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# WHY STEICHEN RETIRES?

By Shigene Kanamaru

The giant of the world of photography, Edward Steichen, is said to be retiring. I should think his retirement means just a pause for another leap.

A very interesting and important news now being circulated among Japanese photography circle is that Edward Steichen, the top-level photographer of not only the United States but also the whole world, is about to end his 40 years of career.

A path ~~trodden~~ trodden by any one who became great in his field is interesting to know, even if it was a very even, eventless one. If it was a knotty one full of events, it is more interesting. The word "interesting" may be ~~impolite~~ impolite to a great man and may better be replaced by the word, "instructive."

Steichen has been known to be very shy of meeting reporters. Very few writings, except the one done by his own brother-in-law Carl Sandburg, about Steichen have been available to the public.

However, Rosa Railey of Popular Photography recently succeeded in interviewing Steichen. Her story seems to be worthy of introduction here at length.

The woman reporter recounted it had taken six months of untiring efforts before she succeeded in interviewing Steichen. He reportedly held in past that no reporters should try prying one's private life.



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\* \* \* private life

It is almost impossible to imagine in Japan how important social status Steichen holds. The difference between his position and that of Japanese photographers seems to be immense. The two are skies apart.

Steichen reportedly told Railey he decided to close down his studio in New York next January 1. His immediate plan was said to be a several months tour to Yukatan and Mexico for study of Maya cultures. Later, he was quoted as saying he plans to experiment and study color film. Steichen reportedly takes a dim view of color photo today.

Steichen reportedly decided to retire because he was "tired of taking orders.....and don't have time of his own."

Railey reports she was shown two of Steichen's pictures, one about people queuing up in staircase before a clinic and a negro boy. She admires at his ability of sharing feelings of poor people although he has amassed a fortune.

Steichen owns a 240-acre farm in Connecticut and raises flowers and seems to be crazy about this hobby.

That's gist of her rare interview with Steichen.

I once wrote his biography in the book, "Fifty Foreign Photographers." I think I would like to supplement it by writing the following.

Steichen's father was a miner and his mother a housewife who later operated a millinery store. Steichen is said to usually acknowledge a great influence wielded by his brave, hard-working and warm-hearted mother.

His "love of light", however, must have been inherited from his father who ~~worked~~ worked in underground.

One of Steichen's expressive commercial pictures describes a working woman's hands side by side with Jergens Lotion. The picture must have been motivated from his devotion to his mother.



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\* \* \* his mother

In the early life of Steichen, the first known event was that he moved to Bangkok, Michigan at the age of four along with his parents and sisters. He is said to have worked as a vendor of vegetables and newspapers while very young. He went down to New York at the age of 20 in 1900.

Harsh reality waited on him in the huge city. *he started working for Vogue*

He was thrown out of the apartment after failing to pay rent on a stormy day of March. His belongings were scattered on the road and his treasured painting of a nude was blown into a ditch. His sympathy with poor people must have stemmed from such experiences.

Soon afterwards Alfred Stieglitz hired him as a copyist. The fad of the day was soft-focus pictures. Steichen experimented on various methods to achieve soft-focus effects. First recognition of his talent came when Camera Note, edited by his employer, carried his ~~ft~~ works. *he was 30.*

It was then that he took the famed pictures of J.P. Morgan and Elenore Duse. No longer did he feel any house economy plight. *and better than his*

Eventually he could go to Europe. In England he took pictures of Bernard Shaw. In France he befriended Auguste Rodin and took his pictures. Soon afterwards Steichen opened a three-acre farm in a Paris suburb. He also took pictures of other ~~dignitaries~~ dignitaries like Maeterling, Anatole France and Henri Matisse. And he was married. *one on eating, can still sleep without*

From time to time he returned to the United States. In 1908 he made the famed two-color photos. Two of the pictures were sold \$500 apiece to the magazine Century. *He retains an 18-year-old boy's enthusiasm*

When World War I broke out, he was enlisted with the U.S. Air Force and was assigned with its Signal Corps. His new job no longer required any soft focus art pictures, but absolutely sharp aerial pictures. He found himself a colonel awarded with the French Legion d'honneur at the end of the war. Soon after the war he made ~~two~~ two portraits and sold them at \$5,000 apiece. He had not started commercial pictures yet.



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\* \* \* pictures yet

He spent a full year after the war on experiments on new approaches of his picture. He is said to have taken 1,000 pictures of just one white cup and saucer.

After the year of exhaustive experiments, he started working for Vogue and Vanity Fair -- the positions being still held. He also entered a contract with J. Walter Thomson Agency for working on commercials.

He became so famous that having him take a portrait almost became qualification for high class American society.

Steichen's techniques changed. His search of extreme sharpness required strong lights. By that time his one commercial photo was paid with \$1,000 apiece.

The very significant year for Steichen was 1918 when he was 38. A gardener reportedly showed him a water-color copy of Steichen's own painting. Steichen reportedly admitted the copy looked better than his original. He burned all of his paintings made during the preceding 20 years in what other people called a ~~xxx~~ "\$50,000 bonfire" in his garden.

Steichen, however, climbed to the top of photography. He still maintains the position.

He reportedly spends very little time on eating, can still sleep without changing clothes and is as healthy as a pup. He was quoted as saying he was getting rather short tempered although he was trying to be more tolerant as he grew old. He retains an 18-year-old boy's enthusiasm at photography.

