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CAMERA WORK:

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DAVID OCTAVIUS HILL.

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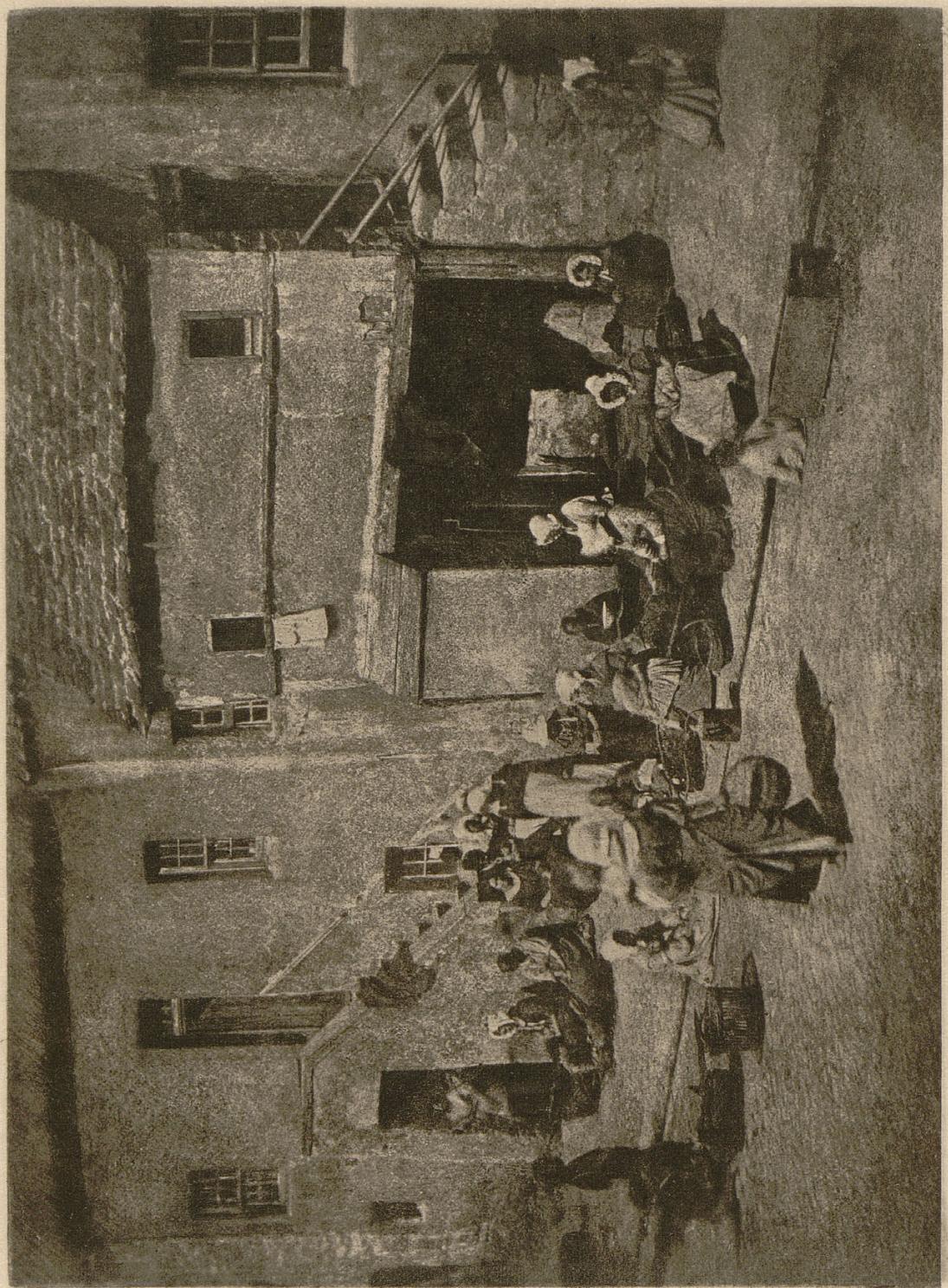












D. O. HILL, R. S. A.

HERE are two spots in Edinburgh closely associated with David Octavius Hill. In an earlier number of *CAMERA WORK*—1905—Mr. Craig Annan gave an interesting, detailed account of that artist's methods of Photography; it was with the desire to write a few notes on him as painter as well as 'father of pictorial photography' that early this summer I made a pilgrimage to 'Auld Reeky' to refresh my memory concerning the husband of my old friend, the sculptress, Amelia Hill. One spot is the garden-girt Newington Lodge built for D. O. Hill in the last years of his life, by his wife, out of the proceeds of her own art. On some room-walls there still hang one or two oil paintings of shore and sea, or stretches of strath with distant hills, soft in color, delicate in feeling, and warm with sunset glow; on other walls are sheets of portrait photographs framed and hung without much regard for effect. The other spot I visited is the studio on Carlton Hill, where so many of those portraits were taken, and where "The Disruption of the Church of Scotland" was painted. In the estimation of himself and of his friends, D. O. Hill was a painter by intention, a photographer by accident. The unexpected happened. His reputation no longer rests on his work as a painter, for in that capacity he is practically unknown to the young generation of picture lovers. His one important portrait composition which at the end of twenty years of labor was ranked as "a great and enduring work of art" is now chiefly known as the incentive towards the production of the remarkable series of portrait photographs which entitle him to the name of father of modern pictorial photography. Indeed it is difficult now to see any of his landscape paintings, they are for the most part in private collections in Scotland. The most important are a series of sixty paintings of Scottish scenery which were reproduced by the best line engravers of the day as illustrations to "The Land of Burns," with letter press by 'Christopher North' and Robert Chambers; but, unfortunately, more than half of the originals were destroyed by fire. D. O. Hill was an enthusiastic member of the Royal Scottish Academy from its foundation, and in the capacity of Secretary piloted it through many of its early difficulties before it became an established national institution. Though he rarely omitted to send a picture to the yearly exhibitions, this secretarial work of thirty years duration seriously interfered with his career as an artist.

In his life of Turner, P. G. Hamerton thus describes the quality of D. O. Hill's paintings: "they are poetic in feeling their artist has many of the qualities of a landscape painter, such as a love of luxuriance in vegetation, a fine sense of distance, an enjoyment of light, and a proud affection for Lowland Scottish scenery, which made his heart sensitive to its rich beauty." In oils his handling was smooth and soft, and he had a partiality for shore-scapes painted in greys under sunset skies. His water-colors were clear and fresh, the color washed on in strong tints and finished with a certain amount

of drawing with the brush point. In all his pictures there is an appreciative study of the balance of light and shade, a sense of atmosphere, and good draughtsmanship.

A greater individuality, however, is seen in his slight sketches, impressions rapidly noted down in a few seconds on paper, with chalk, pencil or water-colors, or when none of these implements was at hand, with the point of a finger dipped into ink. There are stronger contrasts, greater boldness, in these sketches than in his finished work. A careful observation of the play of light characterises his painting and his photography; in his paintings it is of that peculiar quality of light that belongs to a moist climate. He was very sensitive to that wonderful "swimming" effect of light in the sky that floods up from the sea, behind dark hills, and reflects a memory of the sea's surface on the sky, an effect often seen in hilly islands, or when the sea's inlets are long and tortuous. With water-colors, in his youth a comparatively new medium, his effort was to keep his colors pure and simple. He learned from William Leech, who was frequently photographed at Carlton Hill, how to draw with three colors only, red, blue and yellow.

When D. O. Hill embarked on the long twenty years of work on his historical picture, he worked other than he knew. His desire was to make a worthy record of what to him was a heroic action, the signing of the Deed of Demission; he has certainly produced a memorial of historic value, even if it cannot be ranked as a great work of art. The first design comprised about 200 sitters—portraits of the men who had been present on that eventful day. But as time went on the artist included many more figures, of those who were interested in or who supported the Secessionist Free Church party, till at length the number exceeded 500. The difficulty of getting adequate sittings from the various people gave to the artist the happy idea of investigating the new art of photography. So, at first he made use of the new Calotype (from *Kalos*, beautiful) or Talbotype as a method of taking notes for his picture. But he soon became so interested in the new art, that the "means" frequently enticed him from the "end" in view and had it not been for the urging and actual collaboration of his wife the picture would never have been finished.

Amelia Hill was a competent collaborator. From girlhood she had worked with pencil, brush and chisel. Her two brothers were painters of repute, and the older, Sir Noel Paton, R. S. A. for many years held the post of Limner for Scotland to Queen Victoria. At first Amelia Paton drew small head-studies in pencil, occasionally to serve as models in some of her brother's compositions. A friend, realizing her possibilities, gave her some wax and a modeling tool, and she began to model little portrait heads in relief and in the round. Despite the fact that in those days women who aspired to a profession were frowned upon, this woman-artist persevered and trained herself in the handling of clay, and in due course became known in Scotland as a Portrait-sculptor. Her method of work was that of "rule and measure" as she antitated the days of conscious Impressionism. Many men of note sat to her, such as Thomas Carlyle, Hugh Millar. Of David Livingstone, the traveler, there is a full

length statue by her in the Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh; and one or two of the statues on the Scott's Monument are by her. Later she modeled the sitting statue of Robert Burns in Dumfries, erected on the centenary of his birth. After her marriage—she was D. O. Hill's second wife—she did much of her work in the studio on Carlton Hill during the time of the painting of her husband's historic picture.

Friends and people of note passing through Edinburgh found their way to the studio, and even posed before or within the porch of the little old house on the small grassy slope in front. There, in the open air, in the downpour of light, he arranged them singly or in groups, in reposeful attitudes with the eyes usually cast down, for the length of time needed for exposure in those days was rather long—about four minutes. I am told that the first Talbotype taken in England required a twenty minutes' exposure! From the side windows of the studio many views were taken of Edinburgh and the dominating Castle Rock, and the long line of Princes Street; and later D. O. Hill made an interesting series of prints of Sir Walter Scott's Monument during its construction. The fishermen and yachtsmen of the Port of Leith were favorite subjects for his camera; and also the picturesque New Haven fish wives in their distinctive dress, with the creels on their backs in which they carry to the city the fish caught by their husbands and sons.

In every Calotype taken by D. O. Hill the first consideration was the artistic presentment; the conventions of photographic portraiture were non-existent; and the posing of his sitter, and choice of severe, simple environment and accessories, were influenced by the austere, fine portrait painting by such men as Reynolds, Geddes, Raeburn, and their contemporaries. His sitters for the most part wore their usual every-day garments, a fact which contributes to the suggestion of the individuality of the particular man or woman. Later series, however, show a tendency towards a more composed effect, as in the case of "Mrs. Rigby" and "The Minnow Pool." In every instance these portraits are remarkable for the masterly handling of *chiaroscuro*; of strong high lights, of massive shadow, of reflected lights in shadow in which the modeling is as discernable as in the higher lights, and for the great simplicity of composition. I have been told that when the artist wished to produce a particular blurred effect, he would during the exposure give his camera an almost imperceptible jerk.

