemed less convincing. Professor Hans Watzek sends a landscape and a seascape, both of which are worthy of the good positions given them.

THE French pictures—at least those sent by M. Demachy and M. Puyo—are of a particularly interesting character. The former has a portrait of Madame Demachy in profile, which, besides being a very perfect gum-print, is a splendid likeness. But Demachy is the father of gum-bichromate and in his hands this bewitching medium of expression in printing is docility itself. He has been studying the engraving and lithograph exhibitions in Paris during the winter, and some of these prints are the result of this study. Not that they are servile copies of engravings, but Demachy has introduced into photography the extremely simple effects—composed chiefly of *oppositions* (which does not mean contrast in English)—that give that special charm and interest we appreciate so much in engravings. On the walls here he has eleven prints, one of which is a landscape, the rest being figure-studies, some delicate and minute, others broad and vigorous, space alone preventing a detailed description of them. M. Puyo has some quite different work from that to which he has accustomed us. Idealistic, partially draped figures have given place to a well-posed nude, which is an admirable flesh-study. But his Portrait (165)—a most original study in red chalk—was the cause of quite an altercation amongst a group of painters, in which I, photographer-like, detected a note of envy in the criticisms made. Grimprel, Le Bègue, Zollet, Bourgeois, Bucquet, Dubreuil and Bergon all contribute good work, some of the photographs by the last named being curious and puzzling in treatment. A sort of electric light seems to have been thrown upon the principal points of the pictures, which, presumably, has been accomplished by the use of artificial light in conjunction with diffused daylight. But the same worker's "Fille d'Opera" (171), with its comparatively simple treatment, is much more attractive. Indeed, an exhibition like this emphasizes and points the lessons of simplicity, or apparent simplicity, and the fact can not be disguised that impressionism is steadily gaining ground in photographic work. By this term I do not mean the careless, slipshod avoidance of the difficulties of technique, but an impressionism worthy of the old interpretation of the word, the result of the study of masters such as Rembrandt, Constable, and Whistler.

I HAD almost included Eduard Steichen among the French exhibitors, and am only saved by a personal acquaintance and a strong and happy recollection of the man himself. Steichen's photographic career is both interesting and recent. Coming to Europe on the crest of the wave of modern American photography he has, during his long stay in Paris, blended much gained from *the* art centre of the world with his own original ideas and treatment, and the highest result at the present moment—for he is still traveling fast—seems to me to be his portrait, Dr. Franz Ritter von Lenbach. It would be easy to write pages of praise on this one photograph, and it would be difficult to avoid quite extreme language in describing it, so I will be restrained and simply record the opinion that it touches the high-water mark of pictorial photography in 1902. A description of the picture here would be useless and out of place, for all readers of "Camera Work" are sure to see it either at the Salon or in America. Steichen has a good number of other works hung, and his five nudes are idealistic studies, going a long way to refute the objection to the photography of the nude, which was formerly so fruitful of controversy.

AND so, with the connecting-link—Steichen—I find myself in the midst of the American exhibits. A close observer of the prominent workers across the Atlantic has a feeling of at-homeness amongst them, recognizing the various well-known and well-liked hands and heads at work in the differing results.

MRS. Käsebier seems to have started a fresh furrow in most of the work she has sent; or is the difference due to the different printing-medium in which she has expressed herself? Be this as it may, a trail of chairs marked my inspection of her pictures, so much is there in each for thought and reflection; and wicked covetousness overtook me in front of (No. 187) Portrait—Miss N.—so decorative is it and of such sweet color. In *The Hand of Man* and in *On the Ferry-boat*, Alfred Stieglitz treats pictorially, and altogether successfully, subjects that the button-pressers have perpetrated with very different aims and results. The picturesque which is often strong in locomotive subjects is, as a rule, ignored or, worse still, not seen by the ordinary photographer, consequently Mr. Stieglitz's clever rendering of a train with its beauties of steam and smoke is all the more welcome. His *Spring* has always been a favorite of mine, and the daily sight of a framed copy at home has not in the least impaired its charm. His *Gossip—Venice*—too, is an old friend, thanks to *Camera Notes*, but in treatment so different to his other exhibits that one would not recognize the same hand. Of Clarence White's nine photographs, *The Spider-web* attracts, perhaps, the most attention, but personally I found some of his portraits more satisfying, notably the ivory-like little picture, *Lady with the Statuette*, and *Portrait—Miss Dille*. A fresh field is opened to the photographer and a new delight vouchsafed to the reading public, if future books are to be brightened by such photographic work as the two pictures Mr. White sends as illustrations for Irving Bacheller's "*Eben Holden*." Both the interior and the meeting of the two women at the door are consummate pieces of work. The writer of

the book has done well indeed, if he has described these characters as convincingly in print as Mr. White has in platinum. F. Holland Day's three portraits are all differently treated. The Edward Carpenter—which, by the way, has been favorably mentioned in the lay press—dates from his late visit to England. The light, impressionistic Portrait of Madame Georget le Blanc has an interest, apart from the photograph, for all musicians and lovers of M. Maeterlinck. Antonio—Study of a Head—is a strong, dark portrait, showing, I thought, that Mr. Day had been using the Dallmeyer-Bergheim lens with which he had possessed himself before leaving this country. Of Mrs. Eva Watson-Schütze's four prints, the Laughing Boy attracted me most. It is a fine example of the success of simplicity, for, with a most sparing application of (presumably) the gum-bichromate process, she has suggested childhood, happiness, form, and color—a truly wonderful performance. Miss Mathilde Weil has devoted herself to studies of children at play. A very happy effect is her Soap Bubbles, where strong sunlight is cleverly pressed into the service to help the scheme. Miss Mary Devens has launched into more descriptive and complicated work, and has justified her ambition in grappling with the difficulties the camera always puts in the way of a composition; but, clever as much of it is, my recollection of some of her earlier pictures is, to me, a more pleasant memory. If Mr. W. Dyer could have listened to the questions asked regarding the title of his picture, Brothers, he might have relented, and produced a name that would cause less discussion; but some of his portraits have a subtle charm that no title can affect. I still think Mr. Abbot's warm rendering of snow hardly sympathetic to the subject. Londoners are already familiar with this photograph, as it was included in his one-man show at Russell Square. But this in no way applies to "Träumerei," which is full of happy suggestions. Rudolf Eickemeyer's Japanese Landscape is a fine study of snow, quite worthy the title chosen.

AMONGST the English photographs, George Davison's big prints, Bruges and Lake Maggiore, are fine examples of his outdoor work; but one misses his child forms indoors, for sympathetic delineation of which, at one time, he had no equal. A. Horsley Hinton, although followed by many, has no rival in his own particular rendering of nature, and this year he shows both carbon and platinum prints of his favorite subjects. Reginald Craigie's portrait, M. Camper Wright, is, I think, his best work hung. It is unaffected and direct, with good suggestion of atmosphere. Charles Moss has forged ahead since last year. He has mixed his gum to a color that admirably suits his subjects, and the tone-values in his big landscapes are well preserved. J. Craig Annan's portrait of Harry Alfred Long is refined and intimate, and his Etching Printer is full of controlled action. Walter Bennington's small work is likely to be overlooked, because of its size, but Cornish Combe carries conviction. The Secret is the only example of T. Page Croft's photography in the gallery. One of his great charms is the original way he treats his subjects; consequently, in his work we look for, and generally find, a surprise. J. C. Warburg is against monotony.

His three subjects vary as much as his treatment of them. He seems to illustrate what he advocates in his writings—"a tolerance of various methods and schools . . . so long as they are worked with high ideals and earnestness of purpose." In the portrayal of Cathedral subjects, especially the interiors, Fred. H. Evans is an acknowledged master. It is easy to see that he loves the work, and some of his sensitive notes on our architectural heirlooms will outlive pictures that have made more stir in their day. The *Night Summons*, by Archibald Cochrane, is one of the popular and striking photographs of the year. It is a diffused impression of cavalry in which motion is well suggested. Fred. Hollyer's portrait of Mrs. Topling is just what we should expect from this "old master" in photography. Space forbids special mention of David Blount, Alexander Keighley, Viscount Maitland, Miss Margaret Russell, and J. M. C. Grove, all of whom send good work.

THIS year there is a small Danish contingent of three frames. They are worthy additions to the show, for they possess their own distinct individuality. In (196) *A Passing Cloud*, Mr. Carl Frederiksen has caught some of that vague melancholy which pervades Danish literature and art.

LONDON, September 25, 1902.

WILL A. CADBY.

AMERICA AT THE LONDON SALON.



THE PREDICTION made ten years ago, when that small group of "disgruntled reformers" revolted against the principles which dominated the well-known and important annual exhibitions of the Photographic Society of Great Britain (now The Royal Photographic Society) and established its own annual exhibition of pictorial photography under the title of the London Salon, that this movement would die with its very initial attempt, has hardly been verified. On the contrary, each year has seen it increase in importance and the tenth annual London Salon held under the auspices of the now famous Linked Ring proved in the opinion of all competent judges to have been the most noteworthy of the entire series. Of the approximately twelve hundred pictures submitted to the jury, two hundred and eighty-four were accepted and hung. America, as in the past two years, played a most important rôle, thirty-two photographers from the United States having had hung ninety-four frames. The summary herewith given will be of interest to our readers. Great Britain was represented by seventy-one photographers with a total of one hundred and forty-six frames; France, twenty-eight pictures by eight photographers (M. Demachy contributed eleven of these); Austria, twelve frames by five photographers; Denmark, three frames by two photographers; and Italy, one frame by one photographer.



SERBONNE

From a "Gun" Print

By Gertrude Käsebier

NOT only was the American exhibit numerically strong, but in point of artistic worth, judging from the English press reviews and other information, it attracted the most favorable comment, a result which must be considered especially gratifying to our censorious critics who have in the past derided the "American School" to the limit of their ability. But prophets were ever without honor in their own country.

THE ninety-four exhibits from the United States were composed as follows:

C. Yarnall Abbott, <i>Philadelphia</i>	4	frames
Jeanne E. Bennett, <i>Baltimore</i>	1	"
Zäida Ben Yusuf, <i>New York</i>	2	"
John G. Bullock, <i>Philadelphia</i>	1	"
Elise Pumpelly Cabot, <i>Boston</i>	1	"
F. Holland Day, <i>Boston</i>	3	"
Mary Devens, <i>Boston</i>	6	"
Wm. B. Dyer, <i>Chicago</i>	6	"
Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr., <i>New York</i>	2	"
J. Mitchell Elliot, <i>Philadelphia</i>	1	"
Herbert G. French, <i>Cincinnati</i>	2	"
Stockton S. Hornor, <i>Philadelphia</i>	3	"
Meredith Janvier, <i>Baltimore</i>	1	"
Gertrude Käsebier, <i>New York</i>	7	"
Joseph T. Keiley, <i>New York</i>	2	"
Frederick K. Lawrence, <i>Chicago</i>	1	"
Francis Watts Lee, <i>Boston</i>	2	"
Anne Pillsbury, <i>Boston</i>	2	"
Olive M. Potts, <i>Philadelphia</i>	2	"
Mrs. Wm. E. Russell, <i>Boston</i>	3	"
Eva Watson-Schütze, <i>Chicago</i>	4	"
Mrs. Sarah C. Sears, <i>Boston</i>	1	"
Eduard J. Steichen, <i>New York</i>	9	"
Mary R. Stanbery, <i>Zanesville, Ohio</i>	1	"
Alfred Stieglitz, <i>New York</i>	4	"
Edmund Stirling, <i>Philadelphia</i>	6	"
A. H. Stoiber, <i>New York (temporarily Paris)</i>	1	"
Mathilde Weil, <i>Philadelphia</i>	4	"
Clarence H. White, <i>Newark, Ohio</i>	9	"
Myra C. Wiggins, <i>Salem, Ore.</i>	1	"
S. L. Willard, <i>Chicago</i>	1	"

EDITORS.