It seems to me his retirement means just a pause for a new leap. Let us look forward to seeing his new activities before long.



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## Steichen

Nicholas Haz

"STEICHEN"; if there is a more glamorous name in photography I have never heard it. What an opportunity for a writer to do a rousing article about the uphill fight of a young, poor boy to achieve the highest position in photography. To trace the progress of this long enduring effort, which even now, after 40 years of unflagging work is on the lookout for new spheres for photography. What an inviting task, to tell about the philosophy and the deeply interesting incidents of the life of this man; and to characterize the times which made his career possible. Yes a grand chance for a *writer*, but far too exacting a task for a mere picture-maker who also writes. Fortunately the problem has been solved already by Carl Sandburg, who in his book "Steichen the Photographer" gave us the most outstanding biography of a photographer.

All I can do is to give a more or less pedestrian account of the technique of Steichen and to recollect some of his sayings and doings, which I have been fortunate enough to hear and to observe while visiting in his studio from time to time.

Steichen was a rising master of painting when he foresaw the machine age in picture-making. He knew, even when the Musee de Luxembourg of Paris bought his paintings, that soon the camera would supersede the brush as a means of moulding the public mind. At a time when any suggestion that photography might be considered an art brought scorn upon the suggestor, he laid aside his triumphant palette to be a photographer forever after.

He built a three-day bonfire with his paintings and when that fire went out he was done with his painters past, and also with pictorialism in photography.

And who was a better pictorialist than Steichen? Who could emulate the effects of paint on canvas more successfully than he by means of photography? No one. His giant multitone gumprints, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York, could be hung in an exhibition of paintings without any danger that they would be out of harmony with the paintings. He could emulate anyones technique if he so chose. He could do a Whistler or a Sargent or a Corot or a Lenbach at will. But soon he realized that there is no sense in imitation, particularly not if the imitator's means are as good as those of the imitated. To be called a pic-



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torialist is an insult to a photographer he holds, just as the designation "photographialist" would be resented by a painter.

He was ever in favor of direct, honest, undisguised workmanship in any art and craft. He cannot prefer marble made of chicken-wire, burlap, plaster and paint to real marble, although he has respect for chickenwire and the other materials if they are used in their proper places.

When he knew that his work would be, exclusively, photography, he undertook a thorough study of technique. He undertook a second rigorous apprenticeship as he wanted to find a simple, direct and efficient way to record his emotions and ideas by means of photography. To begin with he photographed a cup and saucer one thousand times on all sorts of photographic plates, treated in many ways and printed on all kinds of papers.

When he was done with experimenting, (for the time being only, of course, because he is experimenting all the time), he decided on panchromatic cut-film, developed in pure metol—in tanks. They were desensitized in Pinacryptol Green, either previously (in a continuous solution of the dye), or else he added the dye to the developer. Of late these formulas are being changed, since he is making direct-color photographs and the negatives need to be adjusted to the color-requirements. He likes the pure metol for black-and-white because all of the image comes up immediately and he can watch the progress in density to the exact point needed. His average printing quality for negatives is much more dense than that of the customary studio.

Since Steichen does all his thinking before he exposes his film, he needs almost no control when printing. There is no retouching or worked-in backgrounds, nothing sketched or painted or airbrushed on his negatives. Nor does he use etching or line screens, grainy or any other sort of paper negative, nor does he diffuse his images while printing. Not even his photomontages show any trace of work by hand. He is thoroughly convinced of the value of purism in photography.

He uses an 8 by 10 Eastman studio camera with a specially built-in rising and falling front, and a Folmer 8 by 10 commercial camera for work outside of the studio. Then he has an Anco 5 by 7 view-camera for outdoors. Of late he has used the Rolleiflex extensively and he always carries with him a Bantam Kodak, which he considers the best camera for the amateur snapshooter. His favorite lenses are the Dagor and the Protar or their types. For the last five years the Schneider Symmar has also been in favor with him. He has a number of these lenses of different focal lengths. The one kind of lens never found in his studio is the soft-focus type. He started the vogue of soft-focus photography in this country about the year 1900 by simply kicking the tripod during exposure or wetting the lens. From such humble beginnings started the great industry of soft-focus lens manufacture and that of the many different diffusing devices. He is sorry they were such a success. You can always make him smile when you tell him that someone paid a small fortune for a sharp lens then put a diffuser in front of it. One of the great advantages of photography is that the lens is a better optical instrument than the eye, "sees" more of the world, than humans; makes more thorough pictures than what we can see with the naked eye. Why should one resign such a grand advantage; where is the law which obliges one to match human vision in photography?



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*"Self Portrait"*

*Edward Steichen*

*Courtesy Vanity Fair*



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His studio was and is quite simple. In spite of the fact that he is making many elaborate fashion pictures and advertising illustrations, there are no built-in sets, no profusion of properties. Anything needed in the pictures is brought in for the occasion.

The standard equipment of the studio consists mostly of lamps of all sorts and of panels from which he composes most of his backgrounds. Painted backdrops or cast-shadows to suggest scenery he has never used. Sometimes he goes to mansions, apartments, ships, night clubs, theaters, ball rooms, flying fields, offices, gardens, churches, or other characteristic places to suit the atmosphere to his subject.

He was the chief of aerial photography of the American forces during the world war. He became one of the pioneers of this fascinating branch of photography, in which he still is enthusiastically interested. He is a colonel in the army, an officer of the Legion of Honor of France, and the possessor of other decorations and honors.

