

CAMERA WORK

A PHOTOGRAPHIC QUARTERLY
• EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY •
ALFRED STIEGLITZ NEW YORK

NUMBER XXXIV
NUMBER XXXV
MDCCCCXI

CAMERA WORK:

An illustrated quarterly magazine devoted to Photography and to the activities of the Photo-Seession. Published and edited by Alfred Stieglitz. Associate Editors: Joseph T. Keiley, Dallett Fuguet, J. B. Kerfoot, Paul B. Haviland. Subscription price Eight Dollars (this includes fee for registering and special packing) per year; foreign postage, Fifty Cents extra. All subscriptions begin with Number XXXVI. Back numbers sold only at single-copy price and upward. Price for single copy of this number at present, Eight Dollars. The right to increase the price of subscription without notice is reserved. All copies are mailed at the risk of the subscriber; positively no duplicates. The management binds itself to no stated size or fixed number of illustrations, though subscribers may feel assured of receiving the full equivalent of their subscription. Address all communications and remittances to Alfred Stieglitz, 1111 Madison Avenue, New York, U. S. A. The Japan tissue proofs in this number by Manhattan Photogravure Company, New York; all the other Plates by F. Bruckmann, A. G., Munich, Germany. Arranged and printed at the printinghouse of Rogers & Company, New York. Entered as second-class matter December 23, 1902, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879. This issue, No. 34-35, is dated April-July, 1911.



PLATES

EDUARD J. STEICHEN

- I. M. Auguste Rodin
- II. Balzac—The Open Sky
- III. Balzac—Towards the Light, Midnight
- IV. Balzac—The Silhouette, 4 a. m.









RODIN AND THE ETERNALITY OF THE PAGAN SOUL!

WHAT is pagan ecstasy? What is the meaning of that deathless passion that has come to flower in the sublime art of Rodin and Matisse?

It is this: The perception of the mystery of surfaces; the delirious delight of touch; the transports of joy bred of the melodies of motion; the worship of Venus for the sake of her divine body, that body that is a love-canticle of mystic lines and shadows.

And again it is this: The adventure of the mind in matter; the adventure of the senses in air, water and sunlight; the deliria of creation; the divinizing of the sensual and the materializing of the sensuous.

The Pagan Spirit in art, that eternal renaissance of Passion and Beauty, dethroning in its wild Dionysian frenzy all the anemic gods of renunciant impotents, skirts the coasts of strange lands, houses itself in unfamiliar moods, forages on all men's thoughts. It mints the gold and silver of daily experience in the smithies of its passionate will, and forth from those molds come the things of nameless beauty that Phidias, Leonardo, Rodin and Matisse have given us.

The Pagan Spirit pillages life and marauds on the last secrets of the Ineffable God—the Ineffable God of open spaces, the God of light and laughter, the God of color and sex, the God that halloos his invitation from every line and pore and witching curve of woman's body.

The miraculous! There is nothing but the miraculous. The miraculous does not happen now and then. The miraculous is—ask Rodin whether he believes in miracles and his answer would be: "Am I not alive?" The pagan attitude, then, assumes the miracle of beauty and life. It opens its eyes on the universe with wonder, amazement and childish delight graven there.

All matter is haunted. Everything that is is a perpetual miraculous epiphany. Winter is the womb of springtime. Withered branches with the ice glittering upon them hold latent within them the perfumed rose. The atom is a tiny house with many ghosts. Sunlight on my shoe is inexplicable. The joy that comes to me from the bodies of nude women is religious. Sunlight is haunted; else how came this world to be?

So the souls of those great wonder-working magicians, the great artists, stand swathed in this sense of elemental mystery, translating, with brush or chisel, all things back to their private, original glamour, and with the witchcraft of this holy pagan innocence unwinding the cords of complexity that use and wont and the emasculating Christian virtues have wound round and round the Holy Ghost of Beauty.

By the mechanism of the association of ideas we generally ally the word "paganism" with the words "ancient Greece." But that admirable flowering of the human spirit—those few centuries wherein Mind and Matter played the impenitent prodigal with its own native inheritances—was no isolated phenom-

enon. Paganism is the instinct for liberty. It is a tendency, not a bundle of opinions. A "pagan movement" is always a "new movement." It is always a rebellion against dogmas, codes, conventions, dry-rot morality and the professional instinct. Every artist who sees in a new way is a pagan. Monet and Manet and Boecklin and Rodin and Matisse and Walt Whitman and Wagner and Richard Strauss were pagans. It is the deep, procreant spirit that wages war against all forms of death. The pagan spirit is the red blood of our dreaming, and its products spring from the loins of our æsthetic rapture.

There is always a renaissance somewhere in the world. The human spirit will not long be set in limits. It will invite pain, but it never invites immobility. The pagan spirit calls the dead from their tombs and blasts the sight with its supernal vistas. It may be sudden epiphany of a Nietzsche in philosophy, a Whitman in poetry, a Wagner in music, or a Rodin in sculpture, but it is always a murderous and creating Force—murderous in that it batters at the rotting ramparts of the orthodox gods; creative in that it brings to the human race a new gospel.

This spirit takes for its loom the whole visible and invisible universe, and weaves with the golden thread of its dreams the mighty tapestries of Art. It conjugates the things seen with the eye and the things touched with the body in all their moods. It transfigures and rejuvenates a staled world. Only one thing it is not—it is not "moral."

And thus forever and forever will this divine spirit recur. Always somewhere in the world there is being birthed a human *revenant* of the Great God Pan, who comes to finger his immortal pipe, to jettison his fulness of joy over an outworn world, to spill into the golden matrices of art his hyperborean chant.

If the divine erotic Sappho was a pagan, so was the austere Epicurus. In our day Rodin and Anatole France, Goethe and Keats, Swinburne and D'Annunzio stem from Olympus. Rabelais and Montaigne left records that smug gentility has not yet found the means of annulling. And now we hear the parochical piffle about Rodin and Matisse, and the little dry cough of prudery is heard in the land. And Philistia passes in obese seriousness before the products of the masters of the age. And the lazarus-rattle of the leper, Hypocrisy, is heard at the door. And those midwives of mediocrity, the art critics and art editors, croon and mumble their nothings.

But over all reigns Aphrodite; and look at that kissprint on the breast of Rodin—it is where the divine goddess kissed him!

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF RODIN

USUALLY we know an artist through his works. In the case of Rodin it was my good fortune to become acquainted with his works through the man, and since the volumes on his artistic achievements and beliefs are very plentiful and as illuminating as such things can be, I will speak only of those qualities which comprise the man. It may be difficult to say that a distinct line of demarcation exists between the artistic and the purely human side of a man's make-up, for at best each must be of influence on the other, but it is safe to say that few of the expositions on Rodin give us the impression that besides being a great creator he is also a great person.

In every character there is a single dominating force, which decides most of its actions in matters great or small, and many of Rodin's deepest inspirations as well as his small shortcomings, of which his enemies like to make so much, may be clearly understood if we will but remember that in him this compelling force is the child in the man. It is this quality that lends him a sweetness and charm which holds forever all those who have ever called themselves his friends, it is the same quality that leads him into those numerous petty errors which his enemies seize upon and magnify and which even his friends have not always rightly understood. But who need care about the present importance of a red button, official receptions and dinners, or other indications of popular approval, when it is remembered that this is the child's first opportunity to play after years and years of more than one man's share of struggle and labor?

If we take up an account of Rodin's life, it shows not only the artist's usual early difficulties, the fight for his ideal and its recognition, but years of venomous attack, both from the official art circles, who failed to perceive his importance but realized that a new power was arising here which they hated because they could not claim it as their product, and from fellow-artists who by the sincerity of his message were forced to realize that the gods they followed were false, that their whole weak beings must crumble next the presence of this giant, if they did not band themselves together and make him out a deceiver before that final tribunal, the public, which always judges though it rarely understands. Forty years or more injustice remained the stronger, and Rodin's life was one of hardships and bitter solitude. Then suddenly the lonely one has all the pretty baubles which the world can offer thrown before him. What more natural than that the bright things should attract the child in him and tempt him temporarily to stretch out his hand? Wrongly construed, these foibles may easily become useful material for hostile minds, but to those who have sufficient largeness of heart to understand, these human frailties only serve to make the great man seem closer and more dear.

Moreover, this side of Rodin which is child has a sweetness not dreamed of by the multitude who meet him casually or those who go forth pencil in hand to make a book upon him for those who meet him not at all; but it is given out freely in a thousand different ways when he feels that he is surrounded by those who love him. For like all children, big or small, he lives on affection,

but like all men of importance he must pay the penalty of his greatness, for few approach him unselfishly. Experience, however, has taught him to be careful and an instinctive sympathy for truth in others helps to keep him from impositions, while it admits to his real existence all those who pass the period of trial.

When first I met Rodin I felt him reading my soul. Nothing seemed hidden from his occasional but searching scrutiny. It was an overwhelming experience to be faced with his most famous, or again with his most subtle creations, and asked point blank what I thought of them and what they meant to me—overwhelming because I knew that the question sought a judgment of me rather than of the marble. This testing attitude continued until one Sunday morning at Meudon, while the master was showing us his works, one of the concealing canvases, when removed, revealed the smooth outlines of "Le Printemps Éternel," the one thing of Rodin's for which I had for various reasons conceived a dislike. As if he felt my attitude of criticism, he turned toward me and the question came. I yearned for escape. An evasion suggested itself, but Rodin's personality somehow made evasion seem an insult. There was no other way, and with the fear of offending, perhaps with the greater fear of talking nonsense, I blurted out the criticism I felt and the reason for it. A meditative silence ensued at first, then Rodin excused himself—he wished to go into the house for a while to warm up, for it was a day of winter's cold, most of which seemed to have concentrated in the big glass studio. Soon he returned and, coming over to me, gave me a little package, explaining: "Un petit souvenir de votre visite." It was a little plaster copy of the big bronze "St. George," and on the back of it was a dedication signed by "Votre ami, A. Rodin." I looked my thanks as we shook hands. Truth had made us friends.

Once this feeling of mutual trust has been established, Rodin's frankness is the simplest, the most deeply touching, that could possibly exist, and though with some of his friends separation and the lapse of time may allow doubt to creep in once more, the association must always remain one of the dearest memories in the lives of those to whom it has come. It recalls mornings of earnest conversation in the festive little garden at Meudon, where the Greek gods, the beautiful old Buddha, and more modern pieces of statuary, Rodin's own as a rule, suggest to the master rambling, illuminating discourses on arts of bygone ages and the lessons which they ought to bring to the artist of today. Or an elaborate bit of Gothic fretwork may set him off on the merits of the great French cathedrals, and with the sun shining on the morsel in his hand, he points out the secret of their mystery and charm, the marvellous handling of light and shadow. Nothing is forced. Everything comes as the natural ebullition of a constantly active mind. Nor is his attitude towards us one of teacher toward disciples, but through a mysterious charm of manner, probably also through the sincere modesty of Rodin's personality, the relationship is made that of a great man with his equals. By the implicit demands of his ego, by the influence he tacitly exerts, we are raised beyond our real value and become his worthy associates.

Then came the mid-day meal, at which the master would preside, knowing with fine instinct exactly how to draw out his guests of varying nationalities, how to induce them to give themselves with much enthusiasm, often with bad French that no one minded as long as the spirit was true. The dining-hall, an expression of its owner, was as severely empty in effect as the rooms of the Japanese. A single painting at one end by Falguière, simple chairs, a table whose only ornaments were a white cloth and a big bowl of pine boughs, but everything, including the simple fare served by Madam Rodin, seemed right and good, not forgetting the liqueur that withered your tongue as you spoke its praises. Then followed an afternoon at Versailles when the fountains were playing, and we wandered along shadowy aisles of trees and statues while Rodin made the splendors of other days dance before our eyes by his rambling reminiscences of their art and the conditions that made it possible.

For this man, who seems to have lived such a narrow life, touches hands with all ages, with most races, and with the various classes in the modern social state, through absolute devotion and concentration in the single pursuit of his existence—the understanding and execution of his artistic conceptions. Through this medium he sees the world, past and present, and knowing this one field thoroughly, he has found that its fundamental laws are universal truths and may be applied to all ages and all conditions of life. He has learned to see his fellow-men of all times with startling accuracy, with what one might better term startling familiarity, especially if their lives, like his, have been battling, creative existences. If they too have slept “with the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night,” he can feel his way to their souls with absolute certainty, entertain for them the deepest sympathy, and if he be in the mood, make them live again for you as few of their biographers have succeeded in doing. It was so he made Balzac rise again for us this late Spring evening at Versailles, as we sat by the long, shadowy waters of the lake eating our evening meal. All the struggles, the defeat, the victories of the great man’s most intimate self were paraded before our eyes. We were made to follow him in his madness and ecstasies, his sublimity and his despair—until under the magic of the narration, the colossal lines of Rodin’s “Balzac” seemed to form themselves out of the mists that were setting over the lake and there came to us an understanding and an awe of that gigantic conception such as we had never had before. The realization came: This is Balzac—Balzac depicted by the only man of our age who was worthy; Balzac as the world will know him in the future when time has taught its eyes to see.