Among these hundreds of photographs are one or two portraits of the artist himself, taken—presumably by his assistant, Robert Adamson—either singly, or with one or two other figures in the old Greyfriars Churchyard, where so many of the old covenanters were buried; an old historical monument that was partially destroyed by fire in D. O. Hill's lifetime.

MRS. WILLIAM SHARP.

UNPHOTOGRAPHIC PAINT:— THE TEXTURE OF IMPRESSIONISM

AT the beginning of May a small collection of paintings by Marsden Hartley of Maine found shelter at the hospitable Little Gallery of the Secessionists. They were examples of an extreme and up-to-date impressionism. They represented winter scenes agitated by snow and wind, "proud music of the storm"; wood interiors, strange entanglements of tree-trunks; and mountain slopes covered with autumn woods with some island-dotted river winding along their base.

The depth and distance across the valley to the mountain, the plastic modeling and faithful detail, the hardness and vigor of representation, showed knowledge of form and sincerity of sentiment. It was the color scheme, however, that startled the beholder. It produced a strictly physical sensation. It irritated the retina and exhausted it. After leaving the gallery Fifth Avenue looked more grey than usual. A melancholy vocation for such a robust phase of art!

Hartley's technique is interesting though not necessarily original. It is a version of the famous Segantini "stitch," of using colors pure and laying them side by side upon the canvas in long flecks that look like stitches of embroidery. I overheard some artist remark: "lots of young painters in Germany paint in this crazy fashion." This may be true. Hundreds of painters all over the world are busy experimenting to expand and improve the original impressionist technique, and there is no reason why somebody else should not lay on the paint in a similar way to Marsden Hartley. As long as the latter applies his colors in a temperamental, self-taught manner, he is above the approach of imitation. I for my part believe that he has invented his method for himself, up there in Maine amidst the scenery of his fancy, and that only gradually he has learnt to reproduce nature in her most intense and luminous coloring.

Yet neither his courage nor sincerity necessary to accomplish such a task, nor any understanding and mastery that he may possess, put my mind in an analytical mood and induced me to write this article, but rather the peculiarity and freshness of his viewpoint. Why do people paint this way! This simple question asserted itself again and again and called for an explanation. Why do painters more and more renounce the conventional ways of handling colors? Is it solely for the one supreme purpose of getting the effect of vibrating color, of light in motion!

It is an acknowledged fact that impressionism has heightened the key of tone throughout the studios of the world. It has given us an intenser and more varied study of illumination, a higher pitch of light. One thing is certain, the dramatic element has vanished. It no longer knows the mysterious harmonies of a Leonardo or the soft sparkling shimmer of a Rembrandt. Light has lost its gleam and glitter as if vibrant with gold dust. The glamor of

romance has faded out of it. In its stead we have the poetry of lighting that the days and hours bring to a single scene, as Monet has so loyally demonstrated in his series of haystacks, poplar trees, and the Rouen Cathedral. Whether these high-pitched light and color notations are a fair equivalent for the sudden spiritual light bursts that quiver through the gloom of medieval art, future art historians will decide.

The modern painter, treating different pictorial motives than his predecessors, felt the need of a new technique. The impressionist prefers to suggest form rather than to actually draw it, he desires to envelop figures and objects in space and atmosphere. A blurred definition ensues, in which the minutiae and subtleties of line are often lost. To accomplish this aim he invented a looser and more broken touch that neglects drawing (unless the painter possesses the sense of plasticity to a marked degree) and the old standards of composition.

But why this revolution of *facture*, this strange technique of squeezing on color thick, giving the canvas a tapestry or mosaic effect. Is it solely for the purpose of letting the eye look at the picture from a distance, to mix and melt the colors together on the canvas, and thereby give an effect of more air, more light, and truth. Were these effects not possible with a smoother surface and more uniform continuity of texture!

The paintings of Franz Hals and Goya, the foremost representatives of *bravura* brushwork, look smooth in comparison with an impressionist canvas. Monet's large flowing touches recall Velasquez. Even Monet's earlier work in small broken touches was still related to the cross hatching of pastel and stippling of water-colors of Watteau and his followers. Only gradually the painters began to lay the paint on thicker and thicker until the texture had an actual structural tendency, as in many of Segantini's works. Also Rembrandt at times encrusted his canvas a quarter of an inch thick with color to imitate jewelry and strongly illuminated objects. Among modern painters, Monticelli and Ryder use a rough dough-like impasto, and Mancini while painting his shadows very thinly, models the lighted form with paint like a sculptor. With these painters it is merely a vehicle of momentary inspiration. They do not proceed scientifically. With the impressionist the regulated patch or stroke of plastic color, laid one beside the other, has become a professional mechanism, just as the smooth brushmarks must have been to a Guido Reni or Andrea del Sarto.

I believe, that the artists individually have very little to do with the new development. It is nothing but a natural consequence of the modern tendency of art. And even as great an artist as Segantini deceives himself when he makes the statement that "this secret of technique, nowadays an approved fact, had been perceived by painters of all times and all countries (the first of whom was Beato Angelico) and that it came to him through his loving and earnest study of Nature, and as something personal and individual."

Modern art prefers to be realistic. And in this ardor to express the fleetness of things just as the eye sees them, artists have turned scientists (or at least try to see objects in a more scientific way), and for this purpose selected and

developed a more *realistic* technique. The old Masters tried to create an illusion, to reproduce the actual roundness of things and the esthetic possibilities of the three dimensions, and did not wish to interfere with the produced impression by any violence of texture. The main object of the impressionist, on the other hand, is to create an impression by suggestion and he asks assistance from the very medium he employs. The plastic aspect of color, no matter whether executed in the commas of Monet, the dots of Pissaro, the irregular patches of Sisley, the cross hatching of Degas or the stitches of Segantini, have to help physically to construct the image in the eye.

The result was a curious one. The canvases began to resemble wool, pottery, mineral surfaces, and oriental carpets, and through this very peculiarity of texture combined with color themes they acquired a decorative tendency that was not anticipated by its originators. And this transformation of a realistically conceived technique into one of idealizing quality was largely due, as I hope to prove, to the choice of subjects.

The impressionist painters adhere to a style of composition that is strictly photographic. It apparently ignores all previous laws. They depict life in scraps and fragments, as it appears haphazard in the finder or on the ground glass of the camera (viz Renoir's "On the Terrace"). The mechanism of the camera is essentially the one medium which renders every interpretation impressionistic, and every photographic exposure, whether sharp or blurred, really represents an impressionist composition. The lens of the camera taught the painter the importance of a single object in space, to realize that all subjects can not be seen with equal clearness, and that it is necessary to concentrate the point of interest according to the visual abilities of the eye. It is a curious fact that all compositions of the Old Masters were out of focus. True enough they swept minor light and color notations into larger ones, but there seldom was any definite indication in their work whether an object was in the foreground or middle distance. Their way of seeing things no doubt was a voluntary one—they had a different idea of pictorial interpretation. In their pictures as in nature, we continually allow our attention to flit from one point to the other in the endeavor to grasp the whole, and the result is a series of minor impressions, which unconsciously influence the final and total impression we receive from a picture.

The artist of the new school endeavors to reproduce any impression he has received, unchanged. He wants the impression to explain itself, and wants to see it on the canvas as he has seen and felt it, hoping that his interpretation may call forth similar esthetic pleasures in others as the original impression made on him. And it was largely the broadcast appearance of photographic images that taught him to see nature in a new light, as the human eye sees it in ordinary practice. At the same time the increasing popularity of these images emphasized in them the smoothness of texture which we were accustomed to for ages, and which is so peculiar to the photographic print that even artistic hand manipulation can not entirely overcome it. Delacroix was the first to recognize in photography a serious competitor. And thus the young

men of his period began to fight the imaginary danger, they experimented and within a score of years succeeded in developing a structural technique that guaranteed a vivacity and intensity of aspect. By this argument I do not mean to convey that photography was the sole cause of this technical innovation. Japanese art, color lithography, and scientific researches into the principles of color interaction, all played important parts in it. But the influence of photography on painting is undeniable, and no doubt proved a most vigorous and beneficial stimulant in that direction.

In the meanwhile photography in order to assert its esthetic possibilities strenuously strove to become "pictorial," and this endeavor produced in recent years the singular coincidence that, while men of the lens busied themselves with endowing their new and most pliable medium with the beauties of former art expressions, those of the brush were seeking but for the accuracy of the camera plus a technique that was novel and—unphotographic.

PRINTS BY EDUARD J. STEICHEN— OF RODIN'S "BALZAC"

IT happened one night between moonrise and sunrise, on the hill at Meudon near to Rodin's studio. The spot, if you know it, may already have seemed to you to be haunted. As you explore the paths that wind amid shrubbery beneath the trees and open out occasionally into a little sanctum, enclosed with greenery, you come upon relics of the life of the past. Here it may be a fragment, chiseled by some early sculptor of Florence; there, the torso of a Venus, modeled by some Athenian whose zest of life had been stimulated by the pungency and penetration of Menander's comedies. Even by daylight a certain intoxication hangs about the spot; while in the silence of the night, it seems pervaded with the spiritual presence of the past.

Perhaps you have been in Rodin's studio, and the passion and the power congealed into an unearthly repose in the work of the living sculptor, have fired your imagination until it is the so-called unreal that seems to you the most real. You step into the garden, and its very obscurity makes the things of spirit seem more clear; its silence renders audible the footfall of incorporeal presences: the shadow seems to be the substance. Is it only fancy? I doubt it. Let us but believe that all matter is permeated with spirit, and there need be no surprise, if spirit sometimes disengages itself from its temporary local shell and walks unhampered. Nor that our own, in rare moments of enlightenment, may meet it. Something of this sort happened that night on the hill at Meudon.

As a prelude to the story, let me remind you of what the world has been trying to forget. It has to do with Balzac and Rodin and with French Officialdom. You recall that the curtain had been rung down on the final act of

La Comédie Humaine fifty years before the occupants of the Academic fauteuils woke up to applaud. Half a century had elapsed since the great protagonist of realism passed for the last time behind the scenes. Surely it might be safe for official France to recognise his greatness; and in what safer way than by the non-committal expedient of a statue? But by whom? Let logic decide. Certainly it were fitting that the most dominant personality in modern literature should be commemorated by the most original and commanding of modern sculptors. Without doubt, Rodin was the man.

Ye gods and little fishes! But here was matter for another act in the inexhaustible repertory of *La Comédie Humaine!* Officialdom coquetting with the man whom it had studiously ignored; standardised convention seeking to consort with the contradiction of all that Officialdom stands for! Truly, the French are a nation of comedians! Or did Officialdom suppose that, because it was paying the piper, it could call the tune? Anyhow, we know the sequel.

