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PAINTING AND PHOTOGRAPHY.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW wrote an article a few years ago, in which he conclusively demonstrated the un-mechanicalness of photography, and expressed opinions that brought forth prompt and profuse apologies to the public from photographers and the photographic press. He was most generally assailed for a statement that if Velasquez were living to-day he would be a photographer instead of a painter; and by way of adding another photographer's apology for this statement, I will have to go Mr. Shaw one better on the same point and insist that Velasquez could hardly become more of a photographer to-day than he already was in his own time, except that he would surely use the camera to-day.

It is strange that we should so carefully cherish the fallacy that photography began with Daguerre's discovery; as far as the shareholders of the Eastman Kodak Co. are concerned, there is no doubt about this being true, but from the standpoint of pictorial art, photography dates back to earlier days. When art began and when art flourished, as it did in Egypt, in Persia, in China, in Japan, and in Greece, photography—the art of representation—was undeveloped and unknown. The elements of beauty as expressed in form, design and color were the whole of art, and the artists knew art and created great works of art. Without pretending in any way to go into the reasons, the causes, or a careful chronology of its evolution, we find that art to-day reaches its greatest heights in the painting of pictures and in these actually represents nature. The making of beautiful objects and things of ornament, and even of utility, have practically been banished from the realm of art to the more active and more lucrative scope of commerce; and that perfect expression of an artist's conceit, the easel painting, has become a very high grade of wall-paper, enclosed in a frame of gold, hung regardless of its uses, intentions or environment, to be worshipped as the great form of art.

With but few notable exceptions the gradual tendencies of painting since about the time of Giotto have been towards a more complete and a more perfect physical representation of nature. Since that time, light and shade, and chiaroscuro, have become important elements in painting; then atmosphere and the rendering of light; and finally the art of representation reached such a climax in its development that we went beyond the surface representation of things and even analyzed light and color in painting. We have dubbed the minute detail painting of a Meissonier as photographic, because it gave what we understood photography generally gave us—but the analytical art of Monet and Sisley is a much greater step into the domain of photography, for the Monet is simply a greater representation and a truer one than the Meissonier—just as a White is a greater and more realistic photograph than an H. P. Robinson.

When looking at a Japanese picture, a print by Kionaga, or at the Sphinx, at the painting on a Greek vase, a gorgeous Chinese garment, a

Persian bowl or rug, we do not think of them as representing nature or compare them to anything existing in nature. The Chinese dragon does not appeal to us as the representation of a real animal. We are impressed in all of these things and we are moved by their imaginative power and by their beautiful creation of form, design, and color. Photography is not present.

An eminently able student of the arts spending several months in the Prado, at Madrid, found himself unconsciously comparing the paintings of Velasquez with the real people that were about the gallery, and he came to the frank conclusion that wonderful as were the paintings, and skilled and beautiful their execution, the human beings were in themselves still finer.

Whistler was obviously of such an attitude, but only from a distant and reservedly exquisite Beau Brummel standpoint; the dainty butterfly fluttering among the flowers, sipping a little here and there, and combining it all by his great genius. In his writings and in the titles of his pictures he was more radical than in the pictures themselves, and in these he makes it clear that his resentment was not merely directed at the more vulgar forms of literary painting, like "Breaking Home Ties" and "The Doctor," but that he does not approve of pictures and men much more closely allied to himself. Although there was no decisive spirit of revolution in the make-up of Whistler, the entitling a picture, a "harmony in blue and gold," and his subsequent defence of the title, proclaim at least a disapproval of existing conditions in art. But beyond this the picture itself is neither an innovation nor a renaissance; nothing more than a complete and personal expression of great genius, for the picture is but the actual representation of nature in an abstract form with a tentative attempt to eliminate such foreign elements as light and shade and chiaroscuro, and these not frankly or radically, but by the subterfuge of flattening the effect of light, and by producing a harmony of color which by its title is proclaimed a harmony of contrast, but which is actually one of very low-toned color analogy. For Whistler was not a great colorist to the point of color appealing to him for color's sake. The resonance and harmony of pure rich color was foreign to him, even to the point of his resenting it. Just as this refined estheticism kept him from ever producing anything blatantly ugly in color, so this same faculty limited him and his palette to a narrow and tone-degraded gamut of color which was influenced by the generations of established photographic instinct for representation. It is in his very last work, unfortunately not well known or much appreciated, that he sounded a more definite challenge to photographic painting, even though he sounded this challenge through a tiny golden flute. This work is all a delicate patchwork of color and design, that combines the qualities of form in the Tanagra figurine, and the arabesque and color of the Persian potteries.