By the same process of thinking the universe in which he lives assumes an astounding clarity. To him life is not the ununderstandable thing, the despairing mass of riddles that it becomes to most of us, but something clearly understood in the light of his own experience. I remember that during some strikes and socialistic upheavals that were taking place in Paris our sympathies, with the enthusiasm and the naturally rebellious temperament of youth, went out to the strikers, whom we considered the wronged class, without much thought or deliberation on the particular conditions. We spoke of the wrongs of the present day, of the longed-for millennium to come, of the time when all

mankind would struggle, not against each other, but toward one and the same end, the Beautiful, the True and other such vague capitalizations, looking as usual for the ready accord and amplification of our thoughts which we usually find in our sympathetic friend. Instead there was nothing but an indulgent smile for over-zealous young energies. "Do you not see," came the patient reply, in the usual slow tones, "that what you dream can never be? After all, society rightly understood is nothing but one huge structure, a building held together like every other piece of architecture by opposing forces. Now, what your socialist friends want is that all the forces should pull in the same direction. But in that case the building would fall."

Views such as these by no means make Rodin an ultra-conservative, as some of his biographers have stated. It is not with things as they are that he is contented, but with the ultimate and fundamental conditions of the universe he is at one. Surface conditions, which the usual interpretations of conservatism imply, have nothing to do with such a conception, for it sees beyond these as unimportant to the basic principles that are the final and only real governing forces. But in these principles he has an absolute faith. The structure of the universe rightly understood is beautiful in all phases. That may fairly be said to be Rodin's religion, for Nature, he believes, contains all things if we have but the eyes to see.

For the same reason it is unfair to think of Rodin as a materialist, as even some of his friends are prone to do. To be sure, Rodin declares that he models the world as he sees it, but it must be remembered that he sees with other eyes than those of most of us. It is not the passing phenomena of Nature that interest him, for this would result in nothing more than a mechanical art, but it is the synthesis, the essential value of form, that he seeks and embodies. For him there is a vein of glory which runs through all things, nor is it ever so deeply hidden but that it can be seen in everything if only we have the patience to search it out. To be sure it has been claimed, and justly, that the spiritual side of things cannot be found in this way, that it is completely lost in modelling, and can be conveyed only by composition and line. Mr. Berenson, in one of his admirable treatises on the Sieneese and Florentines of the fourteenth century, gives exactly this reason for the more religious quality in the paintings of the former school. The Florentines, he rightly claims, tied themselves down to earth by their superior knowledge of form and modelling, whereas the Sieneese, by a fine instinct for line and spacing, persuade us more readily of the saintliness of their saints. And, triumphantly, Mr. Berenson points to the Buddhist paintings of India and China as his final argument.

This law Rodin has set aside for himself, and through sheer force of modelling alone, seeks to arrive at the god in man. His faith in this conception is so absolute that his whole work, his whole life, is based on it. He has built himself no heaven in other regions, but sought to find and convey that heaven lies about us here, and right or wrong, successful or not, one thing at least is certain—when all sides of the question have been weighed, it must remain the deeper faith, the greater glory, to take the world as it is and find the eternal in it, than to seek for our realities in some fictitious atmosphere born of the imagination.

If we ask Rodin how he won his way to this belief, he replies with an amused twinkle: "Like many things that are important to us it was partly due to accident. Take one of the most influencing things: 'L'homme au nez cassé.' I did not go out to look for that fellow. I was desperately poor as a young man and could not afford to pay the usual rate for a good model. The only person I saw was a terribly hideous man with a broken nose who used to come in two or three times a week to clean out my atelier. Finally I had to have somebody to model and I made this fellow sit for me. At first I could hardly bear to do it, he seemed so dreadful to me. But while I was working, I discovered that his head really had a wonderful shape, that in his own way he was beautiful—and that is how I came to model 'L'homme au nez cassé.' That man taught me many things."

But in spite of this amusing explanation, there were other moments in Rodin's life—moments of fierce adherence to a faith once conceived and never renounced, moments of terrible struggle and deep wounds, until now the time has come when he has ceased to battle and says to the world: "There is my message. It is all I have to give. Take it or leave it, as you please," which one might alter, "Not as you please, but as the gods have made you," for these things are not of our volition.

AGNES ERNST MEYER

RODIN'S BALZAC

EVERY ten or twenty years a work of art seems to be destined to become typical of its period, a symbol of temporary accomplishment as well as new aspiration. Chavannes' "Le Pauvre Pêcheur" was such a picture which bewildered and filled me with languid curiosity to solve the everlasting riddle of art. Whistler's "Valparaiso Harbor," dethroning the tyranny of Grecian calm and ushering in the era of Japanese virility, impressed me the same way. When I saw Manet's "Déjeuner," Monet's "Rouen Cathedrals," Gauguin's "Tahiti Woman," I felt that old ideals were crumbling to dust, that art was on the barricades and the expression of life passing through new intellectual advancements. It is the moment when the muses pause in their wanderings, take a deep breath, and lift their diaphanous robes to cross over a boundary line into a new domain of the fairyland of art. Matisse may mean the same to a younger generation. I have not seen enough of his work, or rather not the one work of his that would sound the deeps of my esthetical sensations.

Rodin's "Balzac" in its passionate austerity is perhaps the highest expression of this quest and transition of art convictions in modern times. It possesses that sombre magnetism that instantly arouses all fibres of my heart. In none of his other works burn the internal fires with intenser flame. I do not know or care what other people think or say about this statue. That I have to solve for myself.

Form is recognized by the muscular sweep of the eye in combining adjacent points. A Greek statue affords beautiful lines under every aspect.

Each viewpoint affords a special pleasure. Today the knowledge of the human form is so limited and perverted that even painters copying from the nude cannot produce a perfect type, but represent beauty with all the deficiencies of form of the various models they employ.

So what is the use of attempting it over and over again! Art should be as *individual* as *public*. Most artists forget this obligation to humanity. The quicker an impression is called forth the more ardent and convincing it generally is. People know too little about beauty of line to appreciate a series of curves and undulations. Their knowledge is fragmentary as beauty itself. But they still appreciate a rock of curious shape, a tree, a beautiful fleeting form. It is there that modern sculpture begins. The theory that symmetry alone can yield us pleasant feelings has long been discarded. Greek art starts from unity and reaches diversity, Japanese art starts from diversity and soars to unity. It all depends on coherence of construction.

Thus, Rodin sacrificed everything to one broad immediate effect, to brevity and concentration. The "Balzac" can be viewed and enjoyed from as many different viewpoints as the stereotype statue, but the pleasures granted will resemble each other. It is always the total effect that impresses itself upon our observation. There is little opportunity for detail scrutiny; it is always the general effect of a bulky shape, the silhouette of a human form struggling in a chaos of matter.

The treatment of the surface is painter-like. It is like a chiaroscuro composition in high relief. It is the vibratory technique of impressionism applied to sculpture. The surface in itself is interesting only by contrast, it produces the subtleties of monochrome, and these produce tone in actual form, as a statue is after all but an expression of plane figure. If you should chip off a piece here or there, there would still be a chance of making a masterpiece of form.

Rodin's "Balzac" deals rather with the beauty of elemental geometrical lines and forms than the symmetry of the intricate human shape. The feelings are esthetic but do not belong to the domain of sculpture proper, as we have understood it for ages past, but to a more instinctive appreciation of form that still finds a lyrical echo in every human breast. It makes an appeal to our most primitive mode of perception and thereby creates vague emotional feelings, suggestive of mystery and mysticism.

It is supposed to be a symbolical representation of the poet, of Balzac's genius. I would rather say of the genius of any great poet. Surely Whitman or Carlyle could be represented in a similar way.

There is but little of the actual man left. Balzac in his dressing-gown changed into a huge stone image. The wonderful part of it is that every suggestion and representation of fact, save an exquisite vision of the face, has been eliminated. Nothing remains but the intangible expressed by the most tangible of material. The boundary lines are shifting, because they are unusual. Not that they lack grace, but because they are austere, of vertical tendency, lines of peculiar structure and masculine sweep as we have not seen except in Assyrian and Chinese sculpture. It gives the impression—if seen in the open—of being

enveloped in vapor. This is the attempt to lend atmosphere to an art from which every aerial suggestion has been excluded heretofore. In observing angular rough-hewn planes readjustment of our visual organs is constantly required. Similarity of shape and hue tire us by the uniformity of focus which they demand. To appreciate this statue involves greater expenditure of muscular energy. This is its one deficiency.

But arts that are dead are deprived of creative exfoliation. Classic sculpture and painting are dead. And no fairy wand can breathe into them the same old life that pulsed through them centuries ago. We need new expressions reflecting our modern life and boldly have to sound new wells of beauty.

In our age Music is the grand source of instant inspiration—no wonder that the other arts try to exercise many of the same sensuous, emotional and intellectual gratifications. Color turns musical when painting becomes decorative or when the illusion of form is neglected and a more precise division of space emphasized. Form, on the other hand, becomes musical when special stress is laid on surface treatment or the juxtaposition of light and shade, and the broader and more diffused juxtaposition is, the finer the musical exhalation is apt to become. In the "Balzac" form is felt rather than seen. It is orchestration by the *blending of planes*—and by the vibration of light on these planes to produce a vague atmospheric effect.

This must be the end, some critics exclaim! No, on the contrary, it is dawn! Here all begins, germinates, grows anew, flowers and streams forth. This unrealized dream with nothing corporeal in it, is sculpture for the mind. It represents the activity of the soul, the conscience of the man in search for the beautiful. There is revolt in it, the cry of the solitary man, his attack on error, vice, infamy, his contempt and defiance of existing incongruities. It is not the simple beauty of a being like the Venus of Knidos or Myron's "Discus Thrower," but the passionate beauty of a complex soul-state, permeating civilization with light—which is told by the sculptor with sovereign power of hand, terrific force and consummate skill.

It is not the glorification of classic form, but of an abstract idea, of a feeling of awe and wonder akin to that we feel in the presence of a great mind, face to face with the desert, the mountains, night or the sea. It produces instantaneously a tangled mass of sensations; this is the first impression, vague and vacillating but intense, and thereupon slowly, with the help of our intellect, do we arrive at a clear and distinct pleasure. We repeat the same process of soul activity which the statue represents; an ideal struggling through matter, some endless wrong or injustice, some deep flamboyant grace, some bold prophecy or triumphant conquest, struggling to the surface, to light and space.

S. H.

A PAGE FROM SHAW *

AND I do not think any person who is in touch with the artistic professions will deny that they are recruited largely by persons who become actors, or painters, or journalists and authors because they are incapable of steady work and regular habits, or that the attraction which the patrons of the stage, music, and literature find in their favorite arts has often little or nothing to do with the need which nerves great artists to the heavy travail of creation. The claim of art to our respect must stand or fall with the validity of its pretension to cultivate and refine our senses and faculties until seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling, and tasting become highly conscious and critical acts with us, protesting vehemently against ugliness, noise, discordant speech, frowzy clothing and re-breathed air, and taking keen interest and pleasure in beauty, in music, and in nature, besides making us insist, as necessary for comfort and decency, on clean, wholesome, handsome fabrics to wear, and utensils of fine material and elegant workmanship to handle. Further, art should refine our sense of character and conduct, of justice and sympathy, greatly heightening our self-knowledge, self-control, precision of action, and considerateness, and making us intolerant of baseness, cruelty, injustice, and intellectual superficiality or vulgarity. The worthy artist or craftsman is he who serves the physical and moral senses by feeding them with pictures, musical compositions, pleasant houses and gardens, good clothes and fine implements, poems, fictions, essays, and dramas which call the heightened senses and ennobled faculties into pleasurable activity. The great artist is he who goes a step beyond the demand, and, by supplying works of a higher beauty and a higher interest than have yet been perceived, succeeds, after a brief struggle with its strangeness, in adding this fresh extension of sense to the heritage of the race. This is why we value art; this is why we feel that the iconoclast and the Philistine are attacking something made holier, by solid usefulness, than their own theories and purity and practicality; this is why art has won the privileges of religion; so that London shopkeepers who would fiercely resent a compulsory church rate, who do not know "Yankee Doodle" from Luther's hymn, and who are more interested in photographs of the latest celebrities than in the Velasquez portraits in the National Gallery, tamely allow the London County Council to spend their money on bands, or municipal art inspectors, and on plaster casts from the antique.

*From "The Sanity of Art," by G. Bernard Shaw.

PLATES

AUGUSTE RODIN

- I. Photogravure of Drawing
- II. Photogravure of Drawing

FROM THE DRAWINGS EXHIBITED AT THE RODIN EXHIBITION
PHOTO-SECESSION GALLERY, APRIL, 1910.





15.