What was expected to be an innocuously refined drama, as unobtrusively appropriate to the Foyer of the Théâtre Français as to some square or garden, where it need not incommod the nurserymaids, turned out to be, as the world viewed it, a burlesque. Was the jest intentional on the sculptor's part? Did he mean to scandalise Officialdom, even at the expense of his own reputation? to doff the seriousness of the artist and don the motley of the clown, to fool the public? This was, on the whole, the public's notion: a comfortable one, since it is a nuisance anyhow to have to take an artist seriously, and accordingly to find that he does not take himself so is reassuring. Yes, Rodin was clearly fooling. And if on this occasion, why not on others? The fellow, in fact, was what most sane people had long ago suspected—an arrant charlatan; and his admirers, a flock of gullible and cackling geese. Ah! how their necks ached with straining to discover the merits of this Balzac! Of course they rubbed their silly heads together, and raised a clatter of adulation, but it was more suppressed than usual, intermittent and quavering. They were, in fact, a considerably discomfited flock.

Meanwhile, the statue had been rejected with much gnashing of Official tusks and Academic anathema, while the Crowd stood by and jeered. Perhaps it was the sculptor's proudest moment. Who knows? At any rate, nothing abashed, he set it up in the boutique that he had erected outside the gates of the International Exposition, and invited the cognoscenti of all the earth to come and see this New Thing. They came and went, bewildered. Then Rodin removed this offense to his big studio on the hill at Meudon, and gradually the excitement died down. The Balzac passed to the limbo of things rejected and, for a time, forgotten.

Behold, however, a marvel! One night, between moonrise and sunrise, while the world slept, silently and upon a sudden, the Spirit stirred in its plaster shell. With the expansion of its breath It was free of its material incumbrances, and stood forth in the moonlight on the studio floor, pure spirit. Then, with a sound as of the night air among the rushes by a pool, it passed out into the night; faintly stirring in its passage the leaves of a Japanese picture-book,

wherein were curious revelations of *La Comédie Humaine* as interpreted by the Oriental mind.

The Spirit is outside in the moonlight and the night. For a moment, in the exultation of its disembodied liberty, It halts beside the trees; the branches forming an interlace of blackness around the illumined head. For the moonlight is full upon the proud head: lambent on its lion's mane of hair, on the smooth high forehead, the arched nostrils and curling upper lip. Only the eyes are plunged in the depths of introspective mystery. Robed in shadow also is the form; rearing up like the swell of a wave, luminous upon the arch of its breast.

But the Spirit has moved and is now upon the summit of the hill, fronting the spiritual immensity of the sky. Paris and the world beyond are once again at its feet. Slumbering below is the breed of mortals, whom so often It had waked to a consciousness of life. But the Spirit's thought is not of them; not of the gnats on the stream of mortality; not of the fire-flies, tangled in fashion's maze; nor of the common fly that basks now on the beauty of a girl's cheek and now battens on the carrion thrust into the street. These are but ephemera; and the Spirit has passed beyond the concerns of a day, be it a day of fifty years as its own had been. Those hot days of the flesh are past; past too the cold clear consciousness of the intellect, the throes of creative insight and the throb of triumph at success achieved. These were but the accidents of fleeting moments; and the Spirit has passed into the permanence of Eternity, into the immensity of the Universal Force. It is toward the symbol of the Universal and the Eternal immensity, the moon-illumined sky, that the Spirit's gaze is turned.

As the moon pursues her path through space, the presence of the Spirit changes. Now It looms a darkened mass against the ocean of light, motionless on the edge of its ebb and tide; one foot advanced, like that of a strong swimmer about to plunge into the deep. Now the mass glows faintly phosphorescent, as the pale light of dawn comes slowly up to mingle with the moonlight. Midway the Spirit stands at the meeting place, where the half light that envelopes the darkness of our night feels the first embrace of the larger, fuller light that comes with the day of the Hereafter.

While the world below still slumbers, turning fitfully in its dreams and reaching out a hand to feel sure that what it loves is near, the Spirit, wrapt in the shadow of its own imperturbable calm, which is the calm of the Universe, stands fronting the coming of the larger light. One foot advanced, the head flung back, the shoulders squared, It stands, as an eagle on a mountain peak about to unfurl its wings for a leap into the liberty of boundless light.

Dawn has glinted on the studio roof. Broad day follows and the sculptor resumes his work. He looks a moment at the Balzac. "Will they ever," he murmurs, "understand my meaning?" And he laughs a little as one who can afford to wait.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

THE BUILDERS

"What are ye working so fast and fleet, O Humankind?
We are building cities for those whose feet are coming behind!"

THERE was once an architect, a great man in whose soul were both the traditions of the past and the visions of the future, so that all he built was strong and true, reared upon foundations that would outlive generations of men, and so noble in design and fair to look upon that men marveled, and proclaimed him the greatest of all builders. And yet, though his soul was filled with visions and his heart warm with the praises of his fellow men, he was not content, striving always to give the world something that he felt, but could not express in wood and stone. And so longing, his spirit took its flight, and went its long and silent way to the Land of Perfect Truth.

There he wandered on and on, till he came to an open space in the midst of a sunlit land, and saw, coming toward him from all directions, a multitude of men,—men whose upturned faces spoke welcome and great joy, and he knew, though none told him, that here at last he was to build the city of his dreams. Then he turned to the leaders, the unspoken question in his eye.

"We are the builders," they answered quietly. "Years and years we wrought for you, though you knew us not, working each in his narrow place, seeing not the vision, but trusting the master, and looking to the perfect end."

"And these?" he asked, pointing to a group of men who stood apart, watching him eagerly, as children might.

"These," answered the leader, "are they who served the builders—whose simple task it was to lift and carry. Their souls, oh Master, were cramped for light. They, of all the others, need you most."

"As I need them," answered the master, with tears in his eyes. "But who are you who speak for these others?"

"We are they who died in the cause—they who went far underground, to build the strong foundations, who swung from the turrets to give the last touch of beauty."

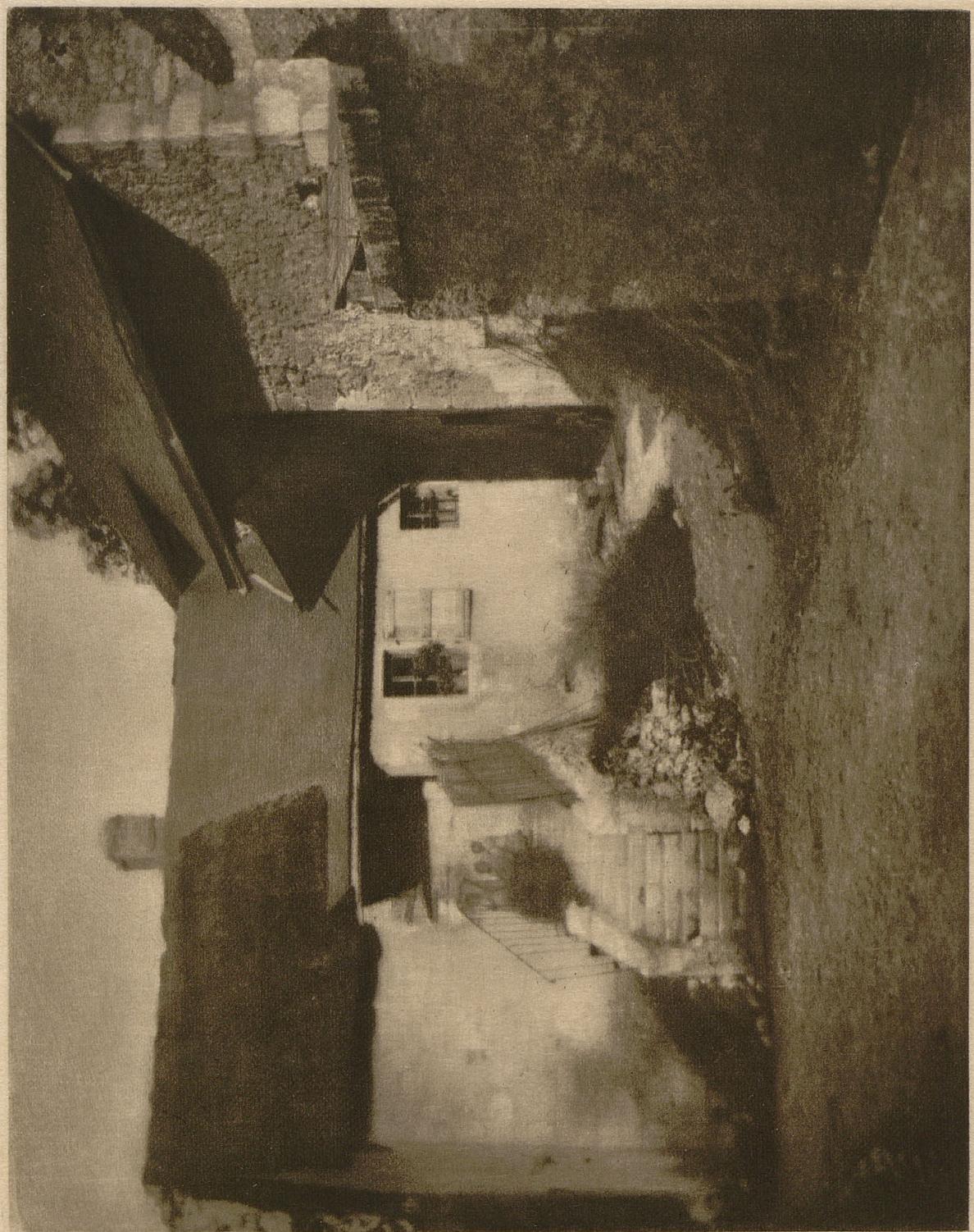
"Enough," cried the master, and this time the tears were in his voice as well. "Together we will build the Beautiful City, oh my brothers, together see the vision and make it a reality. And it shall be laid on foundations of love, not of sacrifice, and built in the light of knowledge, not by faith alone. Then indeed will we have perfect beauty, and we ourselves may call it good."

EUGENIA WALLACE.

PLATE

GEORGE DAVISON.

I. Houses near Aix-les-Bains.



THE ART "PUFFER"

IN art criticism, this is the age of the "puffer," the petty puffer, the authoritative puffer, the smiling puffer, the knavish puffer, the gentleman puffer.

If this is not believed read most of the stuff that passes for art criticism in New York. Great is the god Vogue! Mightier is the god Dollar.

Today, art criticism is the art of the stool-pigeon, the go-between between the advertising staff of many of the great metropolitan dailies and the art dealers, who pay, pay, pay.