Photography and photographers have had the imitation of other mediums clapped on their heads at almost every step in their development and in their seeking to make pliable a medium which seems on the surface entirely mechanical; and although this reproach was eminently justifiable in many instances of flagrant imitation of the technique of inferior media—the writer

himself pleads guilty—they basically and in a broad general way have been reproached for being true to themselves and their medium when painters have all the while been making photographs. What now does remain is the complete demonstration of the superiority of the lens and of light in the hands of an artist, over the brush and palette for the making of photographs. I am personally willing to avoid the discussion of the subject and calmly watch developments, feeling confident that even the most conservative critic will soon discover the superiority, at least in portraiture, of photography *per se* over the big majority of so-called portrait paintings; and that in another direction a Winslow Homer, himself, may live to see a perfected cinematograph, that has been operated by another Winslow Homer, exhibit representations of the Maine coast in color, with the possible accompaniment of a phonograph, that will have all the great qualities of his canvases and obviously more. It will have the heave and swell of the sea, the bigness of space, and the wetness of things—the hardness of rock and dashing of the spray—and the truthful color-renderings. It is bound to have these if they existed in nature, and even these very qualities can be photographically exaggerated, just as Homer himself might do them in paint. One thing will be missing, the brilliant virtuoso performance of his brushwork—the so-called technique. Camera photography can never compete with this. In picturing nature this technique is the only element of personal equation which the camera cannot, or rather will not, do better for the artist than paint photography, and the state of things in the art of representation has come to a strange period in its evolution when the manipulation of the brush and the paint is its greatest reason for existence. Let it not be imagined that all this is but a cocksure bandying of a great genius, for one considers Homer such, even if one does not consider him a great artist—for a great artist would never permit nature to fascinate him beyond his art and cause him to paint the ugliest imaginable arrangements of color on a canvas, simply because they existed in the “motif” before him. The great painter would find in this motif that which would inspire him to paint a picture that must first and foremost be beautiful in form and in color regardless of its physical representation of nature, otherwise it is only a photograph, and photography can never be a great art in the same sense that painting can; it can never create anything, nor design. It is basically dependent on beauty as it exists in nature, and not as the genius of the artist creates it. It is an art entirely apart and for itself. Its successful developments, technically and artistically, of to-day, are the definite proof of the fallacy of most modern painting; and yet the greatest photograph of a living woman that can ever be made will be much less beautiful than the Mona Lisa, just as nature is less beautiful than art, and as the greatest Velasquez sinks into insignificance beside the gods of granite of ancient Egypt.

EDUARD J. STEICHEN.

CLARENCE H. WHITE.

AMONG Clarence H. White's prints are several woodland scenes. Rocks and trees are interspersed, and a *Hermes* looks down smiling on some boys wrestling in play, whose straight young bodies are dappled with sun and shadow.

They are pictures that suggest the idea, old even in Greek times, of a young world, fresh as the buds that in the past three days have gathered on the poplar which I see from my city window, a spray of delicate purity against the shabby bricks beyond it. It is an exquisite reminder that the world, the real world of nature and the spirit, is still young; and it is in this young world that the artist in White, it seems to me, lives and has its being.

Then I recall another of his prints. A woman's figure, moving away from us along a garden pathway. She is abroad in the fragrance of the early morning sunshine, that is as yet too cool to disperse the film of mist which clings to the trees and grass and even envelopes her form. Then another picture in which, as the twilight slips away, a woman and a child stand, motionless as shades, gazing down over a vista of descending grass-land, ending in a mystery of trees. And yet another. It is but a slope of foreground, and a stretch of water separated from the sky by the thread-line of the opposite shore. In the distribution, however, and relation of the masses, the selection of lines, and the tonality of color-values, it is a composition that recalls the choiceness of a Japanese print.

Remembering these pictures, I seem to find in them a clue to the charm that White's work possesses. There is, firstly, a peculiar refinement of feeling in the conception of the subject and choice of details to embroider it, and an unfailing resourcefulness in the arrangement of the composition. Secondly, a reverence of feeling, due to a consciousness of the mystery of beauty. Thirdly, the source of expression in all his pictures is a susceptibility to the effects of light. And fourthly, informing expression, feeling and composition, is a spirit that maturity of experience has not divested of its essential youthfulness. And all these qualities are in him the product of instinct.

Psychologically considered, he represents a curiously interesting example of an artist being born, not made. His early environment—a small western town, and his particular occupation of a clerkship in a store offered neither encouragement nor impediment to his artistic development. Nor had he any opportunities of private study, except such as *Camera Notes* suggested to him. He bought a camera and, for the most part, was forced to go his own way. It led him in directions opposed to the current traditions of photography. Thus he leveled his camera directly toward the light. It was the mistake of ignorance, as any photographer would have told him. Yet it proved to be the opening up of new possibilities. He had followed an instinct that was truer than tradition. That instinct was toward light; to make light, rather than light and shadow, the basis of his study. In doing so, he was not aware that he was setting photography in line with

the most progressive motives of modern painting; still less did he reason out, that, as the photographic process is the product of light, it is through light that its highest potentiality must be sought. He simply followed an instinct.

He did the same in selecting subjects for his early experiments. He was ignorant of the principles of composition, as expounded in the schools; but he felt that such and such an arrangement was more pleasing than another and accordingly adopted it. And this very ignorance of tradition gave an elasticity and freedom to his habit of looking at his subject, that encouraged inventiveness. How he should arrange his subject was suggested to him by the subject itself; and it is so still. Thus, if you look over a number of his prints, their compositions do not stale by repetition; each has its own note of freshness, and all are distinguished by an exceeding tactfulness and reserve. They have the charm of novelty without bizarrerie: and a most expressively close relation to the character of the subject.