REPETITION, WITH SLIGHT VARIATION.



THE QUESTION, "What is the leading characteristic of Japanese painting?" has often been put to me, and I have invariably answered, "Repetition, with slight variation."

OF course, there are other qualities to consider, as the peculiar color-distribution, the calligraphic dexterity of brush-work, the wilful neglect or exaggeration of detail, the grotesque division of space, and the economic manipulation of backgrounds which apparently look empty and yet enhance the pictorial aspect of the picture to a rare degree. But more important than any of these peculiarities of composition seems to me to be their laws of repetition with slight variation, because a composition of that order possesses the two principal elements of pictorial art. It is decorative and yet true to life. Its object is not to execute a perfect imitation of reality (only bad works of art do that) or a poetic resemblance of life (as our best painters produce), but merely a commentary on some pictorial vision, which sets the mind to think and dream. IF the Japanese artist wants to depict a flight of cranes, he draws half a dozen or more, which at the first glance look alike, but which on closer scrutiny are each endowed with an individuality of their own. He foregoes perspective and all other expedients; he simply represents them in clear outlines in a diagonal line or sweeping curve on an empty background, and relies for his effect upon the repetition of forms. A Western artist would have expanded this at least into a picture with a landscape or cloud effect as background; to the Japanese artist, working in the narrow bounds prescribed by custom and taste, any such attempt would appear futile; he knows that such an event can not be expressed more forcibly than by simply depicting the objects with only a slight variation in their representation.

THE first form introduces us to the subject, its appearance and action; the second accentuates the same impression and heightens the feeling of reality by the slight variation in the appearance and action, and every following form resembling, at the first glance, a silhouette is simply a commentary upon the preceding one; and all together represent, so to say, a multiplication of the original idea.

AND in the same manner as they respect lines and masses, they vary color-schemes, which often resemble each other, but are nevertheless endlessly varied in shade and line. The French illustrators and the German designers of the "Secessionist" School have *adopted* this method with considerable success. The painters, however, have been rather reluctant about following their example. They probably realize that their plastic style of painting would not harmonize with the idea of repetition, which is strictly decorative and specially adapted to flat-surface work.

I KNOW of only two men who have successfully adapted this law in their composition and created something like a new style. They are Puvis de



“LANDSCAPE”

FROM A PAINTING BY D. W. TRYON



“L'HIVER”

FROM A PAINTING BY PUVION DE CHAVANNES
(Reproduced by kind permission of
Maison Ad. Braun & Co.)

Chavannes, and D. W. Tryon, the American landscape-painter. Both, however, were wise enough to avoid repetition in a diagonal direction or in a curve arrangement.

CHAVANNES, in his mural painting, is very fond of the parallelism of vertical lines. Not only the trees, but also his human figures are constructed in that fashion. His aim is to express dignity and repose, and nothing can accomplish it better than an architectonic arrangement of vertical lines, as, for instance, in his "L'Hiver."¹

CHAVANNES composes at *largo* while Tryon is satisfied with *adagios* and *andantes*. The latter was addicted for years to the parallelism of horizontal lines. Undoubtedly he went a step in the right direction, as the principal line-idea in all natural scenery is necessarily horizontal, and a painted landscape, where this parallelism is accentuated and elaborately worked out (balanced by vertical-line work and oval shapes), will convey the idea of vastness and level expansion more readily than those in whose composition a horizontal monotony of lines has been neglected.

IN artistic photography I have not yet encountered any attempt at repetition with slight variation, and I would advise no one to take it up without devoting some profound study to it, and even then I believe it should only be utilized when life or nature spontaneously suggests it. I do not believe that it can be forced into photography without looking forced; but that the photographers have to decide for themselves.

WHOEVER wants to make a study of it, must learn to appreciate its various ways of application, and thereby get down to the very essence of its esthetic value, will find ample opportunity, not only in painting, but also in the other arts.

IN musical composition it is very frequent. The pieces which treat variations of one theme are innumerable. In the Western literature we find it in the refrains of ballads, in Poe's poems, and the work of the French symbolists, and above all else in the writings of Maurice Maeterlinck, this quaint combination of Greek, medieval, and Japanese art reminiscences. In architecture it has always been one of the leading elements, only with the difference that in Western architecture everything has to be subservient to symmetry, while the Eastern world also recognizes (at least in the ornaments) the right of unsymmetrical composition. In the Gothic style one can study the parallelism of diagonal line, and in the Baroque and Rococo the repetition of curves. In dancing, the arrangement of a ballet, nearly everything depends on repetition; many figures are nothing but repetition *without* variation. The performers themselves substitute the lack of too frequent changes in movement and action.

EVEN the variety stage affords at times good opportunities for study. I realized it when I saw the Barrison Sisters. They were an object lesson that should have interested any student of art. There were five pretty, gay ladies of fascinating leanness and awkwardness *a la* Chavannes, who could neither dance nor sing, but who, simply having been drilled by a manager to

¹ See illustrations. — EDITORS.

expound in coquettish movements and attitudes a French-Japanese code of frivolity, unconsciously expressed the Japanese law of repetition with slight variation. But no other American critic at the time dwelt upon their esthetic values, and I may, after all, have been mistaken in my judgment.

NATURE and every-day life, of course, are in this instance past-masters. One only has to keep one's eyes open to discover the raw material which the artist utilizes.

BUT there is still another side to the question — at least from the Eastern point of view. Not only the composition of Japanese artists is guided by the law of repetition, but also their inventive power. As inexhaustible as it seems, one will find that they have always treated a certain line of subjects. For instance, they have painted a crow sitting on a snow-covered fir-branch, with the full moon behind, a thousand times; but every painter who has handled the subject has tried to lend it a new individuality. Only the subject remains the same, treatment and conception are invariably charged with the personality of the artist.

WE Occidentals do not seem to be capable of this; our aim is above all else to be original; like Richard III, we roam through the fields of art and say: "An original idea! An original idea! My life for an original idea!" forgetting that originality does not consist of something that has never been done before, but rather in new ways of expression. And nothing tends more to the very opposite of the conventional and commonplace than to find a new variation of an old subject. Thousands of mother-and-child pictures have been painted by the old masters, but artists like De Forest Brush, Abbott Thayer, Tompkins, and Mary Cassatt have understood how to lend the time-worn subject a new note of interest.

THE craze for originality is really the curse of our art, as it leads nearly always to conventionalism and mannerism. The artistic accomplishments of the Japanese are due largely to the fact of their never-tiring study of variation. They have realized that a beautiful idea always remains a beautiful idea, and that it takes as much creative power to lend a new charm to an old theme as to produce and execute an apparently new one, which, after all, may prove an old one.

SIDNEY ALLAN.

"WE proudly feel that Truth is strong,
And art particularly long,
And Error very, very wrong—
You must have seen it.

"AND if to cheer our neighbor's way,
We philanthropically say
That we are made of common clay,
We do not mean it."

H. F

SIGNATURES.



PICTURE-MAKING is the symbolical use of objects, form and color, to express ideas. Yet after giving expression in this language to the most subtle thoughts and feelings, what spirit of perversity inspires one to intrude the written name on the face of that which he is striving to perfect as a work of art—to bring an alien, as it were, into one's own house! Such details of a picture as have not to do with the expression of its main idea should be used only as decorations of the various parts, made harmonious

in form and color, and placed with the intent to add beauty and give completeness, thus stimulating the imagination.

SINCE it seems impossible sufficiently to stamp individuality upon the work itself without some sign or seal to prove its authenticity, let us at least use symbols that will not appear like foreign words upon the native tongue. Our common script and printing types are both too inelastic in form to be readily adapted to the requirements of decoration. The symbol-writing, common to the Chinese and Japanese, has preserved the primitive character of picture-talk, and its relation to the method of art is still apparent, although it may no longer be commonly used with the same mental significance; yet it may be inscribed over half a print, without rousing a sense of revolt as against a false element. These seem rather to serve agreeably as a sort of ornamentation, while on the other hand, words in Latin or Greek characters, which have been so transformed in their devious journeyings that it is difficult to trace their original identity with any other than an intellectual method of expression, will seriously disturb one's sense of harmony. In order that Latin or Greek letters may be used with anything like decorative effect, esthetic invention must first in some way conceal the nature of the inscription by fresh variations of its proportions. This principle has been perceived from time to time by artists who have substituted signs or symbols in place of their names, so that pictures bearing certain marks would be as universally recognized as the shield of a warrior emblazoned with his heraldic device.

IF the intrusion of common signatures into paintings be disconcerting to one disposed to follow the artist into fair fields of dreams and visions, how much more so must it be were this method adopted in the photographic print, where the presence of distracting detail is ruinous, partly because of the size of the picture, but chiefly because photographs are in monochrome. Of the monstrous signatures which deface by awkward proportions and their foreign nature, what otherwise might be an interesting print, there is little need to speak. Such blotches, blinding and irritating to the eye, are evidence, at best, of arrested development in the might-be artist.

OF the many painters and etchers who at the present time make use of symbolical signatures, the most notable is Mr. Whistler, who has introduced his butterfly into literature as well as painting, and has played upon it, in

the "Gentle Art of Making Enemies" most delicately and artfully as an accent to the different moods of his audacity. It is, in fact, his seal and hall-mark, which he places upon such work as he is willing to acknowledge as his. A large number of photographers make use of such marques, familiar to those acquainted with photographic prints. Those of Mrs. Käsebier, Mr. Keiley and Mr. Steichen, among the best known, are fanciful plays on their names or initials. The place of the signature in the print has a real bearing upon the composition, for while it may overweight one portion of a print, in another it may find a proper place. Rarely is a print so perfectly balanced that a small mark, worked in somewhere, will not contribute to it some virtue. Its color and tone may be kept so close to that of the print itself that it will not be obtrusive. Sometimes, as a spot on a scantily filled space, it will give relief; at other times just a touch of color will key up the scale of the print to advantage. The marque is sometimes placed on the mount, Mrs. Käsebier and Mr. Steichen preferring this fashion. This effect is very agreeable, and unites the print with its mount by appearing to defer to it. Mr. Keiley, on the other hand, always places his marque in the print itself, where, upon the whole, it seems most rational to place it, because in framing, the mount is frequently removed, and thus the mark of identification may be lost. It is well worth while to study Japanese prints for their suggestiveness in this special direction, there being probably no other source so rich in suggestiveness in all the ways of art. Mr. Keiley and Mr. Steichen both show the effects of this influence in their inventions. Much of the charm of Japanese art is due to the appreciation by these picturesque people of the importance of the agreement in spirit of all parts, which gives that beautiful sense of unity that is expressed in all their surroundings. NO doubt the whole question of signatures is a minor one among the principles of picture-making; yet it is part of a most important principle. In one sense there is nothing either great or small, in the field of Art—everything having an importance. The great principle of art is harmony. If the effect can be enhanced by an apparent discord, accidental or intentional, the justification is sufficient. But as finish implies the presence of only such details as are useful accessories, and as finish is necessary to a complete work of art, so even the *seal of finish* should not belie itself by becoming a disturber of harmony. Its presence, the final touch of the maker, should be the evidence that he has passed judgment on his own creation and confirms the intention of unified expression throughout his work.

