HUNDRED THOUSAND EXPOSURES

Books by E. O. Hoppé

THE RUSSIAN BALLET
THE BOOK OF FAIR WOMEN
LONDON
IN GIPSY CAMP AND ROYAL PALACE
PICTURESQUE GREAT BRITAIN
ROMANTIC AMERICA
CITIES—TIME HAS PASSED BY
MAN AND HIS WORK
IN PASSING
ISLAND OF SONG AND LAUGHTER
THE FIFTH CONTINENT
TAKEN FROM LIFE (with *T. A. Beresford*)
GODS OF MODERN GRUB STREET (with *St. John Adcock*)
MORE GODS (with *St. John Adcock*)
LONDON TYPES (with *Pett Ridge*)
CAMERA ON UNKNOWN LONDON
THE LONDON OF GEORGE VI
LONDON IMAGE
ACHIEVEMENT

E. O. HOPPÉ

HUNDRED THOUSAND EXPOSURES

The Success of a Photographer

introduced by

CECIL BEATON

THE FOCAL PRESS

London and New York

First published October 1945
Reprinted January 1946

All Enquiries relating to this book or to any other photographic problem are readily answered by the Focal Press (31 *Fitzroy Square, London, W.*1) *and its Circle of Photographers without charge if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for reply.*

Printed in Great Britain at the Windmill Press, Kingswood, Surrey, for the Focal Press Ltd., 31 Fitzroy Square, London, W1

PRESENTING A MASTER OF THE CAMERA

If as a school boy in the holidays, someone had told me, as I sat poring over the reproductions of E. O. Hoppé's photographs in various magazines, that one day I should be asked to write an introduction to the Master's works, I could not have believed that life held such rewards. Now, I pen these few sentences with the same feeling of awe that I approached Millais House in South Kensington, when I went there fifteen years ago, in vain, to see if there was a display of chef d'œuvres, outside that Holy of Holies where the pictures were taken.

E. O. Hoppé was at the height of his fashionable success as a portrait photographer, at the time when I first became interested in picture-making with the camera. I was lost in absolute amazement that such richness of colour could be produced by a black and white print. Hoppé's pictures were entirely different from the other photographs at that period, for they were all imbued with a controlled and subtle romanticism and atmospheric glow—they were the work of someone with taste, perception, appreciation; of someone who used the camera as an artist.

E. O. Hoppé did not take photographs of "anybody"; his studio was extremely exclusive and his energies were reserved for portraying the glorious adult world of art, literature, ballet and of dazzling society. He seemed to monopolise the glittering world into which I was content to gaze through his lens. He did not just photograph that world, he brought it to life. I may have known what many people looked like from their photographs, but I felt I only knew *them when Hoppé had given them a sitting.*

I used to pray that each week would produce a new group of Hoppé's in the magazines, and when these reproductions

were placed in a sort of magic lantern that I possessed, and enlarged to gargantuan proportions on the wall, the effect was almost overwhelming.

Perhaps no photographer is the best judge of his own work, or perhaps it is because in this volume, the portraits, of which I am such a particular enthusiast, form only a small proportion, that I venture to say that there are many more Hoppé photographs that I would have liked to "show" as being representative of his best work. But this volume is designed mainly to prove the extraordinary versatility of E. O. Hoppé. He is not only an artist at portraiture, but is at home anywhere throughout the world, as we can judge from the pictures of the West African tailors' store, the glimpses into English cottages and clematis gardens, of the Brooklyn Bridge, the cathedral grandeur of New York's Great Central Station, and the giant engines in the factories. The variety of the photographs here shown is quite extraordinary, ranging as it does from the inside of an insect's mouth to the sanctum of Bernard Shaw—from Mr. Epstein at work on the tomb of Oscar Wilde to the exotic fisherman, from the masterly portrait of Thomas Hardy to the apotheosis of all snapshots taken of a native of almost any remote spot throughout the world. . . .

Hoppé's work, which was so fashionable yesterday, might have been proved to be ephemeral. The fact that it has managed to outlast its own fashion and live more than a quarter of a century after is one of the rare achievements of photographic history.

CECIL BEATON.

CONTENTS

1

How an amateur turns professional, resolving to do it differently from most of the others ... ... p. 9

2

How he converts the house of a famous Victorian painter into his photographic studio with taste and a shrewd sense of business ... ... p. 16

3

How a young portrait photographer should set out and how to continue not to be commonplace and cheap ... ... p. 25

4

How the Great turn up to be his sitters, how he handled them and how others ought ... ... p. 34

Portraits, pp. 47–64

5

How cameras have changed during the last twenty-five years and how far they are still from perfection ... ... p. 66

6

How moody and vain and amusing and lovable some very famous people are when facing a camera ... ... p. 75

Different Portraits, pp. 81–89

7

How difficult it is to decide who was the most beautiful of the women photographed by one who photographed so many ... p. 90

Glimpses of London, pp. 105–113

8

How to become a very well known man by avoiding advertising while relying on more subtle ways of good publicity ... ... p. 114

Pictorial Studies, pp. 125–144

9

How to break into new fields with the camera in the service of commerce but without sacrifice to one's artistic self ... ... p. 145

10

How much more photographic journalism can be than just press photography by keeping count of ideas and looking for the least obvious markets ... ... p. 154

11

How to travel to foreign parts, what equipment to take and how not to be outwitted by strange conditions of light and temperature ... ... p. 170

12

How to be at home and welcome in any part of the world by keeping the eyes open and one's reputation sound ... ... p. 182

Records of the Picturesque, pp. 198–216

13

How to be content with having done a job of photography—and how the reader could follow in the author's footsteps ... p. 217

Index, pp. 228–229

I

MORE THAN AMATEUR; NOT YET PROFESSIONAL

Chance has played a big part in my life. It was chance that led a friend to give me a camera for a birthday present.

Compared with modern instruments, it was decidedly primitive; a magazine box camera, with a fixed focus lens. Silence was not one of its virtues. When changing a plate, there was no certainty that the remaining plates would not fall forward with a dreadful clatter. Nevertheless, although my attitude to photography in early youth was no more serious than that of any other schoolboy, I think it must have been the magnificent uncertainty of operating this instrument—somewhat cynically called by the makers a "hand camera"—that imbued in me a love for photography and was responsible for my becoming a professional and making hundreds of thousands of exposures of the most famous, and perhaps infamous, people in every continent.

But in my early youth photography hardly ranked as a profession. True, there were men, some of them born artists, producing excellent work with primitive materials; there were also large numbers of itinerant photographers, little better than tramps, wandering the countryside soliciting sittings from villagers. Photography was still in the outer suburbs of the professions; and my father, a banker, was reluctant to see me embark on a career which seemed to have little but the hazardous to recommend it.

Writing as a veteran photographer, I feel grateful to my parents for giving me a sound business training. The failure of so many gifted amateurs in professional photography is due in perhaps the majority of cases to lack of business sense. The mediocre photographer succeeds because he is, first and

foremost, a business man; whereas the amateur, with a few successes in exhibitions, is more interested in delicate shades of black and white than the cost of running a studio and failure is inevitable. I remember a young man coming to ask my advice in regard to becoming a photographer and holding forth at great length about art and technique. I listened to him gravely and then said: "Yes, that is all very well. But do you know anything about book-keeping?" Not that I wish to convey the impression that I regard photography purely as a business. Heaven forbid. But artists, like other men, must live, and, in order that they may do so, it is essential for them to have both feet firmly on the ground.

Yes, I owe much of my success as a photographer to the discipline of banking. Nor was I unhappy in a bank. The hours were reasonable, and my hobby of photography gave pleasant relaxation until awards in open competition inevitably led to my considering taking to the camera professionally. There was of course intense family opposition. My friends were unsympathetic. The photographer to-day has little idea of all the prejudice against photography as a career in the early part of the twentieth century. Moreover, to make matters worse in the eyes of my family and friends I had just married a young and charming wife, and as one of them remarked: "You are mad to think of becoming a photographer. Only just married and now contemplate jeopardising security for a wild-goose chase. You ought to show a little more sense of responsibility."

It is curious how fate takes a hand at critical moments in the game of life. Possibly a sudden illness was due to psychological causes, a rooted prejudice in the sub-conscious against the prospect of a lifetime of routine. Anyway, my doctor, a man of keen perception—and himself a gifted amateur photographer—showed a breadth of mind ahead of his period and encouraged my ambition. My young wife gallantly supported me in what my friends regarded as a "mad enterprise" and my career as a maker of portraits began in a studio flat in South-West London.

What delightful days those were! Neither amateur nor professional, I lived in an enchanting "no-man's land" enjoying the best of both worlds. Yet I was no mere *dilettante*. I was fired with a youthful and overwhelming ambition to rescue photography from the mediocrity into which it had fallen, to see it recognised as an art. I was determined to break loose from the artificiality which was typical of the average studio portrait of that period. My camera was to be my servant, not my master.

As I was without photographic training I felt free to explore the infinite possibilities of my medium. I had taken students' courses at art schools, but for the most part my photographic experience was gained by ceaseless experiments. Nor am I convinced that this is the wrong way to train for photography. By all means learn what the schools have to teach in regard to the technique of photography; but, when this is learned, let the photographer, who aspires to be something more than a tradesman, take his courage in both hands and develop his own individuality to the full.

Although, according to the purists who frowned on my heresies in composition and lighting, I did not deserve success, my work gradually became known to a wider circle which prompted my moving to a larger studio in Baker Street.

I should like to pause for a moment over this word "success". It simplifies matters a little too much to say that a photographer's success is due merely to a style or a trick of lighting. These things are important but, in my opinion, at any rate, success is due to causes which are much more fundamental and are inherent in the photographer's personality. Nowadays the influence of that admirable instrument, the miniature camera, is responsible for an obsession with technique. As time passes, and progress in the post-war world of photography may be of an epoch-making character, much of these technical problems, which are admittedly of absorbing interest, will disappear. But they may not disappear immediately; and photographers, who aspire to success, should bear in mind that, while sound technique is

essential, the cultivation of a sincere and cultured personality is of paramount importance. Sitters, particularly women, do not care two hoots whether the photographer develops his films with *Champlin* or cider. They are not interested in chemistry. But they will respond readily to a photographer who can talk in an interesting and informed way about a variety of topics; and response, though it may be brief as a cloud passing over the sun in summer, is that note of vital humanity which, when captured on a photographer's negative, makes all the difference between a likeness that is wooden and without merit and a work of art. The photographer, whose mind is cloistered like a darkroom, seldom goes far in professional portraiture. But the well-read man or woman, who can make intelligent conversation without pretending to be an expert on subjects outside his own sphere, may go far. So I made a point of reading the leading daily papers and the best weeklies; I kept in touch with current literature, and I have never lost interest in psychology. The successful photographer is inevitably a psychologist. He can never stop learning about human nature.

Have I been preaching a sermon? I loathe preaching sermons and pointing morals. But a life-time's experience of photography has taught me that the man behind the camera needs developing in many things beside the plate in his dark-slide.

I have always been cautious in claiming to be the first to adopt new methods. But my studio in Baker Street did cause a slight sensation. Convinced that much of the stilted portraiture of the period was due to the artificial atmosphere of the contemporary studio, the dreadful painted backgrounds and the balustrades which suggested the back-stage of a pantomime rather than any more profound link with art, I felt that it was imperative to design a studio which would soothe a prospective sitter instead of causing restraint and alarm. I hung my studio walls with draperies in soft pastel shades and endeavoured to create the atmosphere of a drawing-room of not too formal a character. But I shall never

forget my dismay when a small, absent-minded man, trailed a wet umbrella across my unblemished floor. That man was LORD ROBERTS.

In these days, when many photographers use cameras of the size of a couple of match-boxes, it is an interesting and perhaps chastening experience to review the apparatus used over a quarter of a century ago.

My first camera was of the conventional studio type; a solid mahogany affair, magnificently built, formidable as a howitzer. But it was out of character with my pleasantly informal studio. So I commissioned a well-known London firm, whose principals were horrified by my ideas, to design a 10" × 8" studio reflex camera. Although its appearance was still impressive, the majority of my sitters did not associate it with the orthodox machine which aroused feelings akin to those stimulated by the sight of the dentist's chair.

My reasons for preferring a reflex for studio work were, I think, justifiable. First, there is the obvious advantage that one could watch the sitter on the focusing screen, right way up until the actual moment of the exposure, of which, of course, he should be unaware. A major point was the elimination of the focusing cloth. Diving one's head under yards of black material, getting entangled in it while trying to keep up a muffled conversation, then emerging wild and dishevelled to face a startled, uncomfortably amused, or slightly contemptuous sitter, is not, in my opinion, the best way to establish relations between subject and photographer.

A further advantage was the fact that the plate was in position all the time; valuable seconds were not wasted by one's attention being diverted from the sitter to the negotiation of dark slides, the short interval between focusing and opening the slide being nothing to worry about. But this remarkable and beautifully constructed instrument had one grave disadvantage. The noise of the heavy shutter in a camera of this size was simply appalling.

Those were the days of contact prints and the larger negative was an advantage if not a necessity. Platinotype and

carbon prints were the most popular processes in both amateur and professional circles, although the smaller professional photographer was still mainly faithful to highly glazed printing-out-papers which was fitting in studios where the painted background and head-rest survived.

Those old platinotype prints had much that was delicate and charming. There was a certain cold austerity about them reminiscent of steel engravings of the DORÉ period. Nevertheless, the process bound one to the production of a particular type of negative. The same inelasticity applied to the carbon process, although its results could be amazingly satisfying. For richness of tone and quality when applied to wood instead of paper it was almost unsurpassed, and I still take a pride in some of those early achievements—robust, strongly lighted portraits of men—which, during the Great War, found a place in many ancestral homes. Although appreciative of the qualities of both carbon and platinotype, their limitations were obvious to one who sought individuality in printing. Gum prints, so popular with many workers, to my mind suggested artificiality and manipulation. Admittedly, skilled workers wrought beautiful and pleasing results in this medium. But only too frequently horrors of misapplied energy were perpetrated by those ignorant of even the essential functions of drawing and balance. To my arrogant young mind, gum was a hybrid process neither photographic nor graphic.

Although I was in theory a purist, I had no objection to control in printing which is strictly within the functions of the photographic medium. If one looks through a negative, qualities and tones will be seen that fail to register in a straight print, however tractable the paper and emulsion. The secret of rendering prints as finely graded as the original negative lies in control while printing, subduing an aggressive note here, encouraging a reluctant detail there, until the final rendering of tone values and detail is finished and harmonious. Since those early days the vast improvements made in bromide processes and enlarging have placed tremendous

power in the hands of the photographer, giving him the fullest scope for this form of print control and rendering him master of his medium.

Nevertheless, there are certain dangers attached to this practice. Occasionally, in later years, pressure of work has necessitated recourse to trade printers. Far be it from me to decry the useful work of these firms which are equipped for swift mass production, and to whom the receipt of a batch of negatives with control instructions attached must have been extremely disconcerting. To give them their due, they tried to produce what was wanted, but results were sometimes weird and wonderful. The moral is: if you wish to exercise control in printing, do it yourself.

Those early years fluctuated between the extremes of exhilaration and despondency. But there were signs of general progress, even a few of my "wild ideas" finding a place in the interpretation of photography by men who hitherto had borne the reputation of "die-hards". The dry bones of sterile photography were taking on a new life.

In portraiture my aim has always been to produce work in which character rather than flattery is the dominant note. The new trend evoked interest in the Press, and a special supplement of my work appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. About this time the label—"the photographer of men"—got attached to my pictures.

My portraits of women were considered too frank.

But a new page was opening in my career. Taking courage in both hands, I rented Millais House, South Kensington.

2

THE FAMOUS STUDIO

There is always more room at the top than at the bottom. This was as true yesterday as it is to-day and will be to-morrow. I never wanted to be just a photographer. I wanted to become the photographer of the most interesting people and knew that it was essential for my studio to be within their easy reach. People in the worlds of Society and the theatre simply will not take the trouble to visit a photographer's place, however charming, if it involves the tedium of more than a short journey. So I moved from Baker Street to South Kensington, for even Baker Street is "off the beaten track", and in taking Millais House events proved my decision to have been wise. Many people famous in Society resided at that time in the neighbourhood—LADY LAVERY, who became one of my sitters, lived just round the corner in Cromwell Place—and moreover my new home had historic associations which attracted many visitors. The magnificent studio used by JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, the Victorian painter, remained unspoiled and had an atmosphere which was an incentive in itself.

In finding Millais House, I will agree that I was extremely fortunate. It does not fall to the lot of every photographer to lease the house of a famous painter. But old-fashioned houses, provided they are within a reasonable distance of prospective clients, have distinct advantages. Photographers have to take human nature as they find it, and there is no doubt that the man who practises his profession in the discreet atmosphere of a private house enjoys a distinct advantage over his perhaps not less able competitor who displays his art in a shop window. Again, old-fashioned houses are

roomy. I have been appalled by the cramped quarters in which many able photographers work. The artistic temperament requires room for expansion. Moreover, looking at the matter from the practical point of view of a business man, there is much to be said for renting a house of this type since its rents are likely to be still on a comparatively modest scale as compared with those of business premises in a fashionable thoroughfare, while the larger number of rooms permits the business to expand without involving the cost and inconvenience of finding fresh accommodation.

Millais House, which is little more than a stone's throw from South Kensington Station, is a four-storeyed building with twenty-seven rooms. Perhaps the accommodation sounds a trifle excessive, but in the course of time every inch of space was utilised. The domestic offices in the basement were converted into workrooms. The housekeeper's room, which was large and comfortable, became the enlarging room. The kitchen, with its large skylight, was predestined for a finishing room. There were two pantries, butler's and parlourman's, which were ideal for printing and developing because both had sinks with running water. Chemicals were kept in the silver still room which had many cupboards. A small lift communicated with reception rooms, studio and dressing-rooms on the ground floor.

In passing, I would emphasise the importance of providing sitters with adequate and restful dressing-rooms. It must not be forgotten that the moments before the sitter comes before the camera are of supreme importance. A badly furnished dressing-room—yes, I have seen many even in London studios —an ill-chosen colour scheme, or perhaps one not chosen at all, are not calculated to soothe the nerves of a discriminating sitter. Serious thought given to providing purposeful dressing-rooms will be reflected in the quality of a photographer's work. The exercise of taste need not involve much expenditure. Indeed, it is surprising what can be done with a comparatively modest outlay; and the photographer, who has a flair for interior decorating, should be able to achieve much

with suitable hangings and the inevitable pot of paint. As I have said, I believe that the photographer needs plenty of space for the development of his art and personality. I decided to have two studios and installed my second studio on the first floor, which was used exclusively for artificial light work. In many ways this was a great convenience; it left my principal studio, which was used by SIR JOHN MILLAIS for the painting of most of his celebrated pictures, free from the bulky apparatus unavoidably needed for artificial light photography. This preserved the original atmosphere of the studio, and, in addition, it gave nervous sitters the feeling that they were in a large and comfortable room and not in a studio at all. Psychology is a word that is apt to be overworked nowadays; but, at the risk of being wearisome, I must reiterate that the correct psychological approach to portraiture is of paramount importance.

The second floor was devoted to offices and negative store rooms. In the days when glass plates were used almost exclusively, storage space was a serious problem. Nowadays when flat film and miniature film is the vogue the question of storage is less acute. Nevertheless many photographers continue to use plates, and adequate storage space, free from damp, must be provided for.

The great advantage of leasing an old-fashioned house is that there is generally plenty of room for the photographer to live in comfort. The fatigue of travelling between home and studio is obviated. One can work late hours without having to keep an eye on a time-table, and living on the premises reduces one's overhead expenses considerably. At Millais House my wife and I occupied a comfortable flat on the third and fourth floors; it was cut off from the rest of the house with its own front door.

Incidentally, there is one room I have not yet mentioned. It was my library which adjoined the studio on the first floor. I am an ardent lover of good literature—after a tiring day in the studio there was nothing I liked more than to relax in a comfortable chair in the company of my favourite authors,

and the rows of books catching the sunlight through a stained glass window soothed the most jangled nerves. Indeed, I frequently took nervous sitters into the library for a few moments on the pretence of showing them one of my first editions and its peace seldom failed to restore confidence. The library also made an admirable setting for some of my most successful portraits of famous statesmen.

Realising that the success of our new venture depended largely on first impressions, my wife, who had an artist's appreciation of beauty and a superb taste in interior decorating, and I took a delight in working out all the intimate details. The walls of the reception room were black with relief design of clover purple and jade. Heavy shot green and gold curtains and a deep purple carpet defined the colour scheme, and a large scarlet and gold table centred in the middle of the room.

Infinite pains were taken in decorating the dressing-rooms. After many experiments, in those peaceful days when coupons were not the rule, it was discovered that orange tussore silk stretched on the walls made an appropriate setting.

The studio, which formed an annex to the house and was built out into the garden, was left practically untouched. I regarded it as a memorial to a great painter and felt loath to disturb its historic beauty. The walls were covered with unbleached cloth to the height of about nine feet. Apart from making an admirable background, this had the advantage that all manner of things could be pinned on to it—silks, draperies, prints, etc. Choosing the furniture was a great delight. If I had been furnishing the studio for my private use, I should probably have been tempted to keep strictly to the period, but a photographer must think in terms of background which necessitated the collection of antiques illustrative of the best epochs of English design. To facilitate the rapid and effortless movement of the camera, the floor was kept bare except for a few Persian rugs. A modern note was struck by a grand piano and a bust by EPSTEIN. That piano was indispensable since many composers and musicians were among my sitters. Indeed, sittings were not infrequently

rendered memorable by the playing of MASCAGNI, MASSENET, SIR EDWARD ELGAR, SIR LANDON RONALD, EUGENE GOOSSENS, and many others. In photographing them I found that a four-fold Spanish embossed leather screen and an exquisite nine-fold Chinese gold-leaf covered screen were invaluable backgrounds.

So large was the studio—in fact, I believe that I possessed the largest studio in London—that I could photograph in any part of it with my telephoto lens. The beautiful walls made perfect backgrounds, and occasionally I posed sitters against one of the finely proportioned doors which SIR JOHN MILLAIS incorporated in some of his works.

In those days the luxury of the miniature camera was unknown and I sought to mitigate the embarrassment caused by my large studio camera by concealing it in a sort of curtained confessional of a remote corner. I have always felt the utmost sympathy for sitters who are camera-conscious and allowed time to let the peaceful atmosphere of the studio take effect before introducing that portentous instrument. The camera, which was the reflex made to my own design, had a half-plate adapter for flat films: I also used film packs which enabled me to work quickly when photographing, as I did frequently, dancers holding a difficult pose.

As I have said, I permitted myself the luxury of a separate studio for artificial light work. Nevertheless some form of artificial lighting was essential even in the principal studio and I experimented with all kinds of lighting installations, including a moveable stage of flood-lights and a battery of flood-wings overhead. An unusual device was an "L"-shaped contrivance that supported twelve arc lamps. When not in use it reposed in the garage under the studio. On pressing a button it rose with glittering solemnity through a trapdoor in the floor. The device intrigued most of my sitters, and not a few delighted in pressing the magic button. Another invention was a set of giant Chinese lanterns suspended from the carved cedar-wood roof of the studio and covered with shades of Batiked silk that could be opened to reveal high-powered

flood-lights and spot-lights and might be raised or lowered to any height desired. My friends derived considerable amusement from what they called my "mad gadgets". Nevertheless, there was method in my madness, for each scheme was born of a desire to preserve the atmosphere of the Victorian studio. But the end of all these costly experiments was always the same; they were scrapped in favour of simpler methods; and, finally, four floods of one thousand watts, a couple of five hundred watt lamps and two spot-lights, with diffusers and reflectors, provided me with all the equipment necessary to my needs.

Most of my portraits were made with only two flood-lights and one spot. Doubling their number merely made it possible to place the lamps at a comfortable distance from the sitter and still retain the advantage of a short exposure. In artificial light work it is always advisable to keep lamps at a reasonable distance from the sitter; heat is not conducive to mental ease, and it should be born in mind that environment plays a decisive part in making a successful portrait.