Is the Art Critic honest? Bless you, yes! as honest as your average hireling, as loyal as a parasite on the body of a three-hundred pound newspaper proprietor, as honorable as a puppet—this truepenny of the Avenue, this counting-room hanger-on. For the age of the Hold-up man has gone forever, and it is a pity. There was something elemental and barbaric about the great, burly, unmasked fellow to whom you "forked over" for a column notice in a paper when you gave an exhibition.

But today we have to deal with his eviscerated and castrated descendant, Sir Puff, who kills by his silence and immortalizes the Vogue and fattens the dugs of the cow that he milks.

You have got to be in the ring to get a notice, and, for God's sake, advertise!

The Puffer is not on the level with the professional blackmailer because the blackmailer follows his profession with the penitentiary staring him in the face if he fails. The Puffer ignores on orders; and, being a skilled serving-man, his ignorance of certain places where originality struggles for breathing place rises to genius.

No. The ferret-eyed Art Puffer (which even the counter-boy in the business office of the Great Newspaper calls Art Critic with an ironic gulp and a green twinkle) takes no chances. Bribed? Not he! He knows a trick worth two of that. He slips by certain places on the other side of the street. He is Old Golightly. His nose can smell a penny under a mattress. His vision is oiled. He knows the art of where not to be seen. His sense of direction away from certain places is as unerring as a felon's. His brain is the organ with which his pocket thinks.

Nearly everybody nowadays aspires to be a Puffer. It is the latest blackmailers' Utopia. It yields both swag and reputation.

The Puffer is a hawk—he knows where to pounce.

The Puffer is carnivorous—but he knows what *not* to touch.

The Puffer is a fox—he has the sly air of never seeming to be going anywhere in particular.

The Puffer is a mouse—he never moves while you are looking.

His cosmos is the Public Eye.

How chagrined he looks when a penny rolls into the cesspool! This paid

attorney of artistic humbug, ancient and modern (humbug always advertises) would plunge his hand unhesitatingly through the filth to get his penny, but he remembers it will cost him the price of a bar of soap to clean them.

The lines on the brow of the Puffer have the subtle outline of worms. And why not? Is he not a wriggling Worm-God? Ask his owner, the sacro-sanct newspaper proprietor.

This King of the Fifth Avenue underworld has neither the ability nor the genius to be really wicked. "My kingdom on the table," he demands, like Hilda Wangel. And his kingdom is a one-hundred line double column ad. For the Puffer is a Masterbuilder of reputations.

Where, then, will the Dear Puffer go when he dies? He can't get into Heaven because it would bore him to death. He can't go to hell because there is no corner down there small enough into which he can crawl.

Will the soul of the Puffer go to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean and become a sponge?

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

COME, ALL YE LIVING!

COME, all ye living, camp against the dead.
Go forth and give them battle, who have sold
The future into bondage. All too bold
Are their unseen battalions, and the dread
Of their long silence like a cloud of lead
Lies on our music. Break each ancient mould
Of barren custom where the soul grows cold;
Break and destroy the empire of the dead!

Let never trumpet sound the happy truce
Till they are dust, abolished every one,
Who keep the world in chains of darkness. Loose
The lark of hope that suffers for the sun
And fill the sky with singing. Slay, oh, slay
The tyrant Past and wake, for it is day!

LEONARD VAN NOPPEN.

SOME IMPRESSIONS FROM THE INTERNATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPOSITION, DRESDEN

AT Dresden, this year, painting and sculpture made way for photography. The permanent exposition buildings at the Austellungs-Park had been adapted to the requirements of a photographic exposition, which for completeness and consequent interest excelled anything of the kind ever attempted. For it represented in panoramic review not only the developments which the craft itself has attained, but also the uses to which it is being applied in other than pictorial directions. It was indeed the first thoroughly organized effort to show with some measure of detail the extent to which photography has ramified in modern civilization; how, apart from its familiar service in the way of pictorial representation, it has grown to be the resourceful and continually more trusted handmaid of science, education, and sociological reform. So enlightening was its evidence of the far-reaching possibilities of photography that the example set by Dresden will necessarily be followed in other progressive communities; and already, I was told in (Buda-Pesth,) a similar exposition is being organized in that city.

For the readers of *CAMERA WORK* no direct reference need be made to the departments in which the utility of photography for purposes of research and record was so variously and amply demonstrated. Yet indirectly this accumulated evidence was full of suggestion even for those who are identified with the art solely as a means of pictorial expression. It served to emphasize, for example, two points that from their very unquestionableness are apt to be overlooked: the intrinsic value of photography as a means of record and the fact that such value is due to its scientific properties.

These, of course, are the precise points that have commended it and made it so invaluable to the scientific student. *Per contra* they are the very points of which many who use photography for the purpose of picture-making seem to be distrustful. Instead of jealously preserving the integrity of the photographic record, they adopt endless devices to elude it; in place of relying upon the scientific precision of their medium, they resort to the slipshod of accident and to the trickiness of personal interference. In their eagerness to be artists they disregard in their art what the scientists most highly prize. They tumble, in fact, into the pit which the painters, jealous of photography, have dug for their discomfiture. "We admit," say the painters, "that photography is of great value to the scientist and to all others desiring an accurate record of visible facts; but we deny its claim to be considered a medium of artistic expression, because you cannot control it from start to finish." So to prove the fallacy of this the photographers—not all perhaps, but certainly too many,—adopt another fallacy. They prostitute the scientific integrity of their art to the specious pretext of personal expression. They begin where they ought to leave off; and the painter looks on and smiles. For he has begun by learning the rudiments of his own art; what, in fact, can be done with charcoal, brush

or needle; something also of the chemical properties of the particular medium that he uses; and has been content to wait till he has mastered the essentials before indulging in the idiosyncrasies of personal expression. Why, then, should he not smile at the photographer who tries to be an artist before he has learned to be a craftsman?

The painter, however, judges this lack of craftsmanship by reference to the points, particularly those of composition, that photography shares with his own art. But the student of pictorial photography may easily find a graver charge of inadequacy, based upon a failure in respect to the qualities of photography that are fundamentally photographic. Need I repeat that these are the product of the essentially scientific nature of the process, and of the precision of the photographic record? It is an arbitrary interference with the latter and an ignorance of the former, which are responsible for so much that is tediously commonplace in ordinary commercial photography and so solemnly inefficient in the work of the ambitious "pictorialist." It was this that the Dresden Exposition so impressively emphasized.

Here was conclusively displayed the enormous importance of photography. Its immense field of usefulness, as shown here, was sufficient to stir the most lethargic imagination. It has penetrated into regions of study and practice with which the average man had not hitherto associated it. After seeing this exposition he may not be far wrong in concluding that, with the possible exception of that of steam, no discovery has so affected the surface and depths of modern civilization. And the nucleus of its influence is that in an age, newly and more profoundly awakened to the scientific aspects of existence, photography is itself a scientific process, lending itself at every turn to the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge. That it is scientific is at once the significance and the measure of its value. And none the less in that department which impinges on the picture-making. In an age when even painting is borrowing from science, it is no mere co-incidence that graphic art has been enriched by a scientific process. It is this belief in photography as the evolution of a new service to art as well as to science, that should be the pride of the pictorial photographer and must be his principle and practice, if he is to develop his art to its legitimate possibility. On the other hand to whittle down the value of the individual record to the dead sameness of conventional trickery or to substitute for the certainties of science the flip-flops of personal expression, is to be false to the best of what photography is capable. One had known this before, but became more than ever impressed with it after seeing the Dresden Exposition. Indeed, a general impression of the latter suggested that the honors of the show rested chiefly with the departments which illustrated the scientific application of photography, that the pictorial sections were by comparison uninspiring, and for the reasons at which I have already hinted.

For the purposes of classification they were divided into groups of professional photography and of amateur photography, with a third sandwiched in between. This was the International Group of Art Photographers, which comprised most of the Secessionists and some others; all of them pro-

fessionals, but distinguished as a group, presumably, by the principle, at least, of subordinating commercial to artistic considerations. It included, as did the professional group, representation from various countries, so that the aggregate presented a twofold comparison: on the one hand, between the character of the work of different countries and on the other between the aims and methods of what I may venture to distinguish as the artistic *plus* commercial with the commercial *plus* artistic. The general conclusion that I drew from these two sources of comparison is, that in artistic photography America unquestionably takes the lead, but just as conspicuously falls behind some of the other countries in the photograph of commerce. In enlarging upon this I desire to individualize as little as possible, for in the main my impressions were general ones, and such value as they may have must be rather in the nature of generalizations.

A distinction that separates the artist photographer from the photographer of commerce is that the former aims chiefly to satisfy himself, the latter his clients. The "professional" regulates his standard of achievement to their level of appreciation or seeks to raise the latter to his own more cultivated taste. In either case his success must depend upon his work possessing certain distinctive features. He may not, like the artist photographer, strive for personal expression; but his prints must have a measure of individuality in order to attract and keep a particular clientele, and it is by the nature and character of this individuality that they may be fairly judged.

Now from an exposition such as that at Dresden one becomes aware of a broad distinction in the nature and character of the individuality, as exhibited, respectively, by those who play down to and by those who lift the level of popular appreciation. While the latter are disposed to rely on the actual resources of the photographic medium, the former adopt more purely *ad captandum* devices and are rather disposed to imitate the tricks of some other of the graphic mediums.

Here, for example, is one who adopts the catch phrase a "Photographer of Men," and his exhibit demonstrated how strenuously he regards his vocation. He had arranged his group of portraits, so that big prints alternated with small ones, the whole forming a kind of chequer board of very and less emphatic spots; so that the general effect was one of a series of detonations, due to the explosion of a gigantic firecracker. It was impossible not to be violently impressed. I almost found myself begrudging the originals their pride of place in such a conflict of blusterous assertion. It must be exhilarating to find oneself recognized as a man among men, so aggressively upholding the unadorned virtues of one's own sex in face of the trimmed and tricked out vanities of the other. Great, indeed, is Man and the "Photographer of Men" is his prophet!

Then, again from Fifth Avenue, New York, hails another "professional," whose inclination is toward the fairer sex and whose speciality consists in making his prints counterfeit the appearance of an Eighteenth Century mezzotint. That the latter, at best, but feebly reproduces the subtleties of light, which comes easily within the grasp of the photograph, does not distress him; for as

a matter of fact, it is not with intrinsic qualities he is occupied, but with those that are specious and meretricious. It is on the sentimental prettiness of superficial accidents that he relies: the oval print, the artifice of pose, the coy introduction of flowers and ribbons, the general sweetness of the *tout en ensemble*. These delighted the fine ladies of the Eighteenth Century; why should they be less potent in satisfying the vanity of the Nineteenth? So he adopts these devices, and apparently they please. His method is tricky and cheap but presumably "there is money in it," which according to the editorial utterance of our new periodical, "Photographic Progress" (vide the September issue), "is the best of all possible reasons for adopting it."