His favorite subject-matter is anything at all. From a tooth brush to Greta Garbo or the Rocky Mountains, there is nothing he does not like to make a picture of. These may be abstract, or concrete or semi-abstract; not so much in the hyper-modern speculative manner of Bruguire or Man Ray, but made instinctively, naturally. He likes clean-cut facts more than nebulous theory, there is nothing mystic nor fantastic about him. But if others choose to make super-intellectual photograms, they can count on his sympathetic attention. He always favors new departures over trite repetitions of the obvious.

He likes all branches of photography but one, that of the average family portrait photographer, who has to flatter his sitters to make a living. He will not accept portrait sittings for the benefit of friends or relatives of the sitters.

The news photographers' work he thinks admirable. He considers the American press-photographer the liveliest, most original of his kind. Scientific photography he champions to the utmost; astronomical photography, ultra-speed photography and photomicrography are fascinating to him.

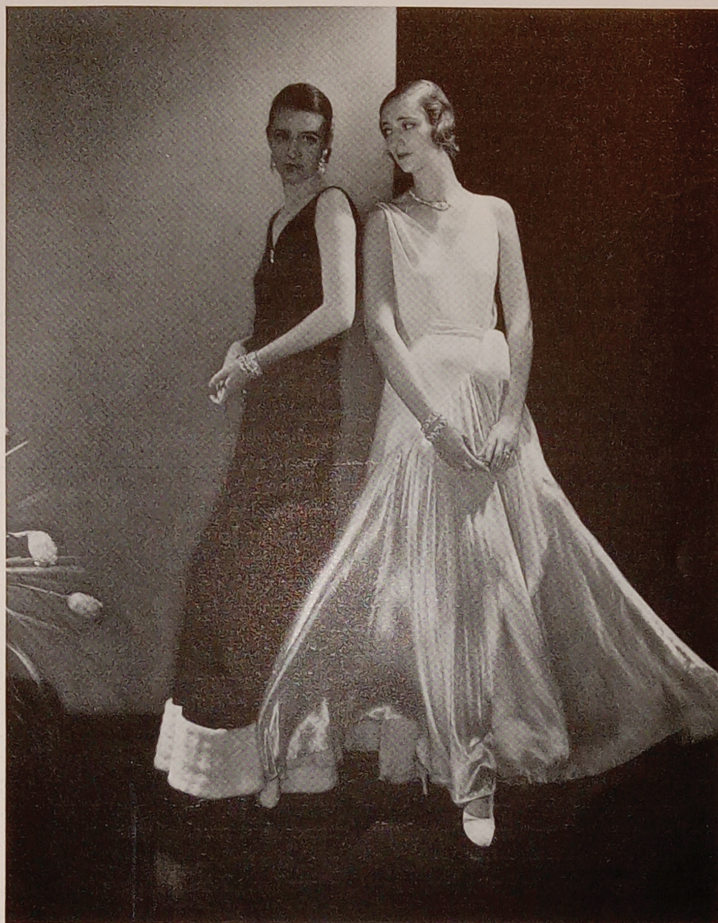
He pays small heed to the limiting rules of traditional picture makers, he makes his own rules. Accordingly he will photograph one single simple object or a million complicated ones. He will juxtapose the smallest to the largest image if this will express whatever he has in mind. He will upset the rules of perspective if this helps to bring out a specific idea.

He puts his most impressive image into the center of the print as readily as near the edges or into the corners, but that does not mean that he won't use the orthodox off-center positions if he thinks that they will be the best for the job in hand. Once at least, he has put the center of interest out of the picture. He photographed himself, crouching in the lower left corner of the print looking out of the picture at his sitter. This certainly was a breach of an old fogie rule not to lead the eye out of the picture, but he succeeded in making a most unconventional and effective self-portrait.

He rarely distorts an image, but he does not mind if others do. He uses his tilting tripod head often; to point his lens up or down is an old story to him. Steichen is always on the lookout for a novel, unexpected appearance of the object. Of course he is delighted with subject-matter which no one has touched before, and when he has to photograph the obvious, he tries



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*Courtesy Vogue*

*Edward Steichen*



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to find a new mode of presentation; a different aspect of the familiar object.

Steichen is careful about line composition. He does not design it in advance, but builds it when looking at the ground-glass. He changes positions, accessories, backgrounds, lighting effects till that invisible line is properly formed. This does not necessarily contain the line of beauty of Hogarth; at times he makes it out of straight lines, parallel to each other and to the edges of the print.

When he subdivides his picture plane he does not shun the tabooed fifty-fifty, sometimes he has a regular square net for a foundation, particularly in his photographic fabric designs.

Steichen's tone is usually a full scale richly graded symphony of greys, between white and black. He makes high key and low key pictures but I don't remember any harsh soot-and-whitewash effects by him. He always uses supersensitive panchromatic films because of their speed. Sometimes he intentionally overcorrects and of late he has done infra-red photography.

Steichen made the first Lumiere Autochrome color-plates used out of the factory. Since then he has experimented with almost all direct color techniques. At this time he is using the one-shot three-color separation process, on eight by ten plates or films at high speed and small stops of the lens. This of course demands very strong illumination by lamps or flashbulbs.