Aug. 1891 enger

THE NEW ART IN PARIS*

I THOUGHT I had formed a complete idea of the movement in French Art, principally in so far as painting was concerned, through the exhibitions that the Photo-Secession of New York held of the works of some of the artists who belong to this movement. There, I studied their works as well as the impressions they produced on the American public, and the judgments that the art critics published in the New York press. But I was mistaken. In spite of the efforts of Mr. Steichen, who selects in Paris the works of this kind that are shown in New York, and in spite of the heroism of Mr. Stieglitz, who gives them frank hospitality, both having undertaken this enterprise for art's sake, and to break the chains that tie the spirit of the artists to the rock of the Academy, the exhibitions of the Photo-Secession give but a faint idea of the intensity of this movement.

That is why, as soon as I arrived in Paris, I hastened to ratify my opinion, profiting by the excellent opportunity offered me by the "Salon d'Automne," which had just opened, and in which I could see in ensemble, what I had only seen in small fragments in the New York exhibitions. At the same time I had the opportunity to see if the critics here were as intransigent, and if the French public was as excited as the American over the insurrectionary movement of the artists.

I must begin by telling my readers that the Society of the Salon d'Automne is legally constituted, and its object is to further, from the general point of view, the development of fine arts, in all the manifestations of painting, sculpture, engraving, architecture, and applied arts, holding to that end an annual exhibition which takes place in the autumn, from which it derives its name.

This exposition takes place in the so-called Grand Palais of the Champs Elysées, from the first of October to the eighth of November, and in it may participate both French and foreign artists, with one restriction: that the works sent have not been exhibited before in any of the Paris Salons.

So frank and noble is the hospitality offered to the artists foreign to the association, that its regulations limit the works of its associates to two contributions per section and place no restriction upon those of the non-associates, the object being to allow to all the young unknown talents, and to all artistic efforts, an opportunity to manifest themselves freely.

I wanted first to get an idea of the ensemble, and afterwards to study the details, which is a system just as good as any other. But I could not understand anything. I looked, but did not see: it seemed to me as if I were in the Tower of Babel of painting, in which all the languages of technique, color, and subjects, were spoken in an incoherent and absurd manner, and I began to surmise that this Salon was nothing but a *charge d'atelier*, peculiar to the humorous artists. There were artists here from almost every part of the world, like Matisse, French; Matthes, German; Steichen, American; Bondy, Austrian; Borgeaud, Swiss; Borjeson, Swedish; Bottlik, Hungarian;

* Reprinted from "The Forum," February, 1911, with kind permission of Mitchell Kennerley.

Cardona, Spanish; Gibb, English; Gottlieb, Polish; Halpert, Russian; Hohlenberg, Danish; Alcorta, Brazilian; and of many other nationalities.

Wearily I sat down on a bench, and closed my eyes. It seemed to me I was the victim of an atrocious nightmare. Everywhere I saw flocks of butterflies mixed with rare birds, with colossal vampires, and with other supernatural beings. And afterwards appeared a multitude of geometrical figures, curves, triangles, ellipses, squares, cones, rhombs, and I heard voices, which told me: "This is the head of a satyr; this is a torso of a nymph; this other is an arm; this succession of geometrical figures forms the faithful portrait of a woman of rare beauty; those octagonal spots constitute a landscape." That was an obsession.

But, was there not something more, besides that which I perceived in my rapid passage through the galleries?

The public increased, and increased. The galleries were full; every one was contemplating the pictures, some with abstraction, others with curiosity, and others with a mocking air. But no one was scandalized, no one protested in a loud voice; which made me meditate, and persuade myself that in these works there was something more than that which my first impression gave me.

I went through the galleries again, and I stopped before a group in which a person of respectable appearance gave some explanations to several people who listened to him with apparent pleasure.

"One must not make fun of what one cannot understand, only because one cannot understand it. We must not laugh at the rules of 'cubism,' at the pyramids upon the parallelopipeds, nor at the theories that a triangle has an equal value in painting with a beautiful blue, or an hexagonal with a burnt sienna. Worse things the philosophers of the Positivism make you swallow every day and you don't protest. Let us put aside the exaggerations peculiar to all systems, to every school which revolutionizes, seeking the truth either in the future or in the past. This Salon is not a school properly speaking, it is a neutral field for all the strugglers in art, and here is admitted everything that is brought, without regard to the trademark. A man may believe in the theory of 'cubism,' he must demonstrate here its exactitude, or at least its conveniences. Another may believe in metaphysical painting, without form or contour, when he brings his work here we will see what there is in it to impress us. This painting could be taken for a plate of spinach, or for a sunset, that other one could be called the *Rape of the Sabines*, as well as *A Family of Crocodiles Sleeping their Siesta on the Banks of a River*. That does not matter. This is only a question of optics, of conventionalism. What matters is that the artist should tell us what he wanted to make, and that we should find out if he accomplished it."

That was to me the thread of Ariadne. A very thin and fragile thread it is true, but, if I pulled not too strongly, it could help me out of the labyrinth.

What are these people aiming at? To find the truth, not the absolute truth, but the artistic truth, reproducing the outer nature as they see it, if not through their temperament, at least through their theories.

They want to go back to the past, to the primitive art, for they consider it less conventional, more spontaneous, more like the truth, if not more truthful.

But they are groping as if they were studying the ground before entering fully into it. They are making rehearsals that shock us, because they are against all we have seen and learned. They find massed against them the academic dogmas and the believers in them, who are unable to think, to have their own ideas, and who repeat what they have heard, refusing to investigate anything that would disturb the opinions they have inherited.

I have gone several times to study this movement, which is to me more revolutionary than evolutionary, in which I have not yet found any manifestation that can convince me of having its source direct in nature. I do not know whether anything will come out of it; I do not dare to predict that it will pass, as a fashion does, in time. I do not become enthusiastic with the noisy applause and dithyrambs of the admirers of this revolution, nor do the affronts and insults of its deprecators impress me.

In art, as in politics, both manifestations on the part of the public are of no account, and the final result is the only one that counts. In every innovator there is something of a redeemer, and every redeemer is crucified by those he wants to redeem. This is a fatal law. Apotheosis may come later, for after the Calvary comes the Tabor; but, for the present, they have to undergo the *Via Crucis*, stopping at all its stations.

The main point of the fundamental idea of the founders of the Salon d'Automne is the development of the personality of each artist, emancipating them from the Academies, offering them all the necessary resources for its accomplishment.

But it seems to me that the artists have not known how to take advantage of this opportunity offered to them, and that in an unconscious way they are grouping themselves into a school. I notice that they are officiating at the altars of Greco, Cézanne and Gauguin, if not all, at least the majority of them. Perhaps this is due to the difficulty inherent in complete and sudden emancipation; the present is the fatal consequence of the past. Speaking from my personal point of view, the movement is a sequel, a new form of the primitive; it does not limit itself to painting and the other plastic arts, but extends itself to literature and music, as I have found in the same Salon d'Automne, where they have been giving Literary and Musical Matinées.

A long and narrow hall, somewhat dark, and very cold; a special audience, not very numerous, composed for the most part of the poets affiliated with the new school of *libre-versistes*; all with an air of mystic abstraction. Up front a kind of platform, on which the yellow light of two enormous lamps fights against the gray light that enters through the wide windows, making more undefined the dark shadows which move in this atmosphere. These shadows are the artists who are going to give conferences, or to read selected pieces of the most conspicuous apostles of the new literary creed.

I felt as if I were present at one of those mysterious sessions of the Eleusinian Priests, or in a "venta" of Carbonari, or at a religious ceremony of the primitive Christians in the Catacombs of Rome. It looked somewhat

ghostly, somewhat mystic, like a masonic initiation: it looked like anything you wish, but like nothing that would bring to the imagination the idea of Parnassus, of Helicon, of Hippocrene, and Castalia.

No one speaks; they murmur: no one walks; they glide. The shadows which move up stage, whose names are favorably known, and applauded in the world of reality, are M. Joubé, of the Théâtre de l'Odéon; Mmes. René Rocher and Jouvey; Mlle. Blanche Albane, of the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt; Mme. Marguerite Jules-Martin, and Mlle. Marcelle Schmidt.

How great is the influence of the atmosphere of a place! None of those professional actors, so full of action on the stage, remembered their profession; or perhaps they are so consummate that they remembered it only too well, and transformed body and soul, adapting them to their surroundings. They observed great parsimony of action; the body almost rigid, all the mimic concentrated in the face, all the gamut of passion left to the vocal organs alone.

Here are some of the suggestive titles of the poems, and the names of their authors, which figured on the programme: *Hymn to the Lie*, by Arennes; *The Dead*, by Batilliot; *Faetoente*, by Jean-Marc Bernard; *Pride*, by Billet; *In the Clear Nights*, by Clary; *The Dance of the Sparks*, by Dévigne; *The Transfigurators*, by Louis Martin; *The Glory*, by Martin; *Dawn upon Paris*, by Poincot; *The Song of the Wind*, by Jean Robert; *The Verb*, and *The Love*, by D'Ivermont.

I don't know if it was the effect of the atmosphere I was in, or of the people I was surrounded by, or of the way in which the artists rendered the compositions, or of the true merit of them. The fact is that I felt deeply impressed with this necromantic literary session, with poetry, mostly melancholic, which reminded me of the Hebrew harps which hang from the Babylonian salices, through whose strings murmur the mournful breezes of the Euphrates.

It is a poetry in which there is more twilight than light; sensations rather than thoughts. It is not the work of energetic thinkers, but of neurasthenic dreamers, unprecise, vague, lovers of sorrow who seek in suffering the voluptuosities they cannot find in passion. These poets believe themselves incomprehensible, and they do not try to make themselves understood: they are ultra-sensitive, and they make us feel. They make music with words, and we shall see later that the musicians endeavor to play words with harmony. They neither rebel nor submit; they deliver themselves to contemplation, like a St. Lawrence who composes himself on his grate.

I have been unable to find out what kind of metrical art they have adopted. I perceive that their voices are dissimilar, some very long, like the hexameters, perhaps longer; others very short, of only four or five syllables; but all are of a perfect rhythm, and the recitation of them seems like a μελοποιία in which the accompaniment of the lyre can be guessed without being heard.

The men and women recited in the same diapason, the only difference was the tone.

I don't know what this poetry of tears and lamentations, mixture of all

the feminine exquisiteness and all the desires of a virile soul, aims at. I don't know if this art is decaying, or rising. I have not had either time or wish to inquire if it violates the rules set by Boileau, or if it observes them rigorously. That does not matter; I know that it is an art whose object is emotion, and that it awakens, moves, and multiplies it. It makes me feel, and that is all I ask of it. It is something new and beautiful at the same time.

As I said before, the poets who are in this movement make music with words, and the musicians want to render words with harmony. The concerts given in the Grand Palais prove it. The composers I refer to have also the tendency toward what they take for primitive art: they have no use for the established culture, combination, deformations, and returns to the musical themes. In a word, they declare themselves to be against the music they call scientific, and against the scholastic canons; entering without reserve into the "autodidaxy," with an overflow of sensations, and without taking into consideration any of the other means of expression. P. Dupin is one of the apostles of this system, and in his *Sabina, Quatuor à cordes*, develops it extensively. He neglects the counterpoint, substituting for it the introduction of a musical entanglement of secondary melodies, which gives the illusion of a complex polyphony. Dupin believes that as far as the *quatuor à cordes* is concerned, he has created a new manner: the descriptive one. This is the main objective of the neologists.

I find the tendency still more accentuated in *Royauté*, a poem by Stuart Merrill, which initiates itself with the chime of the "grave bells" of the submerged town. The "King of the Olden Times" dreams of his submerged treasures, and of the vanity of his glory. . . . But suddenly the trumpets of the Old Pride awaken. Afterwards everything becomes calm. It is the awaiting, outside of life, for the day in which "he will draw his sign in the sky." At last the heroic spirit appears: hope of conquests, thirsts of victory. Then a melody difficult to define is heard, and it cannot be known whether it is "the trumpets of the tempest," or "the iron bells" of the submerged city, tolling mournfully. I declare ingenuously that I did not understand a *single word* of this musical poem.

I comprehend better *The Lamentation of Ariadne*, a work by Madame de Noailles. These lamentations are exhaled musically, through screams of passion and despair, while the piano answers with the murmur of the wind through the trees.

According to my way of considering the fine arts, all tendency to make music either philosophical or descriptive is an offence against its inner nature. Music is not and cannot be more than sound, that is to say, melodies and harmonies, through which we can express affections, sensations, and passions. But there can never be demonstrated through it, either a mathematical theorism or a philosophical principle, nor can a historical point be elucidated, nor can a landscape be described, if words are not added to it. The field of the domain of music is large enough without entering the fields of its sister arts.

I don't mean to imply that in this musical movement there is not a great

deal of indisputable merit, which belongs essentially to music, without metaphysical distinctions of any kind.

After having seen and heard so much of these three arts, I consider what Paris is: a unique city; with a unique public, and with a unique soul.