A similarly keen and subtle instinct for the propriety of balance has taught him the secrets of tonality. A false note hurt his instinctive sense of fitness and must be avoided. Thus, without any knowledge of the jargon of "values," he found his own way to the principles involved in it. So too, he discovered for himself the meaning and the need of "quality" in the various values of color in the print. It probably grew out of his instinct for light, since quality is merely a convenient term to express that the colors, whether they contain more or less of light, suggest the vibration of light and thus unite with one another in completing the rhythm of the whole picture.

But, informing all this growth in technique, was what one may call an instinctive reverence. It colors the way in which he sets about a portrait. There is never a suggestion of exploiting the sitter, to secure a technical achievement or to pursue a personal notion of his own. It is to the personality of the subject that he looks for suggestion, sets the key of his motive, and attunes, for the time being, his technique. This fine reverence, however, becomes impregnated with personal feeling when his model is nature, or when he combines a figure with surroundings to express some idea of his own. Then he sheds around his subject an atmosphere of spiritual significance that is poignantly alluring. Whether pitched to a lightsome strain or to a minor key, it is arrestingly pure and plaintive; sometimes suggestive of the youthful intensity of the Italian Primitives, at other times burdened with a modern seriousness. Yet, even so, not encumbered with age and worldliness. Always, as I said at first, it suggests the fragrance and the freshness that one associates with the springtime of the spirit.

It is this rare combination of a natural instinct for beauty, refined and trained by an impulse from within, and of an imagination, pure and serious, that gives to all White's work not only a pronounced individuality, but also a peculiarly rarified charm. They are the emanations of a beautiful spirit.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

EXHIBITION OF PRINTS BY GEORGE H. SEELEY.

THE value of the Photo-Secession, both in its general upholding of the higher purposes of photography and in its particular ability to help the individual, has never been better illustrated than in the recent exhibition of prints by George H. Seeley. Incidentally it is very much to the latter's advantage that his work should be granted for nearly three weeks an exclusive showing, where it was seen by the exceptionally intelligent clientele that the Secession has attracted to its galleries. Yet this would be of small account, if the work itself did not merit the indorsement which is implied in this privilege. That Mr. Seeley's does is very largely due to the spirit which animates the Secession. It is keenly awake to any signs of promise; helps alike with criticism and encouragement, and, when the results warrant it, affords the inestimable benefit of a well-organized exhibition.

As some of us go, Mr. Seeley is still a young man; though he is no stripling, and, for aught I know, may have been experimenting with photography for a very considerable time, before I became aware of his existence. This was some two years ago, when a few of his prints appeared in a members' exhibition. In any ordinary exhibition they would have been swamped in the general mass of material, uncongenial to themselves; or, if observed, would probably have been voted cranky. For Mr. Seeley has a vision of the world peculiarly his own, and, at that time, did not possess the technical ability to express it. So much so, that one might feel a doubt as to whether he were even sure of his own motive. In every respect the work seemed uncertain and immature.

One of the prints represented a girl in flowing drapery, and a dog, standing under trees, through which the sunlight filtered, dappling their bodies with spots. It was a spotted girl and a spotted dog in a spotty landscape; for, like the novice in *plein air* painting, Mr. Seeley had not succeeded in rendering the luminosity of the light. Another print, however, from the same negative appeared in the recent exhibition. But, though similarly printed in platinotype, it was entirely different.

By this time the artist had acquired control over his medium. The figures and their surroundings were in harmonious relation; the spottiness had been merged in a coherent composition of light and shadow, and the callow feeling that pervaded the original print had been replaced by one of assurance and authority.

Nor was this the result merely of an accidental success in printing. For fifty other prints, though they differed in quality, were at one in suggesting that at least Mr. Seeley felt certain of his own intentions and was reasonably sure of the resources of his technique. The exhibition, in fact, showed an amazing advance both in technical and mental grasp. The credit for this is, of course, primarily due to himself; yet, I am sure he would be the first to acknowledge his indebtedness to the Photo-Secession; which at a critical point in his career neither ignored him nor plastered him

with faint praise; but, entering sympathetically into his point of view, helped him with judicious criticism.

I greatly enjoyed the exhibition. It struck so individual a note and, what is more, maintained it. And the note represented a fine quality of imagination. Nor am I thinking only of the sentiment of the subjects; but still more of the technical treatment. Vollon's fruit and vegetable subjects, for example, display more of the truly artistic imagination than many a so-called "ideal" picture. It is not *what* the artist imagines, but *how* he imagines it, that determines the quality of his artistic imagination. Mr. Seeley's work would indicate that he realizes this.