Again, from his studio in Boylston Street, Boston, another "professional" imitates the arrangement of an old-English painted portrait. The latter is more worthy than the mezzotint of the same period, and to this extent the device has more to recommend it than the one just mentioned. But it is essentially a trick, whether the effect is obtained by a painted backcloth hung behind the figure or by painting a landscape on to the negative; for in neither case is the illumination of the landscape the same as that of the figure. Neither is it, you may reply, in the case of portraits by Reynolds or Gainsborough. But in these we may accept the convention as a reasonable one, since the chiaroscuro throughout is a studio convention based on no truth of actual light values. A photograph, on the other hand, is a composition the very fabric of which can be constructed of values of light in natural relation. Not to rely on these, or to interfere with them by the introduction of arbitrary artificial chiaroscuro is to cheat the medium of its essential possibilities. And this is the fault of all these extraneous trickeries of which I have noted only a few examples, as being more or less characteristic of the contrivances for tickling the popular taste.

The best that can be said of them is that they offer a momentarily welcome contrast to the barren monotony of the average commercial output. But I am disposed to believe that they are even more prejudicial than the latter in their influence upon the technical and artistic development of the craft. For in both respects they are false; and falsehood, particularly if speciously attractive, is more injurious than the merely commonplace. One of its results is apparent in the kind of photograph that is selected for use by the magazines, and not alone by the cheaper ones. Very few editors have taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with those qualities in a print which are peculiarly and most worthily photographic. What they seek is something that will make an emphatic spot of illustration on a page, and they find it in these bastard prints. Hence the fact that, though they have all the resources of photography within their reach, they are content to pass them over for some meretriciously attractive print. The use of the latter continually tends to lower the dignity of the craft and to maintain the ignorance of the public as to its real value, while putting an argument into the mouths of those who choose to belittle it.

And apropos of this I note that the new periodical, "Photographic Progress," seems for the present to have assumed an attitude of sitting on the fence. Naturally its editors are desirous of a big circulation but they appear to hesitate

as to where to look for it. At one moment, their eyes are on the masses of photographers, and to catch their unreasoning allegiance they make a show of belittling those fanatics, the "art-photographers." But, on the other hand, at another moment, they give evidence of a worthier aim. They lay stress upon the necessity of a closer study of the technical aspects of the craft. It is true there seems to be an implied suggestion that the technical is in some way opposed to the artistic; and perhaps a good deal of the would-be artistic photography justifies the insinuation. But even with this little kink in the chain of reasoning, the advice is to be applauded; for a thorough familiarity with the technicalities of the craft must precede any really satisfactory artistic use of it; and, given the familiarity, the operator who has any true artistic feeling will not be slow to develop it. This in fact, is already one of the lessons of the Dresden Exposition.

For it was evident that those in the American section of professional photographers, whose work stood out with particularly creditable distinction, are just the ones who have been developing the artistic quality of their prints by reliance upon the technical possibilities of the process. I have in mind especially Eugene Hutchinson of Chicago, Dr. Arnold Genthe of San Francisco, and, with a less degree of achievement, Henry Pierce of Boston. Mrs. Käsebier is naturally to be included in this reference, though her actual exhibit at Dresden did not show her at her best. For she chose to make it a demonstration of processes rather than of her own special capacities; and, while her example of a platinum print was of the quality that her comprehension of this process usually ensures, and that of a bromide was passably agreeable, her experiments with Japanese tissue printing and with the gum-process were more than a little distressing. And the reason was simple: that the technicalities of the gum process particularly have eluded her grasp. In fact, what is best in this lady's work, is the outcome of the ideal of craftsmanship that drew her into co-operation with the other workers, whose numbers, since increased, make up the present membership of the Secession. It is from the Secession also that Hutchinson and Pierce, though not members of that group, have drawn their inspiration; but with a certain difference of results that is altogether in favor of the former. Both are developing the use of the process as a medium for making pictures, whose essential value shall depend upon their being composed of light in adjusted relations of tone and light values, with charm of texture in the quality of the several gradations from white to black. But Pierce's prints show less control of the technical resources than the Chicago photographer's; their values, if I may so say, have a tendency to jump their claims. The result betrays a recognition of the value of the technical processes rather than a personal feeling for what may be attained by them. On the other hand, it is just in this respect that Hutchinson exhibits a superiority. He does not give the impression of merely utilizing a valuable expedient, but of having some comprehension of and feeling for the artistic possibilities it involves. And this was precisely the impression that I gathered from the exhibition of the German professionals.

As a group, the German "professional" work excelled that of any other country in several notable particulars. To sum them up, the work was the least hackneyed, and the versatility it displayed was based, not on extraneous devices, but upon the essential resources of the medium. It is only fair, however, to add that the impression, thus gained of the whole exhibit, proved upon further acquaintance to be due to the signal superiority of a few individuals: conspicuously of Rudolf Dührkoop of Berlin and Hamburg; Hugo Erfuth of Dresden, and Franz Grainer of Munich. These men show the influence of the Secession. But, in saying this, I do not suggest that they have borrowed of this or of that member of it. On the contrary, they have caught something of the spirit of the Secession, which in its aggregate is a great deal bigger than the contribution of any of its separate units. Probably they have missed its biggest inspiration, even as many of the Secessionists themselves have missed or lost it. I mean the spirit of unselfishness, mutual helpfulness and impersonal surrender; a habit of thought and conduct that none of us can venture to say we have attained, though we may still hold to it as the worthiest of ideals. But something of the spirit of the Secession in its practical application to photography they certainly have caught; namely, that principle of striving for the best artistic results through technical honesty and conscientious craftsmanship. And in the application of this principle they exhibit the characteristically German traits of superior comprehension and thoroughness. They suggest the possession of a higher order of mind than is usually associated with photography; a mind trained to analyze, draw conclusions and patiently pursue them. It is this sort of cultivated mind, rather rare in other countries but characteristic of German education, that they have brought to bear upon what the Secession offers in the way of suggestion; and it has given them a sound basis of technical familiarity with the resources of the medium, upon which the versatility of the German temperament may display itself. Thus their work is distinguished by a variety of treatment and a fertility of resource that are in refreshing contrast to the more hackneyed methods of the American group, and freer also from the obvious straining after distinction that is disposed to characterise the group of Austrian professionals. Pichier's work for example, among the latter, suggests to me that he sets out to do a big thing, instead of doing the biggest of which he is capable with the everyday thing, as it comes along in the ordinary routine.

In this respect, of being a constructor of imposing compositions, one might describe Pichier as being the Austrian analogue of our own Herzog. Both have invaded that province of painting which is not concerned with the facts of sight but with the creations of the imagination. While Herzog, however, emulates the methods of the great Italians, Pichier vies with the moderns, particularly Böcklin. Each, in doing so, I venture to believe (and the lesson of the Dresden Exposition seems to enforce my belief), is going outside the real *métier* of the camera; but I hope to return to this subject in a later article. Meanwhile there is a great difference between the two men; for while Herzog's compositions are purely artificial, Pichier's have a setting of actual out-of-door

nature. Moreover, the latter's work proves him to be far the more accomplished photographer of the two. He also has profited by the ideals of the Secession.

The work of the latter was not shown in a separate group, but in association with the work of other photographers who, while not Secessionists, are pursuing a corresponding end along similar lines. The prints of all these photographers should be so well known to readers of *CAMERA WORK*, that I will not enlarge upon them here, but merely record one impression which I derived from the display as a whole. In a pictorial sense it was the keystone of the whole exhibition; representing in its practical advocacy of artistic excellence by means of technical resourcefulness, the principle which supports the whole arch of photography, considered as a means of pictorial record. On the other hand I seemed to find in it a certain exhaustion of vitality. The very search for "quality" that has been the distinction of these prints, seems to be tending toward an indifference to other features of value, notably interest of subject and freshness of observation and treatment. It is too big a subject to tackle at the end of an article and I mention it here only as a prelude to taking it up thoroughly on a later occasion. But, in the case of painting, we have seen the "Art for Art's" sake principle justify itself, do its stint of service, and then die of inanition. I propose to raise the question whether the work of the Secession does not need a little fresh nutriment, if it is to avoid a similar fate.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

To the artist who is eager for fame, his work finally becomes but a magnifying glass which he offers to every one who happens to look his way.

NIETZSCHE.

PLATES

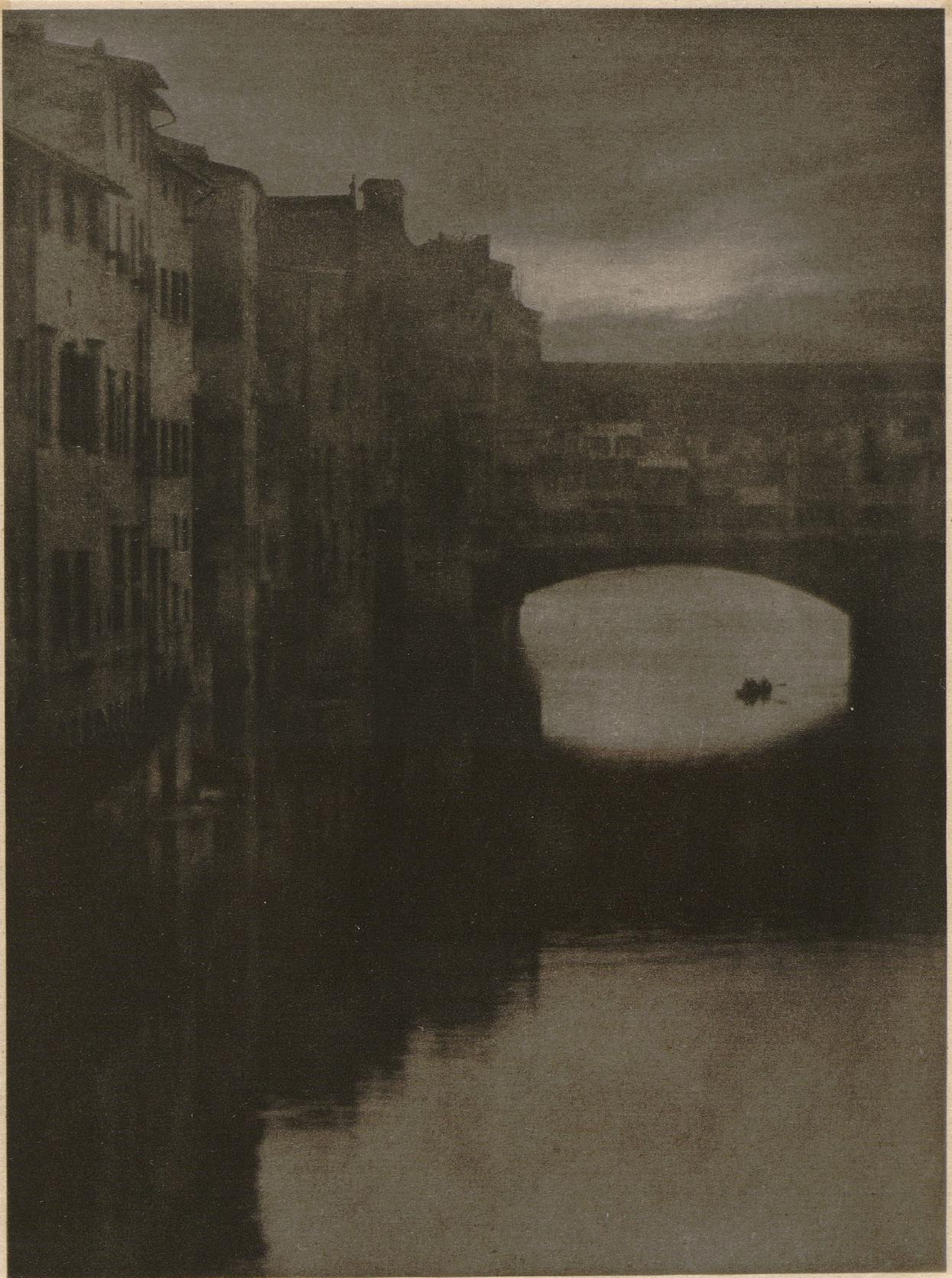
PAUL B. HAVILAND.