In no other artistic centre of the world is there a greater liberality in making concessions to the thinking genius, nor are so many projects admitted to discussion, nor so many attempts and systems shown, without scandalizing the public, who do not listen to the outcry of the scholastic conventionalisms. Here any one who has an idea on art or science can express it to the public without fear of persecution, being sure that someone will shelter, consider, examine, and weigh it, finishing by sanctioning, and even adopting it, if it shows true merit; if not, they prove it to be impracticable, unjust, or noxious and exclude it.

But no one is denied a Tribune in which to speak, a Salon in which to exhibit, or a Hall in which to produce his musical creations. The public, supreme judge, not on account of its knowledge, but on account of the weight of its decision, is the one which pronounces the final sentence, reserving the right to revise it later.

This tolerance is based on a great artistic and scientific capacity, on an unrivaled knowledge, which constitutes the greatest glory of thinking France.

All these thoughts were in my mind when, leaving the Salon d'Automne, I was crossing the magnificent bridge of Alexander III, upon which a large multitude was standing, peering over the parapet of the Seine.

Those men and women, who like myself came from the galleries of the Grand Palais, with their souls shaken by the strong impressions caused by the paintings, by the recitations, or by the music, with their spirit full of new ideas and ideals, stopped, joining the idlers, to contemplate the waters of the river.

"How many fools there are in this, the most spiritual city in the world!" I said to myself. And without thinking, I also stopped, increasing the number of fools.

A gray river, a gray sky, a gray atmosphere. The last dashes of an autumnal light, of leaden color, showing in the distance the towers of Notre Dame. Carriages, automobiles, and all kinds of vehicles passing in all directions, on both sides of the river. Some small boats, used for carrying passengers, going up and down its waters, giving more life to them. . . .

No, those people were not fools: they were a part of the intellectual, contemplative Parisian people, who find in everything its true value. The river which swiftly and quietly flows on its course is an idyl; the river that flows threatening destruction is an epic strophe.

There, there was a picture, a poem, and a symphony; and the Parisian public knew how to see and appreciate that picture, that poem, and that symphony. Yes, only among these people can exist the Salon d'Automne, and the Museum of the Louvre, the Grand Opera and the Music Hall of the Grand Palais, the Academy and the School of *libre-versistes*. This is not a town, but a soul. This is not a people, but an intelligence.

MARIUS DE ZAYAS.

PLATES

AUGUSTE RODIN

III. Cambodian Dancer

IV. Drawing

V. Drawing

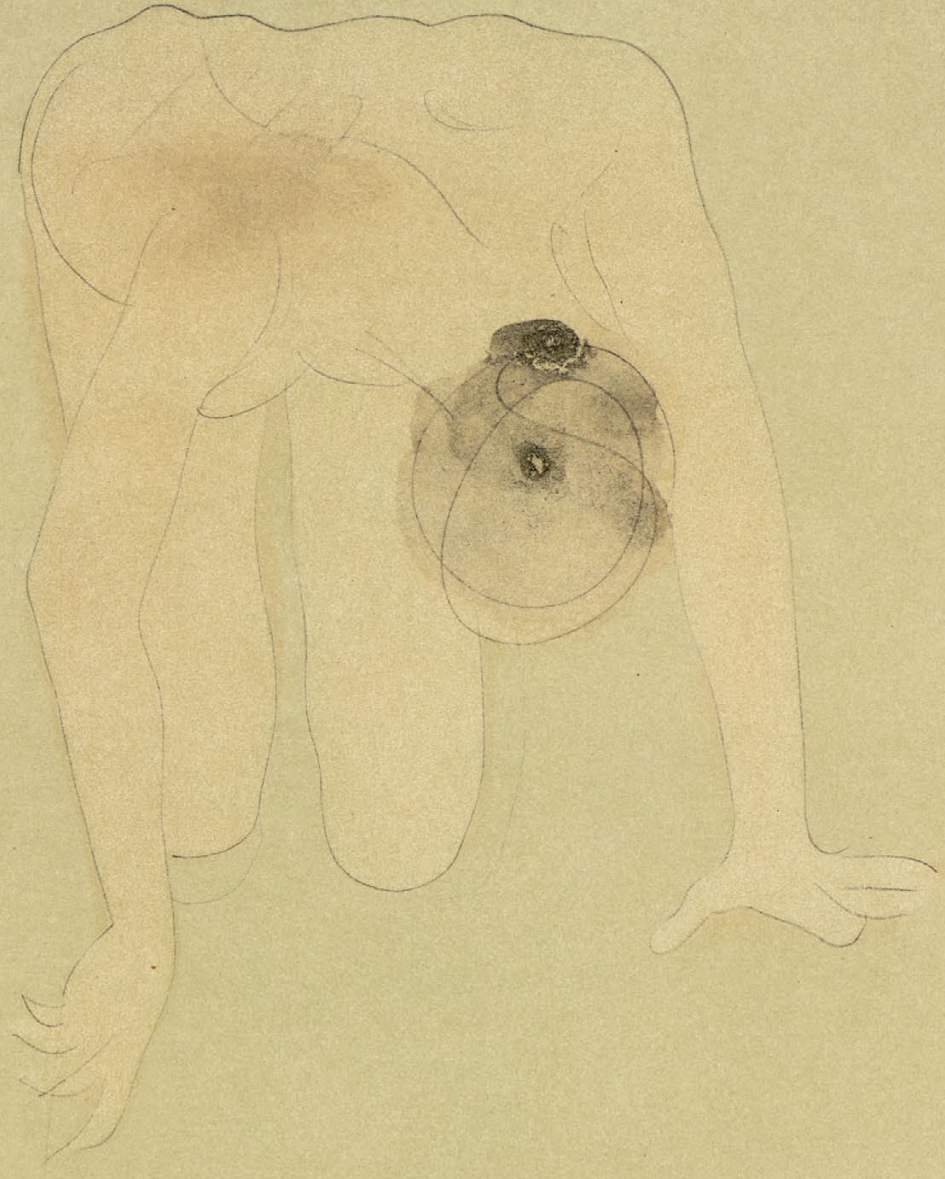
VI. Drawing

FROM THE DRAWINGS EXHIBITED AT THE RODIN EXHIBITIONS
PHOTO-SECESSION GALLERY, JANUARY, 1908; APRIL, 1910.



60

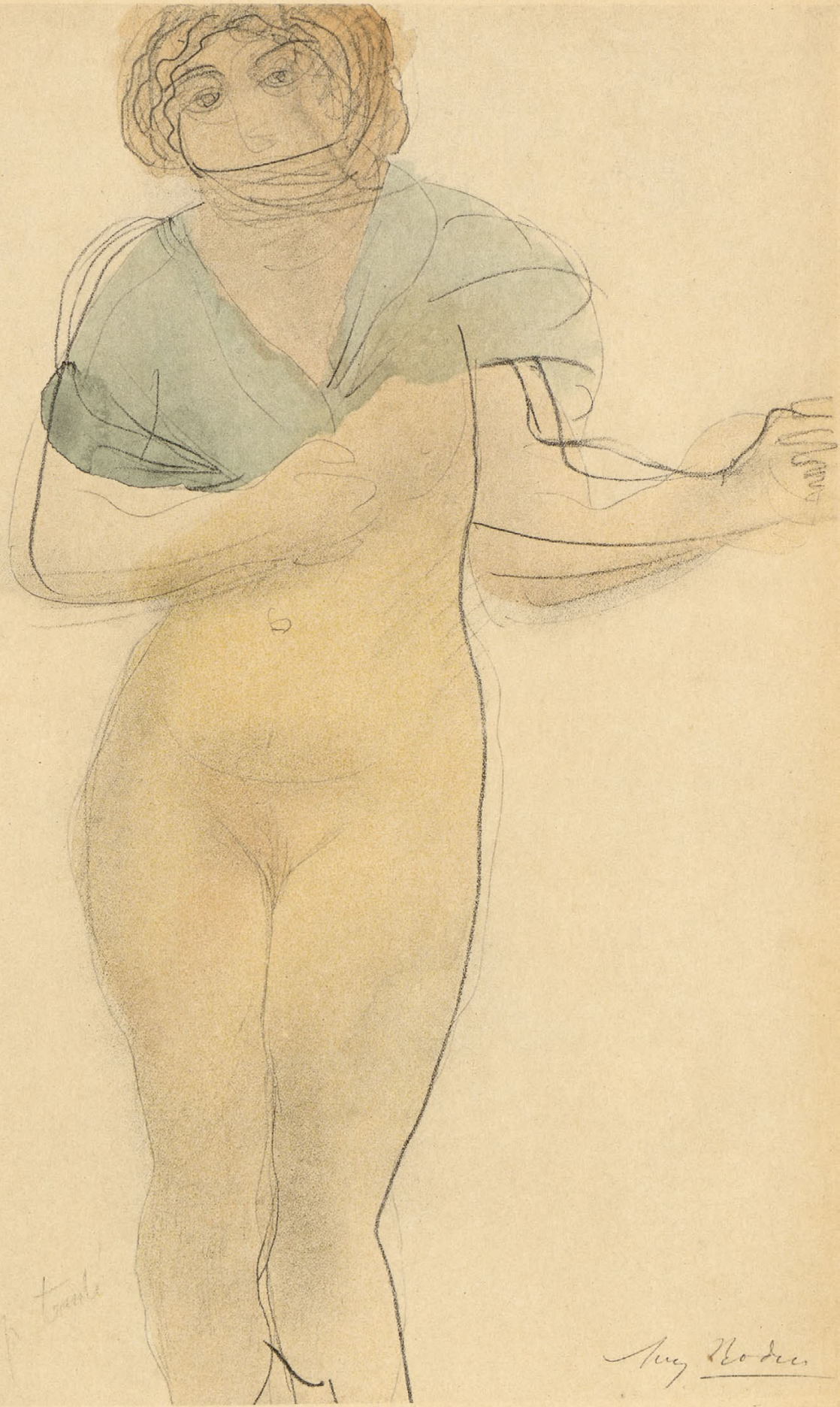
0



André



J. Rodin



1207 female

Aug Rodin

A NOTE ON PAUL CÉZANNE

THROUGH the medium of the Little Galleries of the Photo-Secession, New Yorkers have had the chance of tasting Paul Cézanne's work in water colors. Since it was the first occasion of his art being shown in this country, the exhibition embarrassed the professional writers in the Press but interested a goodly portion of the public, both artists and laymen. As for the writers, they are in the state of the foglemen, who are swept aside when there is anything actively a-doing. For a fogleman, you may remember, is a "soldier, specially expert and well drilled" (I quote the Century Dictionary), "who takes his place in front of a military company as an example or model to the others in their exercises." His use, apparently, is to produce a machine-like effect of conventional regularity on the parade ground. But when an action is ahead and an advance is to be made, the fogleman drops back into the ranks or falls in in the rear. Meanwhile each private is permitted some initiative: makes his own dash forward, ducks for a space, and makes a further dash, seeking the cover of a tree or mound—each doing the best he can for himself, but all united in the common purpose of advance. This has been the way at the Little Galleries.

The significance of Cézanne, which for some time has been recognized abroad, is beginning to percolate through American consciousness. The latter is discovering—mostly on hearsay, unfortunately—that his work has a twofold value. On the one hand, his paintings appeal to those who have had the opportunity of studying them extensively and intensively with a continuing and growing suggestion of satisfaction. On the other hand, as the principles embodied in his work are becoming understood, their influence upon the younger generation of painters is proving to be potent. This is what he hoped would follow his life of study and experiment. A year or two before his death he said, "I am too old; I have not realized, I shall not realize now. I remain the Primitive of the way which I have discovered."

Paul Cézanne was born at Aix, in Provence, in 1839. His father, a hatter in a small way of business, recognized early his son's genius and, at the same time, the struggle that was before him. "My son," he said, "is a Bohemian who will die in misery. I am going to work for him." The father had gained the confidence of the best people in his city and opened a bank, in which he rapidly amassed what, in France, passes for a fortune. At his death he settled this upon Paul and his sister, so that the former had, as he expressed it, enough to paint on. His earliest interest, however, was rather in literature than painting. During his college days in Aix he composed Latin and French verses in rivalry with his fellow student, Zola, who afterwards dedicated to Cézanne his *Confession de Claude*. It was Zola who introduced him to Manet. Cézanne's shyness stood in the way of any intimacy with the artist, but Manet's and Courbet's pictures so strongly affected him that his own life work was determined. Henceforth he lived only to be a painter. He drew from the nude and frequented the Louvre. The latter, as he wrote in a letter to Émile Bernard, shortly before his death, "The Louvre

is a good book to consult; but it should be only an intermediary. The real and prodigious study to undertake is the diversity of nature's pictures." Of the old masters he preferred the Venetians, particularly Paul Veronese, and the Spaniards. There seems to be no doubt that at some period of his career he visited Spain and gained the fuller knowledge, possible only in this way, of the work of Velasquez and Goya and El Greco. Cézanne's nude figure studies suggest most strongly the influence of the Toledan master, with whose example his own theory of the painter's art very remarkably coincides. "The painter," as one of Cézanne's letters puts it, "makes concrete his sensations and perceptions by means of design and color."