Yet the character and quality of his work undoubtedly have their origin in sentiment. His life has been spent in the beautiful village of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and I, who as a boy, have felt the spell of the hills and woods, can fancy somewhat the nature of the influence he has absorbed. If one can reduce so vaguely wonderful an impression to the inconvenient precision of words, I should say it is one of spaciousness and silence. Hill tops are aloof from the stir of human things, and the eye and the spirit, skipping immediate distances, seek the distance far removed, where *Ultima Thule* hovers. Nor do the sounds of the woodland creatures disturb the silence of the woods, where despite innumerable interruptions the vision still persists in traveling on. These vast silences of nature may be a trifle eerie at times, not seldom awesome, but for the most part spiritually companionable, inviting converse with the abstract and universal. Such impulse, artistically interpreted, makes for symbolism. Form and the color of things, the weavings of light and shade, and vistas of distance, become seen as symbols of spiritual expression. It is in some such vein as this, if I mistake not, that Mr. Seeley views the world and seeks subjects for his pictures.

Naturally, the impression conveyed is most poignantly convincing in the prints that are technically superior. And these are the ones, it seems to me, which have not been subjected to enlargement. No doubt the gallery that contained the enlargements made a brave showing. But mere size is a method of attracting attention that is aroused quickly but soon wears off. We saw an instance of this in the large (although not "enlarged") portrait-heads by Mr. Coburn in the members' exhibition of the Photo-Secession last November. Technically, it is true, these enlargements of Mr. Seeley's are superior to the Coburn portraits, which were produced, if I mistake not, under very rapid and rather commercial conditions. But they are not good enough to justify themselves. There are large spaces of flesh and drapery, which are insufficient in interest, whether of texture, tone, or color. Sometimes the alteration of scale, as in the case of *The Pine God*, even impairs the unity of the composition. Occasionally, however, as in *Youth with Globe*, I must admit that the enlargement is a fair success.

Still, to find this artist at his best, one turns to the unenlarged examples; to such an entirely satisfying print, for instance, as *The Pines—Sunset*. Here the feeling and its technical expression reach a very high

mark indeed. One is able to enter with unalloyed pleasure into the motive of the picture, and to enjoy in every part the means by which it has been wrought out. To enlarge such a print, would be to reduce the esthetic meaning of its passages of dark and light, to dislocate the harmony of its tonal relations, and to increase, possibly, its effect of imposingness, but at the expense throughout of quality.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

HENRI MATISSE AT THE LITTLE GALLERIES.

ON April first the Photo-Secession sent out the following invitation: "An Exhibition of Drawings, Lithographs, Water-Colors, and Etchings by M. Henri Matisse, of Paris, will be held at the Little Galleries of the Photo-Secession, 291 Fifth Avenue (between thirtieth and thirty-first streets), New York, opening on April sixth and closing April twenty-fifth. The Galleries are open from ten A.M. till six P.M. daily, Sundays excepted.

"Matisse is the leading spirit of a modern group of French artists dubbed 'Les Fauves.' The work of this group has been the center of discussion in the art-world of Paris during the past two to three years. It is the good fortune of the Photo-Secession to have the honor of thus introducing Matisse to the American public and to the American art-critics."

The invitation had its expected effect. The public, the critics, and the artists came and saw. As there were no catalogues of any kind and there was no tradition or history about Matisse's work, every one was left to his own resources. Here was the work of a new man, with new ideas—a very anarchist, it seemed, in art. The exhibition led to many heated controversies; it proved stimulating. The New York "art-world" was sorely in need of an irritant and Matisse certainly proved a timely one. We herewith reprint some of the principal criticisms that appeared in the New York press about the exhibition:

J. E. Chamberlin in the *N. Y. Evening Mail*:

"In France they call Henri Matisse 'le roi des fauves.' A 'fauve' is not exactly a wild beast in our sense—it may even mean a gentle fallow deer—but when the French students apply the term to an artist they certainly mean a wild one. The 'fauves' are the French equivalent for the out-eighters of our 'eight,' and Matisse is their limit.

"That being the case, of course Mr. Stieglitz has his pictures at the Photo-Secession gallery. They show Matisse, whose idea is that you should in painting get as far away from nature as possible. If nature is to be followed, why, let the camera do that. The artist should paint only abstractions, gigantic symbols, ideas in broad lines, splotches of color that suggest the thoughts that broke through language and escaped, and all that.

"No doubt this sort of thing should be treated with respect, just as adventism, Eddyism, spiritualism, Doukhobor outbreaks, and other forms of religious fanaticism, should be. One never knows when or where a new revelation is going to get started.

"But Matisse's pictures, while they may contain a new revelation for somebody, are quite likely to go quite over the head of the ordinary observer—or under his feet. A few broadly simple sketches are strangely beautiful, perhaps. Yet they are not beyond the power of any other trained artist.

“And there are some female figures that are of an ugliness that is most appalling and haunting, and that seems to condemn this man’s brain to the limbo of artistic degeneration. On the strength of these things of subterhuman hideousness, I shall try to put Henri Matisse out of my mind for the present.”

Charles DeKay in the *N. Y. Evening Post*:

“The legend of el Dorado, the cacique who draped himself every morning before breakfast with a fresh suit of skin-tight gold dust, seems to have revived in Europe after a slumber of several centuries, and the land of the Dorado, never absolutely fixed on the map, seems to be now located as the island once owned by the Manhattoes, and now by the Irish and Italians. In respect of art, at any rate, the pull of New York upon the foreign practitioner is deep and steady. But because in music there are to be gained prizes beyond the dreams of avarice, it is a woeful fact that save in portraiture the harvest of art is small. Disappointment is in store for most of these artists who cross the Atlantic, buoyed up by hopes of gain, unless their branch is the flattery of persons.