Now let us descend in the lift and take a look at my dark-room. It was designed on spacious lines. Indeed, I have been horrified by the cramped and uncomfortable quarters used by some professionals; one man of my acquaintance, with a considerable reputation, being content with little more than a cupboard. The trouble is, I think, that our photographers are apt to put all their money into the studio and reception room and philosophically accept even the least and the worst as far as their own working quarters are concerned. But it must be recollected that much of the photographer's time, especially in the early experimental stages, is spent in the darkroom. Moreover, even under the best conditions, dark-room work is fatiguing; and a portrait photographer, who though a pleasant fellow with apparently plenty of leisure, must needs remain intensely alert if he is to do justice to his sitter. Now it is impossible to maintain an attitude of subtle receptiveness if mind and body are tired through working in cramped, badly lit and ill-ventilated quarters. The work is

bound to suffer under such conditions. There is even another aspect to this matter. As your clientele grows, there arises the problem of staff. Obviously the rising young photographer cannot spare the time for darkroom work, and his social conscience and self-interest dictate that his staff should work under the best conditions. Bromide paper is not cheap; and a printer, who suffers from fatigue due to cramped quarters, is bound to waste paper. Good printers are relatively scarce, and when one is found good wages and good working conditions should make him stay.

I do not claim that my darkroom was ideal. Indeed, I am a little suspicious of that overworked word and believe that the ideal camera, the ideal house and the ideal woman are amiable fictions devised by the ingenious journalist and copywriter. Darkrooms, like a suit of clothes, should be designed to suit the specialised needs of individual photographers. My darkroom, at least, fulfilled certain basic conditions; there was plenty of space, the ventilation was adequate, the overhead lighting was as brilliant as modern materials permit, and comfortable chairs were provided. Cupboards, a clean towel, which is a humble but one of the most imperative necessities of the careful and methodical worker, were to hand; chemicals were stored in an orderly manner, fresh labels being provided whenever necessary. All this is elementary, but seems to require emphasis.

In the course of the past twenty-five years I have received many enquiries from amateurs and professionals concerning my methods and particularly in regard to the developers I use for portrait work. I confess to being somewhat conservative about darkroom chemistry. I quite appreciate that it has to be a sound and reliable link in the long chain of manipulations eventually leading to the finished print—but I never looked at that link as the one on which the speculative energy, and much of the time, of a creative photographer can be usefully concentrated. Some years ago ALFRED STIEGLITZ, the great old man of American photography, wrote that he had used the same simple single-solution developer for years and

saw no reason to change his technique. I am afraid my views are similar to his. Indeed, I feel once one has become familiar with a developing agent it is wise to stick to it. There is, I know, a fascination about experimenting with the numberless formulæ put on the market. Some of them are excellent, but many have the alluring qualities of a mirage, and the careful worker is generally well-advised to adhere to a tested formula. It is so long ago since I began to use my developer that I cannot even remember whether it was made up from a standard formula or whether it was introduced by one of my assistants. Anyhow, it was handed on from printer to printer and used in two variant solutions proved excellent for plates, flat-films and bromide paper alike. It is just one of those "normal" *metol-hydroquinone* formulæ topping the list of developers in any text-book.

In enlarging, I make use of a few pet devices. For portrait work, I use a soft-focus lens in the enlarger. I begin the exposure with the smallest stop considered advisable. During the exposure the iris diaphragm is slowly opened and closed. The effect is calculated by dividing the estimated exposure by the smallest stop used in the process and closing the iris-diaphragm for fractions of the period which are approximately 1/5, 1/20, 3/4. For example, if it is decided that a negative requires a general exposure of, say, 40 seconds, I would begin by giving eight seconds with the lens stopped down to *f*.12, then allow two seconds for the opening and closing of the diaphragm back to *f*.12, and finishing with 30 seconds. The final effect is a roundness which I have not found it possible to obtain by any other method. The degree of diffusion is entirely at the operator's discretion and subtle differences can be achieved at will. I have found that this "split-exposure" method, with its sequences of images superimposed on each other at varying degrees of definition, yields results that are quite distinct from those obtained by such well-known devices as a net or tulle diffusing screen on the lens front. In practising this method, it should be borne in mind that the contrast of the print is softened to some

extent owing to the shadows having a tendency to spread into the lighter parts of the picture, and it may therefore be desirable to use a harder grade of paper than would be normally employed in a straight enlargement.

Incidentally, it is perhaps of interest to mention that I have abandoned the use of soft-focus lenses on the camera for portrait work: since this method of enlarging permits a far greater degree of control. It is a mistake to suppose that the camera is the sole arbiter of individuality; the enlarger is a very elastic instrument and experiments in enlarging are very much well worth their while.

While on the subject of darkrooms, I want to revert to what I said when I set out to talk about it. In modern industry, every effort is made by managements, industrial psychologists and welfare workers, to plan factories that are not only labour-saving but study the comfort and health of the workers from every conceivable aspect. This is not philanthropy, it is sound business. Output is increased; strikes, which are nowadays due more to the pressure of exterior events rather than factory conditions, tend to diminish. But many professional photographers continue to follow a policy of *laisser-faire*. Their darkrooms are primitive; the operatives' health is affected, the quality of work remains at a low level. In some cases the reason may be due to lack of capital; but not in all. It costs little to provide a good darkroom. Photographers are mostly shrewd, kindly folk, and one wonders why so many prefer to ignore the lessons of modern industry and remain in the wet-plate era. Perhaps the fear of fog has devious inhibiting tendencies which affect the photographic consciousness.

"I hate these pictures!"

Tearing the proofs into shreds, the celebrated dancer flung them in my face.

"I will not make another single picture of you," I said.

The silence in the great studio was profound.

The tension was broken by the dancer flinging herself on my shoulder, weeping bitterly. Then, covered with bits of bromide paper like confetti, and laughing and crying at the absurdity of the situation, we settled down to discussing making finished prints.

The dancer was PAVLOVA.

Photography is not, I think, the ideal medium to catch and hold the spontaneity of the dance rhythm. It is too inelastic, too literal. I admit that it can arrest striking movements, but the majority of photographs of ballet fail to convey the true spirit of the living thing. So many of the dance movements appear to be frozen; one doubts whether they would stand the test of imparting a vivid impression to one, who, never having seen a performance in the theatre, had to form his judgment from photographs.

Yet I doubt whether a more entrancing subject for the camera could be found than that afforded by ballet. Portrait and ballet photography are very unlike each other. The former aims to reveal mind and character; the latter requires the ability to capture movement, charm, and, above all, to convey something of the peculiar and highly charged atmosphere that distinguishes this form of entertainment. I make no pretensions to a knowledge of the technique of the dance. My experience has been confined to making pictures off-

stage, prefaced by watching the exquisite performances of that brilliant galaxy of stars which made the DIAGHILEF Russian Ballet with NIJINSKI, KARSAVINA and BOLM unforgettable. Nor shall I forget the entrancing grace of the incomparable PAVLOVA.

Although there was no more than a gentleman's agreement between DIAGHILEF and myself, at a time I had for all intents and purposes the exclusive right to photograph all his ballets and the artistes taking part in them. They usually came to my studio, each sitting taking the best part of a day. Two London galleries exhibited these pictures. Breaking its conservative tradition, the FINE ART SOCIETY, in Bond Street, published sets of my studies in photogravure. Incidentally, these photographs were the subject of my first book, the forerunner of twenty volumes all illustrated by photographs.

Yes, photographing PAVLOVA, and the rest of the Russian Ballet, gave me the keenest pleasure. It was my practice, not only in photographing ballet but sitters of all sorts from statesmen to charladies, to continue to make exposures until I felt that I had my picture. Sometimes I was fortunate. A sitting might last only a few minutes and involve three or four exposures; on another occasion, a couple of hours would pass until I felt that perhaps my twentieth shot would give me the desired result. Some sitters were disgruntled by my methods. It required much tact to persuade them that some personalities made a swifter response than others. My secretary, too, had difficult moments. For she had to bear the brunt of the displeasure of those who had been given only four proofs when a friend had been sent a dozen. I always feel a special sympathy for the secretaries of temperamental photographers; though, to be sure, it can be well-paid work, and brings a rich variety of human contacts.

One of the milestones of my career was photographing C. B. COCHRAN'S production of *The Miracle* in which MARIA CARMI played the leading role. With a miniature camera the photographing of this exquisite production would have presented few problems; a reflex, with a *f*.4.5 lens and slower

and less colour-sensitive film packs than are marketed to-day, made it a more exacting task. But I am not sure that photographers of those days did not get more fun out of their work. One had to earn one's triumphs more hardly.

I have touched deliberately on one or two outstanding memories because I would like to give young photographers setting out on their careers an insight into the rewards and difficulties of a fascinating art. Maybe so far I have not succeeded in avoiding the impression that professional photography involves great financial expenditure. But it should be borne in mind that I did not begin my career at Millais House. It will be remembered that I commenced professional photography in a small Kensington studio, which was decorated by my wife and myself, and gradually worked my way up the ladder. Nor would I counsel an amateur to do otherwise. It is more healthy to start professional photography with £100 capital than £10,000. The wealthy man, according to my observation, rarely succeeds because he is tempted to rely more on the latest elaborate equipment than ideas, effort and stamina. Necessity compels the man or woman with £100 to work long hours experimenting ceaselessly, and Providence is nearly always kind to those who are courageous and not afraid to work.

Were I to begin life all over again—and often, as I sit meditating over an eventful life, I wish that I could do so—my equipment based on twenty-five years' experience with many types of cameras, would consist of the following:

A well-made half-plate Field or Studio Camera with a repeating back and three double-dark slides.
A solid camera stand.
A miniature twin lens reflex camera.
Two flood-light units; one spotlight.
A Portrait Lens; 12½" focal length.
A vertical enlarger.
Darkroom safe-light, clock, dishes, scales, tank, and other accessories.

Pre-war this outfit would have cost approximately £100; to-day, with rising prices, the cost would probably be double,

and the apparatus second-hand. I have no prejudice against second-hand apparatus but it should be bought from a firm of sound reputation and carefully checked over. The shutter is the most delicate part of the mechanism and should be carefully tested; the lens obviously needs scrutiny. Second-hand dark slides also need the closest examination. In normal times I would counsel the purchase of new slides, but, times being what they are, the best possible would have to do.

But is a studio necessary? When I began professional photography, sitters visited the photographer as a matter of course. The weight of the camera and the lack of portable lighting apparatus rendered "at home" photography often out of the question. But the advent of miniature cameras caused the most profound and significant changes in technique. The speed of modern films and the power of lenses, the advent of portable lighting units which can be packed into a suitcase, make it possible for a photographer to visit clients in their own homes. In my view this is an entirely healthy development. The essence of good photography is freedom from artificiality, and creating artificiality is bad art and bad business. Moreover, photographers, even the keenest, are apt to grow stale in the studio. Walls which daily enclose them may imprison their imaginative powers for good. Before they become aware of it they just cease to experiment, settle down contentedly to old and well-tried lighting schemes. Photographing people in their own homes will keep you alert and on your toes. For "at home" photography is always an adventure. The photographer never knows what difficulties he may encounter, whether in the choice of backgrounds or the lighting—as the latest thing in electrical equipment may not spell success in a country home far off regular services. There is nothing like "at home" photography for stimulating development in technique and keeping alert and fresh one's mental and artistic perceptions. It is also good for business; the keen young photographer, especially the man or woman who is fond of children and does not mind risking a little dignity by playing bears on the drawing-room carpet or

romping on the lawn, can suggest a dozen angles for pictures. And most people, especially those with relatives abroad, like pictures of their homes. I have been frequently commissioned to go into the country to photograph the "latest arrival", perhaps involving a dozen shots, and have returned with a long series of exposures illustrating every aspect of some famous country house.

But I am aware that I have not answered very conclusively my question as to whether a studio is necessary, and in particular I may be accused of some inconsistency in recommending a studio camera. Admittedly, that studio camera would serve more as a general reserve than a first line weapon in the armoury of a very active and progressive young professional. However, in my opinion, it is still very much needed.

Since the application of photography is almost unlimited, it is essential to decide in which branch specialisation is proposed. When I commenced my career I confined my work entirely to portraiture, although I experimented in practically every field of photography. But I did not widen my scope professionally until I felt that I was equipped technically to do so, and then launched out in only one branch at a time. Be patient, study the terrain through text-books and ceaseless experiments, then, when confidence suggests that the further development of one's professional activities is fu ly justified, make the decisive move. Many of the failures in professional photography are due to photographers posing as "all round" workers, accepting commissions which they are only barely technically equipped to undertake, with the inevitable result that the work is slovenly and reputation suffers. Nowadays it is the specialist who makes money, and, in my opinion, deservedly so.

The emphasis placed on the necessity for ceaseless experiments implies the need for a workroom. A studio on conventional lines is not essential. In fact, unless money is no object, it may prove an inhibiting factor: rent and the cost of furnishing compelling the young professional to earn his

living as a tradesman rather than as a creative artist. Moreover, a studio situated in a row of shops suggests just another shop; it will never attract the commissions which spell fame.

In the early stages a large, well-lit room in the photographer's home, serves admirably as a studio. As I have already mentioned, there are distinct advantages to be gained by living in close association with one's work. The fact that the terms of the lease, as was the case at Millais House, may prohibit advertising and the placing of a plate on the front door should not be regarded as a deterrent. The ambitious photographer—the man or woman who possesses the seeds of creative genius—should beware of the dangers of commercialisation. There are more subtle ways of publicising one's work than direct advertisement.

Of course, not every house possesses a large room that can be devoted to the exclusive use of a studio, and, as I have already suggested, it may be considered wise to rent an old-fashioned house with plenty of rooms in a suitable neighbourhood. As the work prospers, there will be an increasing demand for space which cannot be satisfied by the ordinary home. Moreover, the photographer's wife needs and will demand consideration. Bromide enlargements suspended for drying purposes from the drawing-room picture rail do little to promote matrimonial harmony.

Perhaps the miniature camera enthusiast—and I am one myself—will have read with contempt my advice to purchase a half-plate field or studio camera. But the handling of the field or studio camera requires greater deliberation than the miniature and the necessity for economising in material results in more exhaustive study being given to composition, lighting and development. This is an important educational factor. The miniature enthusiast will assert that many of my later portrait studies were made with 35 mm apparatus. This is true. But I brought to the use of the miniature camera my long training with field and studio cameras; I had learned to take photographs by careful study of the subject on the focusing screen and became familiar with every phase of

developing by processing each plate separately in a dish. In short, I brought to my miniature camera work a training and an intuition which could have been acquired in no other way.

It is essential, as the great masters of painting maintained, for an artist to know his materials, which is something quite different from a superficial acquaintance with technical terms picked up in magazine reading or club discussions. Were I to take pupils to-day, I should gently insist on their learning the basic principles of their art by practising what scornful modernists term old-fashioned methods. Time should also be spent in art galleries. In the course of my travels I have visited many art galleries in Europe and the familiarity with pictures of every kind thus gained has been invaluable. I fancy that there would be less desperate craving for "new angles" were their creators familiar with the ultimate simplicity of all really great art. Not that I condemn "new angle" work altogether; by all means let us preserve a fresh enthusiasm for experiment, but the value of effects and tricks should not be over-estimated and an endeavour be made to preserve some sense of proportion. It is not the startling effort that usually outlasts its time. It is not the peep round the corner that makes generations admire a view, but the straight vision that penetrates deep enough.

It does not pay to be cheap. This goes for artistic and business values alike. In conducting my studio I observed certain principles which experience have proved to be sound. The photographer who takes his work seriously, who endeavours to create portraits which may be justly termed works of quality, must, if he or she is to gain and retain the respect of clients, insist on being regarded as a member of an established profession. The term "professional" is used altogether too loosely, embracing as it does everyone who practises photography for gain from the beach photographer to the man at the top; the latter, at least, it behoves to have a scrupulous regard for the honour and dignity of his profession. Far be it from me to infer that photographers should

be snobs; but it must be borne in mind that while anyone can splash paint on canvas or press a camera release, it takes years of training to bring to fruition the powers of the creative artist. The younger members of the profession, particularly those commencing their careers, should be just as concerned with maintaining the dignity of the profession as their older and more experienced brethren. The young doctor, after five years' training in a medical school, is as zealous for the dignity of his great profession as the Harley Street specialist. Perhaps more so! The status of photography as a profession necessitates a regard for ethical principles which are an incentive to maintain the highest standard of workmanship and equitable dealing with clients.

In my own case, realising the need for photography to be accorded its proper status, I determined to follow the example of the medical profession and regard each sitting as a consultation. As a specialist diagnoses a complaint at a consultation, I endeavoured to interpret and imprison my sitter's character on silver bromide. The consultation, for which I charged a fee of £2. 2s., entitled the sitter to proofs but not to prints.

Here I should mention that I found it sound professional practice never to discuss business with clients. To discuss the cost and size of prints introduces a commercial element into the studio, which is apt to mar the harmony of the sitting and ruin what might have been a successful portrait, and, furthermore, tends to lower the photographer's status in the mind of the sitter. Moreover, like a medical man, a portrait photographer must preserve a placid and receptive state of mind, and, with the best intentions in the world, it is sometimes difficult enough to remain calm with some temperamental sitters; to haggle with them over prints would be unthinkable.

Therefore I left the booking of appointments and the ordering of prints to my secretary. My fee for each whole-plate print was £1. 1s.; a 10″ × 8″ print cost £1 15s. No pressure was exercised on sitters to "order by the dozen". Whether a sitter ordered one print or twenty made no

difference. In studio practice, any attempt at "high-pressure salesmanship" is a vast mistake; it irritates sitters and destroys the chance of a successful portrait. A point which young professional photographers may care to note is that my secretary carefully explained to sitters that, in view of the fact that a fee was charged for the sitting, the copyright was vested in the sitter and that the latter's permission would be required before reproduction of the portrait in the Press. Only on rare occasions was permission refused, a matter of the utmost importance to myself because the full-page reproductions of my work which appeared regularly in the Society weeklies formed the best possible means of advertisement. Do I need to say that I never attempted to obtain suitable portrait material for such purposes by certain un-businesslike means which unfortunately became so well known in the years preceding the war.

The greatest harm done to professional photography was the institution of the "free sitting". This pernicious racket, which in other walks of life would be rightly condemned as unprofessional conduct, was originated by firms of West End photographers which developed the idea of making "collections" of people belonging to various professions and social groups. Authors, clergy, society leaders and doctors were among those who were subtly flattered by an invitation to a "free sitting". A surprising number of intelligent people actually received these invitations and many went from one studio to another to collect the customary presentation copy. It was a cheap and undignified way of obtaining something for nothing and few, if any, realised that they had no control over these portraits since the copyright was vested in the photographer who could use them for practically any purpose. Practised for catchpenny reasons, it was an odious system which brought an honourable profession into contempt, and caused a great deal of annoyance and difficulty to studios opposed to this questionable method of attracting sitters.

4

ADVENTURES IN PORTRAITURE

Whom do you like to photograph best? Men or women? The number of times that question has been put to me is beyond count. The diplomatic answer is "both". On "off" days, since there are occasions when the models of a marionette theatre prove more attractive, the answer would be "neither". But the plain unvarnished truth would be—men.

Broadly speaking, the portrait photographer should adopt a mental attitude suitable to the sitter's sex. Men are prone to idealise women overmuch or understand them too well; the wisest course for photographers to adopt is to fall between two stools and be both romanticist and cynic. Men, on the other hand, have a certain basic similarity. So when a man visited my studio we met on common ground and the truth might be freely, if relatively told, whereas women require that one or two aspects of truth should be underlined and the others gently ignored. Not that women have a monopoly of vanity. Far from it! I have photographed men whose vanity was colossal, but it is usually transparent and therefore more easily dealt with.

Perhaps my vainest sitter was a well-known London clubman who was convinced that he was a reincarnation of POPE PIUS—I cannot remember the how-manyeth. This curious man, whose vanity was pathological, had spent hundreds of pounds collecting portraits of his particular Pope. In fact, every morning before breakfast, he devoted an hour to studying his portraits and rehearsing papal gestures. As he made a solemn entry into my studio, gazing at me with a remote benevolence, he said: "After all, my son, it is a long time since the gestures I practise every morning were a part of

myself. I have forgotten how to smile in the way that captivated Rome, and it is difficult to recall how I expressed myself in my more formidable moods." Before he left he gave me his blessing.

Oddly enough I had a somewhat similar experience with a Society lady who trailed languidly into my studio one afternoon and, staring at me with sad reproof, said: "I see that you have altered the room since I last sat to ROSSETTI." I did not know quite what to make of that remark until she explained that she was the painter's favourite model and felt that it was her duty to give the world some more pictures in the pre-Raphaelite manner.

I suppose during my years of practice as a maker of portraits I must have photographed more prominent men in art, literature and science, than any other contemporary photographer, and thus may claim to have some experience in dealing with mannerisms, poses and extravagancies.

Few men like being photographed; they are nearly always on the defensive, impatient and thoroughly uncomfortable. To attempt small talk, especially when photographing some prominent man, is to damn your chances from the outset. You need a fair library of reference books as much as you need plates and films. Before a sitting, you should consult them and thoroughly familiarise yourself with the sitter's background. If he is a literary man, it may or may not be improving to read one of his books—but at least make yourself acquainted with the titles and keep a weather-eye open for the latest reviews. There is nothing like showing an interest in a man's work for breaking the ice. But I must warn the young portrait photographer against being too cocksure. Always remember that you are a photographer, not a literary critic or a scientist, and be careful to avoid expressing opinions which are probably based on insufficient knowledge, and involve you in an argument in which you cannot but be a loser in any case. The portrait photographer must be a diplomat, putting in a word here and there, not for the purpose of airing his own knowledge, but to evoke a sympathetic response in

the sitter which is so essential to successful portraiture.

As I have said, it is wise to build up a comprehensive reference library. For you cannot know too much of the personalities of your sitters, prospective or otherwise. The fact that you may be working in a provincial town does not absolve you from the need of this very necessary part of studio equipment. The local vicar may book an appointment at your studio and a glance at CROCKFORD'S Directory may reveal that he is a Cambridge man and served as a naval chaplain during the last war. This is invaluable knowledge, since a discreet reference to the University or to his days afloat, will surely bring a reminiscent smile that will help to create for you a reputation as a maker of portraits. Aldermen, chairmen of borough councils, doctors—yes, perhaps even "rodent operatives" for to such degradation the English tongue has been brought—should come within your net.

On the Continent and the United States, and in some studios here, it is the custom to conduct a form of market-research into sitters' backgrounds. Birthdays, particularly childrens', wedding anniversaries and so forth, are carefully noted; and many Continental photographers send a polite note of congratulation accompanied by a bouquet of flowers. Some of their more florid methods are scarcely suited to British psychology and are by our standards in questionable taste; nevertheless, when a photographer is on friendly terms with a sitter and his family, it is pleasant and legitimate to send the children a small memento on their birthdays and a polite note of congratulation on a wedding anniversary would scarcely come amiss. Needless to say, these letters should be personal and devoid of any hint of salesmanship.

A particularly charming idea for a photographer who wishes to create a permanent association with his child sitters is the presentation at the first sitting of a nicely bound book with blank art paper pages, on the first of which is mounted an attractive study of the small sitter with the name tooled into the general design of the outer cover. Portraits can be inserted in the book at regular intervals which forms an

unbroken record of a child up to the period of adolescence. Although I have never practised any of these methods myself, because circumstances have brought other channels of publicity, I believe that this particular form of discreet salesmanship has enjoyed considerable success abroad. In fact, portrait photographers on the Continent and in the States are on the whole more enterprising than their British colleagues. Continental photographers are adepts in creating an atmosphere which will bind their clients to them. By ingeniously playing on the personal note—showing a sympathetic interest in the family and friends of his sitters—the photographer establishes a *rapport* that invariably brings repeated visits. Recommendations naturally result from this close intimacy with sitters.

For many years I made a habit of checking up on my sittings with famous men, and my notes often proved invaluable at later sittings. Immediately after my sitter had left the studio, I jotted down my impressions of his character in a book kept at hand for the purpose. Before proofs were despatched, I compared them critically with my notes to discover whether I had succeeded in my aim when making the portrait. I found this extraordinarily helpful, and when, as sometimes happened, critics found in the portraits just what I had wished to portray, I felt that glow of achievement which only understanding appreciation can give.

Here are a few impressions made after taking the portraits.