He initiated the present vogue of direct-color photographic illustration in magazines with a picture of Peggy Hopkins Joyce in 1931. The first action snapshot in full color, indoors, is also by him, made in 1933 of Harriet Hctor. He expects this technique to stay with us, especially if someone will invent a way to make the color engravers work purely photographic and not mainly handwork as it is at present.

Steichen's ideal of edge-definition is full depth-of-focus plus perfect sharpness all over. He might sacrifice depth-of-focus or even sharpness if he cannot catch an expression or attitude without sacrificing them.

He never uses rough surfaces for his prints. His favorites are semi-matt smooth surfaces, without particular objection to glossy effects. Plasticity and distance are great assets in pictures he holds. He will turn out a silhouette once in a great while, but generally his work shows volume. His photographed patterns show little distance, but much plasticity.

Surface, distance and plasticity, plus sharp definition, give good textural rendition. He is quite keen for this quality. You cannot please him with mushy, muddy or wishywashy effects, or slurred, untrue representation of texture. He admires plenty of action in pictures. He pictures liveliness when needed, but he also can show dignity, saintliness, or repose. But whatever he does there is always a feeling of life about his figures. Nothing is ever dead in a Steichen print.

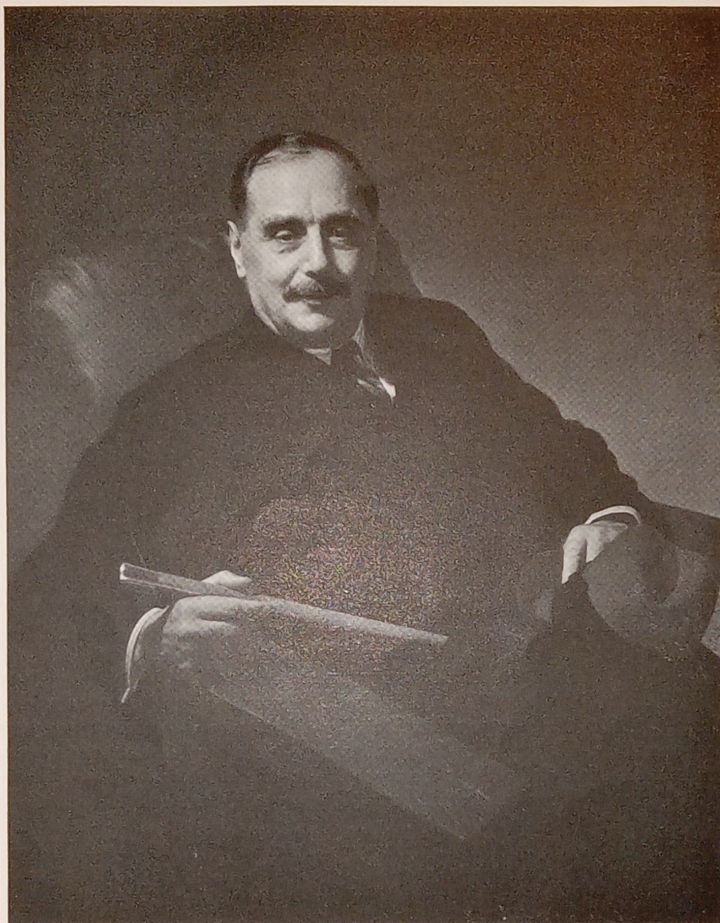
He does not believe that long duration can be shown in a single non-composite print. He never tries to represent an epoch of his sitter's life; all he is after is "that person at that time and place."

In composite pictures it is different. In his mural in the Center Theatre he covered the history of aviation from the first biplane of the Wright brothers to Captain Stevens' camera. When he makes a photo-montage he includes negatives used as positives, lettering, maps, blueprints, in short any sign or symbol to make the meaning of the picture clear.

He sometimes represents the eternal in a single shot. A frog in a pond,



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*"H. G. Wells"*

*Edward Steichen*

*Courtesy Vanity Fair*



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among leaves of water lilies, changes into a prehistoric monster if you look at the picture long enough.

There is never an unbalanced picture in Steichen's work, but he has many means of balancing. From the static symmetry of archaic painters to his carefully calculated adjustment of weight and interest he can handle anything.

Nor do his pictures disintegrate, no matter how long one looks at them. When he unites them they are united. But sometimes he uses intentional disunity to accentuate sequence of ideas in his pictures. This applies only to the murals, single pictures are coherent if Steichen made them.

Nor is there a lack of clarity in his work, if he intends to make them understandable. And no picture of his ever collapses because the images merge into one another. But if he decides that he is going to puzzle you, then you won't solve his puzzle in a hurry.

He knows how to force the onlookers to notice that image first which he selected to be the main image. An unimportant extra is never allowed to overshadow the star in his composition. If he wants to direct your attention to a hidden image, you will find it unless you are a habitual slipshod observer.

He is the initiator of the use of even and regularly alternated rhythm in photography, at least in this country. He uses these rhythms in his celebrated pattern designs, by photographing sugar cubes, moth balls, tacks, and the like in an ornamental lay-out, seen vertically from above. They are used as fabric designs for silks. Of late they can be printed on the fabric photographically, in the beginning they had to be adjusted by sketches to be made printable.

He never photographs ugly, repulsive objects, but he is capable of admiring those who do; if the makers have a socially useful aim in mind when they do it. For instance when a devildare newspaper photographer snapped Mrs. Snyder on the electric chair, Steichen exhibited a clipping of this in his reception room. He considered it a photographic editorial against capital punishment. He likes and praises the work of Dorothea Lange and Ben Shahn, who often photograph abject poverty, lonesome old age in the slums, and the like.