“That is why M. Henri Matisse will have to be content with a barren success of curiosity for the sketches in color, and pen-and-ink and the etchings, that are to be seen in the Little Gallery of the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth Avenue. Monsieur Matisse, whose name is a song, takes art very seriously, and would die rather than make a concession to the kind of beauty in art which rouses and delights the sentiment of the *bourgeoisie*. He was the most reviled and lauded exhibitor at the Salon d’Automne; before his pictures people came almost to the *polisson* and *gredin* stage, flourished fists were more gesticulatory than dangerous, and faces of contempt made at one another.

“We understand at once, having seen the studio lady with her head removed and put on crooked again like the sitters of M. Aman-Jean, and the strand scene consisting of seven or eight layers of water-color on a virgin leaf. The clock of time goes round. How many years ago was it that Messrs. Currier and Frank Duveneck used to send over from Munich to the water-color shows those landscapes in which the trees were broad, green and yellow worm-tracks meandering up and down an innocent Bristol board?

“Well, M. Matisse sees them and goes them several better. ‘Art for art’s sake’ is a worn phrase; ‘the sketch for the sketch’s sake’ may be invented to-day to meet the confusion into which M. Matisse must throw an unsophisticated New York public by offering it something for which no glib phrase is current. Each scrap of design appears to remark that it is all by itself, and so full of genius, ’twere cruel to use it for a larger sketch. So here we have Rodinesque swirls in outline and mashy-dashy pen-and-ink nudes, and languorous hints and colored maplets, in which the artist has striven to revert to childhood’s sunny hour when a pad and a box of water-colors, in conjunction with an artistic temperament in embryo, produced astonishing results.”

James Huneker in the *N. Y. Sun*:

“For agility of line, velocity in its notation and an uncompromising attitude in the presence of the human machine, we must go to the exhibition of drawings, lithographs, water-colors, and etchings by Henri Matisse at the Little Galleries of the Photo-Secession, 291 Fifth Avenue. Take the smallest elevator in town and enjoy the solitude of these tiny rooms crowded with the phantoms of Stieglitz and Steichen. No one will be there to greet you, for Stieglitz has a habit of leaving his doors unlocked for the whole world to flock in at will. And it is in just such unconventional surroundings that the work of Matisse is best exhibited. The brown bit of paper that does duty as a preface tells us that this fierce rebel is a leading spirit of a modern group of French artists dubbed ‘Les Fauves.’ Durand-Ruel owns pictures by Matisse and will probably show them here next season. The French painter is clever, diabolically clever. Lured by the neo-impressionists, by Gauguin’s South Sea sketches, he has outdone them all by his extravagances. His line, its zigzag simplifications evidently derived from the Japanese, is swirling and strong. With three furious scratches he can give you a female animal in all her shame and horror. Compared to these memoranda of the gutter and brothel the sketches of Rodin (once exhibited in this gallery) are academic, are meticulous. There is one nude which the fantasy of the artist has turned into a hideous mask. The back of a reclining figure is on the wall opposite, and it is difficult not to applaud, so virile and masterly are its strokes. Then a creature from God knows

what Parisian shambles leers at you—the economy of means employed and the results are alike significant—and you flee into another room. The water-colors are Japanese in suggestion, though not in spirit. They are impressionism run to blotches, mere patches of crude hectic tints. What Matisse can do in his finished performances we shall see later. His sketches are those of a brilliant, cruel temperament. Nor has he the saving cynicism of a Toulouse-Lautrec. To be cynical argues some interest; your pessimist is often a man of inverted sentiment. But Matisse is only cold, the coldness of the moral vivisector.”

Elizabeth Luther Cary in the *N. Y. Times*:

“In the ‘Little Galleries of the Photo-Secession,’ 291 Fifth Avenue, a collection of drawings, lithographs, water-colors, and etchings by M. Henri Matisse, of Paris, are on view. The water-colors, which are in the first room, are examples of the theory of the decomposition of light pushed to its extreme limits and expressed with a kind of sophisticated naïveté. Although the uninitiated eye will be confused by the application of the color in streaks and dots of pure pigment, the idea is, of course, far from a new one, and M. Matisse has a sense of form quite sufficient to lead him to build up compositions in which dignity and balance are controlling factors.

“One or two of his little views of water and shore, vibrating with light and gay in color, have a charm like that of broken snatches of song in the open air, disconnected yet suggestive of the whole and spontaneously blithe. The drawings in the inner room are in the nature of academics, showing a trained insight into problems of form and movement with a Gothic fancy for the ugly and distorted, many of them amounting to caricatures without significance.”