THOMAS HARDY:—"His aged face has become a map of his Wessex and everything he found there is written in his countenance—climate, atmosphere, unflinching realism, his humaneness."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW:—"To capture him who is so many men in one, I found a severe task. I know only one portrait that gives more than one phase of the man. It was made by COBURN who interpreted the SHAW of 'Getting Married', 'Androcles and the Lion' days. There is so much to work on. One must penetrate the mask of the satirist, suggest flashes of sparkling wit, reveal the imagination of the

social prophet. How can I give visible evidence of these and other qualities? Have I found the key to Shaw's complex nature in his eyes, defiant yet kindly humorous?"

MARINETTI (apostle of Futurism):—"Dominant resolve, strength of purpose, masterful energy. All this is in his face. The forward-looking eyes say 'this is coming'; nervous power of the hands clutching at results. He thinks and feels in colour, not recognised form. He is an explosive. He conceives his subject in a moment, rushes to record it, knows all its meaning. Others must find it out."

Not all your sitters may be quite as complex; neither were mine all the time. Still, there is more than one layer to the make-up of even the average type of human beings.

The fascination of portrait photography lies in the fact that, like medicine, it brings one into touch with almost every phase of human nature. The Society photographer touches the heights of comedy and the depths of tragedy. I recall vividly a distinguished surgeon calling at my studio to explain that he wished me to photograph one of his patients who had only twenty-four hours to live. The patient was a young Virginian, a charming boy, the scion of an old planters' family. The parents knew nothing of the tragedy, and the boy showed a touching gallantry in wishing to leave behind him a portrait that would reveal him in the full vigour of his youth. He did not wish his parents, particularly his mother, to think of him as ill. He felt that a happy, smiling portrait would assuage their sorrow. So I cancelled my appointments and that afternoon an ambulance brought to the studio one of the bravest yet saddest human beings I have photographed. Swiftly I posed the boy, for doctors and nurses were watching with anxious impatience. He could only whisper. His burning eyes, set in the mask of a face already touched by the fingers of death, were filled with pleading. When a theatrical make-up man, summoned for the occasion, stepped forward to impart a fictitious youth to his wasted features it was all that I could do to restrain my emotion to busy myself with lights and focusing screen.

No photographer ever can be prepared for such a situation —but he should be for average and usual ones. I would strongly advise professional photographers to face another man's camera occasionally; the experience will teach many lessons, not the least a fellow-feeling for the shy sitter.

Photographing a fellow photographer is a rare, refreshing experience, totally unlike doing the same work on the average sitter. The American photographer, PIRIE MACDONALD, once faced my camera and curiously enough was as nervous as many an outsider. I, too, felt self-conscious. If I remember rightly, a hot argument on some minor technical point broke down our reserve and the portrait was made. Possibly this feeling of restraint is the usual reaction between professionals. I recall that MONTE LUKE, the well-known Australian professional, confessed in a newspaper article that he had "never felt so nervous as when photographing another photographer, and that was Hoppé. For he knew what I was doing, why I did it, and I knew he knew, and I was all the time wondering whether he thought I was photographing him the way I should." As a matter of fact, my interest in his studio technique completely destroyed any self-consciousness which may have been apparent at first.

In making a portrait, it is helpful to examine the motive which brings the sitter to your door. Like an appointment with a dentist, a sitting with a photographer is generally looked forward to with some apprehension possibly because of the sub-conscious fear of revealing some less pleasant aspects of the personality to a stranger, and the discovery of the motive is a sure signpost to character and suggests the type of portrait required. As a rule, the motive behind most sittings is altruistic—the desire to give pleasure to others; there are some however, admittedly a minority, who have their picture taken to gratify themselves. It is the harder task to please the sitter's friends; each is aware of different facets of personality, recognising only those personal traits which strike a harmonious chord. Show half a dozen people as many different portraits of one sitter, and it is possible that

you will find just as many different reactions. What is familiar to one is a stranger to the other. But, if by good fortune you can secure in one picture characteristics which will appeal to all, then you have achieved a good likeness.

Where the motive is dictated by vanity or a sense of inferiority, one may assume that flattery is expected. Hence the vogue around some studios for retouching knife and pencil playing almost as important a part as photographer and camera. In recent years improved material and lighting have tended to minimise the need for the retoucher's skill. Nevertheless, it would be futile to pretend that retouching can be entirely abolished; even panchromatic materials and the most subtle lighting schemes cannot entirely eliminate inequalities of pigment or skin texture. Such defects, invisible to the naked eye, are ruthlessly brought to light by the combination of lens and chemical action. The aid of the retoucher must occasionally be called in. What is entirely inexcusable is the type of retouching that ignores personality and facial structure. Many of my portraits of men, which have been regarded by others as tolerable examples of character interpretation, are free from retouching. My portraits of HILAIRE BELLOC and THOMAS HARDY—two contrasting types—are "straight". I shudder to think what would have happened if the retoucher's pencil had access to the negatives. In many cases men prefer to have their facial defects recorded, just as OLIVER CROMWELL discerned pictorial possibilities in his wart. But I dislike generalisation. Men, like women, have their vanities.

Writing of retouching, I am reminded that when the ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY honoured me with the Fellowship and an invitation to hold a one-man show in its rooms some years before the last war I made a plea for the freedom of the camera to tell the truth. Lines and facial irregularities were hall-marks of experience, badges of honour; and the new school of professional photography aimed at natural portraiture; faces that might be hard-boiled eggs for all the likeness they bore the sitter were taboo. The Press took up

the challenge, the *Morning Leader* taking the view that the public still preferred "flattery".

E. T. HOPKINS in *Punch* wrote some amusing lines:

I remember, I remember,
How of old our portraits lied,
Making April of September
And the sitter satisfied;
How each little blemish faded,
Yielding to artistic stress
And the stubborn chin was shaded
Nicely into nothingless.

Never then the crow imprinted
Ugly footmarks near the eye;
Wrinkles, which the mirror hinted
Lenses passed politely by.
Any nose a thought tip-tilted
Caught the flawlessness of Greece,
And our freckles fairly wilted
At a camera's caprice.

Negativing every passion
Thus our faces surely sank
In the photographic fashion,
To a pure and spotless blank.
Till at last they won perfection
Drained of mere expression's dregs,
Oval, even, past correction
New created—just like eggs.

I remember! Ah, the sorrow
When a cherished custom dies!
That was in the past; To-morrow
Proofs shall not idealize;
Photographs shall bluntly copy,
Though the egotist make moan,
(Perish all the tribe of Hoppé)
Just the features that we own.

Such was contemporary opinion on flattery. Have we, after all, progressed much further?

The imperative need for the portrait photographer, in fact, for professional photographers generally, is to clear the mind of the vague ideas which fog discussion. We need to do some straight thinking, to cast aside prejudices and feelings of inferiority. Let us boldly claim that photography has done as much for the portrait painter, the etcher and the draughtsman, as the latter have done for photography. All this confused thinking about Art (with a capital A) originates from its gradual disappearance from our daily life. As we do not have it around us in the way our great-grandfathers did, it became an abstract thing in our minds, something like a religion. Yes, and the names of famous artists seem to ask for veneration like demi-gods. But how human they were! SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS had a large room filled with pictures returned by dissatisfied clients who failed to discover any resemblance to the original. REMBRANDT is reputed to have painted 450 portraits in two years, so it is reasonable to assume that some of these were failures. It is quite conceivable that, given the opportunity, both these artists and their contemporaries might quite well have used photography to augment their studies. Even HANS HOLBEIN, whose work is perhaps the most fruitful source of inspiration to the student of photography, might not have scorned the art of the camera. Indeed, modern art students use photographs to supplement their training, and it is reasonable to suppose that the old masters would have done the same. There is no need for the photographer to feel inferior. G. HERBERT DANNATT, Vice-President of the CENTRAL ASSOCIATION OF PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETIES, comments: "the early workers tried to copy the painters and now the painters (some of them) copy the photographers. Of course, no real artist will look at a photograph (except, maybe, to paint over it), as no serious photographer will compare his work unfavourably with a painting." There is more than a modicum of truth in this. Yes, the arts of painting and photography tend to become more than ever

complementary; and the sooner we realise that rivalry between the two methods of interpretation is based on emotion rather than logic, the greater progress will be made.

The approach of painter and photographer to their subjects differ. The painter has the advantage of time on his side; errors of composition and lighting may be corrected before the completion of the portrait. The photographer, on the other hand, is expected to work within the limits of an appointment. He must perfect every detail before the exposure. The composition must be sound, lighting carefully arranged to minimise shortcomings in the sitter. For without due care the sitter's bald head may be given an improper emphasis; difficult ears, high cheekbones, need suppression, while an attractive mouth or well-drawn profile must be given due prominence. In fact, light is the photographer's brush. He may accentuate or subdue as he pleases, holding the realism of the lens in check as surely as the painter eliminates irrelevant detail. In addition the photographer must possess the intuition, borne of long experience, to catch the sudden smile, the fleeting expression, which will render his work memorable.

Someone in a review of an exhibition of my work once wrote that "he paints with his lens", and from the context it was evident that this was meant to be high praise. Now this is what I have always tried earnestly *not* to do. The lens records but it cannot create. But the photographer can introduce his own individuality into his portraits and achieve results which at their best reach a high level of æsthetic expression. As I have said, there is nothing objectionable in this so long as no attempt is made to interfere with the nature of the photographic process. Photographs must not disclaim their origin and give the impression that they have been painted, but, on the contrary, should proudly proclaim that they are photographs. I am aware that I am on highly controversial ground because there are those who maintain that the only way to achieve photographic perfection is by disguising the nature of the photographic process. Without

going so far as to entirely disagree with the writer who observed that "manual beautification of photographs is a perversion of photography", one may express the fervent hope that "painting" either by lens, gum or bromoil printing, will remain the prerogative of the gifted few.

In creating a portrait, it is rarely possible to capture in a single exposure the epitome of a life-experience. To be able to do this requires many years of observation, and, I admit it frankly, a considerable amount of luck. Most people, especially mentally agile folk, vary their expressions according to the mood of the moment. Nevertheless there is usually one expression in which the others are blended, making it typical of the general disposition. Moreover, most people are subject to moods which are influenced by environment. Usually the first portrait I make reflects the environment from which the sitter has just come. It is nearly always possible to pick out the first portrait taken from a batch of proofs; the harassed, strained expression reflects the bustle of the streets mingled with the conscious effort to reveal the sitter's best aspects and hide the worst. Herein lies the necessity, emphasised earlier, for restful dressing-rooms; sitters must have a few moments to relax before coming before the camera. I remember photographing that charming man, the late Judge PARRY. He had come to the studio from the courts where he had been trying a particularly complex case, and found it difficult to throw off the impersonal mask of the judge. My first exposure I knew was a failure. So I talked for a few minutes about my travels and happened to touch on the curious folklore of Rumania, and to my delight the judge's mask swiftly faded to reveal a kindly, humorous and imaginative man, who professed to believe in goblins. I like to think of a judge, robed in the sombre majesty of his office, cherishing a belief in goblins.

What a fallacy it is to suppose that the camera makes the portrait! Was it the camera alone that made the immortal portraits of DAVID OCTAVIUS HILL and MARGARET JULIA CAMERON? I fancy not. Incidentally, it is interesting to recall

that many of MRS CAMERON'S portraits were created in the studio at Millais House which became my own workshop many years later.

The belief that the camera makes the portrait is probably due to the fetish-worship of the machine era. The camera, like the mirror which reflects the finished perfection of a beautiful woman, records the final design of the creative artist, who, apart from his knowledge of composition and lighting, must possess qualities which distinguish the father-confessor and the psycho-therapist. Insight into human nature comes with experience, and it is the exercise of one's powers of intuition and analysis which make portraiture so absorbing. JOHN SINGER SARGENT possessed almost uncanny powers of divination. Apart from his technique, his masterly composition and his exquisite handling of textures, his astonishing perception makes his portraits live. It is said of him that when accused of a satirical liking to emphasise less attractive traits of his sitters he replied, "I chronicle, I do not judge." These words sum up the function of painter and photographer alike.

Though it should be added that a kindly tact is essential. There is good in everyone; it is the photographer's privilege to emphasise the best in human nature. I am reminded here of one of my sitters who believed that the right and left sides of the face, dexter and sinister, revealed ethical development and moral retrogression. To prove his argument he took one of my full-face portraits, covering first one side and then the other. Certainly the two sides of a face differ in expression and even in form—the "best side" is one of the most frequent requests made in every studio—but I am inclined to believe that, so far as mental states are concerned, people can make their appearance pretty much what they desire it to be. There is nothing static about the human countenance.

I believe that I can write with truth that in every portrait I have made my first and last objective has been not only to depict what people looked like but also to provide a key to what they thought. This is not so difficult as may at first

appear. Gradually, as one becomes *en rapport* with the sitter, his sub-conscious attributes become more apparent. The ability to achieve complete mental sympathy with people in front of the camera necessitates the complete subordination of anxiety about technique on the part of the photographer. Indeed, any uncertainty, fumbling with camera or dark slides, hesitancy about lighting and exposure, will inevitably communicate itself to the sitter, creating a tension which will ruin any hope for a successful portrait. The first aim of the portrait photographer must be the complete mastery of technique; then, confident in his apparatus and methods, his employment of them becomes an almost sub-conscious routine. Inevitably, the young portrait photographer will betray a little anxiety and perhaps hesitancy at first. But there should be no cause for dismay. The secret of success in photography, or indeed, in any other form of art, is constant endeavour and experiment. In moments of depression, it may perhaps be salutary to remember the hours I devoted to experiment in studio and darkroom in my Baker Street days. It was not by any means all plain sailing.

Complete harmony between sitter and photographer is best achieved in the former's domestic or business environment. There is always a certain artificiality about a studio, and there is nothing like a home atmosphere for promoting intimacy. At home, the sitter is host, which gives a natural sense of dominance and poise.

I have particularly avoided child portraiture in the studio and only yielded when persuasion overcame my scruples. To my mind this branch of portraiture calls for a patience I do not possess and I could not overcome a curious shyness of children in the studio. In any case, Millais House was scarcely a suitable setting for children. Its vaulted roof and antique furnishings made them as shy as the photographer.

Prophecy is dangerous, but I foresee a tremendous growth in "at home" portraiture. This new phase will test the technical and creative abilities of the photographer as perhaps never before. I confess to feeling a little envious.

NOTES ON PORTRAITS

P. 49. THE KING AT WORK (1927). GEORGE V at his desk at Buckingham Palace. The camera used was an early *Leica* with *Elmar* lens, stop *f*.4.5, exposure 1/5 second on ortho film. The camera was supported by a telescopic tripod and a wire release was used; the tripod had a swivel top. To emphasize the characteristic profile line of the late King's head I used the light coming from windows slightly to the left and from behind my camera; no artificial illumination was employed. From the resulting miniature negative I made a quarter-plate size transparency and from this produced a half-plate size key negative on *Kodak* flat portrait film. Enlargements varying in size from 10″ × 8″ to 60″ × 50″ and amounting to hundreds went to many parts of the Commonwealth: principally for officers' messes and Government offices. Reproductions—in original monochrome and coloured—appeared in most of the newspapers and journals published at home, in the Dominions and Colonies. Postcards were issued in Britain and abroad.

P. 50. THOMAS HARDY (1913). I made this portrait of the great old man of letters at his home in Wessex, in a one-windowed room without the aid of other illumination. I used my quarter-plate *Reflex* on a tripod, stopped down to *f*.6 and exposed one second on ortho plate. A hand-etched photogravure plate was made from the negative in which all detail in the coat was eliminated in order to concentrate the interest on to the head. Twenty-five numbered copies, signed by the novelist, were printed from the copperplate, which was afterwards destroyed; several of these have been acquired by national and municipal art galleries.

P. 51. ALICE MEYNELL (1908). Taken at the poetess's London flat near Marble Arch. Although the room had only one window the light was excellent. I used a small hand-mirror to reflect it on to the shadow side of the head. The portrait was made with a half-plate field camera having a rectinilear lens stopped down to *f*.8 by an exposure of three seconds on a *Wratten* plate.

P. 52. DR. GEORGE PARKYN (1908). One of my earliest portraits. I used a 12″ × 10″ studio camera with a *Dallmeyer Portrait* lens. The portrait was one of twenty-four men, famous in science and art, taken for a supplement presented by the *Illustrated London News* to its readers.

P. 53. HENRY JAMES (1915). Taken at the novelist's home at Rye with a *Graflex* camera. There was a very large window, reaching almost to the floor of the library and I placed my sitter at right angles to it, lightening the shadow side with a sheet of white paper stretched on a drawing board. This portrait, with those I made of RUDYARD KIPLING, HILAIRE BELLOC and THOMAS HARDY, gained the distinction of becoming a kind of "recognised face" of

the master, and numbered pulls from a photogravure plate have been sold to collectors.

P. 54. DR. WU TING FONG (1908). Dr. Wu was Chinese Ambassador in London when this portrait was made at his Embassy with a half-plate field camera and a rectilinear lens at full aperture of *f*.9. The exposure was two seconds on a *Wratten* plate. I still like these cheap, old-fashioned lenses which gave such wonderful "roundness" to the head and produced such fine modelling. The light came from a window to the right and behind the camera; a folding screen was used as background.

P. 55. YOUNG NUN (1924). Photographed in the garden of a nunnery in Rumania with my *Graflex* quarter-plate camera; at *f*.5.6 the exposure on a *Kodak* flat portrait film was 1/25 second.

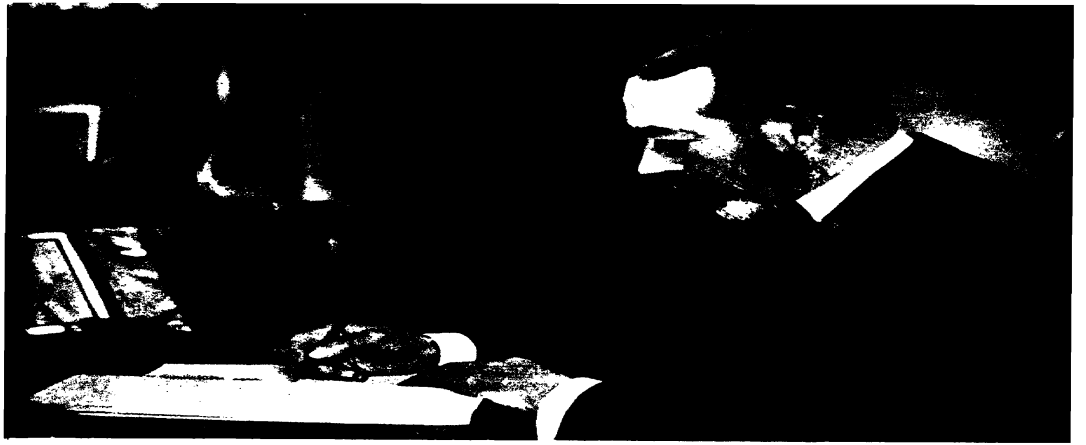
P. 56. LADY LAVERY (1917). The beautiful American born wife of Sir JOHN LAVERY, R.A.—I must have made several hundred portraits of her—as she appeared in the role of The Madonna at a matinee given in aid of war prisoners and organised by her during the first world war. It is a studio portrait made with a quarter-plate *Graflex* on *Kodak* flat portrait film, stop *f*.8, exposure one second. The light came from two 1,000 watt floods thrown on to and reflected by a white screen; no direct light was used.

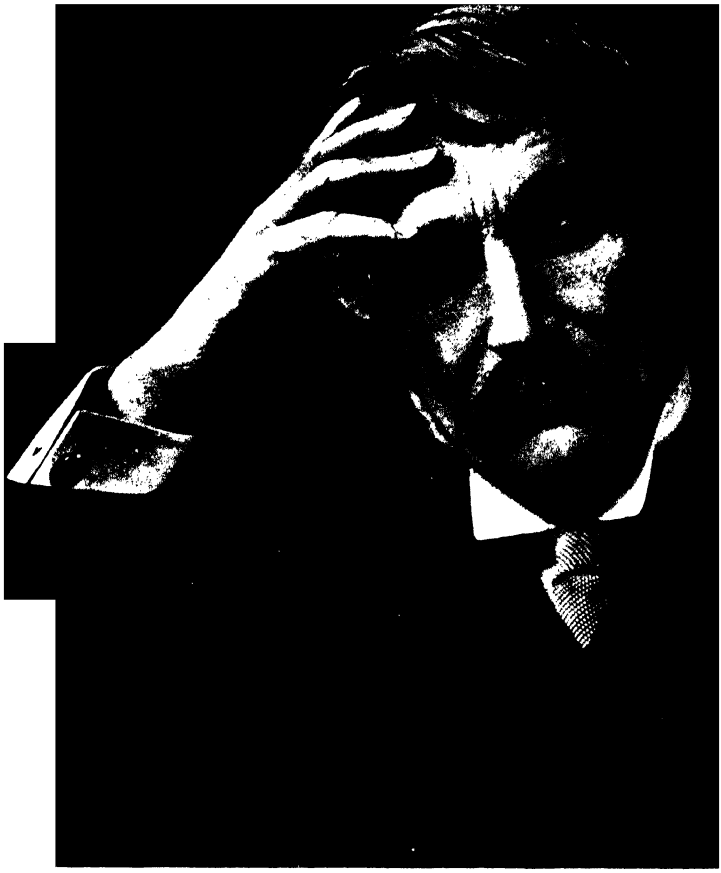
P. 57. TAMARA KARSAVINA (1911). The great Russian dancer in "Spectre de la Rose" and one of the plates in my first book of studies from the Russian ballet. The studio 10″ × 8″ reflex camera with the *Dallmeyer Portrait* lens, stopped down to *f*.6, was used; the exposure was one second on a *Barnet* ortho plate. There was no artificial light. Although made nearly a quarter of a century ago prints of the photogravure plate are still selling.

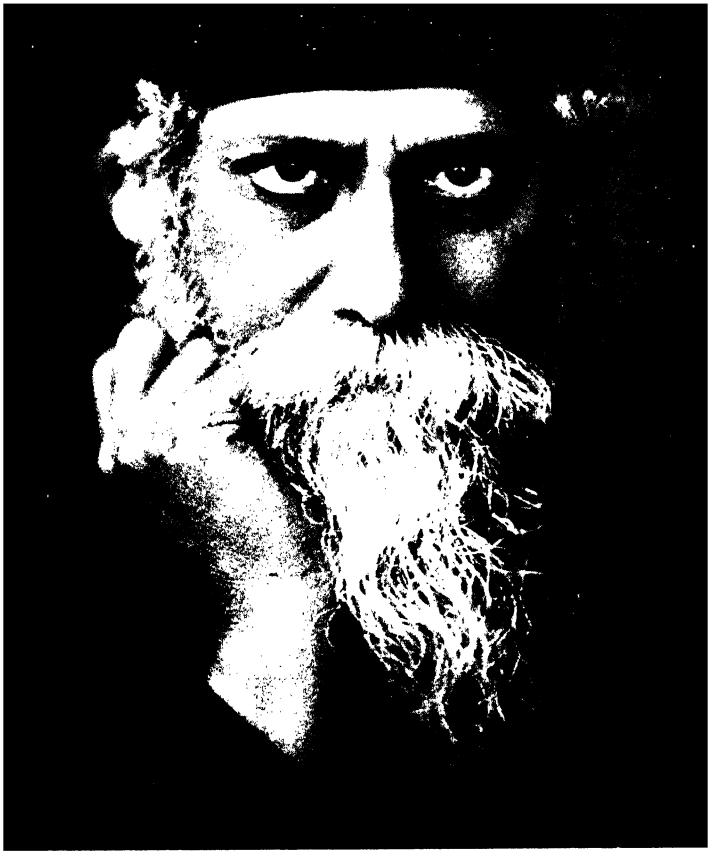
P. 58. RABINDRANATH TAGORE (1929). While travelling in India I received an invitation to spend one week at the home of the poet at Santiniketan in Bengal. I used my early *Leica* with its *Elmar* lens, *Kodak Panatomic* film, and stopped down to *f*.4.5 to shoot at 1/10th second. I later made a half-plate enlarged negative on *Selochrome* film, via a quarter-plate transparency.

P. 59. ANNA MAY WONG (1928). I met this very attractive American born Chinese lady in Hollywood, where I went to fulfil a contract to make a series of portraits of film stars to be used as covers by an American magazine. Of a large collection of photographs for which Miss Wong sat for me, I like this best on account of its lovely tone gradations and her whimsical expression. I used the frame of a mirror as a background. The camera was a *Leica I* with *Elmar* lens; the film *Kodak Panatomic*, the stop *f*.8 and exposure 2 seconds.