His admiration for Captain Stevens' photographic work is exceedingly great, some of the captains infra-red long-distance shots remind him of the first chapter of Genesis, he says. Stroboscopic photography by Edgerton and Germeshausen is also among his favorites.

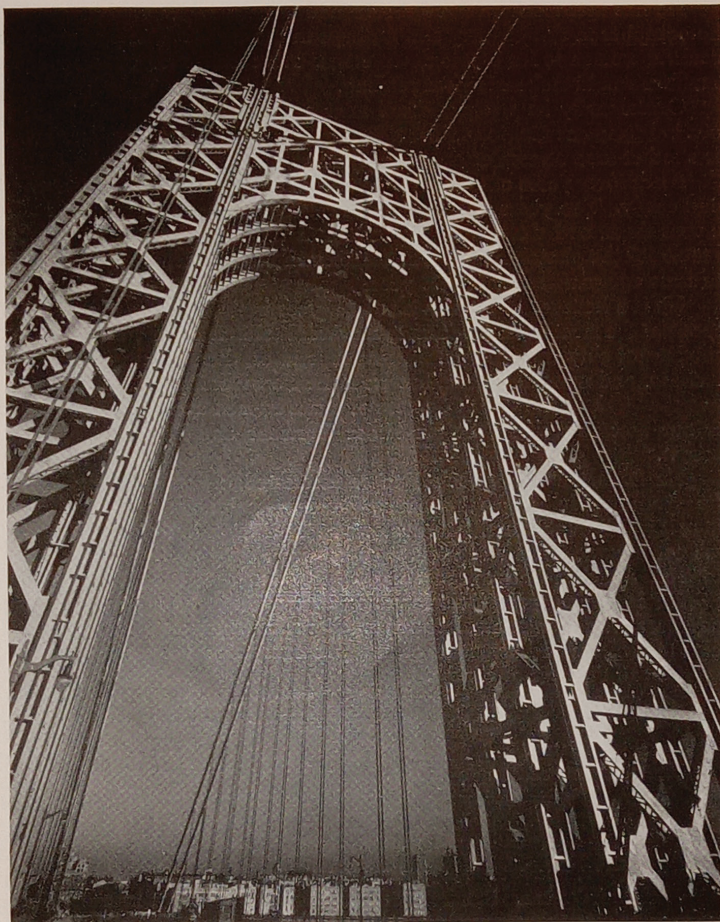
"Follow your own nose" is his advice to the beginner. "Look with your own eyes, photograph what *you* see, don't try to imitate anyone's work."

He does not like to be called an artist. One of the former presidents of this country dedicated a print of himself by Steichen to him with an "To the artist." That print was not long on the mantel piece.

He thinks that Charley Chaplin is not only a genius as an actor but is also one of the best photographers in the world. At the same time, curiously, he is the most camera shy subject who ever stood in front of his camera. For Walt Disney he has unbounded admiration. (The writer is in full agreement, he thinks these two would be named the most beloved living humans in a world-wide referendum.)



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*"George Washington Bridge"*

*Edward Steichen*

*Courtesy Vanity Fair*



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He has met more celebrated men and women in his studio than any photographer in this country and perhaps in the world. The procession of beautiful women to his studio never stops. His recollection of famous personalities would make excellent reading.

Occasionally he works himself near a nervous breakdown. Then he goes to Florida or California for a few weeks, comes back hale and hearty for another long stretch of exceedingly hard work.

After forty years of intensive work in photography he still changes his mind easily. Ten years ago he did not respect the small cameras. Today he uses them, and thinks that they stand as the highest technical advance in tools for the photographer. The studio men have to get along with about the same equipment they had 20 years ago.

He is a believer in the movies and agrees with H. G. Wells that they represent the most vivid art-form in the world today. They have stolen the thunder not only from the painter and illustrator, the stage, the writer, the musician, and newspaperman, but from the clergy and politicians. He follows the work of the great directors and cameramen and has great respect for our best as well as the pre-Hitler Germans and Russians, past and present.

He finds time (a miracle,) to be interested in lots of things beside photography. He bought the famous Brancusi sculpture: "Bird in Flight" when it was brought here. The customs house officials had decided that this was not a work of art and tried to collect some duty on the copper it was made of. Steichen went to court about it and squelched the customs men.

He serves as juror for salons and competitions, he selects prints for annuals, advises beginners, lectures and broadcasts, writes on photography, helps innovators and inventors of new photographic materials and devices, and does all this free of charge.

But he does not donate his work to the magazines and advertisers who use it. He made three-cipher prices for single photographic prints of his rule in this country.

He is a man of simple habits, not a fancy dresser, who hangs on to only one characteristic piece of apparel, a broad brimmed black Stetson, with a definite "personality."

His favorite hobby is plant breeding, being the owner of a farm in Connecticut on which he breeds and raises new types and forms of flowers. Also in horticulture he is an innovator, a finder of new paths, a creator of new things.

He can be equanimous among circumstances which would try the patience not only of artists but of truckdrivers. Once there was a flood on the floor above his studio. While the neighbors ran around trying to stop the rain from the ceilings, he went to bed with an umbrella over him.