I. Portrait—Miss G. G.

MARSHALL R. KERNOCHAN.

II. Ponte Vecchio—Florence.





THE "INTERNATIONAL GROUP" AT THE DRESDEN EXPOSITION

THE following is a free translation of an article by Professor Dr. Paul Schumann, which appeared in the *Dresdner Anzeiger*, June 24th, 1909, on the subject of the photographs shown by the "International Group." This "group" was called into existence for this particular exhibition only by Mr. Heinrich Kühn, of Innsbruck, who selected its members and designated the number of prints each member was to show :

In the beginning it was photography—just plain photography. It was classified as "art" and no objection was raised. Later on, even to the present exhibition, a differentiation was made between professional and amateur photography. At the same time people began to talk about art photography, and many critics brought forth ingenious arguments to prove that a photographer could not be an artist. At the very outset of the movement, 1843–1845, the painter, David Octavius Hill, made such excellent portraits as were not duplicated during the next fifty years. Hill was no professional, as he did not work for gain; nor was he an amateur, as he did not pursue the process as a pastime, but merely as a preparatory study for the large portrait groups that he painted for private and municipal associations. Hill's paintings are as hard and awkward as the ordinary group portrait, but his photographs are masterpieces. Whether Hill was an artist is difficult to decide in the light of latter-day contentions. He was an industrious painter of mediocre talent and yet an excellent portrait photographer. The use of photographs for ordinary portrait paintings has become a general custom; and occasionally one may find photographic delineations so excellent in quality as to make them preferable to the average painted portrait.

A difference analogous to that of art and photography seems to exist between amateurs and professionals. The difference does not lie in the valuation, for amateurs also sell their prints. Neither does technical perfection mark the dividing line. Excellent workmanship can be found in both classes of workers. Perhaps it would be more just to say that the amateur photographs what he likes, while the professional executes direct orders; but even progress here is noticeable. The advanced professional can no longer be induced to make cheap pictures; he has the courage to say that he makes artistic photographs to suit his own fancy, and that the ordinary portraits may be had across the way. What does this imply? That the differentiation between amateur and professional products is steadily on the decrease, and that some day photographs will be judged solely by the standard of being either good or bad. Good prints will be accepted and bad or mediocre prints rejected. An adequate jury system in this exhibition could have easily reduced the exhibits—professional as well as amateur—to one-third of their present number. The exhibition would have gained in quality and become more easily comprehensible.

In the meanwhile we must take things as they are. . . . Only eighteen members of established reputation form the International Group of Art Photographers. Many of their names are familiar to us from the Hamburg Exhibition in 1892, where (rather to our detriment) we made our first acquaintance with the advanced productions of American, French and English workers. Since then the Austrians, Kühn, Henneberg, Spitzer, and the late Watzek, joined the ranks. Then, in 1902, when Ernst Juhl introduced in his magazine the work of the American, Eduard J. Steichen, we encountered a veritable storm of opposition. The surprise and irritation that greet all artistic innovations gradually gave way to appreciation and today nobody would deny that the International Art Photographers march in the very vanguard of artistic endeavor. Their exhibit was arranged by Heinrich Kühn, of Innsbruck.

The International Society is really nothing more than a group of American workers who have admitted a few distinguished foreigners into their ranks. Of the eighteen members eleven hail from America; three are British; while France and Austria claim each two members. Germany is not represented unless it were by Frank Eugene (Smith), who, although an American, resides in Munich.

There is no gainsaying that these Americans do wonderful work. Look at the thirty prints by Steichen, for instance. One is surprised at the perfect mastery of technique, at the comprehensive use of the photographic medium as an art expression, at the versatility of conception that never repeats itself, the powerful handling of contrasts, of light and dark, and its application to the expression of moods. The limitations of photography are carefully considered, conventionality and exaggeration are avoided and crude theatrical effects are absent.

The majority of his portraiture is devoted to the delineation of famous contemporaries. This is in itself of interest. The group of celebrities includes the two American Presidents, Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft; the English painter, Watts; the German portraitist, Lenbach; the Parisian novelist, Anatole France; the London poet, Bernard Shaw; the Berlin composer, Strauss; the Italian actress, Eleonore Duse, etc. Yet their charm and value do not center solely in the personalities represented, but equally in the photographer's natural and individual conception of each sitter; in the modulation of tone; and the emphasis of character by carefully selected environment and a peculiar method of lighting, which immediately causes the beholder's attention to center upon the face.

In his "Taft" we are fascinated by an instantaneous expression of good-humored smile, so well known to Americans. His "Watts" attracts us by the dignity of the old man's beautiful profile emerging in strong light from a dark background. In Lenbach we admire the penetrating glance of the painter's eyes; and in Duse the self-chastised expression of a woman suffering for art's sake. Technically, everything is perfect, with exception perhaps of the Roosevelt portrait, where the left side of the face is lost in darkness without any redeeming shimmer and translucent quality.

Steichen possesses to a rare degree the art of attracting attention by all sorts of minor technicalities, and yet his art is free of mannerisms. He has thoroughly mastered the manifold possibilities of chiaroscuro and understands to apply them with rare precision to each individual picture. How powerful is, for instance, the storm in the "Garden of the Gods." One actually sees the clouds sweep by and break their fury against the architecture of the rocks. Indeed a marvelous delineation of the irresistible power of the elements. Great skill is shown in the placing of clouds and rocks, and the selection of the viewpoint.

And what a beautiful contrast it affords to the chestnut trees in bloom, a picture filled with the simple poetry of nature and carried out in a delicate, decorative mood. How well did the photographer understand to reduce the appearance of all forms to their most essential elements and to write the conflicting planes of light and darkness into a harmonious entity.

A powerful contrast of sombre darkness and luminous light is shown in his "Versailles," similar to that of his "Trinity Church, New York," in which the effect is produced by the juxtaposition of a brightly illuminated skyscraper and the peaceful silence of a dark church building. Pictures of this kind do not depict actualities; they announce the spontaneous vigor of the virtuoso, yet prove beyond dispute that Steichen is a true artist who "with the help of photography has something individual to say." Surprisingly effective too is his Rodin with the Victor Hugo and the "Penseur" all united into one picture, an excellent example of the combination of animate and inanimate figures by skilful contrasts of light and shade. Then too in his nudes Steichen reveals himself as a man of exquisite taste; they are mere studies and pretend to be nothing else; but the charm of the human form as seen in delicate clair-obscur is reproduced with consummate skill.

If we speak of art in photography we naturally realize that its expression is limited as far as the free independent use of imagination is concerned. This most ideal element of art expression is barred in the pictorialist. He is always tied down to nature, although he can *select* the object, the viewpoint, and the lighting. He can bring his motive into the boundary lines of a frame and by technical means accentuate and eliminate, and emphasize the impression. Within his very limitations the photographer has an abundance of possibilities at his command, which he can utilize to express his own *individuality* and artistic intentions.

It is quite certain that nobody would ever mistake a photograph by Steichen for one by Clarence H. White, another American, who proves his individual standard of excellence by two dozen pictures. He does not favor dramatic effects; his art has something gentle and feminine.

He restricts himself to small prints, mostly indoor views. Only occasionally does he venture forth, camera in hand, into a garden or the open country. He apparently dislikes strong contrasts, and favors light silver-grey tonalities which pervade the whole picture. Within these boundaries he reigns supreme. Pictures like "Curtesy" (a girl in holiday attire curtesying before a grey wall), "Morning" (a girl with a crystal ball at a river in a dim and misty atmosphere), and the "Orchard" (purchased by the Royal "Kupferstichkabinett"), are exquisite inventions, masterly in their evenness of execution.

Alfred Stieglitz takes us in his pictures to the life out of doors. Truly international is his selection of themes. He has found inspiration in New York as readily as on the banks of the Seine; in the dunes of Holland, and the mountains of Tyrol. He, too, prefers an even tonality without strong contrasts, no doubt because he realizes how far more difficult it is to make something beautiful out of a simple motive, without any extraordinary effect. His "Gossip-Katwyk" and "Landing of the Boats" are charming in their straightforwardness, their clearness of expression and suggestion of space. Similar are his herd of goats on the Seine; the superb picture of "The Netmender," one of the few pictures of large size in this exhibit. The time has passed when large gum prints represented the height of pictorial achievement. The larger the size of the print, the more difficult will become the execution. Excessive enlargement of the foreground is sure to produce unevenness of effect and dead surfaces without any textural charm. This criticism does not necessarily apply to Heinrich Kühn's "Roman Villa," as the enlargement has not assumed exaggerated dimensions, but the broad decorative effect and classic stateliness of this most careful composition is equalled, if not surpassed, by the more intimate charms of many of his smaller prints. More important and powerful is Kühn's "Valley of the Inn." Other exhibits of the same artist consist of excellent portraits; three prints which are catalogued as studies in tone; and a still life of a tea service. They reveal most convincingly the serious intentions of this remarkable exponent of pictorialism to conquer "the peculiar beauty of the photographic print, and the modulation of tone with all the possibilities of illumination and of the art of shadows."