On the other hand, there was at least this difference between the motive of El Greco and that of Cézanne. While both derived their perceptions from nature, the sensations that the Spaniard experienced were in the main inspired and colored by spiritual ecstasy; whereas Cézanne's were intellectual. He saw nature, as it has been remarked, not only with the optical eye, but with the eye of logic. He subjected his sensations to logical analysis, tried to formulate them on the basis of reasoning and to realize them in a manner that would stand the test of scientific scrutiny. Perhaps he had more sense of truth than of beauty; at any rate, in lieu of creative imagination, he brought to bear upon nature a scientific attitude of mind, tempered by a taste unusually fine. It was this attitude toward art, harmonizing with the scientific trend of the time, which explains the influence he is exerting upon the younger generation.

It was one of Cézanne's sayings that it is necessary again to become classic through nature, that is to say, through sensations. Just as the Greeks and, later, the Masters of the Renaissance, headed by Da Vinci, had formulated principles for realizing their respective visions of nature, so he devoted his life to the formulating of principles that would realize the new kind of vision which is evoked by the mental and esthetic needs and conditions of the present. If one thinks but for a moment of the positions occupied by music and literature today, compared with the past, of the multiplication of our inherited and actually realized experiences, of the complexity of modern life, and, above all, of the closer intimacy between science and nature, it is to be aware of the difference of our modern sensations, and to catch a hint of Cézanne's meaning. Too long have painters been chewing the cud.

Nor are the principles which Cézanne formulated revolutionary in character. They are rather in the nature of old principles, newly applied. Thus, first and foremost, he reasserted the principle of design as being the foundation of all art. It was his practical protest against the greater part of modern impressionism. The latter, he considered, did not go far enough. It was based upon nature, viewed through the sensations, but it had not learned to organize the sensations, or to realize them in a design that is suggestive of authority and finality. Cézanne, in fact, anticipated the verdict of today, that the greater part of Nineteenth Century Impressionism was confused and embarrassed, a product of that chaotic condition of society in which the old standards were disappearing and no new ones were as yet established. It

was precisely in the matter of design that the impressionists had failed. Their compositions were inorganic, unorganized. It was through design that Cézanne would bring the modern painter into touch with the great masters of the past.

Such design as modern impressionism had revealed had been influenced very largely by the flat patterning of Japanese prints. Cézanne, however, started with the axiom that humanity is most moved by depth, not by surfaces. Therefore, to realize depth must be the painter's aim. His designs must be an organized system of planes, composed of objects, plastically real, enveloped in the rhythm of atmospheric depth.

He established as the principle of form in nature that it is based upon the geometric figures of the sphere, cone and cylinder; not, be it noted, on the circle, triangle and square, for they are the figures of surface geometry. It is noticeable also that he omits the cube, probably because he regarded it as a figure of man's constructing and not of nature's. For the straight edge of the cube marks the end of one plane and the beginning of another, whereas Cézanne's principle involved the sliding round of one plane into another. Objects in nature, he would say, turn upon themselves, and move themselves back; plane passing into plane with an actual movement that is alive. On another occasion he speaks of a point near the center of the horizon toward which all planes revolve.

Cézanne based his designs upon color. As he wrote to M. Émile Bernard, "design and color are in nowise distinct; in proportion that one paints, one designs; the more the color is harmonized, the more precisely is the design rendered." And he adds, "When the color reaches richness, form attains its fullness (*plenitude*). Contrasts and relations of tone—there is the secret of design and modeling."

In the mere statement of this last principle there is again no novelty. It echoes Goya's favorite saying that in nature color does not exist, everything is light and shade. It represents the principle upon which, following Goya, all the later impressionists have worked. So, too, there is no novelty in emphasizing the importance of design, much as the practice of it has fallen into neglect. The same is true of Cézanne's insistence on the figures of the sphere, cone and cylinder as the basis of form. Without affirming it in words, Goya, in his etchings at least, exemplifies it; so also Velasquez in his later work, pre-eminently in *Las Meninas*. It was the basis of the compositions of the Dutch masters of genre; of Van Ostade, for example, whom Cézanne particularly admired. But the most signal example of its practice, if not of its recognition, was El Greco. In fact, all Cézanne's principles, concerning design and color, contrasts and relations of tone, roundness of form and even the movement of form upon itself, are represented in the work of the Toledan master. Therefore it is no wonder that the latter should be now enjoying a great vogue with artists and progressive connoisseurs. Nor is there any doubt that it is in a great measure due to the influence of Cézanne. He, who was contemned by his own generation, has rehabilitated the older artist who, by the majority of his own contemporaries and by posterity, was considered

mad. For El Greco was born before the times were ready for him, whereas Cézanne's life coincided with conditions that gradually were ripening to the need of just such a kind of art as both professed.

Nor does it lessen Cézanne's title to originality to mingle his name with El Greco's. Whether he discovered the principles in the latter's work or, as is more probable, found in it corroboration of his own independent analysis of nature, really matters little. There is genius in discovery as well as in invention; and Cézanne's proclaimed itself not only in assembling together a number of old principles, but in adapting them to the particular genius of his time.

If one may venture to try and express in one word Cézanne's most personal contribution to art it is that he has tended to *intellectualize* it. He has pointed the way for placing it on that basis which alone counts today in any department of human activity—a scientific one. Further, his influence is working to elevate painting, on the one hand, from the barrenness of merely natural representation and, on the other, from the effeminate surplusage of sentiment. His example is a virilising force; and, while it may be true that his concern was more with truth than with beauty, as the latter is generally understood, he is the prophet of a new beauty, one, namely, that is to be found in scientific truth. Possibly he is an extremist in his persistent effort to reduce everything in art to something that could commend itself to reason. Nevertheless in the demand which his pictures make upon the intellectual esthetic faculties, they are welcomed by many—an increasing number—as pools of water in a thirsty land.

The introduction of this term "intellectual," in relation to pictures, may scare some good folk, who will sense in it the insidious poison of the literary bacillus. But the fear is groundless. When Cézanne gave his life's love to painting, he abandoned his coquetry with literature. He planned an *Apotheosis to Delacroix*, which would have involved some allegorical use of figures. Fortunately for his reputation he never executed it; and amongst all the work by which he is known, I doubt if you can find a single example involving anything in the way of a story or even literary allusion. The subjects of his pictures are abstractions; or, as he called them, "sensations and perceptions"; and in his mind he preserved their abstract character and sought to make them concrete, to realize them, by means as purely abstract as possible. While, however, his abstractions were the product of feeling, feeling had little or no share in their development. To be organized and finally realized, they were submitted to an intellectual process. Hence the stimulus they yield to those who are tired alike of the baldly naturalistic picture and the picture of sentiment. His work, even when at first sight the subject may seem rude and *gauche*, grows upon one until it impresses by its profoundness, its serenity and harmonious unity. It has the elements of gravity and greatness that the classic masters of Caucasian art share with those of Egypt and the Orient. It is, as Bernard remarks, "a bridge thrown across conventional routine, by which impressionism may return to the Louvre and to the life profound."

It is through the example of Cézanne that the younger generation of artists has discovered its triune creed: Simplification, Organization, Expression. Substitute for the last its equivalent in modern everyday affairs—efficiency—and one recognizes that Cézanne's influence is tending to bring painting once more into serious alignment with everything else that is worth while in modern civilization. It is working to affect a harmony between two factors that have hitherto been accepted as irreconcilable—materialism and idealism. Cézanne is a "Primitive of the Way" in the direction of that goal of modern progress—a completer union of art with life.

In a letter to his friend, Émile Bernard, dated a month before his death, Cézanne writes: "I have sworn to die painting." He had his desire. He was overtaken by death while at work, on October 2nd, 1905.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

* * * *

THE OTHER: These Salomé drawings of Beardsley's—are they not beautiful? The hair lines and the wonderfully disposed masses so full of meaning.

BELIEVER: To me art is something more than this queer sort of thing:—Something really beautiful for all to enjoy and understand.

OTHER: You wish to say that all can enjoy real beauty?

BELIEVER: Yes, I think this vague and grotesque work that a few people try to make themselves believe in is far from being either beautiful or artistic. Raphael painted real beauty, didn't he? Yet the most untrained in art can appreciate his beautiful Madonnas.

OTHER: Raphael was far from being the big man of his time.

BELIEVER: I suppose the "big man" was some one whose work no one can understand, but that anyone can see is out of drawing.

OTHER: Very likely.

BELIEVER: Perhaps you call artists whose work has given pleasure to thousands—like Meissonier, Rosa Bonheur, and more recently Sorolla y Bastida—little?

OTHER: Let us reserve the term big to be applied to something different. Rosa Bonheur and Meissonier, the craftsmen of today will tell you, no longer interest them. Sorolla they like. He expresses so forcefully the old banalities one is taught to admire. By treating everything as still life he eliminates thought. An ox's flank is painted like a glazed pot—that is, according to the present popular formula for a glazed pot. Never mind, the money spent for Sorollas gave the glow of collectorship to many, and their generation will not find them out.

BELIEVER: My dear fellow, I'm too well backed by the opinions of those who know to need to take up arms myself in the cause of as great an artist as Sorolla.

OTHER: Right you are; I'm in the minority, and therefore my ideas are those of one who fails to understand; yet there are a few names on my side,

or rather, I on theirs—names, some that you know, some unfamiliar: Cézanne, Ibsen, Manet, Puvis de Chavannes, Anatole France, Nietzsche, Matisse.

BELIEVER: I'm familiar enough with the names you mention to know that they nearly all antedate Sorolla by at least a generation, so that I don't quite understand how they can be against him.

OTHER: Sorolla is an incident—they are decidedly against the ideas which lead to admiration of the banal.

BELIEVER: Oh! are they? But aren't you a bit wrong in proclaiming Ibsen as against our standards? Show me a country where he is more popular or staged more often.

OTHER: Ça y est! But if some of his plays were written to be staged, were they not, before all, written to be felt? Wasn't his a battle for truth, rather than for success with play managers? Did he write for the man who dares to stand alone or for those to whom originality means sin? Are there many who understand his truths or try to use them?

BELIEVER: You're quite wrong, as usual. The average intelligent man can not only understand Ibsen, but all that is really good in art, literature, or music.

OTHER: Art is life and life is only for the few.

BELIEVER: We manage pretty well for "dead ones."

OTHER: Do something that the masses consciously or subconsciously think or feel and they'll call you great. Do what they've never thought or felt, and you're a fool. To create with them is to fail; to follow, to succeed.

BELIEVER: According to you, success is a stigma?

OTHER: Yes, if I dared say it.

BELIEVER: Dared?

OTHER: Yes. At first I thought that by calling people fools long enough they might ask me for the remedy.

BELIEVER: And now?

OTHER: I've changed my opinion. Isolated strength is weakness, at least for the moment. Effect from cause in art is slowly realized. The buffoon of the fathers is the God of the children.

BELIEVER: That sounds very pretty, but again, what do you mean by "art"?

OTHER: I don't mean "business."

BELIEVER: And you do mean?

OTHER: Life for those that know.

[No doubt some will say that I have given all the right to the believer in the natural truth of might. That is as it should be. Perhaps I have played unfairly in giving the last word to the Other.]