EVA WATSON-SCHÜTZE.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY: THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.



PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY having at last won recognition in recent European Art Exhibitions, the managers of the St. Louis Exposition have awakened to the fact that they could no longer ignore its claims; although, until Mr. Caffin, the art critic and editor of the American section of *The International Studio*, took up the cudgels for the cause, the authorities in St. Louis seemed bent upon following the old narrow path. Nor were they entirely unjustified in their conservatism in view of their lack of knowledge of what had been accomplished in this medium and the more than extravagant demands made by Mr. Julius C. Strauss, a well-known professional portrait-photographer of St. Louis, who presumed to act as spokesman for the photographic pictorialists. No doubt Mr. Strauss was actuated by what he conceived to be the best interests of photography, and for taking the initiative is entitled to much credit; but his connection with the modern pictorial movement has hardly been such as to have given him the knowledge and experience necessary to impress the authorities with the history and consequent rights of photography as a fine art. Mr. Caffin has covered the ground so admirably in *The International Studio*, and represents so thoroughly the spirit we stand for, that we feel that we can do no better than present it to our readers in its entirety.

EDITOR.

THE STUDIO has received from Mr. J. C. Strauss, of St. Louis, copy of a correspondence between himself and Colonel J. A. Ockerson, Chief of the Department of Liberal Arts of the forthcoming Exposition. The subject of correspondence is the locale to be assigned for the exhibition of photographic prints at the Exposition. Shall all photographic prints be considered in a lump, whatever their character or intention; whether, for example, they are representations of machinery or of human beings, scientific records or made with pictorial intent; shall, in fact, all prints of whatever kind be clubbed into an indiscriminate mass and exhibited alongside the cameras and photographic materials, in a building that contains a heterogeneous collection of exhibits, so diverse as plumbing and linen goods, soap, and astronomical instruments? Or shall the photographic print, whose sole end is to be an artistic picture, be treated as a separate product of photography and be assigned a position in the Fine Arts Building, under the same restrictions of having to be passed upon by an expert jury before admittance as are usual in the case of oil-paintings, water-colors, and black-and-white work? In a word, is it to be recognized that some photographers are artists and their prints artistic? BEFORE betraying our views on the merits of the controversy, let us briefly analyze the correspondence. It opens with a letter from Colonel Ockerson, acknowledging certain communications from Mr. Strauss and

asking him to call and discuss the matter. Mr. Strauss rejoins with an invitation to the Colonel to step into his studio, where he may see and hear evidences of the reasonableness of Mr. Strauss's contention that "there should be a division of photographic displays; one, of the commercial side, including apparatus, materials, processes, etc., the other the art side. The two are wholly distinct." The Colonel acknowledges the letter which he has read "with much interest," and will take an early opportunity of calling. Presumably the interview took place, and Mr. Strauss urged some definite plan, for he writes later to the Colonel: "In my first letter to Governor Francis with reference to our World's Fair Photographic Exhibit, I claimed that the plan suggested by me would arouse interest in every part of the civilized globe." And he encloses a letter he has received on the subject of the exhibition from the South Australia Photographic Society. Three weeks later he forwards others, respectively, from the American Institute of New York and the Camera Club of Nelson, New Zealand, and concludes: "But none of these people, whether they are in New York or in far-away New Zealand, will be represented at St. Louis in 1903, unless you can arrange to place their productions in the Art Building." The Colonel writes: "I hope you will appreciate the fact that, personally, I shall be very glad to meet the wishes of the photographic fraternity. I doubt, however, if anything can be done that will change the decision already made to leave all phases of photographic work in the Department of Liberal Arts." The following day the Colonel supplements this with the following letter (given in entirety):

In thinking over the situation as to photography, it occurs to me that the photographers are taking entirely the wrong stand in their claim of "photography in the Fine Arts Building or nothing."

Now, in the first place, as I understand it, photographers wanted to flock entirely to themselves and put up a building of their own, at their own expense, in which should be housed *everything* pertaining to the photographic profession. It was not then considered out of place for the artistic photographer to touch elbows with the so-called commercial branch of photography. Why should it be more so if housed in a group of the Liberal Arts Building?

Under existing conditions, would it not be best for the photographers to take the ground that they will prove themselves equal to the emergency, and will not be smothered out, but will club together and prepare a place in the Liberal Arts Building for their art-work that will establish, beyond a doubt, their claim to a high position as a fine art? Get up something that will make the Fine Arts Department "green with envy." By this means you can establish your position before the world and set the question as to your rights forever at rest.

Your art is evidently still in a transition state. You are making giant strides toward greater perfection every day, and no man can yet say where the end will be.

It strikes me that it would be very undignified and unworthy of your exalted profession to stay out of the Exposition because you can not get *all* you want; that it would be far better to raise a fund to fix up a gem of a place in the Liberal Arts Building, according to your own ideas and plans, and fill it with pictures that will challenge the skill and the admiration of the old-school artists who hold that fine art is confined exclusively to work done with the brush and the chisel. Challenge them in this way to measure lances with you, and I am confident that in the end you will be more than glad that you did not yield to the first impulse to hold aloof.

To this very laudable end I pledge you all the assistance in my power.

Trusting that you and your associates will come to see this matter in the light set forth in the above lines, I beg to remain,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) J. A. OCKERSON,
Chief Department of Liberal Arts.

THE following is a quotation from Mr. Strauss's reply:

I am indeed pleased to receive your letter of the 21st inst., because it evidences a decided interest in photographic display, and it is gratifying to know that you regard an artistic exhibit one to be desired.

However, the premise on which your argument is based is in error as to some points of fact. The subject of the proper representation of Art in Photography at our World's Fair was first suggested in a letter written by me last July to Governor Francis. The essential points in the plan outlined by me were:

"Have a pavilion devoted exclusively to pictures produced by Photography, provided same give evidence of artistic feeling. The

display of pictures should be along Salon lines; that is to say, only such should be exhibited as are considered worthy by a competent committee of artists—not photographers. No distinction to be made between amateurs and professionals."

You will see that the request made last July, and it was encouragingly received by Governor Francis, was identical with that now made, except that some months later the Executive Committee of the Exposition rejected the "separate-pavilion" idea on the ground of cost, and we have since substituted "Art Building for Art Photography." At no time did the Association of America, or any other body of photographers, offer to pay for the pavilion.

SO the issue now seems to be between the Fine Arts Building and the Liberal Arts Building as the locale for the display of pictorial photography, with a probability that the latter will be insisted upon by the authorities, and that the photographers who are trying to raise their craft to an art will hold aloof. LET us consider the precedents for and against the decision of the authorities. The Chicago World's Fair relegated photographic prints to the Liberal Arts Building; but that was ten years ago when the pictorial photograph, as we know it now, did not yet exist; the Universal Exposition of 1900 and the Pan-American both ignored the claims of some photographic prints to be recognized as pictures; consequently all the best photographers held aloof, and photography in its highest phase was not represented. On the other, the promoters of the Glasgow Exhibition of last year showed themselves alive to the significance of the new movement, and their international exhibit of pictorial photography in the Fine Arts Building was a notable one. This year's Exposition at Turin shows a similar recognition of the status of the pictorial print, while at the current exhibition of the Champs de Mars some photographs for the first time went before the jury and were judged on their merit as pictures. They were accepted, and are now on exhibition among the black-and-white work in the same Grand Palais from which they were excluded at the Paris Exposition two years ago.¹ So, if we leave out of account the Chicago Exposition as being itself prior to the modern movement in photography, we find Paris (1900) and Buffalo (1901) the precedents against; Glasgow (1901), Turin (1902), and Paris (1902) the precedents for.² This would seem to be an accumulation of precedent in favor of giving pictorial photography a place in the Fine Arts Building. So that it is not pictorial photography that is now on its defense, but the St. Louis Exposition. Will the latter really prove itself to be in the van of latest

¹ This was written before it became known that Mr. Steichen's prints, the photographs referred to, were not hung in spite of their acceptance—a result of intrigue which can not lessen the official recognition accorded to photography as a fine art by the Salon Jury.—EDITORS.

² The "Secession" of Vienna, a most powerful association of modern artists, this year also opened its doors to pictorial photographs and accepted prints by Henneberg, Watzek, Kühn and Spitzer, the four most famous Austrian photographers.—EDITORS.

developments, or fogyish and behind the times? Do the authorities base their exclusion of pictorial photography from the sacred enclosure of the Fine Arts Building on a comprehensive knowledge of the best results so far obtained by photographic artists? Is their exclusion grounded on the patent facts, or upon the hide-bound reasoning of the theorist, which already comes near to being as inadequate to explain the facts of photography as the Adamite theory is of those connected with the origin of man.

AT any rate, even granted that their reasons for exclusion are absolutely sound and irrefutable, can they not see why their conclusions are as absolutely unacceptable to the enthusiasts—fanatics, if you will—who persist in the opposite delusion? These latter are trying to produce artistic work, and it is just as repugnant to them to have their prints coördinated with the displays of photographic material as it would be to the painters to have their pictures shown in connection with commercial exhibits of brushes, canvas, and pigments, of easels, lay-figures, and the camera, which they use so frequently as an adjunct to portraiture and other pictures. The Colonel's suggestion that the photographers should pocket their pride and should submit to what they feel an injustice for the sake of compelling the public to recognize their merits, must seem to them very "child-like and bland." It savors too much of an attempt to get the photographers to sacrifice their convictions so as to cover up the blunders of the Executive Committee. For it is not pride that makes them hold out, but principle. "If we yield up the latter," they very reasonably say, "we postpone indefinitely the time when people will regard pictorial photography seriously. Indeed, Colonel, what you so courteously offer us is an opportunity of *bara-kiri*; you would have us cut our throats to prove the reasonableness of our logic."

IF the authorities persist in their determination, we do not see how the pictorial photographers can consistently do anything else but refrain from exhibiting. To do otherwise would be to abandon all for which they have been contending, and with no compensating benefit to their art. It does not need the help of any exposition; still less of one that would obscure the issue. It has got along very well so far in the face of ignorance and prejudice, and is steadily winning advocates and admirers by the quiet force of its intrinsic merit. In an age like this, where self-advertising is the very breath of the average life, we can quite believe that the St. Louis authorities find it incomprehensible that any men and women should be so blind to their own interests as to refuse an opportunity of making a display, no matter how equivocal, in their great show. But they should remember that the vastness of such a show itself interferes with deliberate and penetrating study. Visitors take their impressions at a jump. If they find pictorial photography in the Fine Arts Building, they may see that it has some pictorial merit; but if they came upon it in the *mélange* of exhibits in the Liberal Arts Building, mixed up with all kinds of varieties of photographic prints, they would not have time or perhaps ability to sort the wheat from the chaff. The public needs directing.

IT is a pity if the St. Louis authorities should show themselves in this

matter behind the times; but the photographers can afford to wait for recognition. The delay and the discipline which it involves will only make the recognition that is bound to come more deserved and durable.