Of special interest are the photographs of Adolph De Meyer of London. He seems to lay special stress upon portraiture, and the specimens on exhibition are the expression of refined and aristocratic taste. Each of his portraits has its own individual arrangement, light effect, and tonality, while all, without exception, have naturalness and a gentle harmony in common, and fascinate us by a distinguished and remote estheticism. His still lifes of fruit and glassware show an uncommonly fine sense for values and vague surface beauty.

A peculiar note is struck by the Parisian pictorialist, Robert Demachy. He is a painter and draughtsman, and is also known as a pioneer of photographic technique and writer on professional topics. Like the modern artist he selects insignificant motives and executes them in small dimensions. Many a visitor may have passed his exhibits without noticing them; but upon closer scrutiny his pictures like "Port of Le Havre" and "Street in Ploermal" reveal rare pictorial feeling. They are (if we are not mistaken) made in the peculiar oil-print process which was perfected by Demachy.

The well-known Glasgow photographer, J. Craig Annan, has sent only a few pictures, but every one is a masterpiece and impresses itself on our memory.

There is his "Sterling Castle," a complex structure famous through historical associations of Scotch royalty. The picturesque material is heightened in its effectiveness by the superb depth of tone and a remarkable transparency of light. Details like the white horse (resembling one of Wouverman's quadrupeds) do not disturb the tonal effect. The spirited animal seems to have been introduced for no other reason than to brighten up, in an inobtrusive manner, a dark part of the picture.

There has been much argument whether vagueness or clearness of form is more artistic. The present tendency is toward vagueness; but that artistic results are obtainable by precision of form is shown best by Stieglitz' "The Netmender," and Craig Annan's "Sterling Castle," and his magnificent portrait of Rev. Donald Macleod. A vague symbolic tendency is noticeable in his "Botticelli." On the wall hangs an oval panel by the Florentine Primitive and before it stands a contemplating maiden with a Botticelli coiffure. The sentiment is fairly well expressed. Rather

exaggerated in the attempt of producing a mood pictorially appears George H. Seeley's "Burning of Rome," which depicts two girls in the foreground with some misty effects in the background indicating smoke and fire. His three pictures with flickering sun spots, on the other hand, are interesting as photographic light problems.

A pendant to the "Sterling Castle" is George Davison's "Harlech Castle." The imposing ruin has been placed in the middle distance in a way as to dominate the whole picture. Skilful vagueness of form in connection with the soft grey tonality lends a fortunate charm to the picture which harmonizes well with the subject. Even more delicate effects have been obtained in his "Clouded Sun" and "Lowland River."

Interesting and out of the ordinary motives are to be found among Alvin Langdon Coburn's work. He places with preference some decided shape in the foreground in contrast to the background. Peculiar silhouettes and unusual light effects attract him and he manages to combine them into attractive designs, as for instance "Wapping," "Cadiz," "Shadows and Reflection," "Firework," etc. His portrait of Bernard Shaw is also very interesting. The other members of the International Society like William B. Dyer, Frank Eugene (Smith), Herbert G. French, Annie W. Brigman, and Joseph T. Keiley have only sent a few prints. They have presented merely, as it were, their photographic visiting cards. Worthy of special mention are studies of Indians by Keiley.

The final impression that one carries away from this exhibition is that all these works represent art, an art which, although limited by its imitative qualities, reveals good taste, avoiding exaggeration and photographic impossibilities; a well-trained eye that comprehends more than ordinary vision; technical strength capable of conquering all difficulties; and the note of individual temperament which guides and conquers at will the beauties of light.

NOTES ON THE DRESDEN EXPOSITION—AWARDS

IN all expositions awards in the shape of "diplomas for medals" are usually more than plentiful. Diplomas are inexpensive, and for that reason the Board of Management is apt to encourage juries not to stint with recognition. In this respect Dresden proved no exception. In the section devoted to pictorial photography, which was the largest in the whole exposition, there were catalogued three subdivisions: Professional Photography; Amateur Photography; and Art Photography. In the first subdivision virtually every other exhibitor was honored; in the second, every sixth; while in the Art section the pictures were "not in competition." In the class "Professional Photography," six actual medals were given; twenty diplomas for the gold medal; and fifty-four diplomas for silver medals. The following Americans were honored in this class:

Medal of the City of Dresden: Frank Eugene, of New York and Munich.

Diplomas for the Gold Medal: F. A. Bradley, New York; Frank Scott Clark, Detroit; E. B. Core, New York; Pirie MacDonald, New York; Elias Goldensky, Philadelphia; Eugene Hutchinson, Chicago; Gertrude Käsebier, New York; J. C. Strauss, St. Louis.

Diplomas for Silver Medal: A. L. Bowers, Dayton; R. T. Dooner, Philadelphia; George Edmonson, Cleveland; J. Mitchell Elliot, Philadelphia; J. H. Garo, Boston; Dudley Hoyt, New York; Meredith Janvier, Baltimore; Henry Havelock Pierce, Boston; Ryland W. Phillips, Philadelphia; A. T.

Proctor, Huntington; Hermann Schervee, Worcester; Simon Stein, Milwaukee.

Mr. Pirie MacDonald arranged and collected the American Professional Section with the exception of Mr. Eugene's exhibit. Mr. Eugene exhibited in three classes, as an independent exhibitor as "professional;" in the exhibit of the Bavarian State School of Photography as teacher; and as member of the "International Group of Art Photographers."

In the "Amateur" section, 75 plaquettes were awarded, the Americans receiving nine of them; Henry Berger, Jr.; J. N. Field; Edwin E. Keller; F. Augustin Lindburg; Gertrude E. Man; W. H. Porterfield; Edward B. Sides; R. L. Sleeth, Jr.; and Augustus Thibaudeau. The American collection of amateur work represented about one hundred exhibitors and was arranged by Mr. F. R. Fraprie.

The pictures of the "International Group" which constituted the subdivision devoted to "Art Photography," were "not in competition." The pictures of this group were collected by Herr Heinrich Kühn, of Austria, at the invitation of the exhibition authorities. The Hall of Honor was placed at Mr. Kühn's disposal, and the 250 pictures housed therein. The collection was universally conceded to have deserved this distinction and to have been the keynote of the entire pictorial section. The following photographers had been invited and were represented in the exhibit: Annie W. Brigman, San Francisco, 6 pictures; Alvin Langdon Coburn, New York and London, 17; F. Holland Day, Boston, 4; W. B. Dyer, Chicago, 1; Frank Eugene, of New York and Munich, 7; Herbert G. French, Cincinnati, 4; Joseph T. Keiley, Brooklyn, 6; George H. Seeley, Stockbridge, 6; Eduard J. Steichen, New York and Paris, 30; Alfred Stieglitz, New York, 14; Clarence H. White, New York, 23; J. Craig Annan, Glasgow, 7; George Davison, London, 5; Robert Demachy, Paris, 10; Heinrich Kühn, Austria, 23; Baron A. de Meyer, London and Dresden, 8; Friedrich V. Spitzer, Vienna, 6.

From this collection several German Art Museums purchased prints.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THROUGH the aid of Mrs. William Sharp and Mr. J. Craig Annan we are enabled to give the readers of *CAMERA WORK* another opportunity of enjoying some more of D. O. Hill's beautiful photographic work, done nearly seventy years ago. Annan has taken six of the original Hill negatives and has interpreted them in photogravure in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired. The photogravures once more prove Annan's mastery of the most beautiful of all photographic processes—photogravure.

George Davison, at one time quite a prolific worker, in recent years only occasionally produces a picture which he cares to let the public see. The plate in this issue is one of those rare occasions. Annan is also responsible for this photogravure, which is as full of quality as the Hill gravures.

In introducing the work of Messrs. Paul B. Haviland, and Marshall R. Kernochan, of New York to our readers, two new names of promise are added to the list of interesting workers. Neither are beginners as far as photography is concerned. As in much of the American work, it is exceedingly difficult to hold the original print quality in the reproduction, yet the Manhattan Photogravure Company has done all that possibly could be done in that respect.

The tenth and last plate is a photogravure by Coburn of one of his own subjects. It is more fully referred to elsewhere in this number of *CAMERA WORK*.

LONDON—TWENTY GRAVURES BY COBURN

HILAIRE BELLOC, M. P., who wrote the introduction to "London", by Coburn, which has just been published, says:

"This collection of photographs of London has been in preparation by Mr. Coburn for the past five years; but technically they represent the latest development of his art. His reputation as a master of photographic printing has been gained by single prints in gum and platinotype, each of which cost considerably more to produce than all the prints in this volume. He found it impossible to hand over his negatives for reproduction by commercial processes without losing the personal qualities on which the artistic value of his work depends. Recognizing, nevertheless that in photogravure Commerce has produced a method capable of rivalling mezzotint in the hands of an artist, he set himself to master this process also; and he has now, as the impressions in this volume show, won the same command of it as of his earlier methods, and can not only produce prints comparable to his finest achievements in gum-platinotype, but reproduce them with certainty at a cost which makes such a publication as the present possible.

The photogravure plates from which the pictures have been printed have not been made in a factory from Mr. Coburn's negatives, but by his own hands. Every step of the process has been carried out by himself in his studio with the artistic result aimed at constantly in view, thus placing the process on the artistic footing of etching, lithography and mezzotint.

Like Whistler, Mr. Coburn has the advantage of looking at London much more imaginatively than any born Londoner could. What he shows us is there, as the camera testifies; but few of us had seen it until Mr. Coburn showed it to us."

We can add only that the book shows Coburn at his best. His gravure "On the Embankment" which appears as Plate X in this number of *CAMERA WORK* is one of twenty in the book. Two others, "Waterloo Bridge" and "London Bridge", have already appeared in *CAMERA WORK*, Number XV. The other seventeen are fully equal to these in interest. The performance is worthy of his reputation; and all those interested either in London, Coburn,

or photogravure, not to speak of those interested in photography, must not fail to see this publication. Brentano, New York, is its American publisher, while in London it is in the hands of Duckworth & Company. Orders may be placed through *CAMERA WORK*, as well as with the publishers.

PHOTO-SECESSION NOTES

RODIN'S "BALZAC" BY EDUARD J. STEICHEN

FROM April 21st to May 7th the rooms of the Little Galleries were given to the exhibition of a series of eight photographs of Rodin's Balzac, by Eduard J. Steichen. These prints were from a series of negatives made on two nights during the period of full moon in October, 1908. For this purpose the Balzac was removed from Mr. Rodin's studio, where it had been under cover ever since its sensational appearance at the Salon and the Exposition Universelle in 1900, on to the open field overlooking the surrounding hills and Valley of Meudon. The negatives were made with the moon as the sole source of light. A bronze head of "Balzac," a study for the monument, was loaned by Mrs. John W. Simpson, of New York.

This exhibition was one of the most impressive yet held by the Photo-Secession. Mr. Caffin has, in another part of *CAMERA WORK*, dealt more fully with it.