He thinks that the greatest advances in photographic technique of the last few years are the supersensitive panchromatic emulsion, and the electric actinometer. He admits a great advance in enlarging technique, and now occasionally enlarges. Up to ten years ago he only made contact prints. In murals the greater the ratio of enlargement the more he likes them.

In my mind America is leading the world in many branches of photography. No other country can compete with our moving picture technique, our animated cartooning, nor indeed with our advertising and color still



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*"Fabric Design"*

*Edward Steichen*

photography. Steichen was ever a leader in these last two directions, as he was the leader in pictorialism before he renounced it.

He is as energetic, lively and ambitious today as he was 30 years ago. He does not contemplate resting on his laurels, he will go on and lead us to ever higher peaks in photography.

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# STIEGLITZ AND STEICHEN

"Stieglitz and Steichen were responsible for the militant Photo-Secessionists who fought to have photography accepted as an art by painters, and did, and did with the most painterly of photographs. After the first World War, Edward Steichen took unique or anti-painterly photography to the market place and amid the roar of his growing fame raised the standards to the equal of the best in commercial art of both advertising photography and camera portraits of the prominent. Alfred Stieglitz chose the path least likely to be understood; inner growth through camera work...."

Minor White "The Light Sensitive Mirage"

Aperture Vol. 6, No. 2 1958 pp. 74 et seq.

Reprinted by courtesy of Art in America "On the strength of a mirage" il. 46 No. 1: 52-5 Spring '58

The texts differ. The Art in America article reads:

"Two of those leaders stand out now, both responsible for the militant Photo-Secessionists who fought to have photography accepted as an art by painters, and did, by presenting the most painterly of photographs. After the first World War, Edward Steichen took unique anti-painterly photography to the market place and dramatically raised the standards in both advertising photography and camera portraits. Alfred Stieglitz chose the path less likely to be understood, the expression of inner growth through camera work...."



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For Steichen and Vanity Fair, see Hurley, F. Jack, Portrait of a Decade  
Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, Copyright 1972 p. 13:  
"Edward Steichen's famous high fashion photographs in Vanity Fair perhaps  
epitomized the era. He and the Californian Edward Weston, whose seascapes.  
twisted trees, and finely detailed closeups revealed an intense personal  
response to the beauties of nature, indicated that American photographers  
were capable of high art and sensitivity. Their pictures were beautiful  
but they were not what Stryker needed. He needed pictures that were  
visually strong but that also possessed a social consciousness...."



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Found in an article in "La Revue Francaise de Photographie", 1937, as quoted in  
Camera December, 1974 p. 35 et seq. (item quoted on p. 36):

From 1902 tp 1905, Demachy devoted himself to the theme of 'Landscape

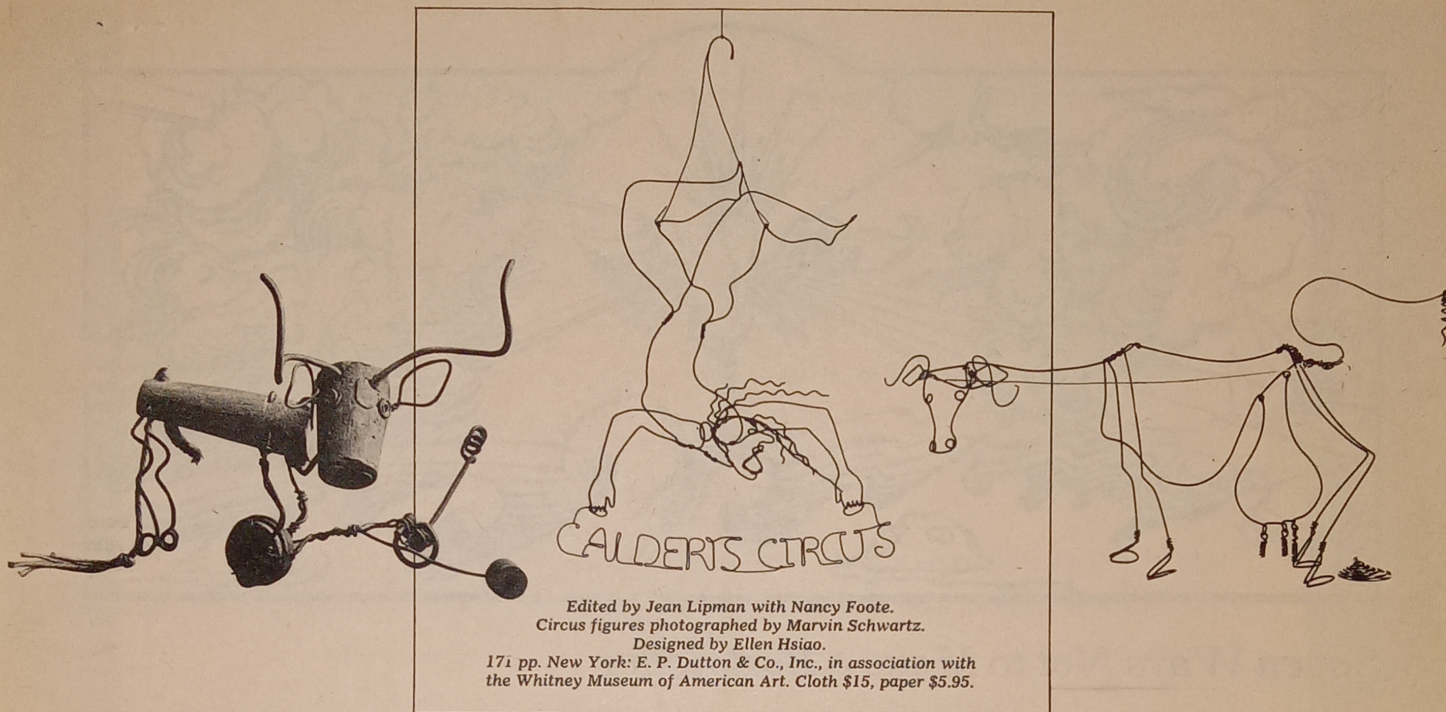
STEICHEN REFERENCES IN

THE DAYBOOKS OF EDWARD WESTON II:150 (1929),  
195 (1930) and 258 (1932).