RELATIVE to the notes which appeared in the June number of *The Studio* on the subject of the display of pictorial photography at the St. Louis Exposition, the following letter has been received from Colonel John A. Ockerson, Chief of the Department of Liberal Arts:

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A., June 9, 1902.

Editor The International Studio:

DEAR SIR: I note, with much satisfaction that you have given space to the question of photography at the Universal Exposition to be held in St. Louis in 1904.

While I doubt not that your comments were intended as entirely fair and just to both sides, it seems plain that my position has been misunderstood, and I, therefore, beg your indulgence in offering the following explanation.

The situation confronting me when I entered upon my duties as Chief of this Department was as follows:

The propositions made by the photographers, through Mr. Strauss, for a separate building had been rejected, and photography in general had been assigned to the Department of Liberal Arts by the officials of the Exposition. In my opinion, this was right and proper. The photographers, however, were not satisfied, and put forth claims for the work of the artist in photography and demanded space in the Fine Arts Palace for what they termed artistic photography. They insisted on segregating a certain kind of photographic work and holding it aloof from the class of work done in every-day photography.

In my opinion, the move for a separate building was a mistake. A building of the necessary dimensions to cover the entire field of photography would be quite small and insignificant when surrounded by the gigantic palaces of the Exposition, and it certainly would not have met the demands made later for "artistic photography."

A number of interviews were had with Mr. Strauss and others with the hope that some satisfactory solution of the problem could be reached.

On my part, the disposition to meet the wishes of photographers as well as all other exhibitors, as far as practicable, must have been apparent to all who participated in these conferences.

That there is certain high-grade artistic work in photography was not for a moment questioned, but just how to provide for it under the approved classification was not so readily determined.

After much careful consideration by Professor Halsey C. Ives, Chief of the Art Department, and myself, an agreement was reached whereby such pictures as satisfactorily passed the scrutiny of the "National Jury of Selection" should be hung in the Art Palace.

The classification is shown in detail in Circular No. 5 of this Department, inclosed herewith, and I hope that you may find space for it in your columns.

Mr. Strauss deserves much credit for his efforts in behalf of photography, and in the future I trust that his influence will be directed toward the development of a grand display of photographic work from all parts of the world.

France has already signified her intention of sending a generous display of her choicest work.

Trusting that the above disposition of the matter may be satisfactory to the photographic fraternity, and that this department may be accorded their hearty support, in return for which I again pledge them all the assistance in my power, and beg to remain,

Yours very truly,

J. A. OCKERSON,

Chief Department of Liberal Arts.

[Extract from Circular No. 5, referred to above.]

DEPARTMENT OF LIBERAL ARTS

GROUP 16

EQUIPMENT, PROCESSES, AND PRODUCTS

CLASS 54. Materials, instruments, and apparatus of photography, equipment of photographic studios.

CLASS 55. Negative and positive photography on glass, paper, wood, cloth, films, enamel, etc. Photogravure in intaglio and in relief; photocollography, photolithography, stereoscopic prints. Enlarged and micrographic

photographs. Color-photography. Direct, indirect, and photo-color printing. Scientific and other applications of photography. Artistic photography as applied to portraiture, landscapes, etc.

This group embraces the equipment, processes, and products of photography in all its branches.

Photography will here find an attractive home amid congenial surroundings, filled with displays of the graphic arts, music, the drama, civil engineering, architecture, etc.

Special provisions will be made for the display of selected high-grade examples of artistic photography.

Admission to this class may be confined strictly to such art-work in photography as may satisfactorily pass the critical inspection of the National Jury of Selection of the Department of Art.

The pictures from United States exhibitors which are thus admitted shall be hung in the United States section of the Art Building to such extent as the room available will permit.

The pictures from foreign exhibitors will be admitted under similar rules, but must also, in all cases, conform to the rules of the respective foreign sections to which they belong as to whether they can be hung in the foreign sections of Art or not.

A suitable, attractive space will be specially prepared in the Liberal Arts Palace, where pictures selected in accordance with the above rules may be properly displayed in case they do not find suitable space in the Art Building.

Under this system there should be gathered such a fine array of artistic photographs as will merit the admiration of art connoisseurs and win the plaudits of artists of the older schools of the brush and pencil.

The very large number of professional and amateur photographers in all parts of the world who are daily producing pictures of a high order, will doubtless gladly lend their aid in gathering a most interesting and valuable display of their work.

The latest developments in color-photography in all its phases should be freely treated, as also the scientific applications of photography to astronomy, surveying, etc.

The photo-processes also afford a fine field from which to gather attractive exhibits.

All classes of cameras and their appurtenances will find a suitable place in this group.

It would also be very gratifying to have examples of the work done and the cameras used by Wedgewood and Davy, Nièpce and Daguerre, and others of the earlier workers, to show the progressive steps of this wonderfully fascinating art.

The specific mention of certain features of the several classes are simply suggestions which can readily be amplified by similar treatment of every item in the classification.

In the preparation of exhibits, it should be borne in mind that the best interests of the exhibitor, the visitor, and the Exposition require that no effort should be spared to make the exhibit attractive in its arrangement and in its movement, and special processes should be shown whenever it is practicable.

While as liberal allowances of space will be made as are found to be practicable, exhibitors should restrict themselves to as few well-selected examples of their products as permissible, with due regard to the creditable display of the best features of their work rather than attempt to make an exhibit attractive through its magnitude.

J. A. OCKERSON,

Chief Department of Liberal Arts.

THE first impression derived from reading Colonel Ockerson's letter and the extract from Circular No. 5 is one of satisfaction, for they give evidence of the Department's desire to treat the claims of pictorial photography in a broad and enlightened manner. But while commending the intention, one must be permitted to question the means suggested. Yet not in any captious criticism, for at least two points are plain: that Colonel Ockerson's action in the matter has been generous and conciliatory, and that the subject of pictorial photography is a thorny one to handle. The photographers have no organization qualified to represent them, being a headless, amorphous collection of individuals, comprising all sorts and conditions of artistic and inartistic standards, so that those who are most conversant with

the field of pictorial photography can best appreciate the difficulty of the Colonel's problem to give satisfaction. It is, therefore, out of sympathy with his position as well as from interest in the subject that The Studio ventures a further expression of opinion.

HOW little some of the advocates for the recognition of pictorial photography comprehend the real issue may be judged from their original request for a separate building! Colonel Ockerson at once put his finger on this proposal, and in rejecting it showed more acumen and just appreciation of the present status of pictorial photography than its professional advocates. The production of pictures, judged by the highest standard—the only one admissible upon such an occasion as this—is at present far too meagre to furnish forth any building, except one so small that its erection would be ridiculous. If the proposal had been unfortunately allowed, the only result would have been to pack it for the sake of filling space with a quantity of lower grade pictures that would have kept away or obscured the small number of really good ones, and created in the minds of the public a totally false impression of the actual progress that has been made.

INDEED, the very fact that such a proposal was seriously advanced proves how little some of the advocates of pictorial photography themselves know of what photography has so far produced in the way of really fine things, and permits little hope that the support which they will give to the counter-proposal of the Department will be along the lines laid down by the most artistic photographers in this and other countries. The two things for which the latter strive are recognition and representation; recognition that pictures worthy to rank as works of art can be, and occasionally are, produced by photographic means, and a representation of such prints among the black and white examples in the picture exhibitions. To prove the one and deserve the other, they have imposed upon themselves a severe standard of excellence, and in the salon exhibitions held in Philadelphia, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and London have included, as far as possible, only those prints which would satisfy this exceptional standard. Exceptional because, while they apply to their prints the same kind of test in respect of composition, lighting, tone, and values as should be applied to a picture in any other medium, they have shown less toleration of mediocre work than painters are apt to do in selecting pictures for their exhibitions. The art of painting is recognized and will not suffer in credit by the sins of its followers, whereas photography has yet to prove its title to be considered a fine art, and is for the present judged entirely by the productions of its adherents. ONE may readily understand the wisdom of this severity of standard and realize how necessarily small would be a representative exhibit of the best work, and also how unreasonable was the request for a separate building, unless, as probably is the case, its promoters had in view a much laxer standard for the selection of exhibits.

BY the latest circular, special provisions are "made for the display of selected high-grade examples of artistic photography"; the chief points

being that such examples must "pass the critical inspection of the National Jury of Selection of the Department of Art"; and that then, "if the pictures thus admitted are by United States exhibitors they shall be hung in the United States Section of the Art Building to such extent as the room available will permit." On the other hand, "in case they do not find suitable space in the Art Building," although selected, they will be provided for in the Liberal Arts Palace. Further, pictures from foreigners will be admitted under similar rules, subject to the regulations of the respective foreign sections "as to whether they can be hung in the foreign sections of art or not." Selection by the Art Jury; admission to the Art Building, if space permits; foreign photographs to be subject to foreign endorsement of the new rules—the provision is not quite so satisfactory as it appeared upon the surface.

UNQUESTIONABLY it represents a *bona fide* attempt to recognize the claims of modern pictorial photography, and yet each one of its separate clauses is likely to militate against a satisfactory representation. For example, there is the qualifying proviso concerning space. Was there ever yet an exposition in which the Art Building proved sufficient for the demands put upon it by painting and sculpture? Nothing short of the definite allocation of a space, however small, for photographic prints of approved merit will afford any assurance of room being eventually found for them in the Art Building. In the face of the present uncertainty it is scarcely to be expected that the best photographers will consider it worth while to submit their prints. AGAIN, as to the National Jury of Selection: will it contain any representation of the photographers, and, if so, of those who are identified with the best work, as shown in the various salons of this country and Europe? Actual expert knowledge of photographic processes is of less importance than this wide acquaintance with the notable achievements; for prints that might have passed for notable a short time ago have been superseded in character and quality by later productions; and even among the photographers themselves it is only those who have kept themselves in touch with the important exhibitions that are in a position to judge of the kind of work which should be accepted as representative of the latest phase of the movement. Without such expert assistance a jury of painters and sculptors would hardly prove satisfactory in the judging of photographs, for so few of them have taken enough interest to acquaint themselves with the subject. Except as an assistance to their own work, they do not treat it seriously, and their attitude toward a print is generally one of surprise that it should be as good as or no worse than it is. Moreover, there is among painters especially a very general prejudice against admitting photography to any sort of recognition as a fine art; and, though men may be honest in intention, their judgment can seldom rule quite free of their prejudices.

AS to the third proviso, that the admission of selected foreign prints into the section of their respective countries shall depend upon the regulations of those sections themselves, one may perhaps gage the result by the recent action of the hanging committee at the Champs de Mars. The Jury of

Selection accepted certain prints by Eduard J. Steichen in response to the advocacy of Rodin, but the committee refused to hang them! The possible, nay, probable, attitude of the foreign representatives was bound to be considered, and no doubt offered the most delicate problems to Colonel Ockerson and Professor Halsey C. Ives in their endeavor to meet the wishes of the photographers. It is only fair to realize this in estimating their decision.

BUT, while Professor Ives can not interfere with the home rule of the foreign sections, he has a direct power within that of the United States and a control over the whole structure of the Art Building. He could do one of two things: definitely assign a space within the United States section for display of pictorial photography; or, independently of all the sections, allocate a small wall-space, say two hundred square feet, for an international exhibit. The latter would be the more interesting, as giving a brief summary of the world's work in this direction.