P. 60. JACOB EPSTEIN (1910). An early portrait of the sculptor at his studio in Chelsea. The monumental work against







which he stands is the memorial to OSCAR WILDE which was to create such heated controversy. The studio provided ample light, both top and side, and I had to rig up some material (sacking in which Epstein kept some clay, if I remember rightly) to dim the excessive light. I used the half-plate field camera and the good old rectilinear lens; the plate was a *Barnet* ortho, the stop *f*.6 and exposure one second.

P. 61. MARINETTI (1911). The founder of the Futurist movement came to my Baker Street studio when he appeared at the London Coliseum, where he conducted an orchestra which consisted in the main of penny whistles, tin kettles and cumbersome machinery where stone rubbing over some kind of scrubbing board played a conspicuous part. Was this fiery Italian to be taken seriously or was he pulling a gullible public's leg? Whether the result of the sitting is to be looked upon as a "leg pull" or as an earnest attempt at interpretation I must leave to the reader to decide. Anyhow—my own methods in producing this portrait were, too, unorthodox enough: double exposure, scraping off some of the negative and what not!

P. 62. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (1933). To photograph G. B. S. is always a delight, as he so thoroughly enters into the spirit of the thing. I have photographed this grand Irishman many times, but I think this is the most amusing of my pictures. It was made at his flat in Whitehall with the delayed action device incorporated in the *Contax* camera. This is the caption which Shaw wrote himself: "This is my celebrated performance as a genial and charming old man; blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair—and Hoppé pretending to be taken in."

P. 63. FEDOR CHALIAPIN (1932). The story of this portrait of the singer sitting up in bed has been told elsewhere (p. 78). Here are some technical details: the camera was my *Super Ikonta*, the stop *f*.3.5, the exposure 1/25 second on *Selochrome* film.

P. 64. QUEEN MARY (1927). I used my old *Leica* with the *Elmar* lens, stopped down to *f*.6.3 and gave one second exposure on *Kodak Panatomic* film for this portrait. Surprise has been expressed that I did not use a faster film, but it must be recollected that royal portraits often require enlarging to a considerable size and grain becomes a weighty matter. Moreover, *Kodak Panatomic* film has a quite exceptional latitude and possesses sufficient speed for most daylight portraiture. My exposure is always the maximum possible; in order to get quality into a negative, the subtle gradations from highlights to shadows; it is essential to err on the generous side when estimating exposure.

5

HERESIES ON CAMERAS

The storage of dozens of boxes of glass negatives, numbered consecutively and placed upright on shelves, was becoming a tremendous problem. Even the large basements at Millais House were inadequate, and I remember vividly a white-faced assistant entering the studio and announcing that he had dropped a box of valuable negatives which lay in smithereens on the ground. "I am very sorry, sir," he gasped.

I just looked at him. The depths of my feelings were such that I felt numbed. For once my temper was eclipsed. Then my secretary entered the studio to announce a sitter. How I got through that sitting, I do not remember.

This tragic incident was a turning point in my career. I could not risk accidents to my negatives again, and my old friend WALTER BARNETT and I were among the first to use flat films in the studio. At that time most of my portraits were made on 10″ × 8″ plates, and, although perhaps I turned to film with a certain misgiving, I was delighted to find that my negatives showed no loss of quality.

I have never been obsessed with ideas of technical progress. So long as the quality of my work was not affected, I was prepared to work with the most orthodox material. Although the question whether plates or film are superior is still a constant source of discussion, I have no hesitation in advising young professionals to use the latter. At the least it will obviate the recurrence of tragedies.

Studio work has a certain deliberate fascination; yet, I had a feeling, some time ago, that portraiture was entering a new epoch and that its future lay in "at home" photography. Alas, the transport of my massive mahogany studio camera

or of the reflex made to my design which in warm weather seemed almost the size of the so-called portable darkrooms of Victorian days, created almost insuperable difficulties. Besides, the introduction of these cameras into a home would have resulted in my sitters becoming self-conscious and better pictures could be secured in the studio. Occasionally, with some misgiving, I took my whole-plate field camera on an assignment out of town. But, although sitters were pleased, I was never satisfied with the results. It is impossible to capture the charm, the intimate informality of English home life, with a camera necessitating a stand. So I changed the field camera for a *Graflex* reflex equipped with an additional lens for portraiture. Film-packs replaced glass plates; and a couple of half-watt daylight lamps completed my equipment.

Possibly some astonishment will be caused by the simplicity of my outfit, for amateurs seem to imagine that professionals make a fetish of using elaborate apparatus. I am aware that enterprising manufacturers sell almost every variety of gadget for home portraiture, but most of these things are bought by the overawed amateur—not the discriminating professional. I have always maintained that the photographer should simplify his technique so that the mind is free to concentrate on essentials. Remember STIEGLITZ and his one-solution developer! Therein lies a profound moral. The modern obsession with apparatus and technique may result in efficient craftsmanship; but, after all, seeing the picture, composing it and seizing the psychological moment for exposure is the main thing. I have met so many amateurs, who, while possessing a profound knowledge of apparatus and technical developments, appear incapable of producing a print of pictorial merit. Much of the fascination which technique has for amateur photographers is due, I fancy, to the suppressed fear of proving inadequate to the demands of pictorial photography. The darkroom, with its mystery, the shop window with its array of shining technical devices, have an obvious appeal to the subconscious. But to indulge in it is merely to placate the pleasure-principle; it inevitably

retards the photographer in the adolescent stage, concerned with toys instead of tasks. The task of the artist is to develop his powers of perception and sympathy, to bring a new vision of beauty and spiritual strength to a mechanistic age. This cannot be done in darkroom or laboratory. I hold it with ARISTOTLE: "No great genius was ever without some mixture of madness, nor can anything grand or superior to the voice of common mortals be spoken except by the agitated soul." Photographers, too, should have the courage to develop their individuality and to refuse to be swayed by fashions of equipment.

It may appear rather ironic after this dissertation to hark back to apparatus. But the artist must have his brush or camera. And, although my *Graflex* was adequate to most occasions, I now decided to use a miniature reflex. My choice was a *Primarflex*. Its appeal to me lay in its inconspicuous appearance. It was devoid of that wealth of chromium plating which may gratify the heart of a sales manager but makes many miniature cameras so conspicuous as to render them almost useless. The specifications of this camera are probably known to many of my readers, but, in view of the current discussions on camera design in the post-war years, it may be useful to recapitulate that it had an almost noiseless focal-plane shutter, delayed-action release, automatic film-wind and shutter coupled with mirror and counter. Its standard lens was a *Zeiss Tessar* of *f*.3.5 and 10.5 cm. focal length set in a helical mount, permitting interchange with a lens of three times its focal length, namely, a *f*.6.3 *Tessar* of 32 cm. Whenever conditions permitted, I used the long focus lens for portraiture in order that the camera might be removed from the sitter as far as possible. Indeed, so satisfactory were the results achieved with this instrument, that I installed it in my studio at Millais House. In a room measuring 50 × 40 feet it was as inconspicuous as a cigar box, and did much to allay the nervousness caused by larger cameras. Sitters showed great interest in what appeared to be an absurd, toy-like thing.

I well remember on the first occasion I was summoned to

Buckingham Palace to photograph KING GEORGE V, His Majesty's surprise over my miniature equipment. In fact, I believe that I was the first portrait photographer to take miniature apparatus to the Palace. My daring, since there was a temptation to rely for this important commission on a large studio camera and the customary battery of lights, was fully justified, since I obtained a far more intimate picture than would have been possible with more ponderous apparatus. Incidentally, in view of my insistence on photographers taking a wide interest in matters outside their professional sphere, it is of interest to record that my passion for stamp collecting forged an immediate bond between my Royal sitter and myself.

True enough, only the best apparatus is good enough for professional photography, but one should make sure that it *is* the best and not merely the most imposing, the most costly or most advertised. The most suitable camera for mobile portraiture is obviously a miniature; and in this category I would include instruments taking up to 4 × 4 cm. films. I have always looked at the smaller model of the *Rolleiflex*, which is designed to give a 4 × 4 cm. negative, with special interest. Its lens gives good definition, permitting enlargement up to almost any size, and its aperture of *f*.2.8 allows for photography under the most difficult conditions.

We are talking about cameras I liked to use and so this seems to be the right moment to add something about cameras in general.

I, too, *would have liked* to use the dream camera. This ideal instrument, of course, does not exist and never will exist. The miniature is the nearest approach to "ideal"; but even so, it is idle to pretend that it is the best instrument to use on every occasion. For architectural work a half- or whole-plate camera will help towards more exacting results; for pictorial studies, a quarter-plate reflex is often preferable. Print quality is the final test; and, for certain specialised jobs, instruments normally deemed old-fashioned by many amateurs more than hold their own. Moreover, I am inclined to think that the "ideal" camera might be a bit of a

bore. Much of the charm of photography lies in mastering difficulties; there is something about an "ideal" which condemns one to the passivity of sheer admiration. I have always feared and avoided the "ideal" woman, and the "ideal" camera seems neither desirable nor practicable. Nevertheless, although ideal perfection may prove as illusory as a mirage, there are certain improvements which might well be incorporated in future camera design:

1. For all but the "popular" models a detachable back or other device for changing films without wastage is essential.

2. A universal view-finder, registering accurately the field of view of lenses of different focal lengths, is a *sine qua non*. The view-finder should of course be built-in; extra gadgets, which are apt to be mislaid, should be reduced to the minimum.

3. The universal view-finder should be equipped with a folding hood to eliminate stray rays of light; this would render studying the field of view much easier. When different lenses are used, the field should alter automatically. Moreover, view-finders should be adjustable to suit individual sight.

4. Lenses should have a hood incorporated in the mount; also provision should be made for filters possibly by devising a slot in the mount.

5. Wheel focusing is preferable to focusing by lever.

6. Manufacturers should devise more convenient optical means for photographing close-up subjects.

7. Range-finders to be of the split-field type and combined with the view-finder.

8. Every high-grade miniature camera should be fitted with a built-in device for flash-bulb synchronisation. This would not add materially to the weight of the camera and should be operated mechanically and *not* by electro-magnetic means which are far from fool-proof. (Of the flash-guns sold before the war, it may be of interest to note that I found the *Burvin* the most satisfactory; I used it with wire bulbs, the results with foil-filled bulbs being unsatisfactory.)

9. It would certainly be ideal if flash-bulbs could be used more than once. Bulbs are difficult to pack and present great

problems to the traveller. Moreover, there would be the further advantage that they could be tested before exposure. Even the best bulbs are not always reliable.

10. Manufacturers still adhere to the belief that cameras are for use only in spring and summer. But fast film has radically altered this conception, and diminutive knobs which are awkward to handle in cold weather should be eschewed.

There is little that could be called revolutionary or extravagant about my ideas of an almost "ideal" camera, is there? Most of its features have already been answered by one design or another. The main point, however, is that any high grade instrument should fulfil all these needs. Dear Photographic Manufacturer, patents can be pooled, licenses given and taken just as is done in other fields. So why go on pretending that you have all the answers and always the best ones—by hardly listening to your public at all? The manner in which makers of photographic tools and materials have grown to become "big industry" has its alarming aspects. The scientists, researchers and designers are often inclined to write, talk and preach in a spirit not even disguising their contempt for the millions of amateurs and thousands of professionals to whom their wares are offered.

Meanwhile, let us return to less distant topics. For most outdoor work a panchromatic film of medium speed suffices, though one of the high-speed variety may be necessary for interiors. At the present time relatively few cameras are fitted with interchangeable backs so that film could be changed with the minimum delay. For the mobile photographer such a device is of the greatest convenience; in fact, interchangeable backs are indispensable to almost every serious worker.

A soundly constructed lens hood is absolutely necessary, and a little ingenuity will devise something far preferable to many of the hoods marketed. I have always advocated photographers making their own gadgets. It saves money, and there is an additional reason which is even more important: there can be nothing like an hour or so spent at a work bench for giving one a complete mental change.

Furthermore, the making of even the simplest piece of apparatus fills the man with a pleasant sense of achievement; and intimacy with the tools of his craft gives the worker confidence. But I certainly do not advocate either amateurs or professionals tinkering with the shutters of miniature cameras. Delicate adjustments of this sort must be left to the skilled mechanic.

So far as lamps for artificial light work are concerned, there is no need to spend extravagant sums on elaborate apparatus. Mobility is essential; one should be able to pick up the whole of the apparatus and move quickly from room to room in search of fresh and interesting viewpoints and backgrounds, and that cannot be done if one is embarrassed by an excessive amount of equipment. Moreover, the time spent in reassembling a complicated lighting set, would be far better devoted to studying the sitter. The photographer, who burdens a difficult task with apparatus, regarded as essential by manufacturers but wholly unnecessary to makers of pictures, is apt to get fussed and lose all contact with the sitter. Moreover, even the most patient and kindly host is apt to become bored with equipment which requires tedious intervals for adjustment.

In the modern house, with its emphasis on adequate window space and walls that reflect light rather than absorb it, I almost invariably found that artificial lighting was almost unnecessary; though, for precaution's sake, I travelled with two portable daylight lamps, one of 500 and the other of 200 candle-power, and a small transformer was also useful for adjusting different voltages. In country places, where there was neither gas nor electric light, I used a mirror or a white screen to lighten shadows. It is amazing what a little ingenuity can do in obtaining really effective lighting by primitive means. The fact that many of my sitters were men was an advantage, since strong and definite lighting often helps in depicting male characteristics.

For the woman photographer who specialises in children —though there is of course no reason why men should not

do so provided they have a natural gift for "getting-on" with their young sitters—artificial lighting is rarely necessary because children are always best photographed out of doors. In winter this may not always be practical, and synchronised flash or lamps may be used. The former I have found effective on many occasions.

A point worth remembering is to carry a few spools of colour film in your outfit. Most colour films can be used quite successfully for monochrome printing. I know one "at home" photographer who goes to the length of taking in his car a small projector so that he can demonstrate the quality and possibilities of modern colour film. My own inclination would be to add a really good cine-camera to my equipment. But don't burden yourself with too great a variety of apparatus at first. Learn to master one tool thoroughly before turning to another.

One further point. Always be methodical in your work. Check over cameras and equipment before going out on a commission. There is nothing more irritating than to arrive at one's destination and discover that a wire release, one of those little items of equipment that are so easily mislaid, has been left behind. Carelessness of this sort is upsetting to the nerves, destroys that feeling of calm and confidence so essential to creating intimacy with sitters, and, furthermore, suggests unreliability which is scarcely the best form of publicity.

Probably the wisest investment the "at home" photographer, or, indeed, any photographer can make, is to buy a suitcase and divide it into compartments for cameras, films, and all the items of equipment essential to the work. A list of the equipment should be pasted in the lid so that the contents may be easily checked, and the case kept ready packed to enable any commission to be undertaken at a moment's notice. Of course, elaborate cases may be bought at almost any dealer's, but it is cheaper to make your own and a great deal more fun.

The tendency of any age is to perpetrate the mischievous

superstition that one's forerunners had all the luck. Time and again people have more or less politely implied that I was lucky because I "knew everybody" and had some mysterious "pull" with the Press which brought me success. What nonsense! I will admit that I have been lucky. But luck is surely a fortunate event conditioned by past effort; it was hard hours of work and unremitting experiment which brought me well-known sitters and secured the publication of their portraits in the Press. So to the young generation I would say: you are even more fortunate than I was a quarter of a century ago. True, I came into photography on the crest of a wave when the professional world was changing with great reluctance from large to small cameras and from slow orthochromatic plates to fast panchromatic film. But you also are coming into photography on the crest of a much larger wave which will land you in the fascinating new world of colour and colour-prints, a world which will be depicted by miniature cameras equipped possibly with lenses as adaptable as the human eye. Yes, you are indeed fortunate. The only thing that makes me pause is to wonder whether the ingenuity of modern apparatus is not in itself a subtle temptation to photographers to rely on their instruments rather than on themselves. It will be a bad day for art if this is so. Of course there always will be lazy people—but the nature of man is to accept a challenge, whether it be from the latest model in tanks or the last word in cameras, and, being by nature an optimist, I believe that the art of photography will triumph over its machine.

Speculation is a pastime permitted to photographers retired from their profession, and I sometimes wonder whether Mrs. JULIA CAMERON would have created her great portraits if equipped with a miniature instead of a studio camera. Probably she would have done even better. Though there is a faint atmosphere of sacrilege about imagining the great ones of the past dodging about with a camera of so undignified a size. No, I cannot really picture Mrs. CAMERON with a miniature any more than, I fancy, Professor JOAD could visualise PLATO pounding with one finger on a typewriter.

6

MODS OF THE FAMOUS AND INFAMOUS

"Hallo! Hallo! Good morning, Mr. Hoppé. It's a long, long way to Tipperary."

The scene was the famous long room in the Palazzo Chigi, in Rome. The voice, resonant as if the speaker was addressing a battalion of Fascist militia on parade instead of a lonely and rather nervous photographer, was MUSSOLINI'S.

I had been commissioned by the late Dr. BULLOCK, that scholarly editor of *The Graphic*, to make a series of portraits of leading personalities, a job which took me roving into practically every Continental country. In short, "at home" photography on the grand scale.

To many men the long room at the Palazzo Chigi proved a trying ordeal. The highly polished floor, glittering like a skating rink was bunkered by deep easy chairs.

MUSSOLINI, whose command of English was decidedly imperfect in 1924, did his best to put me at ease by his unconventional greeting. Also, no doubt, he enjoyed showing off his linguistic knowledge. But I could not help feeling nervous as I stood reluctantly on the edge of what appeared to be an ocean of glass with the Duce's desk rising beyond it like a dim rock in the distance.

To begin with, I had been kept waiting a long time in an ante-room. Officials were popping in and out, surveying myself and my reflex with suspicion. Dark glances were directed at my tripod. The reason for this disconcerting reception was the fact that only a few days before MATTEOTTI, the young Socialist deputy, and MUSSOLINI'S courageous opponent, had been kidnapped and assassinated. In Rome, to say nothing of the Palazzo Chigi, there was an air of tension.

Advancing towards MUSSOLINI over the polished floor, I felt much like a small boy feeling his way across treacherous and slimy rocks in search of crabs and fearful of slipping into some deep pool. I was horribly afraid lest I should commit the wild solecism of falling in an undignified heap on the floor and seeing my valuable camera slide with disloyal ease to an unknown destination. In which case, I should undoubtedly be shot by some concealed watcher for daring to attempt to assassinate the Dictator with a reflex.

When, after some of the longest moments in my life, I reached the Dictator's rock-like desk, I was in the condition of a shipwrecked mariner finding himself in the sudden glare of the beam of a lighthouse lantern, only in this instance I was caught by the most penetrating gaze in Europe. To my surprise MUSSOLINI, who was dressed in a lounge suit, appeared calm. He was going through one of the most critical phases of his career, yet his spatulate fingers were steady, and a sardonic smile chilled the corners of his lips. As I set up my camera, he paced rapidly up and down the immense room, staccato phrases falling heavily on the sultry Roman air like lumps of lava blown from Etna, stopping every few moments to stare with belligerent admiration in a mirror. The set of his tie caused him some concern. He fingered it uneasily, as if his subconscious associated it with a noose.

When I was ready, he pushed aside the chair behind his desk and sat astride it, his face cocked at the identical angle at which all his later portraits were taken. But I wanted to photograph the man, not an attitude.

"If," I ventured, "your Excellency would be so good as to move your head. . . ."

"No, no." The words had the force of machine-gun bullets.

I made several attempts but MUSSOLINI's eyes began to glaze with cold impatience and the shutter was opened for a tenth of a second, the impression of a theatrical braggart was swept into the camera's dark interior, and the sharp click of mechanism indicated that the job was done.

MUSSOLINI relaxed. He made a joke. As I left the room, I noticed that he was still fingering his tie.

Some of my subjects proved most elusive. I had the greatest difficulty in meeting the writer MAETERLINCK, owing to the fact that our appointments never seemed to coincide. At last I tracked him to his mother's tiny house in the suburbs of Ghent which proved to have the right atmosphere for the purpose. Like most really great men, MAETERLINCK had a horror of the limelight and was at his best in simple, unpretentious surroundings. As a sitter he was kindly and considerate, permitting me the fullest latitude in arranging a pose and selecting a background. My last exposure was destined to be one of my most successful pictures, for by that time he had completely thawed and we were chatting like old friends.

No, great men are not difficult to photograph. But, like MAETERLINCK, they are apt to prove elusive. I remember that the atmosphere before I photographed CLEMENCEAU was extraordinarily tense. It was not so much that he objected to being photographed, but regarded with belligerent aversion the necessity for completing his toilette. As I waited in his sitting-room, I heard protesting growls in the bedroom above, and two or three times a manservant entered the room and conveyed in nervous French that his master was stuck in a sort of sartorial "no-man's-land" and refused to make any advance whatsoever. But I had not travelled across Europe for nothing. So each time the manservant entered the sitting-room, I also did my share of growling, until, in despair, he made a supreme effort and CLEMENCEAU rumbled down the stairs. Facing my camera, this great fighter proved somewhat disconcerting. I had expected to meet a most formidable personality; but CLEMENCEAU suggested the ordinary bourgeois type, the man who kept a shop rather than the man who kept France. Whenever one is in doubt about the most appropriate way to interpret the personality of a sitter who maintains an attitude of reserve, it is always wise to study the hands. The facial expression can be controlled, but almost invariably hands are overlooked. CLEMENCEAU'S hands pro-

vided an instant key to his character. Strong, ruthless, daring. Hands such as those would never have been content to rest on a counter.

The first president of Czechoslovakia, MASARYK, and the maker of modern Turkey, KEMAL ATTATURK, both determined men, also faced my camera; but, looking through the ground glass of the past, I think that Professor EINSTEIN was one of the most attractive and lovable of the great men who have sat for me. I have met him twice, in my London and New York studios, and on both occasions was impressed by his utter simplicity. He was also shy, and extraordinarily modest about his great attainments. At our second sitting he brought his violin with him and I made a number of studies while he played completely absorbed.

To my knowledge I have never photographed a saint. Between scientists and saints there is however the common link of simplicity and integrity; for they are men—women, too—who, scorning the petty and the trivial, look beyond the widest horizons of the material world. Scientists are the saints of the machine age, searching for the meaning of the universe in the laboratory instead of the cell. Perhaps I ought to qualify this by adding that, as far as my reading goes and I cannot pretend to a profound knowledge of hagiology, saints would appear to be remarkably lacking in a sense of humour, while EINSTEIN'S eyes twinkle with fun.

In the course of my travels I have photographed the great against every conceivable background, but, although cinema producers regard bedrooms as indispensable, I have portrayed only one great man in this setting. That man was CHALIAPIN. The great Russian basso seemed incapable of keeping appointments, so the only thing to do was to visit him in his hotel before he rose in the morning. I duly arrived at eight-thirty to be told by his firm but tactful secretary that a sitting was out of the question since the first performance of *Boris Godunov* was taking place at Covent Garden that night and there would be rehearsals all day. Fortunately, when it appeared that we had reached a deadlock, the bed-

room door opened to reveal CHALIAPIN sitting up in bed singing to the departing back of a waiter carrying a tray. I grabbed my reflex and dashed in. The secretary followed, making little moaning noises of protest. CHALIAPIN, pausing in the middle of a tremendous passage, stared at me with amazement. I wasted no time, since editors expect their commissions to be executed, and, setting up my tripod and camera, explained my mission briefly and proceeded to compose my portrait on the ground glass. CHALIAPIN, grasping the situation, roared with laughter and continued to sing. The bedroom rocked with sound. The secretary tried to look severe but failed. Waiters and chambermaids crowded round the door, the most class-restricted audience the singer has ever had. I exposed film after film, dodging round the bed to catch CHALIAPIN at every conceivable angle, and filled with the glow of triumph which comes to the journalist and photographer who has pulled off a scoop.