L. F. HURD, JR.

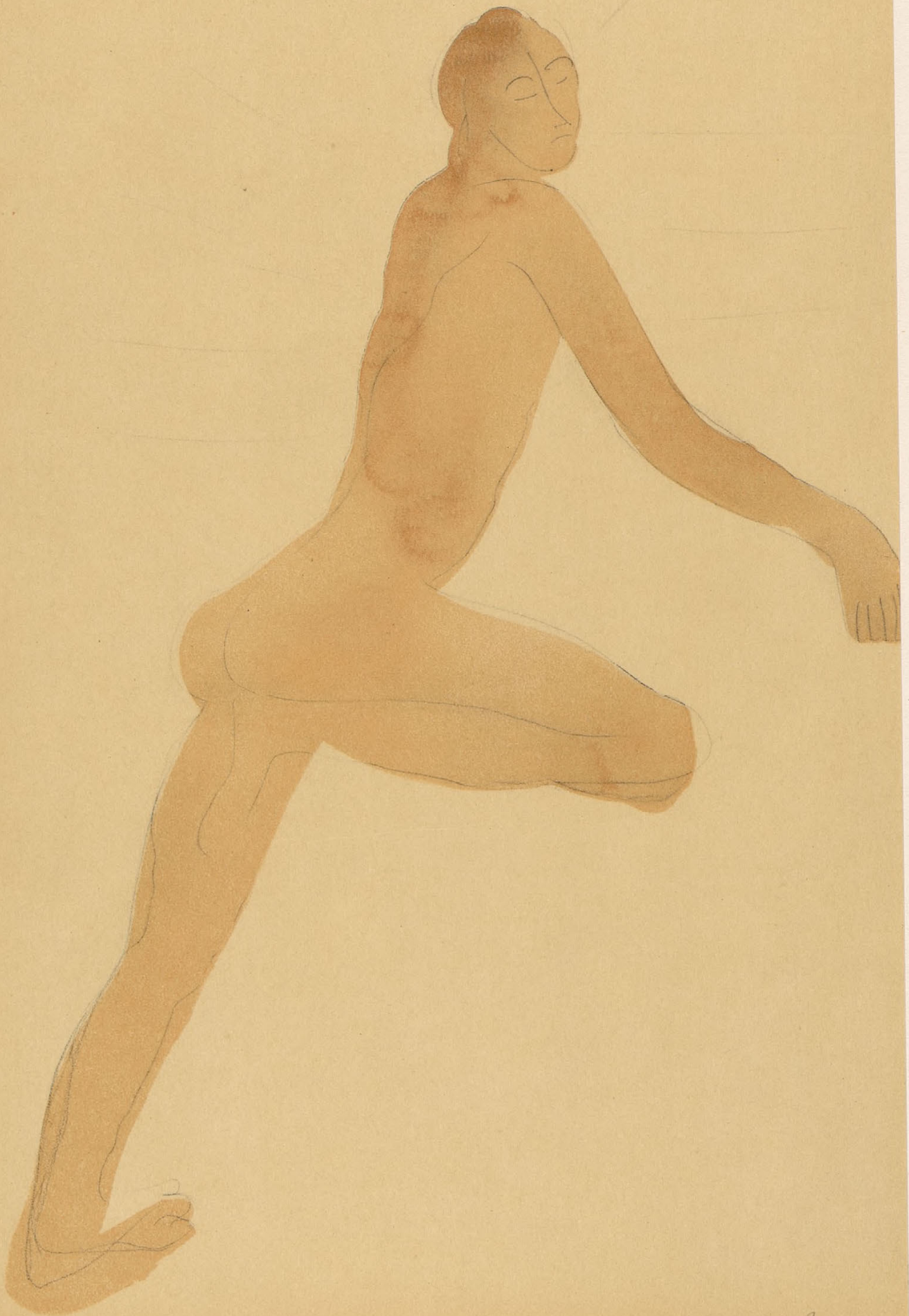
PLATES

AUGUSTE RODIN

- VII. Drawing (Sun Series)
- VIII. Drawing (Sun Series)
- IX. Drawing

FROM THE DRAWINGS EXHIBITED AT THE RODIN EXHIBITION
PHOTO-SECESSION GALLERY, APRIL, 1910.

Wine



John May Boston

Aug 1861

Los 1062





A. Rodin

ARTHUR SYMONS ON RODIN'S DRAWINGS*

IN ART matters the month of January was a very live one in New York; several important exhibitions took place simultaneously, but none attracted more or probably as much attention as that of the Rodin drawings at the Little Galleries of the Photo-Secession. During the three weeks these were shown, connoisseurs, art-lovers of every type, and students from far and near flocked to the garret of "291." It was an unusual assemblage—even for that place—that gathered there to pay homage to one of the greatest artists of all time. It may be said to the credit of New York—provincial as it undoubtedly is in art matters generally—that in this instance a truer and more spontaneous appreciation could nowhere have been given to these remarkable drawings. For the benefit of the readers of *CAMERA WORK* who did not have the pleasure of seeing the exhibition we reprint the text of the Catalogue in full:

In this exhibition an opportunity is, for the first time, given the American public to study drawings by Rodin. The fifty-eight now shown were selected for this purpose by Rodin and Mr. Steichen. To aid in their fuller understanding we reprint from Arthur Symons' "Studies in Seven Arts" the following extract from his sympathetic essay on Rodin:

"In the drawings, which constitute in themselves so interesting a development of his art, there is little of the delicacy of beauty. They are notes for the clay, 'instantanées,' and they note only movement, expression. They are done in two minutes, by a mere gallop of the hand over paper, with the eyes fixed on some unconscious pose of the model. And here it would seem (if indeed accident did not enter so largely into the matter) that a point in sentiment has been reached in which the perverse idealism of Baudelaire has disappeared, and a simpler kind of cynicism takes its place. In these astonishing drawings from the nude we see woman carried to a further point of simplicity than even in Degas: woman the animal; woman, in a strange sense, the idol. Not even the Japanese have simplified drawing to this illuminating scrawl of four lines, enclosing the whole mystery of the flesh. Each drawing indicates, as if in the rough block of stone, a single violent movement. Here a woman faces you, her legs thrown above her head; here she faces you with her legs thrust out before her, the soles of her feet seen close and gigantic. She squats like a toad, she stretches herself like a cat, she stands rigid, she lies abandoned. Every movement of her body, violently agitated by the remembrance, or the expectation, or the act of desire, is seen at an expressive moment. She turns upon herself in a hundred attitudes, turning always upon the central pivot of the sex, which emphasizes itself with a fantastic and frightful monotony. The face is but just indicated, a face of wood, like a savage idol; and the body has rarely any of that elegance, seductiveness, and shivering delicacy of life which we find in the marble. It is a machine in movement, a monstrous, devastating machine, working mechanically, and possessed by the one rage of the animal. Often two bodies interlace each other, flesh crushing upon flesh in all the

* Reprinted from *Camera Work*, Number XXII.

exasperation of a futile possession; and the energy of the embrace is indicated in the great hand that lies like a weight upon the shoulders. It is hideous, overpowering, and it has the beauty of all supreme energy.

“And these drawings, with their violent simplicity of appeal, have the distinction of all abstract thought or form. Even in Degas there is a certain luxury, a possible low appeal, in those heavy and creased bodies bending in tubs and streaming a sponge over huddled shoulders. But here luxury becomes geometrical; its axioms are demonstrated algebraically. It is the unknown X which sprawls, in this spawning entanglement of animal life, over the damped paper, between these pencil outlines, each done at a stroke, like a hard, sure stroke of the chisel.

“For, it must be remembered, these are the drawings of a sculptor, notes for a sculpture, and thus indicating form as the sculptor sees it, with more brevity, in simpler outline, than the painter. They speak another language than the drawings of the painter, searching, as they do, for the points that catch the light along a line, for the curves that indicate contour tangibly. In looking at the drawings of a painter, one sees color; here, in these shorthand notes of a sculptor, one’s fingers seem actually to touch marble.”

A WINTER NIGHT

The clouds, like fleecy sheep, go flocking by,
As though for shelter from the winds at war . . .
When they have fled, like lucent, crystal spar
Gleams the pale æther of the moon-lit sky . . .
Then hear the northwest wind sweep out on high
And fill the great, steel dome, till space grows far
In icy nothingness, and star by star
Keens in the void, to answer the wind’s cry.

This is the winter song of heaven; and earth
Darkling beneath, congealed, marks—trace by trace,
With dots of warmer light—house, street, and town—
Her humanness! See, on the vague, dark girth
Of the horizon rim, that jeweled space
Where the great city glitters like a crown.

DALLETT FUGUET.

PABLO PICASSO*

LET me say at the beginning that I do not believe in art criticism, and the more especially when it is concerned with painting.

I grant that everyone has the right to express their opinion in art matters, to applaud, or disapprove, according to their own personal way of seeing and feeling; but I hold that they should do so without assuming any authority, and without pretending to possess the absolute truth, or even a relative one; and also that they should not base their judgments on established rules, upon the pretense that they are consecrated by use, and by the criterion of high authority.

Between a civil or a penal judge and a critic there is a great difference. The judge judges according to the law, but does not make the law. He has to submit himself to the letter and the spirit of the law, though it might conflict with his personal opinions, because that law is an absolute rule of conduct, dictated by society, to which all have to submit. But art is free, it has never had, it has not, and will never have a legislature, in spite of the Academies; and every artist has the right to interpret nature as he pleases, or as he can, leaving to the public the liberty to applaud or condemn theoretically.

Every critic is a priest of a dogma, of a system; and condemns implacably what he finds to be out of his faith, a faith not reasoned but imposed. He never stops to consider the personality of the artist whose work he is judging, to investigate what his tendencies are, what his purpose is, or what efforts he made to attain his object, and to what point he has realized his program.

I have devoted my life to the study of art, principally painting and sculpture. I believe I have seen all that is worth seeing, and I have never dared pass sentence on a work declaring it good, even if signed by the most renowned artist; nor declare it bad, though it bears the name of a person totally unknown. At the most, I dare say that it pleases or displeases me, and to express the personal motives of my impressions.

Scholastic criticism has never profited anyone; on the contrary, it has always restrained the spirit of a creator; it has always discouraged, humiliated, and killed those who have had the weakness to take it into consideration.

Each epoch has had its artists, and must have its art, as each also has its men of science and its science; and any one who intends to oppose a dike to the flood-tide of human genius is perverse or a fool.

This love for the dogma, the tendency of the academy to enchain, to suffocate and to vilify, has greatly damaged the countries in which it has prevailed. This has been the cause of delay in the progress of art in Spain; and on account of this system we see the Spanish artists, those of personal inspiration and haughty spirit, perish there, or emigrate to Paris, looking for a better atmosphere. For, though it is true that there is in Paris also an academic sect that suffocates, one which proclaims that outside of itself there is no salvation, nevertheless art has succeeded in conquering an independence which permits all sorts of attempts at new expression.

Art has not died in Spain, or not at least among Spaniards. What is

* Printed in pamphlet form for the Picasso Exhibition, Photo-Secession Gallery, April, 1911.

beginning to die is the old tradition, or rather the intransigent traditionalism. And the best proof of it is the notable number of Spanish painters living in Paris, who prosper there, gaining enviable fame, and who at the end will figure among the French glories, instead of adding illustrious names to the already extensive Spanish catalogue.

I intend to make these artists known to the American world, describing the work of each one of them, not as I see, feel, and understand it, but as each one of them has conceived it.

I want to tell at present of Pablo Picasso, from Malaga, who finds himself in the first rank among the innovators, a man who knows what he wants, and wants what he knows, who has broken with all school prejudices, has opened for himself a wide path, and has already acquired that notoriety which is the first step towards glory.

I do not know if he is known in Spain, and if he is, whether they appreciate his efforts and study his works. What I know is that he is a Parisian personality, which constitutes a glorious achievement.

I have studied Picasso, both the artist and his work, which was not difficult, for he is a sincere and spontaneous man, who makes no mystery of his ideals nor the method he employs to realize them.

Picasso tries to produce with his work an impression, not with the subject but the manner in which he expresses it. He receives a direct impression from external nature, he analyzes, develops, and translates it, and afterwards executes it in his own particular style, with the intention that the picture should be the pictorial equivalent of the emotion produced by nature. In presenting his work he wants the spectator to look for the emotion or idea generated from the spectacle and not the spectacle itself.

From this to the psychology of form there is but one step, and the artist has given it resolutely and deliberately. Instead of the physical manifestation he seeks in form the psychic one, and on account of his peculiar temperament, his physical manifestations inspire him with geometrical sensations.

When he paints he does not limit himself to taking from an object only those planes which the eye perceives, but deals with all those which, according to him, constitute the individuality of form; and with his peculiar fantasy he develops and transforms them. And this suggests to him new impressions, which he manifests with new forms, because from the idea of the representation of a being, a new being is born, perhaps different from the first one, and this becomes the represented being.

Each one of his paintings is the coefficient of the impressions that form has performed in his spirit, and in these paintings the public must see the realization of an artistic ideal, and must judge them by the abstract sensation they produce, without trying to look for the factors that entered into the composition of the final result. As it is not his purpose to perpetuate on the canvas an aspect of external nature, by which to produce an artistic impression, but to represent with the brush the impression he has directly received from nature, synthesized by his fantasy, he does not put on the canvas the remembrance of a past sensation, but describes a present sensation.

Picasso has a different conception of perspective from that in use by the traditionalists. According to his way of thinking and painting, form must be represented in its intrinsic value, and not in relation to other objects. He does not think it right to paint a child in size far larger than that of a man, just because the child is in the foreground and one wants to indicate that the man is some distance away from it. The painting of distance, to which the academic school subordinates everything, seems to him an element which might be of great importance in a topographical plan or in a geographical map, but false and useless in a work of art.

In his paintings perspective does not exist: in them there are nothing but harmonies suggested by form, and registers which succeed themselves, to compose a general harmony which fills the rectangle that constitutes the picture.

Following the same philosophical system in dealing with light, as the one he follows in regard to form, to him color does not exist, but only the effects of light. This produces in matter certain vibrations, which produce in the individual certain impressions. From this it results, that Picasso's painting presents to us the evolution by which light and form have operated in developing themselves in his brain to produce the idea, and his composition is nothing but the synthetic expression of his emotions.