IF one may venture upon a suggestion, such an exhibition should be in the interest of the art rather than of the photographers. One may say it should be mainly in the interest of the public; a representation in small compass of prints that have already been shown at the salons in Philadelphia, London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. It is customary at international expositions of paintings to fill the galleries by invitation and selection. The same plan might be adopted for this group of photographs, the organizing of the exhibit being placed in the hands of a few photographers whose real knowledge of the home and foreign field of the movement would commend them to photographers at large. Their main duty would lie in judicious invitation of those prints that have already stood the scrutiny of juries of selection at the various salons. This was the method adopted by the management at the Exposition of Glasgow, and this year of that at Turin, and it is the one that would undoubtedly prove popular with the public. Moreover, it is probably the only one that under the circumstances would give a really adequate idea of the progress that has been made along the higher lines of pictorial photography.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN,

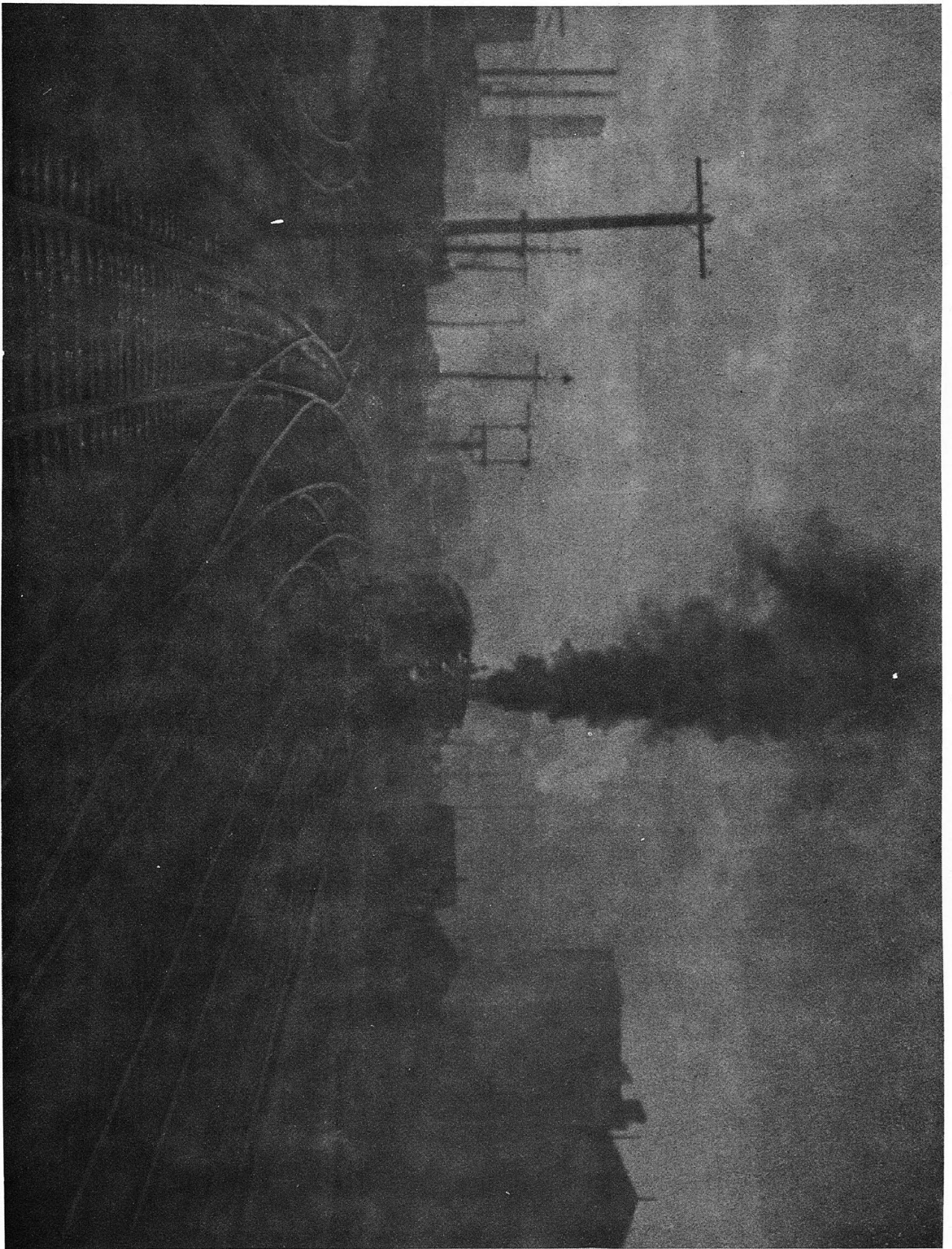
In The International Studio, August, 1902.

THOUGH life be short and art be long,
It is the nearest skyland way;
A winding road of dream-won song
And pictured dreams. There is no throng,
But oh, the outlooks, day by day.

DALLETT FUGUET.

“THE HAND OF MAN”

By Alfred Stieglitz



YE FAKERS.



IT IS rather amusing, this tendency of the wise to regard a print which has been locally manipulated as irrational photography—this tendency which finds an esthetic tone of expression in the word faked.

A MANIPULATED print may not be a photograph. The personal intervention between the action of the light and the print itself may be a blemish on the purity of photography. But, whether this intervention consists merely of marking, shading and tinting in a direct print, or of stippling, painting and scratching on the negative, or of using glycerine, brush and mop on a print, faking has set in, and the results must always depend upon the photographer, upon his personality, his technical ability and his feeling.

BUT long before this stage of conscious manipulation has been begun, faking has already set in. In the very beginning, when the operator controls and regulates his time of exposure, when in the dark-room the developer is mixed for detail, breadth, flatness or contrast, faking has been resorted to. In fact, every photograph is a fake from start to finish, a purely impersonal, unmanipulated photograph being practically impossible. When all is said, it still remains entirely a matter of degree and ability.

SOME day there may be invented a machine that needs but to be wound up and sent roaming o'er hill and dale, through fields and meadows, by babbling brooks and shady woods—in short, a machine that will discriminatingly select its subject and by means of a skilful arrangement of springs and screws, compose its motif, expose the plate, develop, print, and even mount and frame the result of its excursion, so that there will remain nothing for us to do but to send it to the Royal Photographic Society's exhibition and gratefully to receive the "Royal Medal."

THEN, ye wise men; ye jabbering button-pushers! Then shall ye indeed make merry, offering incense and sacrifice upon the only original altar of true photography. Then shall the fakers slink off in dismay into the "inky blackness" of their prints.

EDUARD J. STEICHEN.

IT is an error common to many artists, strive merely to avoid mistakes; when all our efforts should be to create positive and important work. Better the positive and important with mistakes and failures than perfect mediocrity.

FOLLOWERS manage to make of the foot-paths of a great man a wide road.

SOME LESSONS FROM OLD MASTERS.—No. 1.

This article is the first of a series to be contributed by Professor Otto W. Beck, lecturer on art composition at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., which will appear in "Camera Work" exclusively. It is our intention to illustrate this series with reproductions of such examples of the "old masters" as Professor Beck deems best fitted for use with these papers.—EDITORS.



“GOOD STRAIGHT photography,” a term that rings with honesty and straightforward purpose, betokens workmanship of a most thorough kind. “Faking,” on the other hand, is a term used by photographers as signifying anything that is not “good straight photography.”

FOR a long time “straight photography” has reigned supreme. Securely seated upon the hard bench of science, it has been stranger to luxuries, to suggestions, to dreams, to picture-life. “Faking,” though smack-

ing of dishonesty, is yet accepted as of the kind that is not wholly bad; much like that “little white lie,” that toying with fact in which we indulge when trying to be interesting and sociable. To some it appears merely as truth divested of its brutality.

ON the one hand, to those believing thoroughly in “good straight photography,” faking seems a dishonest means, unphotographic in method and in aim—one that seems to bear the marks of ignorance of photographic technique; on the other, the advocate of faking ascribes to the maker of the “good straight photography” a lack of art impulse, of feeling, of imagination, or of invention.

SO has this war been waged for years, growing fiercer as the “fakers” have multiplied, until to-day the battle has reached a critical point. Shall the public taste be diverted from “straight photography” to that of the faked kind, or shall the old convenient methods prevail? Such is the issue.

PHOTOGRAPHY, exerting, as it does, a greater influence upon the masses than any other art, is potent to mold the taste of the masses, because the people of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries find in it a means of representation peculiarly fitted to their scientific mental attitude. The masses in their search for facts have found an aid in photography which gives them facts absolutely defined, as well as only the appearance of things—the “effect.”

UNTIL recently mankind was so accustomed to being photographed with a definition as accurate as were the surrounding objects that it learned to believe that it liked this; at length, people grew weary of this baldness, this mere record of outer form, this total omission of the inner life. Gradually such photographers as “vignetted” and “retouched” became the fashion; a little faking began to be indulged in and was not considered illegitimate. The public was pleased to have the hard facts of form modified and approved the attempts to “say more” in simpler form. Thus art in photography made its feeble beginning.

THOUGH some may claim that art in photography had its beginning in the painted background, this theory is absurd, because these backgrounds were simply a makeshift and not an intentional "control." The public having approved, professional photographers made haste to introduce this legitimate "faking" and have unconsciously edged away from mere science toward that control which is art; until to-day such faking as succeeds in the art of telling things satisfactorily is considered good. It is but a step now to replace this term with that more significant word, so long established in the vocabulary of the fine arts, "treatment," and thus to remove the sting that the word "faking" usually carries with it.

IN this year of our Lord 1902, photography affords so many means of modifying the negative and the print that absolute control is no longer a chemical problem, but rather a question of art-education. The question that to-day presents itself and must be answered is, "Do you know what artistic treatment is necessary to achieve your end?" Those who do "know what they are after" will not only succeed, but in the end find a buying public. This is not quite so simple as it sounds, for "art is long and time is fleeting." But to those who have not had the advantages of academic training in composition and other essentials of an art-education, we recommend the help to be found in a study of the old masters.

WE will assume that "Jones," the good straight photographer, has at length become convinced that some study of art will aid him in his work for daily bread and that he has the power to choose his master. Rembrandt, of all the old masters, is the one authority tolerated and revered by photographers and "Jones" shares this feeling. He drops into Rembrandt's "operating-room" and is invited by the master to make himself at home. Here is opportunity for "Jones" to learn by observation whether faking is legitimate or not, and he is much interested. His first surprise comes when he finds that Rembrandt's light is from a window differing in no way from any other in that house, and much inferior to the skylight "Jones" has in *his* studio, which enables him to place his sitter wherever he wishes and thus get any "system" of lighting that is current in the profession.

"JONES," remembering his half-dozen backgrounds painted by the best "companies"—his "Gainsborough," and his "Sir Joshua"—to which he adds a bit of drapery for the floor and possibly a modern Gobelin to hang behind his sitter—all forming an up-to-date equipment—is astonished to find that Rembrandt's outfit is different. There is hardly a chair upon which to sit, but bric-à-brac everywhere, and a museum of interesting objects overflowing upon all available seats. The wealth of interesting material which "Jones" finds necessary in his backgrounds, the Master places around himself as a stimulus to thought, to arouse his imagination, to quicken his feeling for lustre, for depth and for luminosity. Then, with his soul filled with the mystery and beauty of color and form, he beholds in his mental vision the glorified sitter. Thus he begins the study of his subject and only when the spirit moves him does he begin to paint, gradually "feeling his way." His pictures are not Athene-born as are the "portraits" by "Jones"—for

Athene, springing full-armed from the brow of Jupiter, was a good "straight product." Rembrandt's creations resemble rather the birth of Venus, emerging softly from the caressing wavelets, attended by Cupids, borne upon the backs of dolphins, welcomed by the gods. "Thus Rembrandt's pictures grew"; his faking was spontaneous.