The Scrip (June) said:

“The work of Henri Matisse is not well known in New York except to the men who have lived in Paris of recent years or who are closely following the development of the latest work of that eccentric and sometimes unbalanced city. During the month of April the Photo-Secession Galleries, New York, had an exhibition of his drawings, lithographs, water-colors, and etchings. An examination of this exhibition gave one the impression that Matisse is very modern and very Parisian, a great master of technique—and a great artist, if estimated from the brilliant stroke, the subtle elimination and the interesting composition revealed. But Matisse, like nearly all the other very modern Frenchmen, feels that pull toward physical distortion, that sickening malevolent desire to present the nude (especially women) so vulgarized, so hideously at odds with nature, as to suggest in spite of the technical mastery of his art, first of all the loathsome and the abnormal, and both with a marvel of execution and a bewildering cleverness that somehow fills one with a distaste for art and life. This point of view would probably not obtain with an artist, because first of all he would feel the consummate skill with which the Frenchman achieves his purpose; he would not look at the subjects from the lay point of view. But the mere observer, who is bound to take a little emotion to an interesting picture gallery, is pretty certain to find that emotion unpleasantly stirred, in spite of the utmost desire to be impersonal and appreciative. Matisse is at present the leading spirit of a group of ultra-modern Frenchmen, many of whom have great gift with tragically decadent souls. But Paris adores Matisse and young France imitates him, and the purely normal person wonders a good deal about it all.”

THE LITTLE GALLERIES OF THE PHOTO-SECESSION.

AFTER a remarkably active and unusually interesting season the exhibitions held at the Little Galleries of the Photo-Secession came to a close on April twenty-seventh. The Matisse show—referred to elsewhere in these pages—which followed that of Steichen, was a fitting climax to the brilliant series of exhibitions inaugurated three years ago in these galleries. It brought to a close not only the season, but also the Little Galleries themselves. In February the Photo-Secession was notified that the landlord had doubled the rent and insisted on a four years' lease. As the Photo-Secession had but a small regular income, of less than three hundred dollars per year, a renewal of the lease on the new terms was out of the question. To give up the little place, which was unique in more than one respect—nothing like it existing in this country or abroad—meant much, not only to many of the Secessionists, but to many visitors who had gradually become fond of it. On April thirtieth the galleries, stripped of their decorations, passed back into their original condition of an uninviting and dilapidated garret. A few days later the busy hands of a Fifth Avenue ladies' tailor were in full possession of the place and every vestige of the Photo-Secession atmosphere had thoroughly disappeared. During the three years of the galleries' existence approximately fifty thousand people visited the place.

To continue its work the Photo-Secession has taken two rooms across the hallway from the old ones. One of these will be turned into a "Gallery"; in this the Secession will continue its work along the same lines as heretofore.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

TO the readers of *CAMERA WORK* the name of Clarence H. White is familiar. Numbers III and IX of the magazine were, in the main, devoted to his pictures, but White stands so high in the estimate of his co-workers, and he is so generous a producer, that we feel he is entitled to a fuller representation in our pages than he has received. The sixteen plates in this number of *CAMERA WORK* were selected from some of Mr. White's older and newer work. They were made under the supervision of the photographer himself, and all of them were done directly from the original negatives. A White platinotype—Mr. White virtually does all his work in platinotype—is full of subtlety and has a print-quality so peculiarly its own, that even the best of reproductions seldom gives but an inadequate idea of the actual beauty of the original.

PLATES

CLARENCE H. WHITE

- I. Portrait—Miss Mary Everett
- II. Morning
- III. The Arbor
- IV. Lady in Black with Statuette
- V. Boys Going to School
- VI. Landscape—Winter
- VII. Portrait—Master Tom
- VIII. Boys Wrestling
- IX. The Pipes of Pan
- X. Nude
- XI. Entrance to the Garden
- XII. Portrait—Mrs. Clarence H. White
- XIII. Drops of Rain
- XIV. Boy with Wagon
- XV. Portrait—Mrs. Harrington Mann
- XVI. Girl with Rose

















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FRILLING AND AUTOCHROMES.

THOSE who have used Autochrome plates and encountered frilling know how it tries one's temper and is apt to ruin one's nerves. Undoubtedly those photographers and experimenters who conscientiously follow the Lumière instructions, that the solutions used in the development of the plates be kept at 60° F., and that the washing water, too, should register a similar temperature, have but little or no trouble with frilling of plates. The professional or the amateur fortunate enough to have his own work-place can regulate temperatures at will; he can follow the instructions implicitly and in so doing save money, energy, and a sweet disposition. But how about the photographic vagabond of my type? I have no place of my own; my work is done here and there, and everywhere. Regulating temperatures to a nicety—as the Autochromes seem to require—under such conditions is not a simple matter.

A few days ago, during the heated spell in May, I had a few Autochrome portraits to develop. The room in which I was to undertake the developing registered 84° F.; the running water, 74° F.; and the various chemical baths, 75° F. There was no ice procurable, or, at least I was too comfortable to get it. A bottle of Schering's formalin was handy and looked very tempting; yet I remembered how Lumière advised against its use; how other authorities agreed with him; and how some of my close friends, photographic experts, were also opposed to its use with Autochrome plates. Their advice had been accepted without question, but here was an opportunity to put it to a practical test and verify it for myself.

The following is a record of six experiments made by me. In all of them the chemicals registered a temperature of 75° F., and the running water, 74° F.