PAINTINGS BY MARSDEN HARTLEY

Following this, an exhibition of paintings in oil by Mr. Marsden Hartley of Maine introduced a new painter whose efforts to express himself in a personal way deserved that he be given an opportunity to reach the public. His technique is unusual and his interpretation of sky, mountain and woods in brilliant coloring is of a decorative rather than realistic effect. The paintings occupied the walls from May 8th to 18th.

JAPANESE PRINTS

The season closed with an exhibition of Japanese prints from the F. W. Hunter Collection. These prints, selected with care by Mr. Hunter offered a splendid opportunity to study oriental art in its best examples. The five prints by Sharaku dating back to 1797-1798 which occupied the main wall were of especial interest. All of them portraits of actors, they showed that over a hundred years ago the Japanese were masters in the use of the intelligent line, which is the basis of modern caricature as evolved by Sem, Capiello, Fornaro and de Zayas, men who have not copied the Japanese but reached practically the same method of expression through independent study. The exhibition opened May 18th, and with its close on June 2d the Little Galleries closed their doors for the summer.

THE SEASON OF 1909-1910

As we go to press the Little Gallery is preparing for its season of 1909-1910. Exhibitions thus far scheduled are: Photographs: by Mrs. Annie W. Brigman, San Francisco; Mr. Frank Eugene, of New York and Munich; Mr. Eduard J. Steichen, of New York and Paris; as well as the Members' Exhibition which will close the season instead of opening it as heretofore. Etchings and Drawings by Gordon Craig, of London; Water-colors and Pastels, by John Marin, of Paris and New York; a second series of Drawings by Auguste Rodin; Etchings and Mezzotints by Eugene Higgins, of New York; Lithographs by the Frenchman, Toulouse Lautrec, deceased. Other interesting exhibitions are also in the course of preparation.

PAUL B. HAVILAND.

CAMERA WORK NUMBERS IN PREPARATION

WITH this number, *CAMERA WORK* closes its seventh year. Whether the magazine has remained true to its original ideals and standards must be decided by its readers. For the future we make no further promise than the endeavor to live up to the past record. We have in the course of preparation numbers which are to be devoted to:

FRANK EUGENE, of Munich and New York: A series of twenty or more of his pictures is now in the hands of the engraver and will appear entirely in the form of gravures.

HEINRICH KÜHN, of Innsbruck: Sixteen photographs by this well known Austrian pioneer will appear in the magazine and will be reproduced in gravure, mezzotint, and duplex half-tone.

GEORGE H. SEELEY, of Stockbridge, U. S. A.: A series of gravures representing the Seeley of today is ready for publication. All the plates will be gravures.

EDUARD J. STEICHEN: It is planned to reproduce part, or possibly the whole, of the remarkable Balzac series, besides another series of Steichen's recent photographic work.

AUGUSTE RODIN: A series of his drawings, etc.

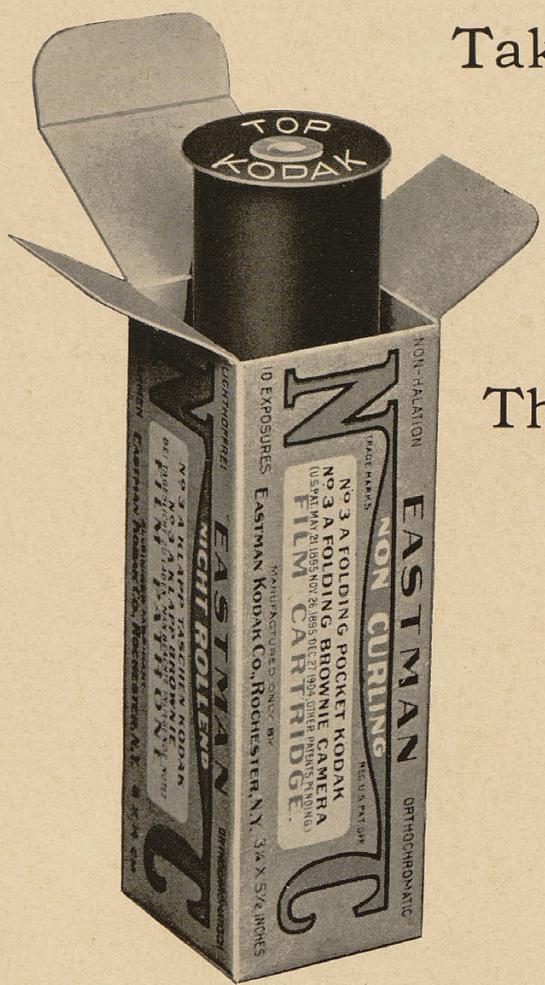
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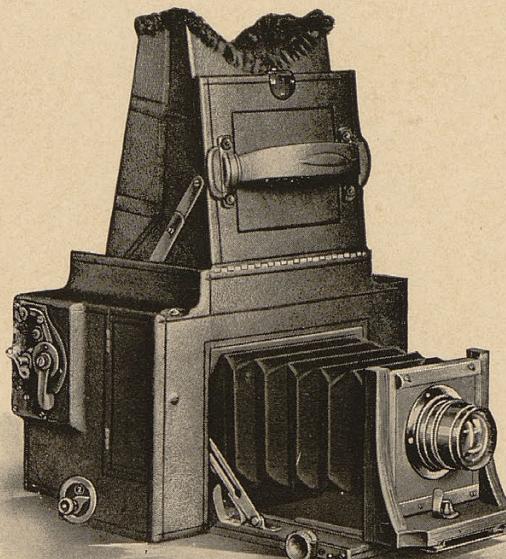
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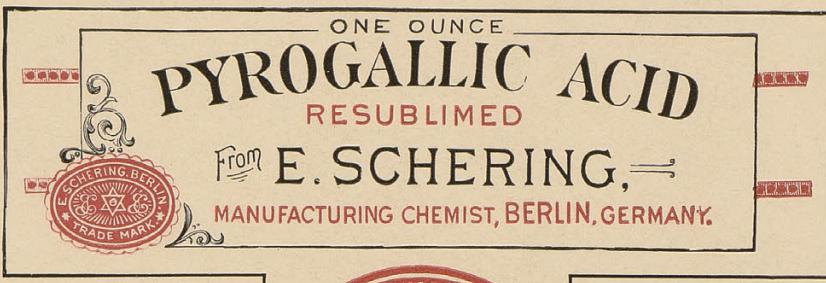
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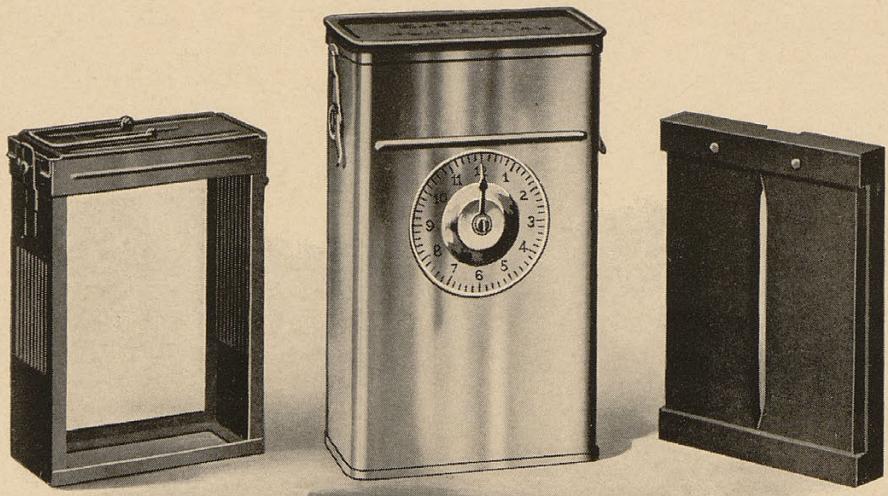
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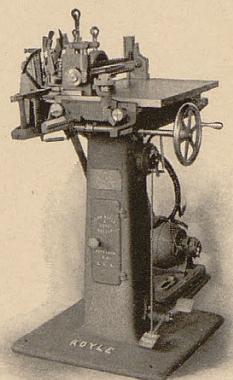


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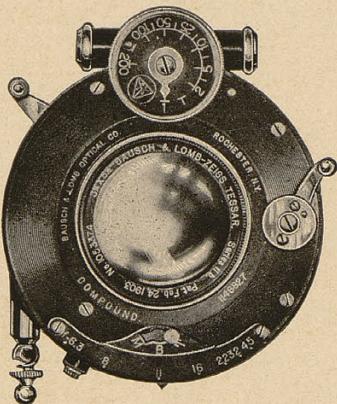
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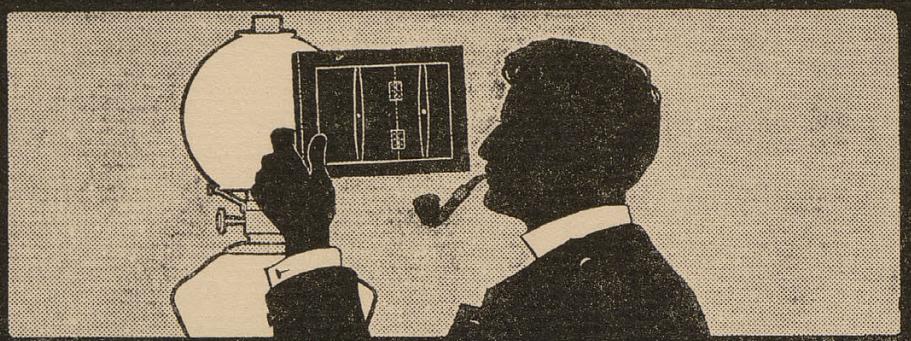
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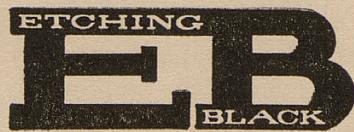
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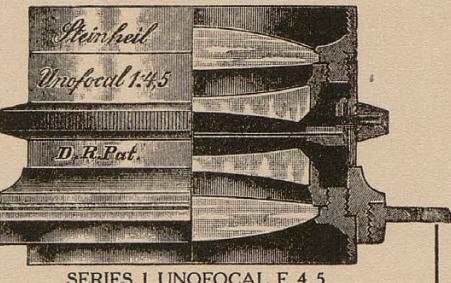
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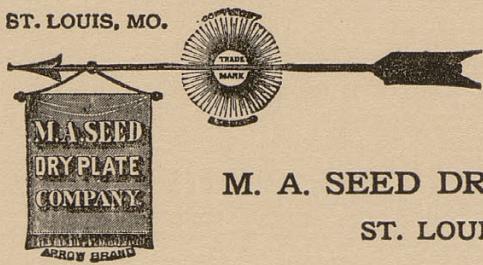
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