"JONES," being an observing man, saw that the Master's background seemed to grow out of the necessities of the picture-construction and were not the preconceived product of the "companies." His background was developed in harmony with the figure—their relation constantly maintained, balancing one another, each giving strength to the other, until the climax of effect was reached.

WHAT a contrast to the methods of "Jones" in which figure and background are produced simultaneously, both stiffly fixed before the camera and in the print, neither appearing natural or spontaneous! "Jones" recalls the modern pictorialist in whose photographs he sees something of the breath of life, with background suited to the figure and gradually melting into the softness of the face, with modeled arms and gradations of tone suggesting real flesh and blood instead of leather. And "Jones" realizes that these effects were produced by "faking." Still he decries his neighbor's method, though Rembrandt, before his eyes, is treating his subject in a similar way and thus achieves his immortal pictures.

THOUGH he marveled at Rembrandt's way of "doing" things which seemed so queer to "Jones," he could not deny the beauty of the product. What should be thought of him, who has not settled upon what he wants before the work began? And yet, thus did Rembrandt work. First the background was lightened at some spot and then, after working for a time upon the face, this same place would gradually be changed to conform to some new development of the face. And stranger still, the head seemed Rembrandt's chief concern. His fullest love, his tenderest care was lavished upon it. The miracle of the gradations of light and shade that played about the flesh and eyes—the very hair—was a revelation to "Jones." How different from his own pictures, in which flesh resembled porcelain or metal and not, like in Rembrandt's, "juicy," "velvety," alive! "Jones" became shaky in his convictions of methods. "Why did his system make no mention of the fact that two blacks of equal depth, appearing in the face, neutralized each other and destroyed that roundness of form that makes for natural "effect?" "Why did his heads seem flat and lacking substance?" "Why had he never before noticed, what Rembrandt now pointed out to him upon the prints which he had submitted to the Master, that these repetitions of black seemed like 'holes' in the head and figure?" "I shall have to improve my lighting or do a little faking," thought "Jones."

IT seemed to "Jones" that his change of front needed justification and he thought to find it in the work of Rembrandt, who used his brushes full of color only part of the time, scraped the canvas with his palette-knife, painted over the scraped spots, laid away his work for days and weeks and, when it had thoroughly dried, began his elaborate process of glazing.

Rembrandt was faking and herein "Jones" found the justification of his conversion, though "treatment" seemed to him a better term to define the processes of the Master.

HE departed from Rembrandt's studio with his head teeming with the advice which the Master had so graciously given him and these are some of the maxims he remembered:

"HAVE a mental vision of your picture and grow."

"THOUGHTFULNESS in everything undertaken is a condition of progress."

"WE must not paint outer nature, but inner nature—and that is to be found only in oneself."

"JONES" ruminated over this advice and, being a thinking man, began to see that photographers failed largely because they attempted to complete their picture outwardly before the camera. "Here," thought "Jones," "lies the difference between art and artificiality."

IT may be urged that the directness of the photographic process, even when modified by faking, precludes the possibility of "the building up" of the picture as Rembrandt did it and, at first glance, the effort to combine with photographic directness the slower gradual methods of the painter seems futile. But experience teaches that the photographer who has studied art can train himself to see quickly the requirements of each picture and as quickly to carry them out, while the painter, painting in oil, develops his ideas more slowly only because his medium does not demand the same haste. The mental process of picture-building remains the same in both cases.

HAD Rembrandt lived to-day and had he been a photographer, he would have used this medium with the same virtuosity that he displays in his great works in oil. It is the thought and brains and feeling of the man that bring forth the result. The "straight" photographers aim at facts, hoping through such strenuous verity to gain the qualities of Rembrandt. Rembrandt aimed at "picture-quality," beauty, character, the inner life. But the modern advanced worker in photography lessens the directness of the process, "fakes" where he finds it necessary, and lets the finished picture justify his acts. In time "good straight photography" will be but the preliminary step to be followed up by "treatment," possible only by the hand of the art-trained man. Lectures by the untrained on "lighting" and on "posing," and essays on art, by those who know *no* art, will cease to be attended or read and will be superseded by instruction on "arrangement," beauty, values, by those who know. Photographers will then be content with nothing less than the best art-instruction obtainable.

OTTO WALTER BECK.

EFFECTIVE LIGHTING IN BIRD-PHOTOGRAPHY.

So general is the interest to-day displayed in Natural History photography that it affords us much pleasure to reproduce so splendid an example of "bird-work" as is the illustration appearing in this number of "Camera Work." Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore, the maker of the picture, has written this short article in explanation of some of the difficulties encountered in presenting these subjects pictorially and at the same time retaining their value to the naturalists. Mr. Dugmore is the well-known author of "Bird Homes," "Nature and the Camera," etc., and needs no further introduction.—EDITORS.



IN PORTRAITURE, landscape and most other branches of photography, lighting is considered of the utmost importance, in fact a great deal is sometimes sacrificed to a particular idea of light and shade. Now it seems somewhat curious that while so much attention is given to the subject in these various branches, that when natural-history subjects are to be portrayed the one idea is that there shall be light in abundance and that almost always the bird, animal or nest is placed so that the uninterrupted light falls directly on the subject—in other words, the source of light is placed back of the camera. There are, of course, exceptions to this, but still this is true of most animal-work that we see, and particularly is it true of bird-photography. That it is a difficult task to induce a bird to assume the position most in keeping with our ideas is unfortunately only too true, as those know who have tried it, but is it not also difficult to secure proper and effective lighting for a genre study or a landscape? Do not men wait for weeks, yes, even months for a sky which they have in mind as suitable for a particular landscape or marine? Then why should we not be willing to devote a few extra hours to the task of photographing a bird? The results, if successful, will well repay the effort. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to say that the percentage of successes will be small, even very small, but were it otherwise there would be neither merit nor satisfaction. No one glories in doing that which is too easily done, and in photography, as in everything else, we prize our successes according to the number and greatness of the obstacles that have been overcome. In bird-photography there will be found obstacles enough to satisfy even the most ambitious—the greatest being the shyness and nervousness of the bird. Anything unusual in appearance frightens even the tamest of them, and curiously enough a bird in its wild state will, as a rule, overcome its fear of the camera sooner than one that has been reared in captivity. Birds in their wild state will sometimes lose all fear of the camera and even go so far as to perch on it. I have seen many instances of this, and have secured a photograph of one bird standing on the nozzle of the bulb with which the exposure was made. Of the many captive birds that I have attempted to photograph not one of them has proved in any way tractable so long as the camera remained in sight. PERHAPS the most beautiful bird-photographs are made of fledglings at the time when they are ready to leave their nests, or even a day later. They

are then well feathered and have the soft down of the nestling which adds so much to their beauty. At this stage of their development the birds need not be confined, but may be photographed in the open, when any arrangement of lighting can be used. Once they are able to fly it is necessary to restrict their range, and for this purpose one of the best devices is a tent made of mosquito-netting. In this a suitable support and background may be placed, for the results much depend on the bird's disposition, but as a rule it will be found necessary to give the bird several hours in which to become accustomed to the strangeness of the situation.

IT is not, as a rule, advisable to use very much in the way of accessories; they detract from the bird, which should be the only noticeable object in the picture. It is perhaps needless to say that a lens suitable for this branch of work must have great speed and should be of focal length sufficient to reduce distortion so far as possible.

A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE.

THE PURSUIT OF THE PICTORIAL IDEAL.

“The love of all under the light of the sun
Is but brief longing and deceiving hope
And ——”

* * * * *
“dramas of the mind they are
Best seen against imagined tapestries.”
* * * * *



EARNED LECTURERS dogmatically teach many conflicting theories as to the nature of the Pictorial Ideal and how best to attain it.

DISSECTING critics bear autopsical testimony as to what it is not and why it has been missed.

HORDES of devotees, artists of every degree are ever engaged in its pursuit, each following his own particular way, each believing that *he* can recognize it by certain private marks known only to himself.

OF the making of pictures, like the making of books, there is no end. Thousands are produced annually, are written about, raved over, criticized patronizingly or savagely, and in nine instances out of ten, e'er the year has spent itself completely forgotten. Glance over the catalogue of some one of the annual exhibitions of years gone and note how many of the names and titles recorded therein awaken no memories, are as unknown to you unless perchance you be a specialist or delving historian, as though they had never been, as meaningless as unset type, as lifeless and void of entity as though these vanished artists had not lived like yourself and put their best physical energy, brain-force, and heart's desire into their pictures, those dramas of the mind and all too often tragedies of the heart.

DRAMAS of the mind, indeed, dreamed, created, forgotten! And now to the majority but type-set words in unbound, dusty catalogues kept but for

reference, and when not in use hidden away in some remote corner or used to prop the foot of a table where the floor slants, or to save the table-top from the oil from your lamp or the stain of your ink-stand or coffee-cup—monuments to the pursuit of the ideal.

VERILY, after the lapse of a few brief years most catalogues are like buried graveyards, whose melancholy tombstones are themselves interred in the dust-drifts into which the cold, searching wind of oblivion sooner or later grinds all perishable things, driving their crumbling remains before its destroying blast like clouds of cutting, leveling sand to disintegrate and to bury beyond trace what must also disappear. Truly can it be said of these pictures,

“dramas of the mind they are

Best seen against imagined tapestries.”

BEFORE tossing the old catalogue back into its hiding-place, pause and give reign to fancy and let the alchemy of sympathy weave imagined tapestries of life-fragments against which to view these *mind-dramas*. Behold how they lived and strove, these forgotten ones; see out of what material they made their dramas. Some were shallow and insincere and never had a real ideal; they aped and chatted, affected extreme estheticism and had their following of fools who liked studio-orgies and wanted to be bohemian. They spent their art-life in painting sensational or indecent pictures and in getting inspiration from affairs with women. See how the titles of their mind-dramas reflect them—*Leda, The Couch, Surprised*. Thus they pursued the ideal. Some draped their studios with exceeding taste, decorated them with exquisite bric-à-brac, talked cleverly on art, and produced annually a “still-life.” Some, again, in certain dashing style made portraits of gay society women in very décolleté costumes that usually found a place on the line because the artist was influential with the wealthy and had a *nice* following. Here is a lecturer on the Pictorial Ideal, who perpetrated stiff pictures of a very modern blond young man, with close-cropped hair and rainbow-pink wings, suspended in the air like a toy-balloon, addressing an expressionless, esthetically dressed young woman who is kneeling in a handsome room or corridor of a nice, clean bit of semi-renaissance architecture, entitling them Annunciations. This is the name of one who was originally of great promise, who met with rather rapid success, and had his head turned.