Those who have studied Egyptian art without Greco-Roman prejudices, know that the sons of the Nile and the desert sought in their works the realization of an ideal conceived by meditation before the mysterious river and by ecstasy before the imposing solitude, and that is why they transformed matter into form and gave to substance the reflection of that which exists only in essence. Something of this sort happens in Picasso's work, which is the artistic representation of a psychology of form in which he tries to represent in essence what seems to exist only in substance.

And, likewise, just as when we contemplate part of a Gothic cathedral we feel an abstract sensation, produced by an ensemble of geometrical figures, whose significance we do not perceive and whose real form we do not understand immediately, so the paintings of Picasso have the tendency to produce a similar effect, they compel the spectator to forget the beings and objects which are the base of the picture, and whose representation is the highest state to which his fantasy has been able to carry them through a geometrical evolution.

According to his judgment, all the races as represented in their artistic exponents, have tried to represent form through a fantastic aspect, modifying it to adapt it to the idea they wanted to express.

And at the bottom, all of them have pursued the same artistic ideal, with a tendency similar to his own technique.

MARIUS DE ZAYAS.

ART AS A COMMODITY

AT the risk of being branded as a Philistine, I feel it necessary to express my views on the relations of artist and patron in the buying and selling of works of art.

Nobody will question the right of the artist in producing a picture to use any materials he may desire irrespective of permanency. No more can anyone presume to take away from him the privilege of valuing his work artistically above the most prized possessions of any museum. As long as he is working for his own satisfaction there is no limit to his rights.

But very few are the translators of visions of beauty who do not seek for recognition of their merits and who do not expect this recognition to take the form of an exchange of their cherished productions for the despised shekels of the bourgeois.

Hard as it may be for them to admit the truth of the following statement, it is a fact that when this exchange takes place the artist becomes a merchant. His status as an artist stops with the production of the picture. When he seeks to dispose of it, we must look upon him as a dealer, and in the transaction both parties have certain rights and certain obligations towards one another.

The first obligation both parties assume is the exchange of fair equivalents. Artists, as a rule, are inclined to think of people with money as a favored class who simply happen to have been standing in a propitious spot during a "local shower" of gold, and that all they had to do was to stretch out their hands to gather in the precious metal. They forget too easily that in the majority of cases money is the reward of thought, labor, worries, privations and hardships, that the man who is tendering them the precious medium of exchange may in order to do so be depriving himself of many comforts.

The artist takes the point of view that he is a benefit to the community and that the community owes him a living. To a certain extent he is right. A community is certainly the richer intellectually by the work of its artists, and benefits by the contemplations of beautiful expression. Too many so-called patrons of the arts believe in patronizing "the arts but not the artists." On the other hand, we cannot deny the man who possesses money to dispose of it as he sees fit and to appreciate on his own basis the value to himself of the work he intends to acquire. This value, in terms of money, is based on many elements the least of which is probably its intrinsic artistic value. This is a regrettable state of affairs, but we might as well try to suppress the law of attraction of planets among themselves as to correct certain economic laws. The prime factor in all questions of value is the law of supply and demand, and the artist who complains that his beautiful paintings bring him less cash than those of a less talented brother painter is reasoning in very much the same way as the farmer who complains that his beautiful apples from a bountiful crop are worth less on the market than the poorer specimens of a lean year twelve months previous.

The amount of pleasure the possessor will get from the work purchased as compared with other possible enjoyments to be obtained from the purchasing

power of the money is another important basis of calculation. It would be unfair, however, to base monetary valuations on this element alone, as the most appreciative people would have to pay the penalty of their appreciation by paying a higher price than less courageous or less enthusiastic friends. It is the duty of the artist not to reduce the level of his prices once established, nor on the other hand to charge some people more than he would others.

Last but not least comes the question of permanency, a question to which artists have often given but too little thought. What fair-minded man will claim that the purchaser who acquires a work of art on the assumption that he becomes the possessor of a "thing of beauty" which will be "a joy forever," is treated honorably when in exchange for a tender of fixed and undisputed value he receives an article which in a short period of time will have lost, through deterioration, much of its exchange value, as well as its power to give esthetic pleasure?

In short, the artist should not take the cash valuation of his work as the measure of its artistic appreciation. He should accept, sadly perhaps, but courageously, the interference of unavoidable economic laws, and remember that while he is entitled on the part of the people he deals with to a fair remuneration for his efforts, he owes it to them to tender them a fair equivalent for their money.

PAUL B. HAVILAND.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

The first four plates of this number of *CAMERA WORK*, devoted to Rodin, are reproductions from the original negatives of Eduard J. Steichen's later portrait of Rodin and of three of the eight "Balzac-Moonlight" series. Good as the gravures are, they unavoidably lack some of the power and naturally also fail to give the print quality of the large original gum prints, which were first publicly exhibited at the Photo-Secession Gallery, in April, 1909.

The nine other plates in the number are reproductions of Rodin drawings, the originals of which were exhibited in the two Rodin exhibitions held at the Photo-Secession Galleries. They include two gravure reproductions; a process which does not lend itself particularly well to this kind of work. But we have used it in the case of two drawings for the purpose of comparison with the process employed in reproducing the seven others. The latter were reproduced, reduced to two-thirds the original size, by a combination method in which collotype plays an important role. The spirit and character of the originals have been preserved with extraordinary fidelity. They were made by the firm of F. Bruckmann Verlag, Munich, under the direction of Mr. Goetz, whom it is pleasant to remember as an American, one compelled, in pursuit of his artistic ideals, to expatriate himself.

Incidentally, we might add that none of these plates has heretofore been published, except No. I, Steichen's Rodin, and No. I of Rodin's drawings; the other eleven are now first issued.

To those of our readers who fail to see why these drawings have been introduced into CAMERA WORK, we would say that, apart from the importance of the originals, the reproductions are beautiful and interesting examples of what can be accomplished by one of the most useful and far-reaching branches of camera work: namely, the photo-mechanical processes.

Thus they are of value in a double sense. These prints make it possible for those who cannot see the originals to enjoy an acquaintance with some of the great artist's most intimate studies, while at the same time they bring us a fuller understanding of the capabilities of photographic reproduction when it is directed by artistic feeling and technical knowledge.

Furthermore, we beg to remind our readers that one of the objects of CAMERA WORK is to reflect the activities of the Photo-Secession and its gallery. What these are has been frequently referred to in recent issues of the magazine.

EDITORS.

TO OUR READERS

On March first we were compelled to raise the yearly subscription price of CAMERA WORK to eight dollars. This was made necessary by the constantly increasing cost of the production in every direction. The single-copy price named in each issue of CAMERA WORK is a fair indication of the actual cost of production of that number. This cost, it may be added, does not include any allowance for salary, rent, or other fixed charges. For CAMERA WORK is not a business institution.

The present issue we publish as a double number (Number XXXIV-XXXV); partly because it is impossible to split the Rodin series without sacrificing its effectiveness, and partly because the expense of these reproductions prohibits their being issued in an ordinary single number.

Subscriptions received after publication of this number will start with the next issue, Number XXXVI, which will contain twelve to fourteen Japan proof photogravure Plates by Alfred Stieglitz. This next number will be issued in November, after the return of the publisher-editor from his European trip.

The Photo-Secession Notes, as well as the reprints of newspaper comment on the Photo-Secession Gallery exhibitions of Max Weber, John Marin, Cézanne, and Picasso, have been held over until Number XXXVI.

Communications addressed to Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, 1111 Madison Avenue, New York, and received during his absence in Europe, will receive proper attention. All personal communications will be forwarded, and duly answered.

The importance of using pure and active chemicals cannot be overestimated. The dependable kind—tested and analyzed carry this mark of distinction on the label.



Look for it when you buy.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

All Dealers.

THE PHOTOCHROME
ENGRAVING COMPANY

Half-tones & Color-Plates



162-166 LEONARD
ST., NEW YORK

ROGERS & COMPANY

Printers of Camera Work

*Also of High-class Catalogs,
Announcements, Etcetera*

9 MURRAY STREET



NEW YORK



TELEPHONE 6640 BARCLAY

THE MANHATTAN
PHOTOGRAVURE CO.

Art Reproductions, Catalogs

142 WEST 27TH STREET

NEW YORK

TELEPHONE 2193 MADISON SQUARE

Of all rapid developers

DURATOL

is the most economic by reason of slow exhaustion and the only one producing absolutely fog free negatives. It has no deleterious effect on the hands, not even staining the fingers and produces essentially the same results which are obtained from other coal-tar developers.

Sample and descriptive booklet from

SCHERING & GLATZ, 150 Maiden Lane, New York

The Taylor-Hobson Company invites the attention of discriminating photographers to the fine quality of Cooke anastigmat lenses. These are listed in a new catalogue of unusual interest, mailed free on request.

Included with it is a description of the new Cooke-Telar lenses. These magnify distant objects, and are invaluable for use with Graflex and other cameras, wherever a large image is needed.

Eleven-Thirty-Five Broadway, New York City

GOERZ is synonymous with Quality

Quality above all is sought for by readers of "Camera Work"
Lens Quality—above all—photographers will find in every
lens bearing the name:

GOERZ

The *Dagor* is the best all-around lens in the market: speed sufficient for most work; wonderful covering power; perfect definition; back combination may be used as a long-focus lens.

The *Celor* is especially adapted for high-speed work. The *par excellence* lens for *color* work.

GOERZ lenses can be fitted to any and all makes of cameras: Ansco, Century, Graflex, any Kodak, Premo, Poco, Reflex, or Seneca. Have your dealer order one for you for a *ten days' free trial*.

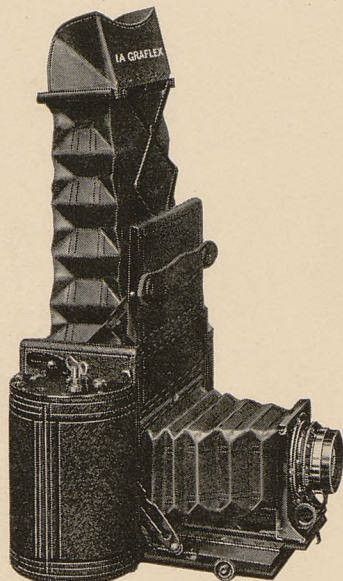
C. P. Goerz American Optical Co.

Office and Factory: 317 to 323 E. 34th St., New York
Dealers' Distributing Agencies: For Middle West, Burke &
James, Chicago; Pacific Coast, Hirsch & Kaiser, San Francisco;
Canada, R. F. Smith, Montreal.

Send 6 cents for new Catalogue, or get one free at your dealers.

GOERZ is synonymous with Quality

The 1A Graflex



THE 1A Graflex combines all the exclusive Graflex features with film simplicity and convenience. It is equipped with the Graflex Focal Plane Shutter for making exposures from "time" to 1-1000 of a second. The image can be seen right side up, the size it will appear in the negative, up to the instant of exposure.

The 1A Graflex takes the regular daylight loading Kodak Film Cartridge for pictures $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

PRICES

1A Graflex fitted with B. & L. Zeiss Tessar, Series Ic, No. 14, f-4.5	\$100.50
1A Graflex fitted with Cooke Lens Series II, No. 20 $\frac{1}{2}$, f-4.5	101.50
1A Graflex fitted with Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat, No. 2, f-4.5	82.00

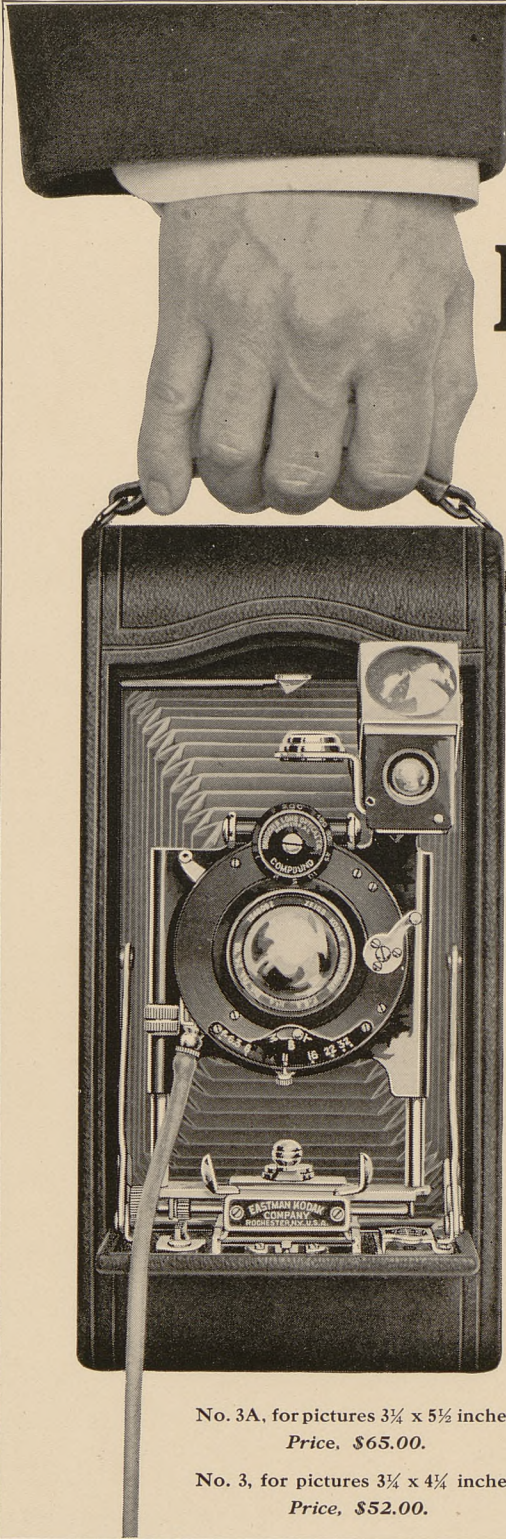
Graflex Catalog free at your dealer's, or

FOLMER & SCHWING DIVISION

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

ROCHESTER

NEW YORK



The Special **KODAKS**

Nos. 3 and 3A

A lens—the Zeiss-Kodak Anastigmat *f.* 6. 3—with sufficient power to make slow snap-shots on cloudy days, with sufficient power to make exceptionally fast snap-shots of rapidly moving objects on bright days, a shutter—the Compound—with a flexibility of control which enables the operator to get the full value from the high power of his lens—these are the chief characteristics of these Special Kodaks.