Experiment I.—Developer, diluted, allowed to act six minutes; rinsed, thirty seconds; permanganate bath, three minutes. After the plate had been in the latter bath one minute, a tendency to frill along the edges was observed; after the three minutes, frilling had spread all over the plate. Result, plate useless.

Experiment II.—Developed and rinsed as in first experiment. Permanganate bath, four minutes; after first minute plate showed signs of frilling; poured off permanganate and soaked plate in a Schering formalin solution, 5%, for one minute; rinsed 30 seconds and then continued permanganate treatment another three minutes. Rinsed one minute and redeveloped for four minutes. Frilling showed slight signs of spreading, but plate saved. Dried in sun, temperature 125°.

Experiment III.—Developed in a stronger solution than in II, for only four minutes. Rinsed as usual, plate began to lift along edges. Bathed in a formalin solution 3% for one minute and rinsed. Permanganate bath, rinsing and redevelopment followed in the usual sequence. Plate dried in sun. Result practically perfect.

Experiment IV.—Repeated experiment made in III and found a partial frilling during redevelopment. Some solution probably worked its way between the films after the emulsion had started to lift while in the first developing bath. Dried in the sun; frilling did not spread, but result not satisfactory owing to the original frilling.

Experiment V.—Repeated experiment III, but varnished the edges of the plate before starting development. The plate was dried in the sun and was afterwards readily intensified and washed. The use of formalin as a hardener on ordinary plates oftentimes makes them difficult to treat chemically after they have once been dried. No frilling; result, a perfect plate.

Experiment VI.—Plate treated with a 3% formalin solution for one minute and then rinsed before proceeding with development and the succeeding operations. Carried through intensification without intermediate drying. No signs of frilling at any stage. This plate was dried in the sun and then soaked in water, 175° F., for two minutes. The latter had no effect on it. A beautiful plate in every respect. The hot water test was made merely to see how far the tanning of the film had been accomplished.

Although these experiments are by no means conclusive, they seem to point the way in which frilling of Autochromes may be entirely overcome. They also seem to show that with the introduction of the formalin the necessity of keeping the various chemical solutions employed in the process at a low and equal temperature will be eliminated. Furthermore, the tanning of the film will permit one to wipe its surface during the operations and to treat it locally with ease, if necessary, besides permitting the plates to be dried by heat. Two factors to be definitely determined are, whether all emulsions will stand the formalin treatment—Autochrome emulsions still vary considerably—and whether it will be better to introduce the bath before or after the first development. Before will be a decided advantage, for it would eliminate the question of temperature from the start as far as frilling is concerned. In no experiment was the brilliancy of color affected. The experiments recorded were made with 13 x 18 centimeter plates, emulsion number 133.

Further experiments are in the course of progress, but can not be included in this number, as the presses are waiting for CAMERA WORK; in fact the forms, already locked, were opened to introduce these hasty memoranda for the benefit of the many who are liable to be troubled with Autochrome frilling this summer.

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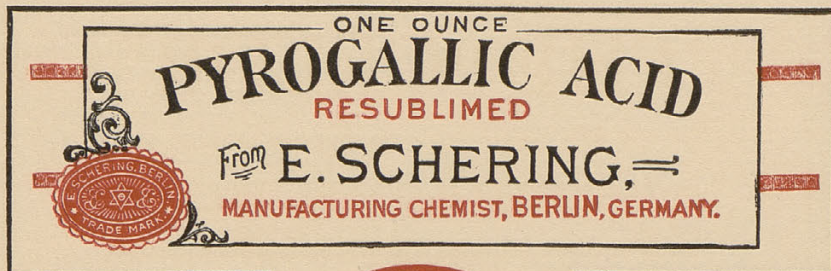
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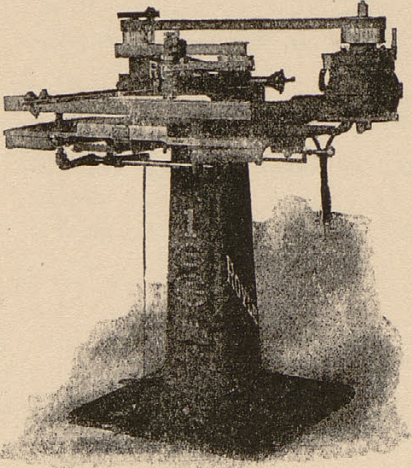
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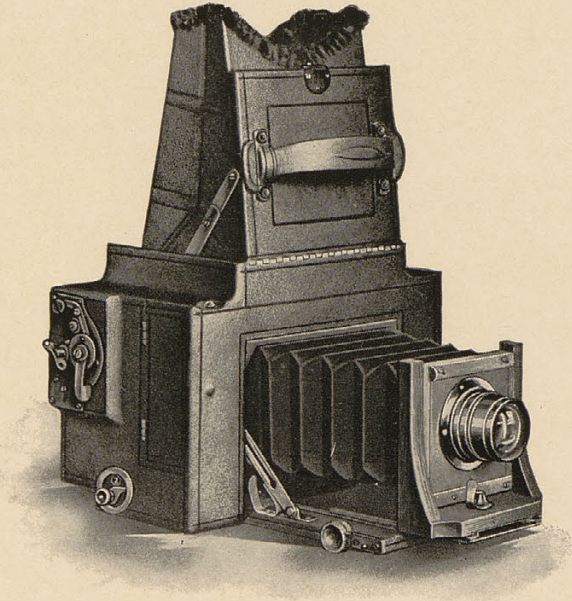