NO. 13 “Color Symphony” was an exquisite thing in its way. I saw it years ago. The poor little chap who made it was exceptionally gifted. I think that he must once have had a fleeting vision of Perfect Color. He painted ideally, lived, poor boy, as best he could and marked his own period in the middle of the sentence. And this man lived up to his ideals in spite of every disappointment, in spite of the jibes of the critics and the neglect of the public, and starved and died into a great master for ages to respect. This artist made pictures that exactly resembled the reflections in a magnifying-mirror that were looked upon as masterpieces; and when not at work on these he was the lion of social functions, talking small gossip and

scandal and getting points about stocks or betting on the races. This other one who created vague, dreamy things, full of entrancing color, wonderful feeling and exquisite refinement, married a vulgar, slatternly ballet-dancer who had made her orchestra-husband divorce her for the purpose. Then there are the many who led even, fine lives, did nothing to be talked about and always had their pictures rejected. And there are the few who were always ranked well and were ever commonplace.

NOTE those decorative figures on the borders of the tapestries. They are the editors and critics, the reviewers and connoisseurs. That sandy-bearded fellow to the left who wears glasses and has his little finger thrust into his nostril was an editorial defender of the ideal, who had a husky conception of art and a blatant pen. That dark fellow to the right was a clever, vicious critic, a veritable satyr, brilliant, versatile, earthy; and with all a true lover of the beautiful, a pursuer of the ideal. That nervous-looking little man in the corner was the manager of an art-institute. He wrote, chattered, lied, and packed art-juries in the interest of the ideal, did his best to ruin the reputations of all who opposed him, and had a monument erected to his memory by grateful fellow-citizens. The richly dressed man beyond with the red neck-tie and great diamond scarf-pin and an army of laborers behind him, was an art-connoisseur and an encourager and supporter of the ideal and the head of a great trust.

BUT enough. Already our imagined tapestries have unfolded a mosaic representation of the soul of a vanished past composed of fragmentary sketches of forgotten lives. And as we try to conceive against this fast-fading background their neglected and forgotten pictures, the dramas of their minds, and consider them in conjunction with their lives, few of them ideal, many ill-spent, and a vast number seemingly absolutely wasted; when we consider the mighty volume of brain-force and physical energy that has been expended with comparatively such meagre results; when we think how they struggled and strove and starved and caroused and led low lives often and fought among themselves; when we recall how some sacrificed home and dearest friends, comforts, and honorable position for art, and then sacrificed that for money, cheap fame, or unworthy women, we are dazed somewhat and can not refrain from asking, Has not enormous energy been wasted? Had not the majority of this vast army been better off and of more service to man as hewers of wood and drawers of water, as the builders of roads or the makers of cities? Should not this one have been a farmer and that a grave-digger? Has not much harm been done to the cause of Ideality by the production in the name of art of vulgar, vicious, or utterly worthless things? Is not the gushing admiration of the sweet young studio-visitor, the nauseating affectation of the pampered artist, the cheap art-twaddle of society, the fluent verbiage of the critics that comes now with the softness of an autumnal zephyr and now with the searchingness of a winter wind and again with the treacherous suddenness and meanness of an off-shore cat's-paw; the unfair partiality of art-juries; the bitter, inimical contentions of the different schools; the inconsistent, unideal, and

often contemptible lives of the artists themselves—is it not all but evidence that this so-called pursuit of the ideal is but sham and hollow mockery?

JUDGE not too harshly, ye of fine nature who see and think and feel and because thereof are depressed—ye see but part—the surface. When dwelling upon the incongruous and unideal lives of many of those who pursue and worship the ideal, remember the complaint of Faust :

“Two souls, alas, are lodged within my breast,
Which struggle there for undivided reign:
One to the world with obstinate desire,
And closely cleaving organs, still adheres;
Above the mist the other doth aspire,
With sacred vehemence, to purer spheres.”

The ideal is none the less worthy because the baser self has dominated or because hypocrisy forges its name. Every great and important movement is like to an onflowing river. Drainage-water as well as limpid stream add to its volume—and all combine to increase its size and force. It has its minnows and polliwogs that help to keep its little forgotten pools from stagnation. It has its flotsam and jetsam—of dead twigs and seared leaves—that no other waters could make less seared or dead. It has its rocks, its rapids, its falls. And, above all, beneath its surface it has a grand onward impulse to which everything contributes, drainage-water as well as crystal spring, minnow, polliwog, and even dead twig, an impulse that grows in strength and desire—despite rock and obstruction—and sweeps onward toward the sublime open sea of Things-Accomplished of the Perfect, the Ideal.

LECTURERS and critics, while they may help in the construction of the craft, can never chart the way to that Sea. Each navigator must be his own pilot and must govern his voyage by one solitary principle; for as Sidney Lanier writes: “The experience of artists in all ages is reported by history to be of precisely the same direction, that principle is that the artist shall put forth, humbly and lovingly, and without bitterness against opposition, the very best and highest that is within him, utterly regardless of contemporary criticism.”

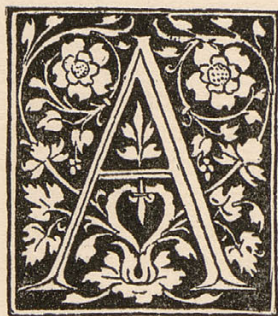
HAVING built his craft and learned the use of his tackle he must abandon charts and steer his course by his own star of inspiration.

MANY have sought the Pole; but who has found? Yet, who denies the Pole?

JOSEPH T. KEILEY.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT IMPORTANT ART EXHIBITIONS.

TURIN DECORATIVE AND FINE ARTS EXHIBITION.



AS WE go to press comes the unexpected news that American Pictorial Photography has triumphed at the Turin International Decorative and Fine Arts Exhibition; the collection gathered by Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, at almost a moment's notice having received the special award offered by His Majesty the King of Italy, for the best collection of prints exhibited. At the time this collection of prints was shipped no one suspected that prizes of any kind were to be awarded, yet the recipients of the five grand prizes, two gold medals, four silver and eight honorable mentions, will be delighted at this unexpected recognition. Through some oversight the King's prize was originally awarded to the Camera Club, of New York, though they were in no way connected with the prize-winning collection.

GENERAL di Cesnola, the Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, who was the American Commissioner for this Exposition is now engaged in straightening out this tangle, which was caused by the fact that Mr. Stieglitz had given his address as at the Camera Club, New York.

THE collection was gotten together at the same time that the Photo-Secession was showing at the National Arts Club in New York, and in consequence much of the finest work could not be included, because many of the contributors to Turin are members of the Photo-Secession, of which body Mr. Stieglitz is the Director.

IT is indeed gratifying that American photography which but a short time ago was of little consequence in international exhibitions should now play so leading a rôle. The exhibit was composed of the work of: Frank Eugene, Gertrude Käsebier, Joseph T. Keiley, Eduard J. Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, Alice Boughton, L. McCormick, Charles I. Berg, L. Cassavant, W. W. Renwick, E. Lee Ferguson, John E. Dumont, Rose Clark and Elizabeth Flint Wade, all of New York State; Clarence H. White, Mary M. Stanbery, Thos. M. Edmiston, L. L. Peddinghaus, Ema Spencer, of Ohio; W. B. Dyer, Eva Watson-Schütze, of Illinois; Edmund Stirling, Robert S. Redfield, John G. Bullock, Prescott Adamson, Mathilde Weil, of Pennsylvania; T. O'Connor Sloane, Jr., of New Jersey; Sarah Ladd, of Oregon; and Arthur E. Becher, of Delaware. In all thirty photographers showed sixty pictures, and although receiving the highest award, the collection was quantitatively small compared to those contributed by England, France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland.

November 11, 1902.

THE FINAL DISPOSITION OF THE KING'S PRIZE.

ON November twentieth we were informed by the Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art that he had received a cablegram from the authorities

at Turin that they had rectified their previous mistake, and that the King's Prize would go to Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, of New York. The list of individual awards has not, at this hour, reached America.

THE YORKSHIRE UNION OF ARTISTS.

GRADUALLY the germ of liberalism is effecting recognition of photography as an art. The fifteenth annual exhibition of the Yorkshire Union of Artists, a prominent English society of painters, is the first occasion upon which such a body in England has recognized the artistic possibilities of photography, and has welcomed it to its exhibition, side by side with paintings. The exhibition was by invitation only, international in its scope and held in the City Art Gallery, Leeds, the whole north gallery of which was devoted to pictorial photography.

ACCORDING to the reports from England, photography more than held its own with the paintings shown. This result was due to the efforts of the Advisory Committee, consisting of J. Craig Annan, Reginald Craigie, and A. Horsley Hinton, representing Great Britain; Robert Demachy, representing France; Alfred Stieglitz, representing the United States, and Ernst Juhl, representing Germany.

UNFORTUNATELY the invitation to America arrived in midsummer when every one is hard to reach, and consequently Mr. Stieglitz experienced much difficulty in collecting even the twenty-nine photographs which constituted America's representation, nevertheless lack of quantity was more than counterbalanced by the quality of each print.

THE exhibition was held during the months of October, November and December.

EDITORS.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

ARTISTIC REQUISITES.



FROM A consideration of the articles that appear in this first number of *Camera Work*—early brought to my attention by editorial- and proof-reading—and especially from their general trend, the widest lesson to be derived by the general reader would seem to be as to what were the requisites for the execution of good pictorial work. They are sincerity, feeling, taste, and technique. And imagination; yes, of course, all one has to spare of it: but not fancy; rather beware that rainbow-chaser. One might add originality—at least in treatment. But is not originality rather a result, which can be attained by those whose work evinces use of the other qualities—at least according to the modern theory of individualism? I' faith, if no two noses are alike, is not each nose an original work showing “repetition with slight variation?” But to be more serious: if the worker be sincere to self and to subject, he probably brings new matter or new treatment to the field of art—indeed, in its primary sense, is not that what art, as a result, means? If he also shows feeling, he pretty surely does offer something at least a little different from anything done before; and if he is guided by good taste, what he brings is probably worth respectful consideration. But without good technique, which is his art-language, he stammers and can not express himself clearly. Stutterers are not winning orators; moreover there is a charm inherent in mere execution when it is good. Where would many of our modern painters be, otherwise? The resultant of these four qualities—sincerity, feeling, taste, and technique—may not be great: but there is little, even of indisputably original work in the world, that is “great.” To be so, it requires a high order of imagination, and that means, genius. BUT some industrious photographers never accomplish anything worthy of a moment's consideration. If they are sincere, taste is usually the vital attribute immediately lacking. They were not born to it and they have not cultivated it. As for the insincere; when pretense supplants sincerity, when cheek takes the place of taste, and self-conceit of feeling—what results may we expect! And if certain kinds of photogs seem ever unsatisfied and unhappy—not with their work, mind you, but with the estimation in which it is held—it is because they are working for achievements which they do not achieve, and a standing they can not stand for. “Oh, why am I so beautiful?” exclaimed the repulsive Katisha, and I suppose to these artists refused recognition their self-accredited talents must come to seem almost fatal gifts. They are out cup-hunting; it is delusive hope that keeps them working, and not any real love for, and pleasure in the execution of their work. Such can not understand what art really is, for they can not comprehend the joy of the artist in putting the best that is in himself into his chosen work.

DALLETT FUGUET.

THE PICTURES IN THIS NUMBER.