STEICHEN mentioned in book, and its chronology  
pp. 18 and 165.



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This is a very happy book. There's little text, but all of it is Calder; his words about his circus. In 1929 he was invited to perform at a party given by Aline Bernstein. He was seen there by a certain young writer. About this, Calder says, "I was never aware that the great Wolfe—that is, Thomas Wolfe, the writer—was present at my performance. He did not have the good sense to present himself and I only heard from him much later—some nasty words on my performance, included in a long-winded book." (That long-winded book was "You Can't Go Home Again.")

Calder's circus had its beginning in

1925, when he was given a two-week pass to Barnum & Bailey's Circus to do a drawing for the May 23d issue of the National Police Gazette. By 1927 Calder had his own circus, which he took to Paris in two suitcases. The early Paris performances were accompanied by music played by the sculptor Isamu Noguchi—on the Victrola.

Five suitcases were necessary to transport the circus back to New York in 1929. In 1930, audiences here included Frank Crowninshield and Edward Steichen, and John Walker, Lincoln Kirstein, Alfred Barr and Edward M. Warburg at Harvard. In Paris there had been Mondrian, Miró,



Léger, Arp, van Doesburg and Le Corbusier. What happy people they must have been!

In 1931 there were five performances in New York in a store on Seventh Avenue near 57th Street. Calder could not get a theatrical license because there was only one toilet and the door opened in, not out; so he passed his hat after the performance. And so it was for 40 years.

The illustrations on this page are all from "Calder's Circus." The circus itself is now on exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art.

BOB MELSON





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Found in an article in "La Revue Francaise de Photographie", 1937, as quoted in  
Camera December, 1974 p. 35 et seq. (item quoted on p. 36):

From 1902 tp 1905, Demachy devoted himself to the theme of 'Landscape  
Studies with Models'. The scenes of these photographs were the Ville-d'Avray,  
the Ile d'Herblay, the Ile de Crissy and the land owned by his friend Lebeque,  
the same landscapes which were also photographed by the stars of the Photo-Club  
- de Singly, Prince d'Origny, Hachette, Baron de Meyer and Steichen, today  
the great master of American photography.

.....

p. 45

In addition to his professional and literary activities, Demachy carried  
on an extensive international correspondence with such personalities as Job,  
Keighly, Mortimer and Mrs. Barton in England; with Guido Rey and de Courten in  
Italy; with Kuhn and Duhrkoop in Germany; and with Mrs. Kasebier and Edward  
Steichen in the United States.







# STOCKHOLMS-TIDNINGEN

28  
AUGUSTI  
1932

Stockholm  
Stockholms-Tidningens  
Tryckeri

## Stockholms Dagblad

S Ö N D A G S

B I L A G A N

REDAKTION

B. Idestam-  
Almqvist  
kl. 2—5

L. Djurberg  
kl. 12—5



Eftertryck  
förbjudes

Att en liten kaffeprasserska gifter sig med en botanisk indisk prins efter nästan som en saga. Men sagan är sann. Den lille prinsessen har själv berättat den. Att hon påverkad av österns hemlighetsfulla mystik, intriger och avundsjuka sjölvant lämnade prins, rikedomar och palats gör sagan tragisk.

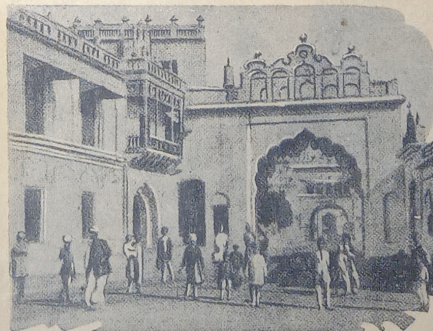
I en fabrik i Kilburn, en av Londons förstäder, arbetade den lille 17-åriga Marjorie Maylin. Har man enstörtilt sett det mjuka och övriga Kilburn, fattar man hennes glädje, när hon lyckades få en uppvisningsplats på Wembleyutställningen; vars tillfällighet för henne betydde världen. När så en dag en ståtlig österländsk främling kom, såg och beundrade, förvände det inte, att han blev sagoprins. Ty Mr Mahfooz var villig, hade egen bil, gav dyrbara presenter, uppmärksade förälskaren och begärde regelrätt av dem dotters hand. Vad kunde man mer begära, när dessutom kärleken var ömsesidig. Det blev tre månaders förlovning med dagliga besök i nöd och i vaka, där de muslimska prinsessorna underhölls i kornen. Vid övergången till muslimska läran blev Marjorie "Hassena", det är Den vackraste, som visste hon inte att hon skulle bli prinsessa. Bröllopet måste ske i Indien på grund av brudgummens lörd.