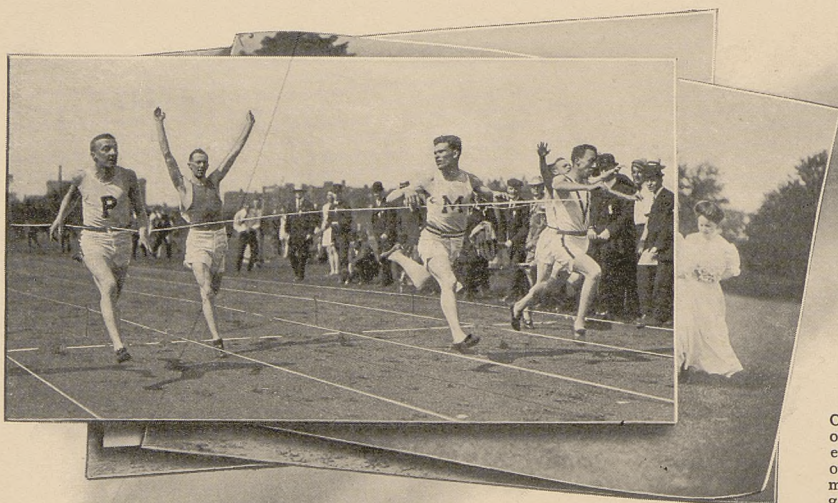
Genuine Persian leather covering, soft black leather bellows, rack and pinion, rising and sliding front, spirit level, a refined finish and withal Kodak simplicity—such are the qualities that have made the Special Kodaks universally popular in spite of their necessarily high price. Primarily they use Kodak film cartridges, but may be fitted for glass plates too (extra) if you like.

Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

No. 3A, for pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches,
Price, \$65.00.

No. 3, for pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches,
Price, \$52.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City,*



Our name, backed by over half a century of experience, is on all our products — lenses, microscopes, field glasses, laboratory apparatus, engineering and other scientific instruments.

Every amateur photographer has experienced the disappointment of finding his lens too slow for a subject that he particularly wished to capture — something unique, something with appealing associations, but too rapid for the ordinary lens.

Speed, with definition, is assured the owner of a

Bausch^{and} Lomb Zeiss TESSAR LENS

The most rapid work, the most delicate detail come within the scope of this powerful light-gathering lens, with its uniform illumination over the entire plate. No matter what speed may be required, the Tessar is equal to the task.

Booklet T treats of better photography in an interesting manner. Write for it today.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.

NEW YORK WASHINGTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
LONDON ROCHESTER, N.Y. FRANKFORT

Obrig Camera Company

DEALERS IN HIGH-GRADE PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES
OF ALL KINDS

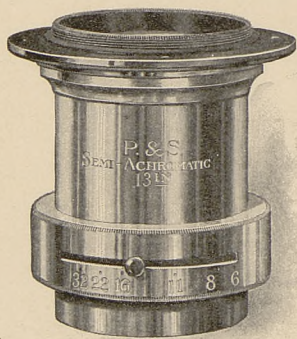
W. C., Angelo and American Platinum Papers.
Velox papers in all grades. Royal Bromide
Paper. Full lines of all sizes of Kodak films,
Kodaks, Centurys, Premos, Graflex and View
Cameras, with or without special lenses. Films
specially packed for transatlantic voyages and for
use in the tropics.

**Developing, Printing, Enlarging, Lantern
Slides, Prints and Slides Colored**

NOTE.—A postal request will bring you
a sample copy of PHOTOGRAPHIC TOPICS,
a monthly journal devoted exclusively to
photography.

147 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK

P. & S. SEMI-ACHROMATIC LENSES



These are the lenses that make portraits
that rival paintings. Semi-Achromatic
Lenses subdue and softly blend the details,
preserve the delicate modeling roundness
and relief of the cameo. In the hands of
the artist, the Semi-Achromatic Lens
becomes the wonder-worker of photog-
raphy. Lenses of all kinds and sizes
made to order. Our new price list is now
ready and can be obtained direct from the
manufacturers.

PINKHAM & SMITH CO., 288-290 BOYLSTON STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

or from the Special New York Agents:

OBRIG CAMERA CO.
147 FULTON STREET

CHAS. G. WILLOUGHBY
814 BROADWAY

THE FINAL CONVENIENCE
IN HAND CAMERAS

Filmplate Premo

It's as light and compact as a purely film camera, yet loads with plates or films, with equal facility.

It has that great advantage of every plate camera—a ground glass for accurate focusing and correct composition, and this is easily available whether films or plates are used.

Its exposures, whether on films or plates, can be developed by tray or tank system.

It is equipped with both rising and sliding front, swing bed and focusing attachment.

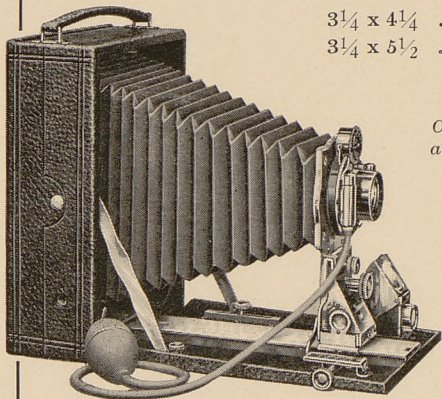
Its regular optical equipment is the best procurable outside of the anastigmats, and any of these may be fitted if desired.

It is a beautifully finished, carefully made camera, suitable for any purpose.

PRICES:

Filmplate Premo with Planatograph lens and double valve automatic shutter.

3¼ x 4¼ . . .	\$24.00	4 x 5	\$26.50
3¼ x 5½	26.50	5 x 7	35.00



Catalogue of fifty styles and sizes of Premos at the dealers' or mailed free upon request.

IMPORTANT—In writing, please be sure to specify Premo catalogue.

Rochester Optical Division

Eastman Kodak Co.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**Pictures
Mounted
With**

HIGGINS' PHOTO MOUNTER



HIGGINS' PHOTO MOUNTER

Have an excellence peculiarly their own. The best results are only produced by the best methods and means—the best results in Photograph, Poster, and other mounting can only be attained by using the best mounting paste—

HIGGINS' PHOTO MOUNTER
 (Excellent novel brush with each jar.)

At Dealers in Photo Supplies,
 Artists' Materials and Stationery.

A 3-oz. jar prepaid by mail for thirty cts.
 or circulars free from

CHAS. M. HIGGINS & CO., Mrs.
 NEW YORK—CHICAGO—LONDON
 Main Office, 271 Ninth St. } Brooklyn,
 Factory, 240-244 Eighth St. } N. Y., U.S.A.

Established 1873	<h2 style="margin: 0;">GEO. F. OF</h2> <h3 style="margin: 0;">MAKER OF FINE FRAMES</h3>	Telephone 2533 Madison Square
Original Works of Art and Reproductions Framed with Artistic Judgment.	3 East Twenty-eighth Street, New York	

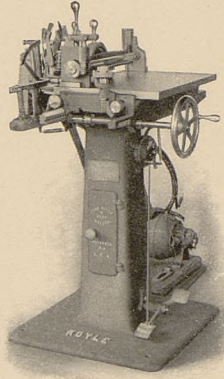


Photo - Engravers

have found the Royle Machines of the greatest service in the artistic and economical preparation of the etched plate for printing.

Routers, Saws, Lining-Bevelers, etc.

each is giving constant and satisfactory results in the leading houses throughout the country.

Write for Catalogue

John Royle & Sons, Paterson, N. J., U. S. A.

In Just Three Minutes

—a velvety carbon-green print
with all the bother of carbon
printing left out.

KODAK

V **VELVET GREEN** **G**
PAPER

Expose by daylight; develop and fix like Velox. Absolute uniformity of tone and great latitude. Just the thing you have wanted for landscapes, containing green foliage, seascapes, etc.

Something that has always been just out of your reach. Single Weight, Double Weight and Post Cards at Velox prices.

**EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

All Dealers.

EASTMAN

ETCHING
EB AND **ES**
BLACK SEPIA

PLATINUM

ETCHING-BLACK, unlike any other platinum paper, gives the warm black tone of an etching that lends individuality to your work and commands the highest prices.

ETCHING-SEPIA on buff stock, has that rich sepia tone in the shadows which harmonizes so well with the creamy tint of the highlights.

Furnished also on white stock.

In these papers you can have all that is best in Platinum.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

All Dealers.

OF WORLD WIDE FAME
"SELTONA"

A COLLODION PAPER of the highest standard giving prints of unrivalled beauty with clear and abundant detail combining brilliancy and depth with softness and delicacy. Paper, Boardoids and Postals.

In four grades

Send for booklet "Perfect Prints"

BARNET BROMIDE
PAPER "TIGER TONGUE"
White and Cream

FOR broad effects and exhibition works, the rough surface of the paper gives a fine luminous quality to the deepest shadows of the picture.

The Cream Crayon and Tiger Tongue surfaces are also of special value for pictorial architecture and figure studies. *Twelve grades to select from.*

Send for Price List

J. L. LEWIS :: SOLE AGENT FOR U. S. A. ::
522 SIXTH AVE., N. Y.
FORMERLY 379 SIXTH AVE.

C. A. STEINHEIL SOEHNE
Optical and Astronomical Works
Established 1855
MUNICH

THE NEW STEINHEIL
INSTANTANEOUS
RAY-FILTER

THE most perfect ray-filter in the market. Only doubles time of exposure so that it is available for hand-camera work. Indispensable in a first-class outfit and for highest grade work.

HERBERT & HUESGEN CO.
Sole United States Agents
311 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Write for further information

BINDINGS FOR
CAMERA WORK

AS DESIGNED BY
MESSRS. ALFRED STIEGLITZ
AND EDUARD J. STEICHEN

High-class Binding of all descriptions. Photographs Mounted and Bound in Album Form, etc., etc.

OTTO KNOLL

732 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW
YORK, N. Y. Telephone 1810 Plaza

*Neutral Art Papers
and Boards for Photo-
Mounts*

*The Seymour Company
76 Duane Street, New York*

F. BRUCKMANN, A.-G., MUNICH

THE F. BRUCKMANN, A.-G., MUNICH, GERMANY, IS ONE OF THE LARGEST, AS WELL AS OLDEST ESTABLISHMENTS OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD. ITS PLANT IS READY TO FILL ORDERS IN ANY OF THE PROCESSES KNOWN IN THE TECHNICS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION. FOR QUALITY IN ALL OF THEM SECOND TO NONE ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

COLLOTYPE, IN COLOR AND MONOCHROME ■ ■ ■

HALF-TONE, ALL ITS VARIATIONS IN COLOR AND MONOCHROME ■ ■ ■

PHOTOGRAVURE, IN COLOR AND MONOCHROME

MEZZOTINTO-GRAVURE, (STEAM-PRESS) ■ ■

AUTOTYPE, CARBON, ALBUMEN, &c., &c.

THE FIRM NOT ONLY MAKES THE PLATES, BUT HAS A COMPLETE PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR ALL ITS PROCESSES, UP-TO-DATE IN EVERY PARTICULAR

THE PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT OF BRUCKMANN ISSUES A MOST COMPREHENSIVE COLLECTION OF REPRODUCTIONS IN COLOR AND MONOCHROME, HALF-TONE, COLLOTYPE AND PHOTOGRAVURE, OF THE PAINTINGS IN ALL THE FAMOUS EUROPEAN ART GALLERIES. CATALOGUES UPON APPLICATION

THE COLLOTYPES IN THIS NUMBER OF *CAMERA WORK* WERE ALL MADE BY F. BRUCKMANN, A.-G., NYMPHENBURGERSTRASSE 42, MUNICH, GERMANY ■ ■