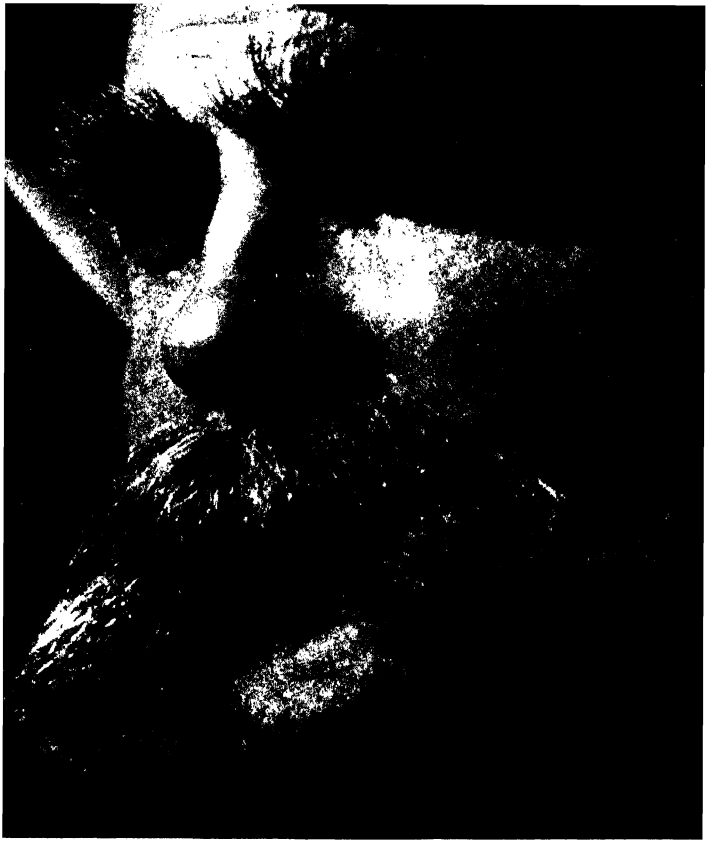
From the bustle of a West End hotel to the remote quiet of Dorset is a far cry, but I had been commissioned to make a portrait of THOMAS HARDY in his simple home. The great writer disliked being photographed and talked with courtesy and charm about everything but the matter in hand. As we walked round his garden, I despaired of obtaining my picture, and, indeed, had almost given up the idea, when the novelist with a shy smile, said: "Would you like to take the picture now?" Hardy made an admirable sitter, and I returned to London with a film-pack containing some of my best portraits.

Of course photographers who are commissioned to make "at home" portraits must vary their tactics according to the psychology of the sitter. In the case of CLEMENCEAU and CHALIAPIN, men hardened to publicity, one simply had to establish a beach-head under a withering fire from domestics and secretaries and get down to the job. But if a shy sitter protests at being photographed, it is better to turn the conversation to some topic of their own interest. In nine cases out of ten, when the discovery is made that you are not such a bad fellow after all and can listen and talk intelligently,

permission will be granted to go ahead. As I have said, it is imperative to learn all you can about a sitter before embarking on a commission. Reference books should be studied, titles of published works and recreations noted. The word "recreation" needs underlining, for some of my happiest portraits have resulted from a reference to a sitter's hobby.

One of my sitters to whom I took an instant liking was W. H. DAVIES, the poet. A journalist friend brought him to my studio long before he was famous, indeed, at that time he was living in a common lodging-house in Southwark peddling shoe laces and singing in the streets to earn enough money to publish a volume of his poems. As he limped into the room, tossing a mop of unruly hair from his open face, he smiled in boyish fashion and immediately began to talk about his experiences. There was not a trace of egotism or self-consciousness about him. He was a child of nature, simple and unaffected, and there was something tremendously appealing about the spark of adventure which lit in his brown eyes when telling us of his adventures as a hobo in America.

I have received many odd requests but perhaps the oddest was to photograph a famous man who was dead. Soon after the death of LORD NORTHCLIFFE, who ordered hundreds of copies of the portrait I had made of him for distribution among his friends and editorial staffs, a well-known journalist telephoned my secretary to enquire whether I would photograph the great newspaper proprietor. I was away at the time and my secretary naturally concluded that some fresh prints were required. The journalist's voice was impatient. "We want Mr. Hoppé to come to a meeting to-night. Please ask him to bring his camera and a packet of sealed plates. We are hoping that LORD NORTHCLIFFE will be able to attend." "But surely LORD NORTHCLIFFE is dead," replied my secretary, a little disconcerted by this strange request. The journalist agreed. "But we are hoping that LORD NORTHCLIFFE will attend the meeting and want the photograph made by someone who is sensitive and not connected with Spiritualism." So I attended; his lordship did not.



MORE NOTES ON DIFFERENT PORTRAITS

P. 81. "SMILER" JIM (1938). The sorting room of a district post office was the studio and the occasion the final scene for a picture story: "A letter is posted" (see p. 166). The room was very well lit, having both side and overhead windows. I used the *Contax* with the *Sonnar* 13.5 lens at *f*.4.5 and gave 1/50th second exposure on *Kodak Super XX* film.

P. 82. SHEEP RANCHER (1931). I photographed this typical Australian on one of the big sheep stations in the "Never Never Land" and used the picture in my book *The Fifth Continent*. The camera was the *Super Ikonta*, the stop *f*.4.5 and I gave an exposure of 1/100th second on a *Kodak Panatomic* film.

P. 83. ARIZONA BILL (1928). He met me at Phœnix railway station with flapping stetson, in full regalia, armed with revolver and lariat. Claimed to be the son of the late Colonel Cody—Buffalo Bill to you. *Super Ikonta* at *f*.4.5, 1/50th second on *Kodak Panatomic*.

P. 84. LORRY DRIVER (1928). One of a series of photographs incorporated in my exhibition at the Goupil Gallery in London. *Super Ikonta f*.4.5, 1/25th second on *Kodak Panatomic*.

P. 85. HUMAN DOCUMENT (1927). I discovered this ancient Scottish shepherd near Glencoe. The photograph was made in the small heathland cottage of the centenarian in the late afternoon. There was a small window giving but poor illumination and I had to use a flash bulb. I asked the assistance of the man's grandson for this and, giving him the 'gun' to fire at a pre-arranged signal, let him stand to the left and behind me. I then stopped down to *f*.11, opened the shutter and had the flash released. I used the *Super Ikonta* and *Kodak Panatomic*.

P. 86. RUSSIAN FISHERMAN (1924). The fishing in the Delta of the Danube is—or at least was at the time of my Rumanian trip—exclusively in the hands of a religious sect which left their native Russia and settled here several hundred years ago. I photographed the peculiar methods employed by these fishermen and sets of the resulting prints were eagerly published by journals devoted to fishing all over the world.

P. 87. GENIUS GONE TO SEED (1929). This is a snap made with a 15s. *Brownie* fixed focus camera, of which I am rather proud (see p. 156). Owing to the circumstances under which I had to work, focusing was out of the question; but from experiments previously made at home I felt confident that with the short focal length of lens I would obtain a reasonably sharp image. The bar-room was lit by incandescent gas burners and the exposures which I tried varied probably from one to four seconds.

P. 88. NEW YORK EASTSIDER (1928). A chance shot with the *Leica* at the East River waterfront, on *Panatomic* with 1/100th at *f*.3.5.

P. 88. CHARLADY (1921). How she came to "oblige" me is related elsewhere (p. 90). The quarter-plate *Graflex*, *Kodak* portrait flat film and 1/25th second exposure produced the negative.

7

FOCUS ON BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

"Who do you consider your most beautiful sitter?" Journalists have put this question to me in almost every capital. Obviously, it is impossible to answer it seriously. Beauty, thank heaven, is one of the few remaining things which have neither been explained nor standardised, though it sometimes assumes certain generalised patterns in the shape of make-up with which so many modern young women plaster themselves. But, if the field is narrowed down to facial structure and colouring, I am inclined to think that, even after the lapse of twenty-five years, the famous mannequin HEBE ranks as one of the most beautiful English women who have faced my camera. The exquisite LADY LAVERY was perhaps the most beautiful American woman I have photographed.

Beauty knows no class distinctions. Flower girls and charladies, nowadays designated pompously as "cleaners", are certainly to be numbered amongst my beautiful sitters. A philosophy garnered from a life of toil, a brave resignation to circumstance, and, last but not least, that matchless sense of humour which is a substitute for contentment, stamps their faces with a spiritual beauty which may not be bought in any beauty parlour.

I remember that I was talking to one of my Society sitters when I glanced through a window and spied my ideal charlady crossing Cromwell Place. With a muttered apology to my sitter, who fortunately had better manners than I, out I dashed into the road and begged the old lady to sit for me. She murmured that she was respectable, and I hastened to assure her that I had a proper regard for the conventions. The charlady glanced up the road at the Natural History

Museum. Somehow that tomb of dead mammoths seemed to reassure her. "All right, sir," she said comfortably. "I don't mind obliging yer." Together we returned to the studio where the Society lady, with an amused lifting of eyebrows, gave place to the charwoman. After an excellent sitting, for she proved to be among my best sitters, she looked round and said: "All these 'ere things must take a bit of looking after. If you want someone to do for yer, just let me know and I'll oblige."

Charladies are natural broadcasters. A day or so after the sitting a disdainful parlourmaid announced that there was a queue of these ladies—no, don't be envious as you read these lines—waiting outside my front door to have their photographs taken. I was delighted. No guests could have been more welcome. One by one they came in, vastly intrigued and perfectly at ease. Quite half of them offered to "keep house" for me or "put me to rights". I was greatly touched by a charming old lady who returned with a bunch of "rowsies". These flowers were as much appreciated as any that decorated my studio, for they cost the giver something she could ill afford. There is profound wisdom in the philosophy of the Navajo Indians who maintain that a gift is of no value unless it is something that is cherished or involves the giver in sacrifice. Strange that "sacrifice" should be dominant in the philosophy of the London poor and the members of a remote tribe of American Indians.

There are, without doubt, fashions in beauty as well as in clothes, and portrait photographers should enrich their knowledge and obtain a more balanced perspective by studying the modes and manners of past epochs.

Not so long ago I had occasion to look through a collection of photographs of young women of the early Victorian era, each being an acknowledged beauty of her day. I did not find one who would rank as a beauty nowadays. All the portraits bore the same curious lack of vivacity. It was not, I think, the photographer's fault. It was difficult for a sitter to retain a sparkling, animated expression, during an exposure

that might last up to a quarter of an hour. But surely some hint of lively beauty would have survived the long exposure had it not been that fashion decreed otherwise. It was not in the mode for a woman to show more than a surface, and the *carte-de-visite* photographs of the period are masks rather than portraits.

In fashions, as well as in portraiture, one generation reverses the judgment of another. To walk in the galleries at Hampton Court and contemplate the Restoration beauties painted by LELY is to be lost in amazement at what the STUARTS thought beautiful. At the moment the urgency of the times demands vitality rather than a pose of languishing immobility. Increasing participation in outdoor life and a growing equality in almost every sphere with men is swiftly changing the trend of fashion and portraiture.

War is almost invariably a frontier at which fashions change. During the last war women broke from the thraldom of Edwardian standards of beauty with its emphasis on feminity, the "fine figure" with its softly rounded curves and contours. The "Gibson Girl" vogue from America reigned supreme for several years, then gave way to the slim, long-legged appeal of the "Kirchner Girl". The truth is that life is always evolving new types and the standards of beauty alter to conform with contemporary events and with some deep-seated urge in the racial consciousness. THOMAS BURKE summed up the matter concisely in his review of my *Book of Fair Women:* "Each age has its own beauty. Faces change: as fashions and schools of thought change. The seventeenth century face differs from the twentieth century face as widely as the current thought and art differ."

Ethnologists have put forward the theory that proportionately as the peoples of the earth begin to think alike so they will begin to look alike. Travel and the free interchange of ideas are certainly producing a standard type of feminine beauty. The standardisation in dress, the growth in circulation of the illustrated magazines and the dominating influence of the cinema are uniforming factors. Already a

rather hybrid type in speech and appearance is being evolved in the film world to meet the demands of the international market, and since large numbers of young women model themselves on their favourite film stars it is interesting to conjecture to what extent this will influence posterity.

Art is of course still a most potent element in stimulating fashion. In the past famous pictures have established fashions in woman's beauty; the BURNE-JONES cult, for example, swept through Great Britain and the United States like an epidemic, and painters of later schools have also had a powerful influence on contemporary trends. Above all, it is not unreasonable to look to photography as a guiding star for the future. Colour prints and the miniature camera portend a great revival and surge forward in portraiture, and photographers like painters must keep an ear to the ground and be ready to interpret new fashions.

Opinion still varies, of course, as to what constitutes an attractive woman. The most beautiful woman is probably the one who conforms most nearly to the standard of her type. That great showman and judge of beauty, C. B. COCHRAN, held that a black woman can be beautiful but doubts whether a black beauty chorus would stand comparison with a European. On the other hand, Dr. FREDERICK of Chicago University states that real beauty is to be found only among the Liberian and kindred African races. Some years ago a group of French scientists gave what they held to be the most authoritative answer to this ancient problem. Beauty, they said, is what the eyes and brain of the individual observer declare to be in harmony with the three dimensions. As there are harmonies in musical notes, so there are harmonies and discords in the shape of objects. A discord in music is a series of sound vibrations which produces an unpleasant aural sensation. With the eye it is the same as the ear. When the image of a woman's face is telegraphed to the brain, it comes in a series of lines, angles and curves in three dimensions. Ugliness or beauty is determined by the sensitivity of the seeing centre.

I am not sure that this is an altogether very illuminating answer. As one who has photographed women of practically every nationality, my own feeling is that every woman has *some* beautiful or attractive feature. It may be lovely eyes, a broad brow, expressive mouth, graceful line of the neck or finely modelled hands; it may even be a beautiful foot and the poise and grace of body that invariably accompanies this rare gift.

In portraiture, it has always been my golden rule to look for these perfections and to deal tactfully with less attractive features. I always paid particular attention to feet. So often one sees portraits that reveal careful workmanship so far as the posing of head, hands and figure is concerned, but the feet are ignored and the total effect is marred. Sometimes the sitter is blameworthy. The choice of unsuitable footwear can ruin the most attractive ensemble. Feet are not easy to poise effectively, and if there are natural shortcomings to add to the photographer's difficulties it is better to eliminate them and confine oneself to half-length compositions. Though, I am bound to say, that in the last few years British women have become more alive to the importance of attractive footwear; American women, who are sophisticated in these matters, have set the pace.

Art, as the dictionary defines it, is human skill as opposed to nature. In short, it means something in which skill has been added to the natural foundation. By this reasoning the plain woman, who, by artifice and skill makes herself attractive to the eye, should indubitably be classed as a beauty. SHAKESPEARE knew a few things about beauty. "Black brows," he sings, "become some women best, so they lie in a semi-circle or a half moon made with a pen."

In practice, I have found it wise to pay some attention to the matter of make-up. Having seen my sitters in their everyday attire, I have frequently found it necessary to ask them to remove their make-up and apply it in a manner suitable for photography, using lighter, more transparent and subtly blended pigments. If this is not done, contours built on the

delicate bony structure of the face are likely to be clogged, with the result that in the photograph the face appears like a blanket with burnt holes for the eyes and mouth.

Sometimes even experienced photographers are surprised by the fact that a portrait depicts a beautiful woman as one of very ordinary appearance. The fault lies with the photographer who has failed to consider his sitter in terms of monochrome. Admittedly it is difficult to capture the glowing colouring which often accompanies a vivid temperament and colour photography provides the only real solution. But, although colour photography has made great progress and prints in colour have now reached a fairly satisfactory stage, it is not every photographer who has the time or skill for working in this medium and a compromise must be sought by giving emphasis to some attractive feature in black and white and the grace and poise of the sitter. Colour, like a mirage, is a dangerous snare; monochrome is an excellent discipline.

Above all, it is essential that the danger of banality should be avoided when photographing women. Woman is neither banal nor trivial. So why should she be photographed intent on trivialities? I have an uncomfortable suspicion that I was guilty of starting the deplorable fashion for photographing women contemplating a crystal ball or taking pearls out of a casket. If anyone can prove that I am not guilty of this photographic offence I shall feel much more light-hearted. If, however, the offence is proved, I would plead as an extenuating circumstance that in both cases the crystal ball and the casket of pearls had a fitting purpose and that there was no intention of using these trivial accessories in and out of season. In true portraiture no mere trappings can help in interpreting individuality. To capture the spirit behind the eyes is the test.

In general I have found that women are more interested in the preliminary details of their sittings than men. Invariably I was consulted beforehand on the most suitable ensemble for the proposed portrait, an eminently sensible

attitude and one to be encouraged. But I have never met with such enthusiastic response to my suggestions as that forthcoming from American women. During a gloomy November afternoon in New York I was discussing a prospective sitting with a charming American woman when I remarked casually that I should like to picture her against a background of white lilies. It was an ideal rather than an intention, since, as I have said, it was November. To my surprise thirty magnificent white lilies packed in ice were delivered to my studio on the morning of the sitting.

Portrait photographers who depict beautiful women may expect a hectic life. I little thought that the publication of my *Book of Fair Women* would create such a stir. My morning post brought me indignant letters to know why I had not included the writer's favourite actress, their own or somebody else's wife, and vials of wrath were poured on my head for omitting a great man's mistress. In fact, I was offered a substantial cheque to publish another volume containing the portrait of a lady whose reputation flew like a tattered banner over Mayfair.

Somewhat to my astonishment I was no longer referred to by the Press as a "photographer of men" but as a "connoisseur of women's beauty." American organisations had invited me to undertake a lecture tour, and it was on the way across the Atlantic that conversation with a fellow passenger earned for me credentials as an authority on "pulchritude" that is—or was then—the appalling word used in the States to denote womanly beauty. My chance acquaintance, who I afterwards gathered was a newspaperman, waxed hot over the superiority of American women. It is difficult to remain unbiased where one's own countrywomen are concerned, but my point was that it is impossible to compare the women of different nationalities. There the conversation closed and I thought no more about it.

On the morning following my arrival in New York I was startled by an enormous headline in a leading daily: *Great Britain's Challenge To America.* Hastily reading the article

I discovered that I was the cause of all the trouble in Times Square. To add to my embarrassment I found that I was expected to pronounce the American woman the most beautiful in the world. Newspapers throughout the States copied the idea and started competitions, in each case appointing me the judge of local "pulchritude". Agents for stage and film stars besieged me in my apartment, journalists badgered me incessantly for interviews in which I was made to express opinions wholly at variance with my own. Almost daily I was informed by long-distance telephone that I had selected beauties whom I had never seen. As a matter of fact I should have found it almost impossible to choose any one woman as a type of American beauty, although it appeared probable that a prevailing type would emerge in the course of a few generations as it had done in other countries. I had expected to find that blondes predominated in the States but that idea was very soon exploded. There is strong Southern influence, Spanish and Italian types are common; Irish and Anglo-Saxon are also notable ingredients in the world's melting-pot.

Tremendous excitement was stirred up over these competitions which offered substantial money prizes to the winning beauties, the results being syndicated to 384 newspapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Rivalry was intense. Thousands of relatives and friends watched for the prize-winners. I was smothered beneath an avalanche of photographs arriving by post and special messengers. Every big city and many small towns began to conduct competitions and sent photographs of local girls to me. Few men surely have had a harder task allotted to them than that of deciding the five winners out of all the thousands of pictures submitted.

I certainly could not complain at any lack of offers being made to me, one of which was to appear as a five minutes' turn nightly on the roof garden of a well-known theatre to address the audience on "pulchritude" and then choose the most beautiful girl present on each occasion. If I could have overcome my habitual nervousness, I might have had a lot of fun undertaking this nightly chat. As it was, I refused.

Another offer came from a paper that proposed to rent Madison Square Theatre and arrange tableaux featuring beautiful girls from whom I was to select "The Peach". I declined this offer firmly. I might be able to face one "peach" but a whole basket would have given me æsthetic indigestion. There was, however, a less frivolous side to the question, for while in New York I revived a standard of proportions for modern woman which was endorsed by Dr. COPELAND, the City's Health Commissioner.

Whether these competitions serve any useful purpose is very doubtful, but it may be said in their favour that they encourage women to look their best. It is the duty of every woman to look her best irrespective of age. But I must emphasise that the "most beautiful woman" exists only in the imaginations of theatrical agents and my friends of the Press.

Sometimes I think it would be interesting to trace the history of the winners of the many beauty competitions I have judged. In particular, I should like to know what happened to the working girls who won a beauty competition organised by a London daily which, impressed by my alleged gifts as a discerner of "pulchritude", invited me to judge. I photographed mill-hands and factory girls in their own environment and the only advantage Society women had over them was their clothes. As a French journalist observed, these working girls had a poise which only centuries of breeding could produce and Continental girls of the same class were in no way comparable with them. Anyhow, this story shows a comparatively happy ending; not all of them do.

Portrait photographers get blamed for many things, but the most unfair censure was passed on me by a newspaper group specialising in "yellow" journalism and out for sensation at any price. I had made a series of portraits of a woman, an officer's wife, I believe, in my London studio, and, as they were rather striking they were published in Society papers in England and America. I thought no more about the matter until some years later when I discovered among my Press

cuttings an article accusing me of having caused the woman's downfall. The story was given a banner heading—*Famous Artist Causes Woman's Downfall*—and the writer, whose ethics were on a par with his deplorable grammar, developed the dangerous argument that if I had never taken these portraits this woman's vanity would not have been aroused to the pitch which sent her on the downward path of drugs and divorce. If portrait photographers were held responsible for the moral vagaries of their sitters, the profession would soon die an unnatural death. As it is—it manages to keep alive tumbling from fashion to fashion.

Of fashions in portraiture there is no end. After I had photographed CHALIAPIN in bed singing, a surprising number of people telephoned me to bring my camera to their bedrooms. Fortunately this embarrassing "stunt" was short-lived. But it is curious how these fashions crop up, wear themselves out by banal repetition, and then are forgotten. I have already mentioned the crystal ball phase, but there were others as insistent. The "halo" or "Madonna" vogue brought scores of women who yearned to be portrayed in this way. The idol or lucky charm phase was equally popular. The "exotic pets" fashion was rather more amusing. I believe that I was guilty in starting this craze. I had made a series of portraits of Society women with extraordinary pets, ranging from a snake to a baby leopard, and their publication brought endless requests for appointments from women seeking notoriety. This fashion was great fun while it lasted, but it lasted a little too long. Although a lover of animals, I find that chasing a leopard round a studio or enticing a reluctant hedgehog from under a couch becomes a little tedious, and I have never somehow fancied myself as an animal trainer.

There was another cult, spectacular but short-lived, where human interest was deliberately subordinated to elaboration of the *décor* or the introduction of sensational features into the background. There was a definite cleverness about it which was quite fascinating for a time, and it was rather more

than a superficial "stunt" since it symbolised the malaise that had befallen Society.

Perhaps one of the most exasperating fashions was the craze for posing women's heads against a white background lighted from the front and retouched to an exaggerated degree. The treatment robbed sitters of all individuality; and its appeal lay, I suppose, in the fact that it conferred a prettiness of the chocolate-box type. Inevitably this wholly retrograde and grotesque portraiture had an enormous success in the provinces where it threatened to obliterate all attempts at serious work. Fortunately, as in all other cases, its success was ephemeral. Actually, the white or light grey background is helpful to any portrait photographer because so much can be done with it to achieve effects by lighting alone. Any amount of variation is possible by altering the volume of light that strikes on it. One can, for example, light the background quite separately from the sitter and with the aid of a spot-light project shapes and patterns that will increase the significance of a portrait, though, I will hasten to add that mere eccentricity should be avoided at all costs. A simple way to vary the uniformity of a background is to outline a sitter against the shadow, thereby producing a kind of bas-relief.

One fashion succeeds another in photography. A little while ago a worm's viewpoint was the last word in modern photography to be followed by the craze for seeing everything through something else. Scenes were shot through the legs of a camel or a man, through motor tyres, through anything that provided an opening. It is all quite amusing but it is hardly much more than that. Personally I must confess to a strong propensity for making use of steel bridges, and believe that I may claim to have been the first to have photographed New York through the steel network of the Brooklyn Bridge. Other photographers and painters have also seen the effectiveness of this viewpoint. Some years ago I discovered a magnificent view of Cologne Cathedral through the famous railway bridge leading up to it. As I write, that angle can no longer be repeated.

Beauty, fashions and cults, are like threads weaving in and out of a tapestry, inextricably mixed, yet presenting a design that is significant in our social history. To refuse fashionable interpretations of the contemporary scene would imply closing one's eyes to its presence. Still, fashion should be kept in its place; I at least always tried to do so.

"This is the office of the Secretary to QUEEN MARY. Will Mr. Hoppé come to Buckingham Palace this morning at eleven o'clock to photograph Her Majesty?"