Så antändes den långa sjöresan till det avlägsna landet under kaptenens beskydd. Förväningen var, att Marjorie skulle tillträda en plats. Visserligen reste hon i andra klass, men färdens var i alla fall underbar med förtärliga möten med den blivande maken under resesyrenas skarpa blåer. Som förklarade strände de på fastnagelgatan, på tillägnad och förlovningsärens smärader, vilkas värde hon inte förstod och som icke stodo i proportion till den lilla "guvernantes" person. På flera kropps i skiveln, som blev bortslutna under resan. I Marjolies bjudo varliga pass-

Furst Mahfooz  
"Kronprinsens från  
Bohpal".



De väldiga vita furstpa-  
latsen verkade skrämma  
de på den blivande prin-  
cessen



Fabrikflickan Marjorie Maylin i England blev bekant med en ung indier — förälska-  
de sig, lärde sig Koran, följde honom till  
Indien. — Men blev förskräckt när hon såg  
att han var stormrik furste av Bohpal —  
lyxen, de stora palatsen, de främmande  
sederna, ormarna, de eviga intrigena —  
den eviga dödsfaran skrämde henne, hon  
föredrog att skilja sig, resa hem, bli fat-  
tig arbetslös engelsk fabrikflicka igen.



Marjorie Maylin  
blev indisk furst-  
inna

asgerare på utflykt i land, men fast-  
mannen förbjöd landstigning, i stället  
kom han ombord med en hel gärderb-  
pariserfotletter, så eleganta, att hon  
icke vågade bära dem.

Hennes första intryck av östen var  
dystert, Malabar Hill i Bombay med  
tystnadens torn, på vars krön de väpnade  
assamerna vinkade på pariser-  
fotletter. Så kom den ansträngande men  
underbara färd i egen salongsvagn  
till det avlägsna Bohpal. Mahfooz var  
uppmärksamheten själv. Han undrade  
om hon fortfarande skulle alka kora  
sitt och reda sig utan tjänare. Fattig-  
lönen var det enda hon tänkte på, den  
skrämda, den var en gammal be-  
kant. Så ankom hon till Bohpal, staden  
vid smärtsamt, där den ut-  
villiga engelskan väckte sådan up-  
märksamhet. Här mötte fastmannens  
tjäre broder med sin bil, men hans  
ormella hälsning och de sju synst-  
nas frävarar gjorde till Marjorie led-  
en. Hon visste icke då, att muhamme-  
lansk hövlighet förordar, att man icke  
lämnas om en mans syston. Först när  
hon fick dotter och att hövligt indiska  
laster icke besaka publika ställen  
lystes av den blivande hostoden, ett  
alltid, vitt palats skrämda henne till  
årar. Hon hade tänkt sig åtminstone  
en banglow eller en liten trevlig  
rättning och detta var ju en kaser.  
"Här är vårt hus", sade fastmannen,  
"här skall du bo ensam till bröllopet,  
jag bor hos mina syskon." Först när  
han förde henne in på den stora borg-  
gården, omtalade han, att hon skulle  
bli Hassena Begum och fastinna. En  
sådan överraskning hade hon icke väntat  
sig.

Här fanns lyx och rikedom, men vil-  
ket pris skulle hon få betala där-  
för! Huset skulle framtiden bli vid än-  
dan av en furste... hade hon kunnat,  
skulle hon velat återvända hemst.  
Tyst — ett ljud — med öppen ögon  
strådde hon ut i mörkret. Hon trodde  
sig höra tassande steg i de långa kor-  
ridorerna, människor som kommo och  
gingo. Närmare och närmare kom ljudet,  
det lut som när en lärk kastat  
glider över ett stengolv. Hon skrek...  
ljudet upphörde, ingen kom. I stället  
hörjades ljudet på nytt, men blev av-  
snerv, varefter det dog bort. Den  
stannings somnade hon in. Följande  
dag fick hon veta, att det sannolikt  
varit en giftig orm, som svängt sig in  
i det uppvärmda rummet... En natt  
skräk månader senare hörde Marjorie  
samma ljud och ropade på sin man,  
som låg i närgränsande rum. Han kom  
med lusa just lacorn för att döda en  
stor, svart, väsende cobra, som rullat  
hop sig vid hennes bädd...

Uppvaknande påminde på inett sätt  
en nattens favor. Marjorie förmam  
en stark parfynd och då hon öpp-  
nade egenen såg hon hur en av tjä-  
narinnorna kastade nograbbblommor, en  
slags jasminder, över hennes bädd — de för-  
sina indiska damernas sätt att bli  
äckt. Solskenet strömmade in ge-  
som fönstren och utdånfor utbreddes  
sig trädskalar med ett hav av roser,  
astrar och krysanterier. Under vä-  
tan på badet trädde Marjorie ut på en  
hallbänk för att njuta av alla denna  
blommesterrast, då hon plösslät fick en  
kall dusch över sig. Bakom sig såg  
hon en av tjänarinnorna på knä mellan  
de färdiga grupperna till. Först trodde  
hon att även detta var en indisk sed,  
men det visade sig, att flickorna hade  
trött att kenna blonda här fattat då

(Forts. på sid. 6.)



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FOR STETCHEN PHOTOGRAPHS OF ISADORA DUNCAN

See plates in The Art of the Dance by Isadora Duncan



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