IN DEVOTING our first number mainly to the work of Gertrude Käsebier, we feel that we are but doing justice to one whose art-example has been so potent in influencing the tendencies of modern portrait-photography. The selection made by us shows, though inadequately, the range and many-sided qualities of the work of this woman who prides herself upon being a mere "commercial photographer." The photogravures entitled Dorothy, The Manger, Blessed art Thou Among Women, Portrait of Miss

N., and The Red Man have been produced from the original negatives, which, by the way, are absolutely straight photography, being in no way faked, doctored or retouched. The scoffer at modern pictorial photography may find food for reflection in these examples of "straight" work. On the other hand the plate entitled Serbonne is a half-tone reproduction from a manipulated "gum" print, and does not do full justice to the velvety richness of the original, much of whose charm lies in the medium used.

MR. A. Radclyffe Dugmore in his bird-picture, which unquestionably will appeal to all tastes, shows that even scientific subjects may be given pictorial worth without loss to their scientific value. This photogravure too was made from the original negative.

THE Hand of Man by Alfred Stieglitz, the last plate in this number, is an attempt to treat pictorially a subject which enters so much into our daily lives that we are apt to lose sight of the pictorial possibilities of the commonplace. The gravure-plate from which these prints have been pulled was made directly from the original negative.

THE small half-tones accompanying Sydney Allan's article are merely illustrative of the text, though from them the photographer may learn lessons applicable and invaluable to his art.

IT must not be supposed that all the pictures appearing as inserts in "Camera Work" can be viewed in the same way as ordinary illustrations. Some of them are reproductions of originals made to be framed and examined at varying distances, and we warn our readers that much of their effect and quality will be lost unless they are held away from the eye sufficiently to allow their effect to become apparent.

A WORD of recognition is here due to The Photochrome Engraving Company, of New York, for the sympathetic manner in which they have reproduced the pictures appearing in this number.

EDITORS.

THE KODAK DEVELOPING-MACHINE.



PROBABLY THE most important innovation in practical photography during the past few years is the developing-machine for films, recently introduced by those progressive manufacturers who are ever striving to simplify the processes of photography for the masses. Beginning with the introduction of the cartridge daylight-film which permitted loading in broad daylight, the Eastman Kodak Company has steadily aimed at the abolition of the dark-room, and by placing this machine, so simple in construction and operation, upon the market at a price within the means of every one, has now succeeded in enabling the photographer to dispense with ruby light and ill-ventilated closet. It is now possible to load, develop and fix in the open. The photographer can to-day develop his films regardless of his surroundings and not only can he at once prove the correctness of his exposures and test the condition of his apparatus at any time, but the resulting negative will be generally cleaner and better than heretofore.

EVEN those photographers using plates exclusively have herein a means whereby they can, by the simple attachment of a film-holder of small size to even the largest camera, make these same tests and thus obviate the necessity of constant worry lest their exposures prove failures. This is not the least important value of this wonderful little instrument.

EDITORS.

ACETONE-SULPHITE. The names of the new products continually being offered to the photographer is legion, so that the novice finds himself absolutely at sea when compelled to make his choice. There is nevertheless a decided tendency discernible upon the part of certain manufacturers to furnish chemicals intended for photographic uses, that combine in one body many functions for which at present a variety of chemicals are necessary. Acetone-Sulphite is one of these new products which will become, we believe, indispensable to every photographic laboratory. Its main value lies in its ability to replace the provokingly unstable sulphite of soda in the preparation of practically all developing-solutions, and on account of its exceptional solubility, it affords the photographer a means of making up highly concentrated solutions. When added to hypo-sulphite of soda it gives a satisfactory acid fixing-bath; in conjunction with permanganate of potash, it acts as a reducer; on a mercury-bleached negative, it will intensify; with certain developers it acts as a restrainer; with others as an accelerator; and together with Edinol it makes an exceptional developer for bromide papers, giving a beautiful deposit of silver and pure whites. These hints should induce photographers to carefully study its possibilities.

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Another grade of platinum paper

THAT the postponement until October, 1903, of the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company Competition still gives you an opportunity of capturing a prize.

Photographic Competition postponed

THE new store of Geo. F. Of, whose framing of photographs has added to the admiration expressed for many of the American prints.

Removal

THE manner in which Otto Knoll binds books of all kinds, together with the portfolios for holding prints of which he makes a specialty.

Print-portfolios and bindings

THE new high-speed lens, the Heliar, working at F 4.5 which the Voigtländer people are about to introduce.

An announcement

THAT hitherto fully appreciated but difficult-to-get Cooke lenses manufactured by Taylor, Taylor & Hobson, of England, will be at last more "get-atable" by reason of the branch office which this firm recently has established in New York.

An American branch

ART Cyko, the new Anthony-Scovill bromide developing-paper which we have tested and found worthy.

A new bromide developing-paper

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ANNOUNCEMENT.



THE ILLUSTRATIONS of the next number of Camera Work will, in the main, be devoted to the work of that preëminent young American painter-photographer, Eduard J. Steichen, who has recently returned from Europe. Notwithstanding the scoffs with which the work of this young artist was greeted not two years ago by press and public, both here and abroad, he has managed within that time not only to convert most of his former antagonists, but also through his splendid and original work to prove a powerful factor in the battle for recognition of photography from the art world. The inserts will be of a character which will do full justice to the subtleties of Mr. Steichen's work and will thus, for the first time, give to that general public which has never had the opportunity of seeing the originals some conception of the reasons for Mr. Steichen's unexampled success.

EDITORS.

ADDENDA.—The following individual awards to Americans were made at the Turin exhibition: *Grand Prizes*, Clarence H. White, Frank Eugene, Alfred Stieglitz, W. B. Dyer, Gertrude Käsebier; *Gold Medals*, Edmund Stirling, Rose Clark and Elizabeth Flint Wade; *Silver Medals*, Ema Spencer, Mary R. Stanbery, Joseph T. Keiley, Isaac Benjamin; *Honorable Mentions*, Alice M. Boughton, A. H. Stoiber, E. Lee Ferguson, L. Cassavant, Eva Watson-Schütze, W. W. Renwick, Thomas M. Edmiston, D. D. Spellman.

ENGLAND received eighteen awards: three grand prizes, five gold medals, five silver medals and five honorable mentions. J. Craig Annan, F. Hollyer and Alex. Keighley, are the grand-prize winners.

FRANCE captured ten awards: three grand prizes (Robert Demachy, Captain Puyo, Maurice Brémard), three silver medals, and four honorable mentions. THE jury was composed of four painters, one sculptor and two photographers.

WE are informed that the Linked Ring has honored Edmund Stirling, Mary Devens and W. B. Dyer, with election to its membership-roll.

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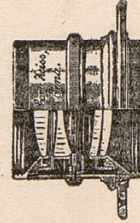
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Photograms of 1902 illustrates and criticizes the London Photographic Salon and R. P. S. Exhibition. Pictorial Photography in France is handled by Robert Demachy; the German School by Ernst Juhl—in each case with many reproductions.

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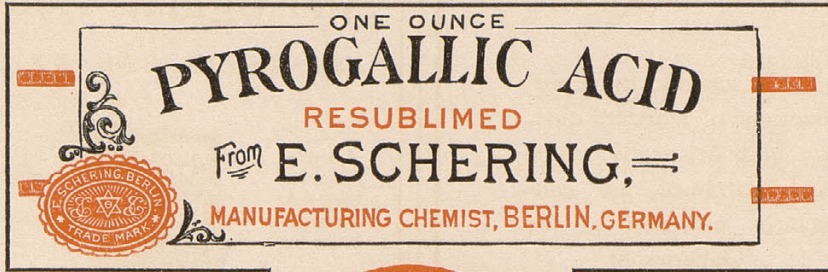
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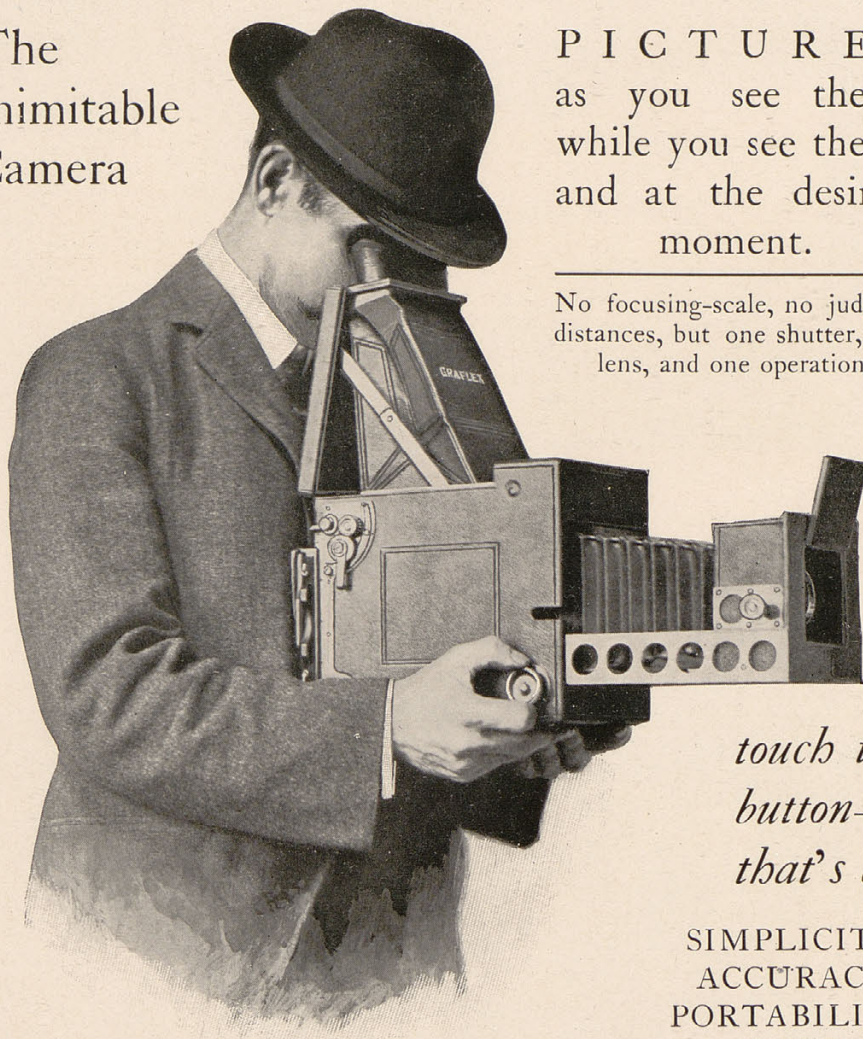
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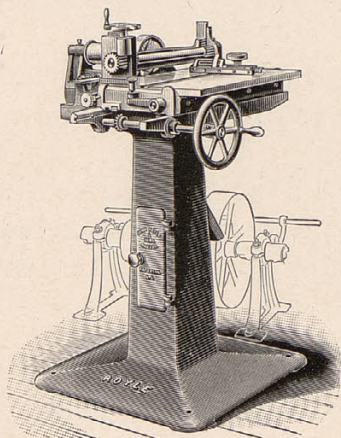
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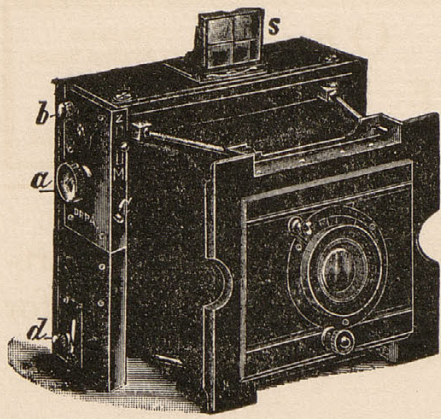
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