"Might I come a little earlier to see the room in which the sitting will take place?"

"Certainly—ten-thirty then." And the courteous voice fades out as I put down the receiver.

It is idle to pretend that one is not thrilled by a Royal Command. In fact, on that May morning in 1929 I felt a good deal more keyed-up than on the occasion when I photographed West 42nd Street, New York, by hanging head downwards from a skyscraper with my feet held by an impatient attendant.

I have photographed many royalties, carried my reflex up marble staircases feeling nervous and apprehensive about the task before me, but here was a sudden challenge which would test my ability as a maker of portraits to the utmost. For it was my ambition to make something more than a Royal portrait, to create a picture which would not only represent a national ideal but convey the sympathy—the wisdom and ripe experience—which had forged a bond between the Queen and her poorest subjects. An ambitious undertaking because I had no idea of the time that would be allotted to me. The busy day of a Queen does not permit two-hour sittings.

He is a wise photographer who keeps his case packed for sudden commissions. Fortunately, since I practise what I preach, my case was ready, the apparatus checked over. I cannot imagine anything more upsetting than casting about desperately at the last moment for a mislaid film-pack holder or lens hood. My mind was clear to concentrate on creative

rather than technical matters. I have always held that, like a surgeon who leaves the laying-out and supervision of his instruments to the nursing staff, a photographer cannot give full rein to his creative possibilities if his mind is divided between æsthetic and technical considerations. Which boils down to the fact that the portrait photographer's first objective must be so to master technique that the practice of it becomes automatic.

I had decided to rely on daylight and not to take a battery of lamps to the Palace since they would defeat my aim to secure a natural home-like atmosphere.

In not carrying lamps to Buckingham Palace I was taking a risk. But taking justifiable risks adds a piquancy to life, and the Palace windows are large. In fact, on arrival, I was given the choice of three rooms, all perfectly lit. I chose a room with windows overlooking the grounds. It contained a cabinet filled with magnificent specimens of antique jade—excellent for a background—and a large cheval mirror served as a reflector. Of course my equipment included a tripod. Some photographers imagine that a small camera with a large aperture lens obviates the necessity for this frequently inconvenient piece of apparatus. But enlargement on a considerable scale necessitates perfect definition; the slightest camera shake ruins the most skilled technique, and, even when using the *Leica* or *Contax* for portraiture, I have always found the little extra trouble of setting up a tripod to be well worth while.

I had just finished erecting my tripod when QUEEN MARY entered the room. Some royal and princely personages have not put me at my ease. I well remember visiting the Palace at Udaipur to photograph the Maharajah and the tedious waiting involved while courtiers fussed about combing and parting that prince's venerable white beard. But QUEEN MARY sweeps all who meet her into a rare aura of friendliness; and, such is her natural dignity and poise, the result of years of self-discipline and training, that no one could feel nervous in her presence. Freed from restraint, I was keenly alive to

the lovely colouring of my subject, a delicious harmony of fresh and delicate tones making one think of a spring day. The Queen has a complexion any young girl might envy. Her eyes are the colour of the wild hyacinth. Her dress was a creation of soft blue veiled by a smoky blue lace coat, an effect like a transparent cloud floating across a delicate blue sky.

My first picture showed QUEEN MARY engaged in correspondence at her writing table. The picture was really suggested by my portrait of the King at work which stood on the very desk at which Her Majesty was seated. Correspondence takes up such a large part of her day that it seemed natural to portray her busy at her desk. QUEEN MARY is a perfect sitter. She assumes a pose naturally, all the while chatting delightfully and taking a keen interest in the sitting.

Knowing the Queen's skill in arranging flowers, I next photographed her engaged in this graceful business. Indeed, so far as I can recollect, she herself suggested this idea.

Nothing can exceed the Queen's tact and helpfulness during a sitting. She smiled when I told her that my son was at Westminster School and had come home delighted because the Queen had seen a parade of the O.T.C. and had, so he declared, given an appreciative glance in his direction; such is the egoism of schoolboy worship. Again QUEEN MARY smiled at the description of my small daughter who, on the occasion of a visit of QUEEN ALEXANDRA to my Kensington home, performed a solemn curtsy quite creditably and rather spoilt the effect by exclaiming "What a pity Queen Alexandra has left her crown at home!"

The charm and friendliness of QUEEN MARY was to come vividly to my mind some months later during an exhibition of my work in Sydney. I was standing watching the visitors, many of the women as smart as any to be seen at a London "private view", when my eyes fell on a good-looking young giant from up-country. He stood, legs apart and hands in pockets, in front of a picture of QUEEN MARY. He studied the portrait for several minutes and then turned and caught

my eye. Striding up to me he said: "Say mister, did you take that photo?" I nodded. "Well, it's mighty good." Adding rather self-consciously: "I'd like to show you a snap of *my* mother." I feel that this little episode was a tribute after QUEEN MARY'S own heart.

Curious incidents are associated with these Royal portraits. At the time I was preparing minute copies of them for The Queen's Dolls' House, the photographs disappeared, only the tiny silver frames being left. Some time later a young girl brought the miniatures back explaining that she could not resist "borrowing" them to show a friend.

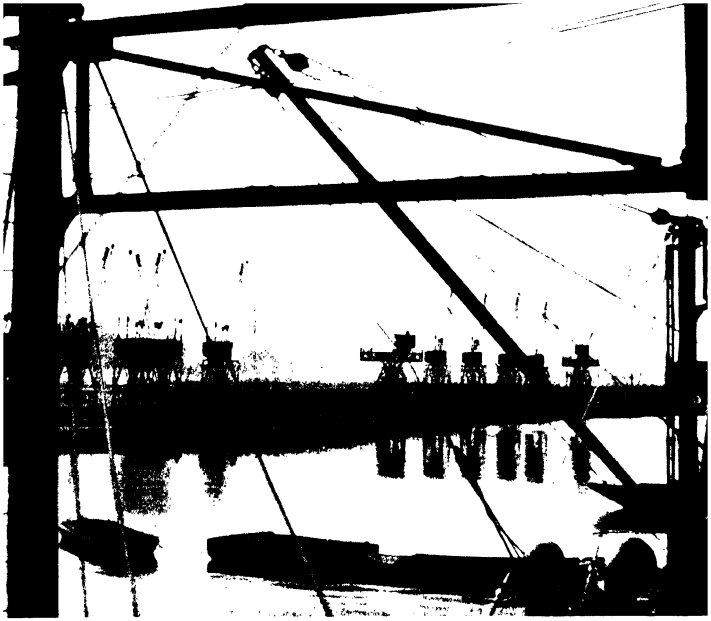
Another startling incident occurred again in Australia. While planning my itinerary I made a comprehensive study of every aspect of Australian life not omitting the daily papers. Imagine my consternation one morning when I opened my paper to discover the headlines—*King and Queen are lost at sea with twenty-five lovely women.* I snatched up other newspapers to find some similar headlines and the following:—

"Eighty celebrated personages, including Their Majesties the King and Queen, and the twenty-five most beautiful women of all countries in the world, are reported missing between London and Sydney. And despite frantic cables and shipping company searches, they appear to have gone for ever.

"But there is no need for a nation to mourn the loss of beloved monarchs, or for love-lorn bachelors and gay married men to contemplate suicide because the twenty-five most beautiful women in the world are gone for ever.

"On Mr. E. O. Hoppé, world-travelled photographer, the blow falls heaviest. It was his collection of eighty portraits meant for showing in Sydney. Mr. Hoppé has been the friend and camera portraitist of almost every celebrity you can recall. . . ."

I did not know whether to laugh or cry. The headlines were not in the best taste by European standards—but their publicity value I could not deny. They introduced me to many interesting people who wrote commiserating my loss. It also resulted in commissions for portrait sittings. And need I to add that eventually the exhibition prints, too, turned up quite unharmed.



NOTES ON GLIMPSES AT LONDON

P. 105. SPRING IN WHITEHALL (1922). A bus-top photograph taken against the light one early morning in May. *Graflex* quarter-plate with lens hood, *f*.4.5, 1/50th second on *Kodak* flat portrait film.

P. 106. AUTUMN TAPESTRY (1927). I had never been to Battersea Park before until, passing through by car on a journey home from somewhere in Sussex, I was struck by its pictorial wealth. Soon afterwards I went there with my *Leica* and this is one of the results of that visit. The exposure was 1/50th second, the stop *f*.4.5, and, of course, I used the lens hood!

P. 107. NOON IN SOHO (1922). This picture was originllay made to illustrate an article which I wrote with the title "London Moods", and I think it conveys the sleepy noontide atmosphere well. It shows Soho Square against the light, on a *Barnet* ortho plate and the exposure, at *f*.4.5, was 1/50th second.

P. 108. ST. PAUL'S FROM BANKSIDE (1915). The "frame" formed by the ropes lends distance to the subject and actually makes the picture. *Graflex* camera *f*.6, 1/100th second exposure on *Kodak* flat portrait film. Reproductions of this appeared in three of my London books, a building society used it as a post-card and a town planning association purchased the "brochure" rights.

P. 109. LONDON PORTAL (1916). I think this photograph of Tower Bridge is a good example of the balancing of masses within the picture-frame, while pictorially—and journalistically—it is arresting. I used a quarter-plate reflex camera at *f*.6 and gave 1/75th second exposure on *Kodak* flat portrait film.

P. 110. CRANE LAND (1926). This dock scene was taken, years later, as a contrast to the picture on the opposite page; both were used in four of my London books. *Leica*, *f*.4, 1/100th second on *Panatomic* film.

P. 111. COME HOME TO REST (1917). It was on a Sunday morning, there was not a soul to be seen and an air of tranquillity hung over the scene. The graceful lines of the old grain-clipper were softened by a slight mist which helped to intensify the feeling of sleepiness and rest in a London harbour.

P. 112. LONDON WINDOWS (1932). These were photographed for an illustrated article, "Quaint Shops in London", which appeared in a London magazine, two American journals and in several publications in the Dominions. The upper one is the famous bay window of a tobacconist in the Haymarket, while the lower one is that of a fascinating little shop in Hoxton where toy theatres have delighted young and old boys for close on one hundred years—you remember: "Penny plain, tuppence coloured". STEVENSON and DICKENS were frequent visitors here. I used the *Contax* and gave 1/50th second at *f*.4 on *Panatomic*.

8

PUBLICITY WITH DISCRETION

Publicity is of immense importance to a professional photographer. Although, unlike in the medical and legal professions, advertising is not barred by a rigid etiquette, there is a natural barrier of good taste beyond which a photographer may not pass without detriment to his calling. Nevertheless, there are few professions offering such opportunities for dignified publicity as photography.

There is, however, a danger. In these days of specialisation, a photographer, like an actor who succeeds in a certain part, is often expected to go on producing the same kind of work. This often reflects timidity on the part of the photographer, a desire to please—which may lead to æsthetic bankruptcy; whereas intelligent clients, particularly editors, are only too ready to give kindly encouragement to a man or woman who combines versatility with audacity. The "one-track" mind must be avoided at all costs if one does not want to end up in the calamities of a "one-track" business. But photographers are a conservative race—perhaps because the acquisition of a studio tends to the limitation of interests. Having achieved their ambition of setting themselves up in a studio, they are content to remain cloistered within its walls, becoming darkroom contemplative, swiftly losing touch with the world outside; their photographs become hallmarked with a stereotyped sameness, the vigour and promise of their earlier work having practically disappeared. A studio must not be regarded as a safe retreat; it is a base from which to push forward and outward—then advance. Photographers should not be content to rest on their oars if they do not want to drift and get stranded on the shores of commercialism.

They must seek publicity if for no other reason than to be prompted to new ventures, new tasks, new ideas.

I always preferred indirect rather than direct publicity. It is more subtle, decidedly more professional and much less expensive than advertising proper. Moreover, while Press advertising undoubtedly brings sitters to the studio, it may not attract sitters of the type who will systematically advance a photographer's career. An announcement sandwiched between the advertisements of milliners, fried fish shops and undertakers suggests commerce rather than art; though, of course, an advertisement in the personal column of *The Times*, for example, may be a somewhat different matter.

In my own case, the terms of my lease of Millais House prohibited advertisement. But this proved a minor drawback; my acquisition of the famous studio, which was situated in a part of London much frequented by diplomatists and leading artists, gave me all the publicity I needed. SIR JOHN MILLAIS had painted "Bubbles" in the studio now occupied by my diminutive *Primaflex*; DICKENS, THACKERAY and ROSSETTI had met there. In fact, it was at Millais House that the latter initiated the pre-Raphaelite Group which was to excite painting for a decade. According to stories in the American Press, SIR JOHN MILLAIS and SIR HENRY IRVING had quarrelled over ELLEN TERRY in the studio; and there were rumours of hauntings. Visitors from all parts of the world called to see the studio, which, though sometimes inconvenient, proved excellent publicity. I remember a young American calling with a party and greatly to my surprise giving an admirable and well-informed lecture on the historic house and its associations.

In leasing a famous studio, I was extremely fortunate. The fact that a photographer was working in the former studio of a celebrated painter made an excellent story for the Press, and the consequent publicity led many editors to become interested in my work. There was, however, a rather embarrassing aspect; many people, mostly mothers with marriageable daughters or aspirants to social success, imagined that

I exercised some mysterious influence over the art editors of the Society weeklies in which my portraits appeared, and much tact was needed to convince prospective sitters that photographs for reproduction were selected on merits not entirely under my control.

As I have said, my success was due in great measure to indirect publicity which was unsought; only on rare occasions have I been the recipient of what can be termed a puff. I well remember my surprise and confusion in the early days of my career when the American comedian, RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, who was at that time the rage of London, improvised an additional verse to his popular song "I'm all dressed up and nowhere to go" to the effect that he could not even go to Hoppé's studio because the photographer was sitting in the stalls before him! Equally surprising was an incident during the run of the play *The Green Flag* when a large portrait of the leading lady, which I had made a few days previously, was placed in a prominent position—on a piano, I think—and served to introduce my name during the play. Of course, such unusual incidents were excellent publicity, though they caused acute embarrassment at the time.

I have always insisted on the need for the progressive professional portrait photographer to cultivate interests outside the studio, and some of my experiences which proved excellent propaganda for my photographic work may suggest ideas to others.

While I have never done any large-scale serious stage photography, the marionette theatre became of increasing interest to me. The marionette theatre is of course frequently used for experimental purposes prior to full-size production, though it has never played the conspicuous part in public entertainment in this country that it has done on the Continent and in the United States. Nevertheless it was not surprising to find that the most popular section in the *International Theatre Exhibition* held at the South Kensington Museum in 1922 was that devoted to marionette productions. My personal contribution to the Exhibition, apart from

designs for the marionette play *Lady in the Moon*, consisted in organising the American section. Many of the designs were supplemented by photographs to illustrate their possibilities for ordinary stage production.

The studio at Millais House itself made an admirable setting for exhibitions, and it was part of my plan to throw it open to every form of art expression The organisation of the exhibitions was carried out by *Dorien Leigh* described by HANNEN SWAFFER as "that elusive personality". One of my discoveries was the work of HERMANN ROSSE, a Dutchman and architect of repute. His beautiful stage setting of PERGOLESI'S *La Serva Padrone* earned the unstinted praise of the critics; another contribution of some note was an exhibition of stage designs and settings by ROBERT EDMOND JONES.

Admittedly my studio provided a suitable setting for exhibitions of a fairly ambitious nature, but there is no reason why other portrait photographers should not follow the example and loan their studios for smaller exhibitions to encourage arts and crafts. Apart from attracting prospective sitters to the studio, it is a form of activity which is in itself an education and stamps a man or woman as being progressive and definitely out of the rut. A little tact will bring some well-known person to perform the opening ceremony, the Press should of course be invited, and in more propitious times refreshments put visitors in a good humour. In short, an exhibition is an admirable means of indirect advertisement obtained at little cost. It brings fresh interests, friendships, and sitters. What more can any photographer want?

I always derived the greatest inspiration and encouragement from my exhibitions at Millais House. In the course of my travels I met many young artists whose work was exhibited for the first time in London in my studio. An exhibition of Polish Batik and Graphic Art was sponsored by the Polish Government and proved so successful that it remained open for seven weeks. A feature of the exhibition was a series of brilliant musical evenings attended by representatives of many embassies. QUEEN MARY visited the exhibition and

showed a keen and practical interest in the work of these young Polish people.

Another national exhibition was that of the arts and crafts of Rumania. QUEEN MARIE was unable to be in London at the time, but she visited the studio later to discuss the writing of a foreword to my book *In Gipsy Camp and Royal Palace.* While in my studio, she recalled that she had sat to MILLAIS as a child.

One of the attractions of photography lies in the fact that it can be linked-up with so many hobbies. My interest in the marionette theatre led to an increasing association with sympathetic people, many of whom were famous on the stage. Eventually a Club was formed called "The Plough", with headquarters at Millais House. The object of "The Plough" was to produce plays that were new and original in conception and had not been previously staged in England. The Club numbered over a thousand members; MARIE TEMPEST was an ardent supporter, and members of the Committee included ERNEST THESIGER, AUGUSTUS JOHN, JACOB EPSTEIN, GEORGE SHERINGHAM, JOHN GALSWORTHY, LADY DIANA DUFF-COOPER and LADY LAVERY. Altogether ten plays were produced, the costs of production being met by members' subscriptions; seats were impartially allotted by drawing lots. One of our productions was MAETERLINCK'S drama "Phillip the Second"; GLYN PHILPOTS was responsible for decorations and costumes; EUGENE GOOSSENS composed the music. GEORGE SHERINGHAM made a notable success of the *décor* for ARNOLD BAX'S play "The Sneezing Charm"; and I designed the settings for three plays by MARINETTI.

This unique and lively Club ran for four years, and then quite suddenly disintegration set in. Some of the leading members had work that prevented them attending regularly which resulted in a falling off in the quality of the Club's periodical debates and discussions, while I had to go to America. While I was in the States, where incidentally I "discovered" HERMANN ROSSE the scenic artist, I received a cable asking me to return to produce the Club's first motion

picture film. It was impossible to cancel my lecture engagements, and when eventually I returned to London I discovered that "The Plough" had virtually expired, perhaps killed by its own intensity.

But the Club proved a valuable experience. For between stagecraft and photography there is a strong affinity; and to what good purpose a sound knowledge of theatre technique may be applied was manifest to me during a memorable week spent with MAX REINHARDT in his castle at Salzburg where he was privately presenting his superb production of "Le Malade Imaginaire". Whenever photographers come to me for advice, I invariably urge them to make a serious study of the theatre. The photographer in the provinces need not feel out of the picture, for in almost every large town there is an amateur dramatic society which offers a welcome to anyone willing to give a helping hand. And contact with an amateur dramatic society can prove most lucrative and the means of forming many friendships. The man or woman who can make friends easily, or who has the courage to conquer shyness and diffidence which is often the mask of personal vanity and go forth determined to win friends by showing a modest and helpful spirit, has no need to advertise his art.

The demise of "The Plough" left me with more time to devote to my growing association with art publications. I was already acting as art editor of *Colour*, besides being New York correspondent for several London journals. Occasionally my articles struck a topical note and provided stories for the daily Press. In the international quarterly *Artwork* I related my discovery of a set of WHISTLER drawings. These sketches had disappeared twenty years earlier, and WHISTLER believed that acquaintances of his model CARMEN were responsible for their disappearance.

If I had needed any further confirmation that my non-photographic activities were beneficial in furthering my professional work, my visits to the United States afforded ample proof. On the memorable occasion when I was headlined as a "world's connoisseur in feminine pulchritude", the publicity

would have satisfied any photographer, but the more serious gain to the profession was the opening of famous galleries which had hitherto been hostile to photography. One-man shows were arranged for me at KNOEDLER's and other galleries in Fifth Avenue. The private views were social occasions, many celebrities attended, and I found myself in the enviable position of having more commissions than I could cope with.

On later visits to New York interest in my portraiture was stimulated by my ideas for creating batiked shawls, each designed for a particular wearer. Another time I introduced personality into boudoir dolls; the dolls were clothed in exotic fabrics and achieved individuality by their resemblance to famous film stars. Later the fashion swept through Society like an epidemic, just as those fascinating little figurines made of wire and paper captivated the devotees of the Russian ballet. QUEEN ALEXANDRA was enchanted by my little ballet dancers, particularly by one scrap of vitality in a scarlet dress which she graciously consented to accept.

I would indeed strongly advise photographers with artistic gifts to develop and publicise them to the full. The expression of one's individuality through the fullest exercise of all artistic gifts leads inevitably to the development of the "whole man". The gain is incomparably greater than ephemeral publicity, valuable though it is, and photographers who achieve "wholeness" certainly realise the meaning of happiness. The "whole" man or woman is invariably happy; and there would be little need for psycho-therapists if people d'd their utmost to develop their own inborn gifts instead of depending on exterior sources which may give pleasure but rarely happiness.

One thing leads to another, and my success in fields which perhaps had no obvious link with photography led to a series of intimate exhibitions. Millais House provided an excellent atmosphere for these. As on previous occasions they were again organised under the auspices of *Dorien Leigh* and intended to be less impersonal than the frequently somewhat frigid shows at West End art galleries. One of the first

exhibitions were the stage designs of the veteran PERCY ANDERSON to commemorate his seventieth birthday. MAXWELL ARMFIELD was another exhibitor. DOROTHY BURROUGHES, whose Zoo posters have brightened many an Underground station, GUDRUN JASTRAU, the young Danish genius in scissor-cut designs, and CURT LUTTICHAU, who showed some striking water-colours and architectural designs. Perhaps the most memorable day, however, was the opening of the exhibition featuring GORDON CRAIG'S theatre designs. Stage and Society flocked to Millais House as much to see ELLEN TERRY and her famous son as his work that has had such a profound influence on the contemporary theatre.

While talking about exhibitions of all kinds I must not overlook or disparage the importance of photographic exhibitions proper. The present distinctive position photography occupies amongst the arts is largely due to the work of THE LINKED RING, a famous body of international workers twenty-five years ago. Quite early in my career I ventured to submit nearly a dozen prints to the most important exhibition of the year organised by this body, and any young worker can imagine my pride and delight when I learned that all my prints had been accepted, and, what was more, "hung on the line". It was a real encouragement, and proved to be one of the important milestones of my career. Those exhibitions organised by THE LINKED RING were the forerunners of THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY, of which I became one of the founder members.

The International Exhibition at Dresden in 1909 was another outstanding event. It was probably the largest exhibition of photography ever held. Some idea of its size may be gathered from the fact that the Austrian Government spent £4,000 on a special building to house its exhibits. SIR BENJAMIN STONE and myself were the accredited British representatives. SIR BENJAMIN, one of the pioneers of documentary photography, was in charge of the Records Branch, while I looked after the pictorial section. The board of judges in the pictorial section included forty painters and

technical experts. No less than twenty-five per cent of the awards given to pictorialists went to British contributors, a most gratifying result since the exhibition was the largest and the competition the keenest in the history of photography. When the world turns aside from destruction and settles once again to friendly rivalry, it is to be hoped that there will be a revival of these international exhibitions.

From the consideration of international exhibitions to the "one-man show" is to descend from a major to a minor key. But to my mind there is no more gruelling test for a photographer's ability than a "one-man show". An American photographer puts the matter in a nutshell. "A one-man exhibition is the ruin of many a pictorial reputation. So many portrait photographers get a set formula of production, and they turn out work with unfailing regularity on their own lines. The manner of their pictures never varies whatever the matter may be." Another critic comments: "As a rule I come away from a 'one-man' show with a final and uppermost impression of tedious monotony."

There is an element of truth in both these criticisms. Perhaps the greatest temptation is to repeat a success gained at some exhibition. Who has not seen dozens of pictures of ladies, clothed and unclothed, brandishing hoops for no apparent reason? One hoop should make an exhibition summer; yet the pictures persist. I remember, when choosing prints for the first of my exhibitions at the GOUPIL Galleries, I was extremely conscious of this danger perhaps owing to the fact that it was the first time that a London art gallery had offered a whole floor to a photographic show confined to the work of one exhibitor. When the prints were framed I placed them in groups around my studio and tried to view them impartially. The prints were "straight" because, as it will have been gathered, I have a horror of "after-work", and, to make the task of hanging as easy as possible, the pictures in the various sections were kept to a uniform size. Portraits measured approximately 12 × 10 inches, landscapes about 18 × 14, the industrial subjects were on a

more heroic scale. Each section was framed alike to secure continuity of effect, but in order to avoid a monotonous sameness, some of the narrow, plain and unstained frames were covered with hand-made batik papers in soft colourings. This decorative touch on landscape, still-life and genre pictures was quite pleasing. JOHN GALSWORTHY wrote a foreword to the exhibition catalogue which showed great insight into the true functions of photography. After a period in London, the exhibition toured the principal provincial cities.