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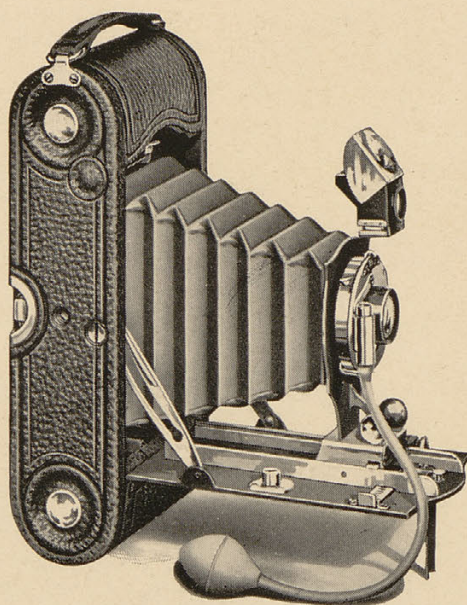
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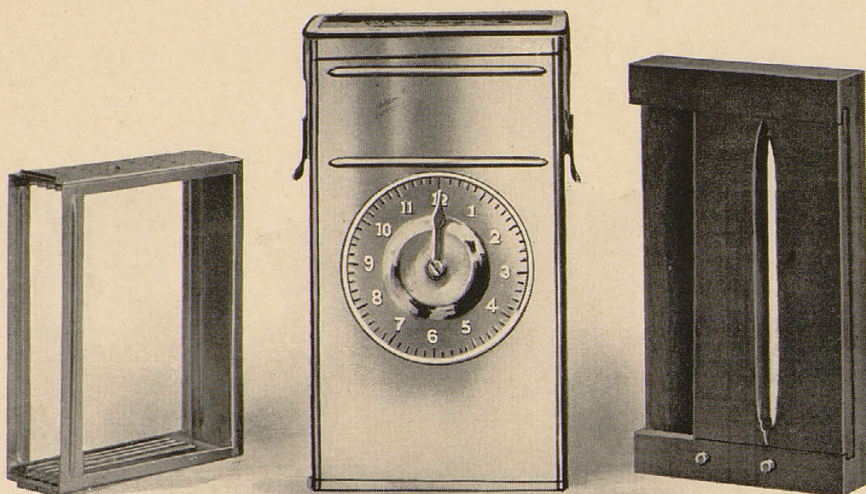
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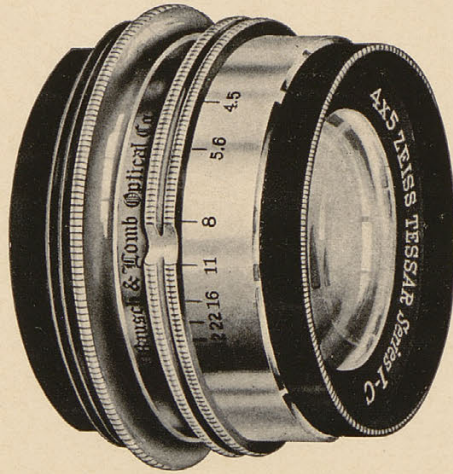
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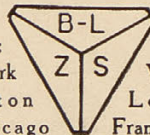
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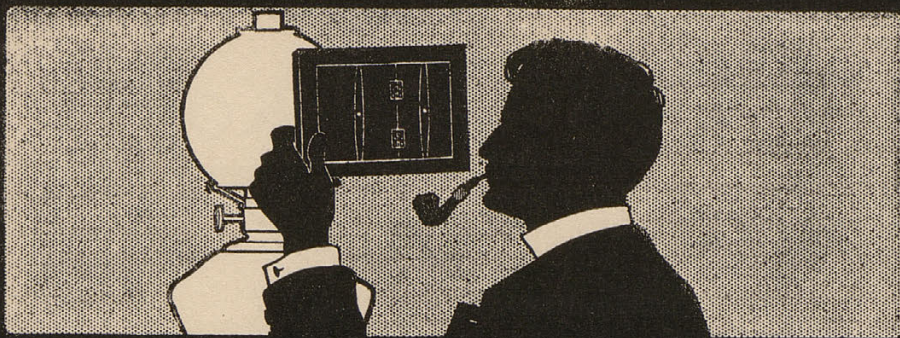
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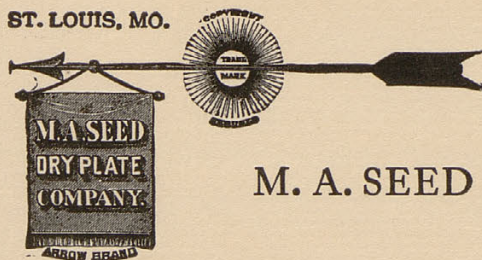
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