About that time civic and other authorities in many countries began to show great interest in the educational possibilities of photographic exhibitions and I invited a number of well-known workers to collaborate with me in forming a representative collection to go on a world tour. To my great surprise an invitation came from Japan, and the requirements of the officials at Tokyo were set forth with meticulous precision. As the crates containing about 120 pictures left Millais House I bade a mental farewell to them. My foreboding was well-founded since I never saw the pictures again. But they were neither lost nor destroyed. Months later the Tokyo Committee cabled to say that they wished to purchase the collection outright to form the nucleus of a permanent exhibition of examples of modern photography. They also sent me a bulky volume purporting to be a catalogue with an explanatory text. I have always intended to have it translated for perusal during my days of leisure; but somehow I never seem to have any.

I have spent some time discussing my exhibition work, not merely on account of a nostalgic love of the past, but because I wish to emphasise the importance of exhibitions in furthering a photographer's career. In fact, exhibitions have a treble value. They offer a very real incentive to improve one's technique, afford a valuable means of publicity, and, occasionally, even yield remunerative sales. Some of my own exhibits have reached the status of best-sellers, though I have always made a practice of strictly limiting the prints made from a negative.

Of course, photographic exhibitions were great novelties

in my early days and the public flocked to them. Nowadays, exhibitions are more commonplace, almost every town having its camera club and annual exhibition. There are considerable advantages to be derived from the fact that photographers can test the merit of their prints in a local exhibition before submitting to the big London shows. The criticism of one's fellow workers is the best formula for improving one's technique, and, even though one's prints may be rejected. Still there is pleasure and education to be derived even from choosing the "best of the batch" to be sent to a London show.

But the professional photographer should not limit himself to exhibitions which appeal mainly to the photographic public. Twenty-five years ago the big stores confined their activities severely to business; nowadays they are shopping centres, offering a happy blend of commerce and diversion and, while a manager of a large store might hesitate before giving space to an exhibition of landscape studies unless possessing a strong local interest, the appeal of an exhibition of portraits, particularly if the sitters live in the locality, should be almost irresistible.

When approaching a store for the purpose of arranging an exhibition, make a point of including some really happy child portraits in your collection. There is nothing like a picture of a laughing child to bring a smile to the lips of a hard-headed man of business.

Local newspapers are always friendly to photographers who can supply technically good photographs of people in the news. The quality of newsprint and blocks have improved immeasurably since I first began to practise photography, and here you have a definite advantage. In fact, if you will endeavour to cultivate a fertile and original mind, to school yourself to accept disappointments as an inevitable part of your training, there is no reason to doubt your eventual success. But you must get busy now. Time waits for no man, and certainly not for woman.

NOTES ON PICTORIAL STUDIES

P. 129. ROAD IN FLANDERS (1939). Whoever has motored through Flanders will know these long, straight roads with little of interest on either side to attract the eye. But on an early March morning when a weak sun battled with the rising mist and threw watery shadows across the road, the scene was transformed into one of beauty. I used no filter on the *Sumnar* lens of my *Leica III*. The exposure given on *Selochrome* film was 1/125th second at *f*2. The lack of sharp definition in depth caused by the large aperture and the flat treatment of the scene with the almost complete absence of contrasts adds, I think, to the mellow atmosphere which is so typical of that part of Belgium.

P. 130 (top). AUSTRIAN LAKE (1933). I believe pictorial quality usually is derived from some sort of pattern. Such pattern need not always be obvious but more often than not it is. The world is full of patterns and it is up to the artist in the photographer to find and depict them with suitable degree of emphasis. There is, of course, no rigid rule to prescribe just how much is "suitable" and this is why there can be so many sides to the same picture—all equally captivating. After all, the same story can be and will be told with different words by different people, just as the same subjects will be shown in different pictures by different photographers. So my own version of this tranquil lake as curtained by gently swaying fishing nets may not be everybody's. I used the *Primarflex* with *Tessar f*.3.5, a lens hood, medium yellow filter and gave an exposure of 1/25th second.

P. 130 (below). POPLARS OF FOGARAS (1924). The pattern produced by the seven slender uprights of the trees against the horizontal lines of the walls and roofs of the buildings was striking and prompted this exposure. The camera used was the *Graflex* at *f*.8 with 1/50th second exposure on *Kodak Portrait* film. The picture was taken in Transylvania and is one of the illustrations in my book ***In Gipsy Camp and Royal Palace.***

P. 131. IN AN ALPINE VILLAGE (1933). The delicately wrought iron sign against the expanse of the spring sky, with just the silhouettes of the mountains below it, was made in the course of a long motoring tour through Austria. It makes a most attractive design and was one of a series of similar subjects which included examples of quaint inn signs, sign-boards and other roadside tokens of local craftsmanship. The set appeared in American and Australian journals and single photographs were purchased by the Craftworkers' Guild in Vienna.

P. 132. MARIA CARMI (1911). Originated the part of the Madonna in C. B. COCHRAN'S memorable production of *The Miracle* at Olympia, where the photograph was taken. No special arrangement could be made and the exposure had to be obtained in the course of

the performance by the ordinary stage lighting which was luckily sufficiently powerful to allow for a comparatively long exposure, namely, 1/25th second; a reflex camera was used. This photograph had a very successful "career". I was fortunate enough to be given the exclusive rights to photograph Marie Carmi and reproductions appeared in most daily and weekly publications during the run of the play in London and later in America.

P. 133. CHRIST (1933). I came across this wonderful sensitive carving by a fourteenth century craftsman in one of Salzburg's old churches. By very good fortune it stood almost exactly opposite a tall window. I rested the *Super Ikonta* on a conveniently placed choir stool and gave 1/5th second exposure, the lens being stopped to *f*.3.5, the film was *Panatomic*. Reproductions of it have appeared in several journals devoted to wood-carving, in the Catholic press and in one or two architectural publications.

P. 134 (top). WHERE THE DANUBE IS YOUNG (1938). The reader will have discovered before this that pattern and design make an irresistible appeal to me. Did this delightful village glimpse at me through the framework of the old timbered bridge or am I in the habit of looking at bridges and the things beyond them in a definite fashion? *Super Ikonta*, *Panatomic* film, light yellow filter, *f*.8, 1/50th second, are the data which I find in my diary. It may be of interest to put it on record that besides appearing as one of the full page illustrations in my book, *The Romance of Little Towns*, this picture was reproduced in several journals and the advertising rights of it were acquired by a firm of steel manufacturers (!)

P. 134 (below). A RAINBOW TURNED TO STONE (1926). This photograph is generally believed to be the first made by a European of this grand natural wonder: it has been reproduced in countless journals and magazines in many countries. I have also used it—as a colour slide—in my lecture tours in America. Taken with a *Graflex* quarter-plate camera on a May morning at 4.30 a.m. with lens hood, medium yellow filter on a *Kodak* pan film: the exposure was 1/25th second at *f*.4.5. There is a full story of it on p. 189.

P. 135. LOWER MANHATTAN FROM BROOKLYN BRIDGE (1919). One of the earliest photographs of mine which was hung at the London Salon (it must have been in 1906 or 1907) shows the branch of a fir tree almost silhouetted against an evening sky: the title was *Nuit Imminante*. It was a very simple motif, but it set the fashion for this sort of thing and for quite a time afterwards branches of trees against skies could frequently be seen on the walls of photographic exhibitions. A similar thing happened with this version of the sky-line of Manhattan, seen through the girders of Brooklyn Bridge: hundreds of photographers picked up the motif. Some improved on my original, some did not. This is one of the several versions which I made of the sky-line of Lower Manhattan, choosing various viewpoints such as the roof of a tall building on the Brooklyn

shore, a barge on the East River, the ferry boat and other places, but I have always felt that in none of them was the composition so entirely satisfactory as in this rendering of a fascinating motif. *Graflex* camera, *f*.8, 1/50th second exposure, on *Kodak Portrait* film.

P. 136. SQUARES AND ANGLES (1919). This is a view from my New York studio window in 57th Street. I think it is a good example of the balancing masses of light and shade. Taken with the quarter-plate reflex camera, lens hood, deep yellow filter at *f*.5, with 1/10th second and the camera secured to the tripod.

P. 137. A COTTAGE IN THE COUNTRY (1910). A very early photograph taken on a walking tour with a *Sanderson* field camera, rectilinear lens, *f*.8, medium yellow filter, *Wratten* panchromatic plate and 1/25th second exposure. The weight of carrying three double slides, changing box and 6 dozen plates was considerable. One of the illustrations in my book, *Beautiful Great Britain*, it has also been used several times in this country, in America and in the Dominions in connection with an article which I wrote, "England—Round the Corner"; calendar and greeting card rights were also sold.

P. 138. SHADOW PATTERNS (1919). The oblique shadows cast by balconies and shuttered windows against the whitewash of this old French colonial house in New Orleans' Vieux Carré need no excuse. *Graflex*, lens hood, medium yellow filter, *f*.4.5, 1/25th second exposure on *Kodak Portrait* film. It may cause some surprise that I gave such a lengthy exposure, using such a wide aperture, but I would refer my readers to my frequently expressed advocacy of a liberal exposure on strongly lit objects.

P. 139. KEEPING OUT THE SUN (1935). I photographed this amusing pattern at Rotterdam with my *Super Ikonta*, using the lens hood and light yellow filter, stopping down to *f*.6.3 and giving 1/50th second exposure on *Agfa ISS* film. Several magazines have reproduced this photograph, and a firm of blind manufacturers promptly acquired the advertising rights.

P. 140 (top). SCHOENBRUNN (1933). The vase-ornamented balustrade of Vienna's pleasure retreat of a tragic dynasty formed this pleasing design. *Primaflex* with *Tessar f*.3.5, lens hood, light yellow filter, 1/200th second exposure on *Agfa ISS* film.

P. 140 (below). A THIRTEENTH CENTURY GEM (1929). One of the commissions which I enjoyed immensely was a series of indoor and outdoor photographs of historic English country houses. They were made for a famous American magazine and I was left a free hand in the selection of suitable subjects. Of all the fine mansions and castles the ancient Abbey of the White Canons at Beeleigh in Essex delighted me more than another. It has been modernised with loving understanding by its present owner without sacrificing any of its many unique historical ecclesiastical features. I find that I made

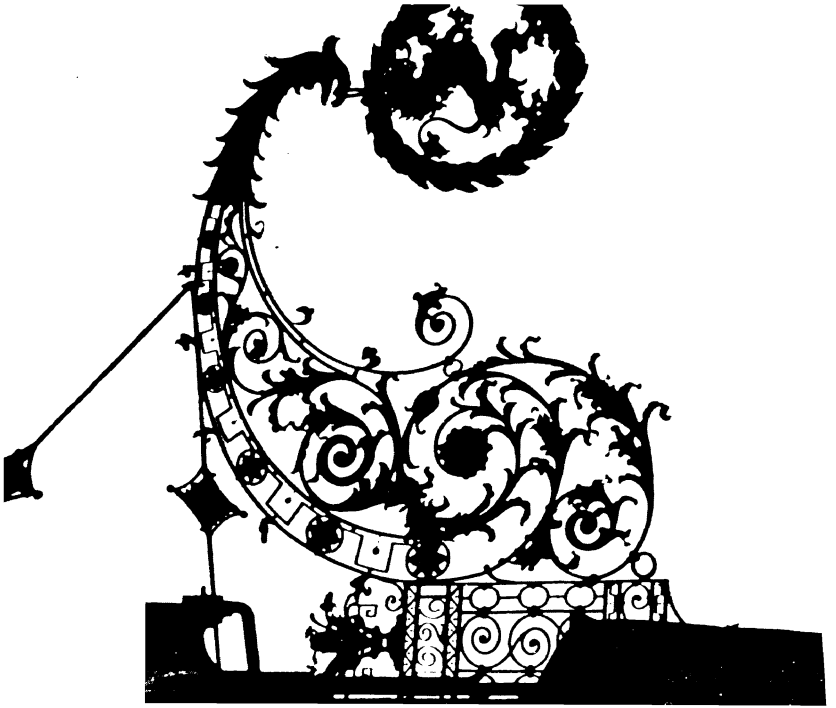
very nearly one hundred exposures there. In this picture the light was supplied by windows on the left and right. To supplement this I burnt a length of 18 inches of magnesium ribbon which was reflected by the whitewashed walls. I used the *Graflex* camera at *f*.11 and gave an exposure of 7 seconds on *Panatomic* film.

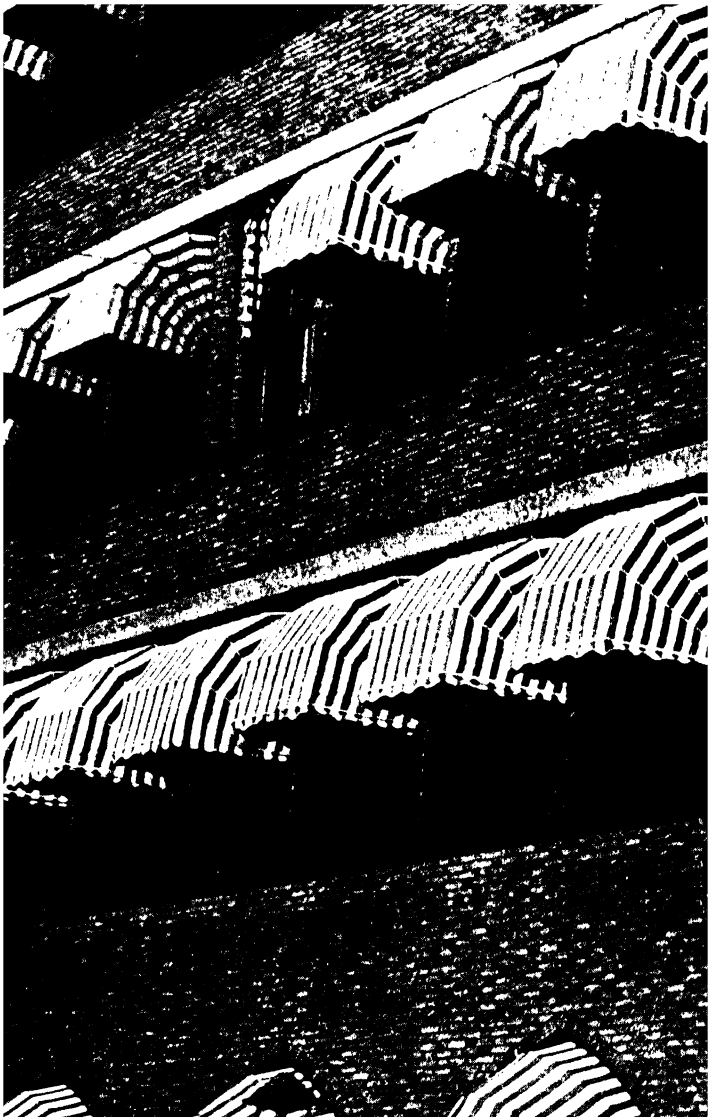
P. 141. BEDROOM AT KNOLE (1929). To obtain a satisfactory negative of this particular room at Knole, the Kent home of the SACKVILLE family, several difficulties had to be overcome. There were glaring contrasts; a dark, ill-lit interior with numerous small glittering silver ornaments on tables and chests. The room had only one window, which was at right angles to the camera. This was used as the main source of illumination. To supplement this I placed one floodlight against the wall, level with it, and a second behind and slightly to the right of the camera, about three feet above the ground. This had the effect of considerably lightening the heavy shadows. To obtain detail in the very dark upper portion of the tapestry, I gave an extra exposure while shading the other parts of the film. *Graflex* camera, *f*.11, 8 seconds exposure on *Panatomic* film.

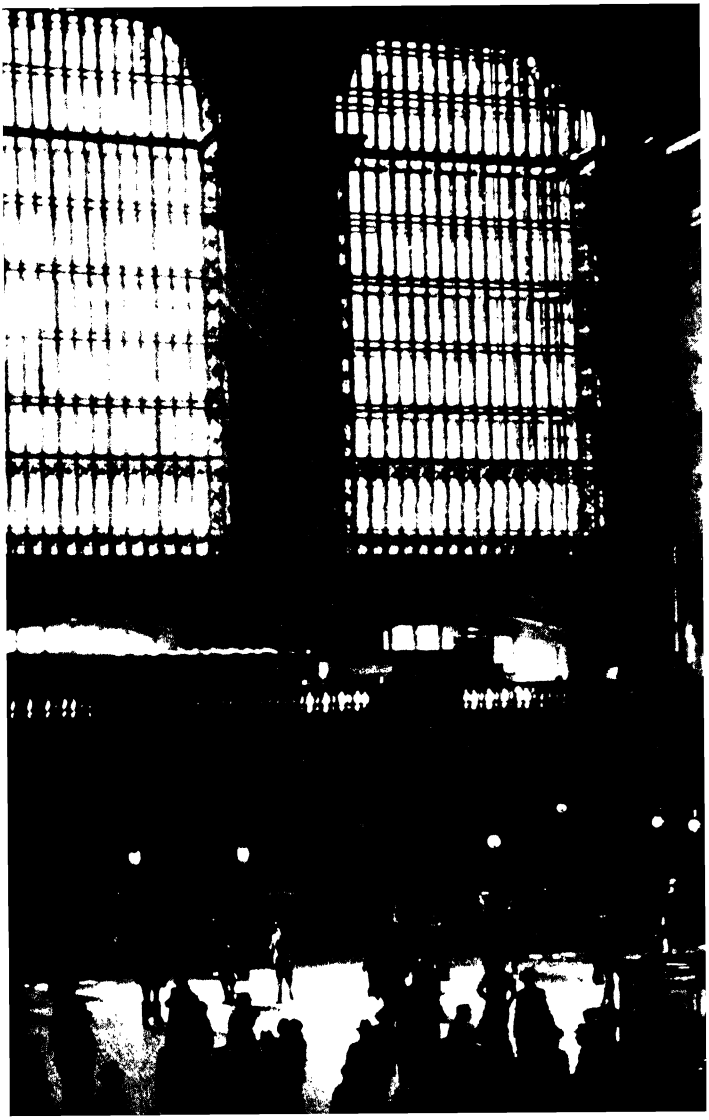
P. 142. THE ROPE (1937). Before leaving on my African journey I had contracted to make a complete pictorial record of the seisal industry in Tanganyika. I obtained a very good set of pictures which showed the various phases of the process, from the raising of the seedlings to the shipments of the bales of fibres, but I was anxious to finish the set off with a photograph of the manufactured article. This I intended to do on my return to England. To my delight, one of the first objects I noticed when boarding the steamer for the homeward journey was this well-lit seisal rope which seemed to demonstrate most admirably one of the outstanding qualities of this important fibre, namely, its strength. *Contax*, *Sonnar* 13.5 cm., lens hood, medium yellow filter, *f*.11, 1/50th second exposure on *Agfa ISS* film.

P. 143. DYNAMOS (1925). I photographed these at the Chelsea Power Station for a series of studies about beauty in industrial design. I placed a floodlight on the ground to intensify and concentrate the light on the dynamo in the centre of the picture, but (as you can see) forgot to hide it by shifting it a little more to the right. It does not seem to matter, however. *Super Ikonta*, lens hood, *f*.11, 4 seconds exposure on *Kodak Plus X* film.

P. 144. AFTERNOON SUNSHINE (1921). Made nearly a quarter of a century ago, this photograph of the entrance hall to the New York Grand Central Station still pleases me. I think it suggests movement, atmosphere and space. This subject has become one of the favourites of photographers and many different versions have been seen from time to time. *Graflex*, lens hood, *f*.4.5, 1/25th second exposure on *Barnet* ortho plate.







9

ON TURNING "COMMERCIAL"

Whenever I pass a Lyons tea-shop I feel that I have contributed something to the history of commerce, for I made the first photographs to introduce the original *Nippy*.

The problem seemed by no means easy how to suggest in a portrait the qualities of service and efficiency which she was to represent, translated pictorially into charm and restrained decorative touches calculated to have a mass appeal. Fortunately, I obtained the services of a most attractive model whose intelligent anticipation of my requirements greatly contributed to the successful result. She solved most of the problem simply by looking like the ideal *Nippy* and I have done the rest by keeping the photograph neat and natural.

I did not enter the field of advertising without a long period of experiments in my studio. And it was not until I was taking a portrait of the managing director of one of London's biggest stores that I decided to make the plunge. Although he had a great belief in the pulling-power of photography his complaint was—and it must be recollected that I am writing of conditions twenty-five years ago—that the majority of advertising photographs were produced by people who were little more than skilled mechanics serving a camera instead of being craftsmen able to make the camera serve their own vision.

In endeavouring to achieve success it is essential to visualise clearly what it is you propose to do. Haphazard studio experiments will not get the photographer much further unless they are backed by a sound conception of the end in view. Right thinking must ever precede right planning; it is essential to face the issue, clearly and squarely, then, having

made up your mind, proceed to experiment on lines which will take you by the shortest route to your objective.

In advertising photography, as in portraiture, there usually is a temptation to copy the other fellow. I was, however, determined to get right away from the ideas of the period, though, to tell the unkind truth, most of the photographs of that time were distinguished for lack of them. In portraiture I paid minute attention to composition, lighting and the personality of the sitter. Similarly, in advertising I gave as much thought to the portrayal of a sixpenny box of cigarettes as to a Society sitter. The question I asked myself was this: what is my motive? Am I photographing this carton merely to convey its banal realism? Obviously not. Cigarette cartons are the platitudes of commerce; an ordinary photograph, no matter its technical perfection, is not going to arouse the public's acquisitive instinct. In order to stimulate the desire to possess I sacrificed realism ruthlessly; detail, technical representation, went in favour of what nowadays is called "glamour".

Of course there is no novelty about these ideas nowadays. But twenty-five years ago, when advertising agents were little more than space-buyers, my methods encountered considerable opposition, the majority regarding them as being "above the heads" of the general public. But this opposition exhausted itself in theoretical arguments. In practice my commissions spread and extended to proprietary foodstuff, medical instruments, shoes, perfumes, textiles, jewels and motor-cars.

One of the most pleasant commissions I undertook was to tour through France and Italy photographing a SUNBEAM car in delightful settings. But the most interesting job that came my way was perhaps a request from THE GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY to photograph London by night with the emphasis of course on gas. Although the modern miniature camera is almost indispensable for photographing busy street scenes, I do not think that it is an equally suitable instrument for portraying the historic charm of the cities. Peering

through a tiny, direct vision finder can become extraordinarily tiring; and, were I to attempt this task again, I should still use my reflex and panchromatic film packs. In night photography, especially when one is working in deserted city streets, there is no occasion for hurry. The camera can be placed on a tripod, composition carried out in leisurely fashion and without fatigue for the full-size focusing screen and deep hood of the reflex are a boon to the night photographer. But one little accessory a photographer must not forget—a lens hood. The hood should of course be carried on all occasions, but in night photography it is absolutely essential. The glare of street lamps requires the most delicate rendering, and, I would add, developing, for the real work of the night photographer begins in the darkroom. Over-development is fatal; high lights become clogged, and, although the composition may be masterly, the effect will be spoilt by the lamps resembling lumps of levitated ectoplasm. As a general rule, I developed my night photographs for rather less than half the normal time, enlarging when necessary on a harder bromide paper than customary. Though, looking back over twenty years, I recall that this was rarely necessary since it has always been my custom to give the maximum exposure. Naturally, in view of the nature of the job, I had to include street lamps in every photograph but, without wishing to be disloyal to THE GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY, I feel that the pictorial effect of many technically excellent night photographs is spoilt by this craving for the inclusion of a lamp that ruins the mystery that should be conveyed by pictures in this genre. Some time ago I was looking through a book of night photographs and regretted that a lamp was incorporated practically in every shot. Street lamps are not by any means always beautiful, their frozen light distracts the attention from the subject rather than decorates it. The habit of invariably including what the *Morning Post* called "just that one odd lamp" in a night photograph is probably due to the unconscious desire of the photographer to emphasise his skill; but, though I hate to

debunk simple pride, it cannot be said that night photography offers any serious difficulties. In my own case, the real problem was whether to take an overcoat or a mackintosh. Even on summer nights an overcoat is proved to be the right garment, for it grows chilly towards the dawn, and a thermos flask is as essential as a lens hood. I would add to this note on night photography that wet streets always make an attractive subject, and there is the added advantage of shortened exposure. But this calls for real hardihood, the resurgence of the pioneer spirit. So perhaps night photographers, like the traditional Englishman who plunges into a cold bath on Christmas morning, are entitled to their modest pride.

The greatest difficulty the specialist in advertising photography encounters is that of obtaining suitable models. I had to photograph a group of men for HAIG'S whisky and found that professional models were mostly unconvincing. They were perhaps a little too professional—a danger that is creeping into advertising photography to-day—and the fact that they "did the rounds of the studios", sitting to promote the sales of every conceivable commodity, turned the hoardings into a family album. So I perforce had to find my own models, persuading friends, acquaintances and strangers to pose with the result that before long I had a representative collection of models from every class. These were carefully card-indexed; a small head and shoulders portrait was attached to each card, such details as height, colour of hair and eyes, figure measurements and notes relating to hands and feet being added.

It would of course be misleading to imply that I refrained from employing professional models. As a matter of fact, most of the leading artists' models posed for me when pictures requiring unconventional types of beauty were commissioned. DOLORES, SONIA, MARITA are names that come vividly to my mind.

Perhaps the most versatile of all my models was EILEEN, whose career represented the evolution of the perfect model.

One day BARON DE BELABRE, a gifted painter and amateur photographer whose still-life studies deservedly won recognition in the early days of the photographic renaissance, brought a shy, rather naïve little girl, to Millais House, introducing her as a possible model. At first I was a little taken aback, for I saw nothing remarkable about the child except perhaps a certain elfish quaintness. Her serious, poker face, framed by straight cut hair, suggested a maturity beyond her years. Anyway, for I did not wish to disappoint the girl, I decided to make a couple of portraits of her for my reference files. During the sitting her solemn interest stirred my curiosity. As she sat, without a trace of self-consciousness, this little model, who was barely older than sixteen, stated in matter-of-fact precise tones her ambition to devote herself to art and sit for leading artists. It appeared that she had studied the work of the great masters and the careers of famous models, and her day-dreams were Chelsea fantasies in which she inspired painters to create masterpieces.

I became enchanted with EILEEN. Almost as tenderly as a gardener watches a rare plant grow to perfection, I saw her flower into a more complete personality year by year. The strange, shy little girl, became a beauty. She possessed moreover an extraordinary versatility, as if indeed her body was the temple of visitors from other spheres, for without effort or conscious posing she could be chic, bizarre, gay, decorative, classically severe, eclectic. She had an uncanny ability to transform her appearance. In fact, I sometimes wondered whether another model had walked into the studio. Every muscle of her body disciplined, she could hold the most difficult poses for an interminable length of time. Truly, she was the perfect servant of art.

Never was a model's success more richly deserved than EILEEN'S. She was "hung" at the Academy with possibly greater frequency than any of her contemporaries. She posed for nearly every painter and sculptor of note. She was featured in every magazine.

One of the less exploited avenues of commercial photo-

graphy is that of book jackets. The public are gradually becoming cover-conscious, there is a growing demand for better class work and here is an opportunity that awaits the photographer whether he works in monochrome or colour. Without doubt books illustrated by photographs should be "jacketed" in the same medium; and there should be no insurmountable barrier to the use of photography in designing book wrappers for other forms of literature. In fact, the designs for the wrappers of all my books were based on my photographs. Photo-montage, which reached the crest of its popularity a few years ago, is effective for this; though it should be used with discretion, its more elaborate designs creating irritation rather than admiration. A bold simplicity marks the successful book cover; fussiness must be avoided at all costs.

Another application of photography was suggested to me by a brother member of the SAVAGE CLUB. This was the idea of illustrating poems and short stories by photography. My first commission came from the editor of a monthly magazine whose methods were boldly experimental and who wished to test the reaction of his readers to photographs instead of sketches. He sent me three short stories and asked me to illustrate them, leaving the choice of subject to me. Although this may appear fairly simple, the work offers considerable difficulties. The choice of suitable models is by no means easy. Not only must they possess an attractive, compelling personality, but their appearance should suggest the characters described by the author. The cardinal sin of this form of illustration is to produce pictures which are reminiscent of the wooden brilliance of a cinema "still". There must be a touch of the abstract about them; readers like to identify themselves with their favourite characters. It is really a matter of co-ordinating the realism of photography with the imaginary world of fiction. An interesting task, but a difficult one. Much depends, of course, on the photographer's ability to infuse his models with the personality they are to depict; he must be at the same time director, producer and camera

man, and for the rest of his general effects must depend on atmosphere to put the thing over.

The models I employed for story-illustrating were quite different from those who posed for my advertising studies. In order to lend reality to my work I went out into the highways and by-ways and persuaded shop assistants, domestics, members of the professions and tradesmen, to sit for me. The astonishing thing was that, while the majority would have disliked the idea of appearing in an advertisement, the prospect of appearing as a character in a short story in a leading magazine intrigued them. Which perhaps suggests that most people have a taste for leading a double life.

Unfortunately the vogue did not last owing possibly to the cost of employing models being far greater than the fees paid for sketches. That the camera can prove a redoubtable rival to the artist's brush is proved by the brilliant work of my friend LEJAREN À HILLER, the well-known New York photographer, whose story illustrations have been an outstanding feature of pictorial magazines for two decades.

I have written at some length about the minor commissions that fall to the specialist in advertising photography because it is seldom that young professionals, however brilliant, can start at the top of the tree and jobs like these help to keep the pot boiling and quickly increase the reputation of the man if the work is executed with imagination and regard for the date-line. I am mentioning this somewhat in a complaining mood because the one thing I have always deplored about this type of business is that everybody seems to be in such a tearing hurry. I remember being telephoned one morning by an agent who imagined that a complicated photo-montage could be completed in half an hour.

I do not know of any better method of preserving freshness of outlook, or training a photographer for serious advertising work, than the practice of still-life photography. This quiet, unhurried study soothes the nerves and stimulates the mind. A rare afternoon with my camera and pipe arranging a still-life composition with the aid of a bust, a piece of batik or

a Chinese jar, afforded deep content. Of course works of art are by no means necessary, their only advantage being that their perfect composition has an instructional value. Ordinary kitchen utensils, which appear so frequently in advertising studies, make admirable subjects; and, having trained the eye in the studio, one may find numberless objects outdoors—beer barrels, the park-keeper's tools, a costermonger's barrow.

One of the chief delights of photography is that it confers the gift of sight; so many people, immersed in their own affairs, see only through the veil of their discontents, they miss the significance of little things—the glint of sun warming autumn leaves and the shadows of trees falling across the lawn—and, although this inability to see counts for nothing in a banker's ledger, yet it robs perhaps the majority of human beings of much fundamental happiness. Photographers, who develop their vision rather than cherish apparatus and technical complexes, discover a content and a philosophy that should make them a leaven among men breathlessly bent on the pursuit of material things.

Moreover, the practice of still-life trains the eye for more ambitious work. The fact that I spent hours in my studio, composing and lighting a packet of cigarettes or a frying-pan, enabled me to approach much more ambitious subjects with confidence. The photographer who has mastered still-life in the studio need feel no sense of apprehension when commissioned to portray a steel bridge or a great commercial building; for his trained eyes will perceive the essential design in a flash, and provided technique has been mastered there need be no cause for diffidence.

I have always maintained that big subjects require expansive treatment. The splendour of a great steel bridge, for example, cannot be conveyed in a niggling print. And since most of my photographs were required for exhibitions, the board rooms of great industrial concerns and for advertising purposes abroad, size was limited only by what was technically practicable. When photo-murals first dawned on the

photographic horizon, I quickly appreciated their significance. Photographic enlargements of this size not only provide a decorative background and tell a story in an incomparable way but have the additional advantage of creating an effect of spaciousness. Photo-mural backgrounds for window display are now part of the recognised weapons of publicity, whether for commercial subjects or travel agency scenes, but, in my opinion, there is a wider future before them which professional photographers might do well to consider. Already photo-mural panels testify to the excellence of modern materials, the absence of grain and perfect definition being a tribute to the research departments of the photographic manufacturers, and one is therefore justified in predicting that in the near future subtlety will be added to size. It requires no great stretch of imagination to visualise the home of the future papered in delicately toned photo-murals that will give the illusion of space and wide horizons to which the eye can travel in spite of the more restricted domestic setting. I know a photographer who has papered his dining-room with a photo-mural depicting scenes on the Hawkesbury River in New South Wales. The effect is charming; one eats one's war-time rations in an atmosphere of sparkling water and enchanted woods, and, although the setting may be temporarily nostalgic, the appeal of this form of decorative art is likely to grow.

Whether another form of mural called *Translites* which I have seen in the United States will survive is a matter for conjecture. They are certainly effective for trade and travel display. Printed on translucent photographic paper and coated on both sides with sensitive emulsion, great depth and brilliance is obtained particularly when transparent oil colours are applied to the back. When viewed by transmitted light the pictures glow in vivid natural tones.

10

PLUNGE INTO JOURNALISM

It was a "scoop" that caused my entry into the world of journalism. It occurred at the first FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION at the WHITE CITY whither I had gone to obtain the right background for a portrait of the MAHARAJAH OF NEPAL by photographing him against the wall of his palace in Kathmandu, artfully reproduced in plaster of Paris. I had just exposed my fifth plate, when a tremendous detonation shook the ground. A balloon close by, which was to have lifted people up for a bird's-eye view of the Exhibition and was also to undertake the adventurous trip to Paris, had exploded and was in flames. Fortunately, my big camera was still screwed on its tripod. All I had to do was to swing it round, adjust the focus, reverse the slide and expose the last plate left.

This was a real piece of luck since there was no other camera in sight. I telephoned the *Daily Mirror* to say that I would bring to the office an "exclusive" picture of the incident, and rushed home to develop the plate and make a contact print. The Art Editor, young HANNEN SWAFFER, was delighted, and paid me generously for the photograph which was reproduced as a full-page in the next morning's issue.

Although I may modestly claim to be somewhat of a pioneer in illustrated journalism, the balloon story was the only occasion on which I have worked as a press photographer proper. Little did I dream that twenty years later, when I had virtually retired from professional work, photographic journalism would claim practically all my attention.

It sometimes happens that when a photographer is engaged on work of quite another nature opportunity puts a real

"news" picture in his way. This occurred with greater frequency in the days before the agencies covered the ground so thoroughly, and speed in getting the pictures to the press became the first consideration. During a visit to Austria I photographed CHANCELLOR DOLLFUSS, and his family, in their home surroundings. A few days afterwards the world was horrified by the news of his assassination. My exposed films were already on their way to London when the tragedy occurred, and I could do no more than cable instructions to my office to inform the editors that the material was on its way. This was done, and space was reserved in many of the weekly papers. Fortunately, the films arrived "on time" and the publication of the pictures did justice to a grim and significant episode in European history.

In perhaps no other field has pho ography made greater strides than illustrated journalism and the rate of progress is emphasised whenever I recall with affection and amusement my first hand camera. I persuaded the late Mr. SINCLAIR, one of the pioneers of photography, to make it for me. Designed to take a 5″ × 4″ roll film, it had a *Goertz Dagor* lens with iris diaphragm and a Time and Instantaneous shutter giving three speeds. I rarely bothered to look into the "brilliant" finder because it suffered from the defect of parallax, and all one could do was to point the camera at the subject with the reasonable certainty that it would appear somewhere on the twenty-square-inch surface of film. This bulky hand-camera looks almost grotesque besides my *Leica* and *Super-Ikonta*, and possibly another twenty-five years will see cameras reduced to still smaller sizes.

Still, it is never the camera that does the job! Many years before the advent of the miniature camera, the late Dr. BULLOCK, Editor of *The Graphic*, invited me to make a series of candid studies in Limehouse. Nowadays such an assignment would be regarded as a routine job; one would merely slip a *Leica* or a *Contax* into the pocket and catch a bus to the Causeway. But in those days Limehouse was tough; strangers were regarded with suspicion, and cameras were

novelties that created intense distrust. In fact, a photographer who attempted to make candid studies would probably have found himself in a sorry plight. The Chinese are a charming people but, twenty years ago, intruders were, to put it mildly, *non personæ gratæ*.

In undertaking a commission of this type, the more contacts one can make the better, and I was fortunate enough to strike up a friendship with WU KHANG, the owner of a provision shop and one of the most respected Chinese in Dockland. It so happened that one of his daughters had obtained a post as a stenographer in Liverpool, and my suggestion that I should take a photograph of both father and daughter so that each might mitigate the pangs of separation by having a photograph of the other was received with delight. WU KHANG could not do enough for me. He arranged with the landlord of a public-house much frequented by Chinese that I should spend an evening sitting in the bar where I would be at liberty to make as many photographs as I pleased with the added proviso that I should on no account reveal my purpose. A sinister note was added by the stipulation that neither would be held responsible for my safety.

Selecting the most suitable camera for this delicate assignment was a matter of some difficulty. Noise was the distinguishing feature of most hand-camera shutters of the period; and to have released one among people of so suspicious mind would have been to invite reprisals. Eventually I hit on the idea of wrapping a fifteen shilling *Brownie* fixed focus camera in brown paper to suggest a parcel, with an opening torn in front of the lens. On the appointed evening, I strolled into the bar, looking like a ship's steward spending a few days ashore, and, placing my "parcel" on a table, lit my pipe and covertly studied my unconscious sitters. Of course, in those days, instantaneous exposures were out of the question; I had to set my shutter to "time" and give as long an exposure as I dared. Fortunately the noise of the bar drowned the click of the shutter, though winding on a

fresh frame necessitated some curious juggling with my mysterious parcel, attracting suspicious glances that were not conducive to peace of mind. On the whole the experiment was successful; I obtained some unique pictures that gained editorial approval.

Unfortunately the publication of the pictures aroused little enthusiasm in Limehouse. A seaman wrote threatening to give me a thorough hiding if I attempted to take photographs again; and a pavement artist, who was an optimist, sent a polite note requesting me to send him a cheque for £50 for taking his photograph without permission. A somewhat sinister gift took the form of a little wax figure, which was a clumsy representation of myself, stuck all over with pins. I felt no evil effects from this attempt at black magic, and perhaps failure inspired the donor to send my wife a wreath of red carnations with a card attached on which "In Memoriam" was written in red ink—or, maybe, blood.

Possibly my Limehouse pictures were among the earliest attempts at candid portraiture, a term which has fallen into disrepute owing to some workers abusing the immense potentialities of the miniature camera. Nothing can excuse the "candid" worker who attempts to emulate the yellow journalist. No reputable photographer would wilfully descend to be a party to the publication of malicious pictures. Therefore, censor your candid camera studies rigorously; never permit them to degenerate into catty portraits which reflect more on the intelligence of the photographer than the subject. Any temptation to be clever at the expense of other people must be ruthlessly suppressed. The appeal and popularity of one's work will not suffer in consequence and the true artist has no need of such questionable tactics anyhow. I would add that it is unwise to let anyone see tactless exposures. Not only is this desirable on the score of good manners; it is a sure preventative of unpleasant consequences.

Constraint and finesse are the first principles in the camera reporter's creed; adroit manipulation follows closely. To achieve success in this particular field it is essential to catch

your subject unawares, and composition must be sacrificed to human interest. Many photographers fail in candid work because they are pictorialists rather than reporters; they are so busy sizing up the niceties of composition, arranging the balance of lighting, that the human interest aspect of the story is lost. As a famous editor said to a young reporter: "Your business is to get the news; the leader writers will comment on it."

Perhaps the most difficult and fascinating commission which the camera reporter can be asked to undertake is the personality interview. Much tact and restraint is needed in carrying out this work, for it must never be forgotten that interpretation of character is the true aim and that a kindly understanding must supersede the subtle temptation to caricature.

The advantage of this type of portrait work is that the sittings are mobile and that different methods from those used in orthodox portraiture must be employed. There is, of course, no reason why carefully composed and lighted portraits should not be made during a sitting. But it should be borne in mind that exposures should always be short enough to capture a fleeting and attractive expression, a sudden turn of the head, the upward glance, or other spontaneous movements which stamp a picture with personality. I am not a lover of flashlight and dislike excessive lighting which introduces an artificial note. However, there are occasions when additional lighting is essential and I have used flashlight bulbs with success, particularly when photographing in dark interiors.

For my portrait work with a miniature camera, I generally use a slow panchromatic film without a filter in daylight and a light yellow-green filter when using flash bulbs. I find that these slow emulsion films yield more readily that softness and roundness which are essential to good portraiture. Another factor in their favour is their almost complete absence of grain.

Anybody contemplating taking up photographic journalism

could not do better than buy a first-rate miniature camera. I know, in cameras as in everything else, what is one man's meat is another's poison, and in competent hands the leading makes turn out results that are equally good and so I do not propose to enter on discussing details. But I would strongly advise limiting equipment at first to essentials; learn how to use each piece of apparatus thoroughly before yielding to the temptation to buy another gadget. "Gadgetitis" is a psychological condition induced by the desire to compensate for an inferiority feeling. Victims of this common complaint are conscious of their lack of ability as photographers; rarely do they ever produce a picture worth looking at, and they endeavour to cover up their laziness and neglect of study and training by acquiring all sorts of glittering accessories that appease their vanity and give an illusion of self-importance. This adolescent condition—one might write "childish" with greater truth since the whole thing suggests the mental level of the nursery floor and the spoilt child's toy cupboard—is characterised by an instability that finds its outlet in a nervous itch to be constantly exchanging and buying apparatus. "Gadgetitis" is insidious and the potential victim, who feels that Brown turns out much better pictures because he possesses the latest thing in cameras or lenses, must face the problem realistically and realise that it is the man or woman *behind* the camera that counts. I believe that photographers should pay far more attention to studying photographs than apparatus. The matter may be simply summed up as follows: buy the best camera you can afford, practise with it until you are so thoroughly familiar with every working part that its use becomes second nature, and then turn the mind to other much more important things. The artist who thinks of nothing but brushes and paper will never dream up a masterpiece.

Do not become preoccupied with tools but keep an eye on the job: it is a grand one. More photographs are being published nowadays than ever before, and the outlook for the future is even more promising. Indeed, one might hazard

that in a few years most magazines will consist principally of pictures with extensive captions.

The cinema is undoubtedly responsible for this development; and also, I think, the fact that the public places a somewhat naïve trust in photographs. The old adage that the "camera cannot lie" dies hard. Still, on the whole I think that the public is justified in its faith in photographs; black sheep—in this country, at any rate—are few and far between, and technical difficulties as a rule make the camera a more reliable instrument than the pen.

The "picture story" feature is a comparatively new development in illustrated journalism on this side of the Atlantic. Of course, weekly journals such as *The Illustrated London News* and *The Sphere* have for many years featured full-page photographs, but these have almost invariably been accompanied by explanatory articles. Weeklies like the American *Life* or *Look* that consist almost entirely of photographs with captions were unknown here until comparatively recently, and no doubt it was those journals' almost instantaneous success which soon enough led to the first similar publications being launched on the British market. That the public welcomes this new departure in journalism is evident from the tremendous sales which these periodicals enjoy. The photographs used by them have a novel and original form of treatment that is a change from the stereotyped press photograph. Generally speaking, the majority of British photographers were at first reluctant to produce the somewhat flamboyant pictures required; they lacked the excitability to become over-enthusiastic about "new angles". It is, however, noticeable that recently editorial policy has found a suitable middle way, and that studies in the bizarre have gradually given place to pictures telling simple, human interest stories.

It would be misleading to suggest that until the publication of these popular picture magazines there were no features appearing on these lines in the illustrated journals. But there were fewer opportunities for placing them in Britain. Most

of my prints went overseas; a proportion to Continental periodicals, but the majority found acceptance in Australia, New Zealand and Canada. The United States is always an excellent market, particularly the huge photogravure supplements of the Sunday papers publishing large numbers of photographs.

There is no end to the possibility of these picture stories. I cannot recall how many features I have sold illustrating "a day in the life" of someone; a hackneyed theme with a perennial appeal to human curiosity, and depending on freshness of conception and ingenuity in treatment to get it across.

I am a firm believer in the value of building up a library of pictures—even though there may be no immediate market for them—in order to make a long-term success of illustrated journalism. Whenever I came across a subject which suggested, even remotely, a theme for future articles, I made a series of photographs and entered the most meticulous details in a notebook that was my invariable companion. The details were classified under various headings—agriculture, antiquities, animal life, architecture, etc., etc.—which acted as a reminder to be on the constant look-out for additional pictures of a similar nature. The staff in my office conducted an elaborate filing system which proved a most valuable investment and the source of endless ideas. For example, it was a frequent experience to find that a single picture might possess story angles capable of illustrating several articles, each on a different subject.

Perhaps it is the banking strain in my blood, but I am careful to avoid anything haphazard and superficial in the preparation of my picture stories and features. And this, I think, is where many people fail; they do not prepare the ground sufficiently thoroughly, they make one or two lucky shots and perhaps several indifferent ones, and trust to providence to pull the thing off. But if you aspire to have jam on your modest ration of margarine, it is essential to set about preparing your features in a business-like way.

The first step I take in preparing a feature is to write a synopsis on the lines indicated by a general title. The synopsis acts as a set of pegs on which to hang one's ideas. Far from rendering the unfoldment of the theme artificial and stereotyped, it helps one to clarify the essentials. Clear thinking is as necessary in making photographic features as it is in writing articles.

The synopsis of the story having been worked out, one is enabled to step back, as it were, and add scenes and incidents gradually clothing the skeleton story until it becomes recognisable as a feature. The chances are that when the work is started little incidents will present themselves for photographing that will lend humour or a topical interest to the theme. Here are one or two examples of my method in compiling synopses:

THOSE OLD CLOTHES. WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM?

The British old clothes market is worth £5,000,000 *per annum. What happens to some of them is to be shown in the pictures following:—*

1. Jumble sales . . . dealers attend these sales and pick out bargains.
2. Auction sales . . . better-class dealers attend these functions.
3. West End Shops . . . Savile Row suits being sold at £5 a time, purchasers examining show tags for tailors' names.
4. West End theatrical firms hire out uniforms and Court dress.
5. Caledonian Market.

NOTE.—*There should be plenty of scope for many good human shots in this subject ranging from the picture of a woman quizzically looking at an old frock wondering whether she should get rid of it to the scene when a dealer buys it at some shop or stall.*

DAY IN THE LIFE OF A PROBATIONER

1. Attractively dressed girl interviewed by matron in her office.
2. Girl walking up to hospital entrance.
3. Probationer being handed over to sister.
4. Probationer being measured for uniform.
5. How to adjust head-dress.
6. Morning lecture in class.
7. Lessons in bandaging with doll model.
8. The X-rays room.
9. Meals in hall.
10. Ceremonial wearing of cloaks.
11. Scenes in the wards; select attractive children, etc.
12. Preparing patients' meals.

13. Probationer's private life . . . nurses' home . . . recreation room . . . playing darts, dancing, etc.
14. Sleeping quarters . . . study cubicles and other amenities.
15. In the garden; outdoor games.

NOTE.—*Accurate and minute details of procedure essential. Submit captions and pictures to authorities before release.*

THE SHILLING LIDO

1. A family club where each member pays a subscription of one shilling.
2. Secretary introducing prospective member.
3. Arrival of family . . . father, mother, children and baby in pram, walking up the drive.
4. Father playing billiards with fellow members, mother with friends over a cup of tea before bathing.
5. Bathing-pool.
6. Uniformed nurse taking baby to communal children's nursery.
7. Boys and girls at recreation.
8. Close-up of some of more studious members in the Club Library.
9. Group of small children listening to a nurse telling stories.
10. Doctors making tests of members as a preventative measure against illness.

NOTE.—*Obtain all the information possible and then ask permission to wander about in search of studies.*

SLEEPING AWAY THE MILES

Feature presenting all-night travel on British railways. The Company will provide free passes for photographer and one or two models provided mention of line is made in the captions.

1. Traveller going to bed in a sleeper.
2. What happens while passengers sleep.
3. Mails delivered.
4. Milk cans taken aboard.
5. The laundry where sleeper sheets and towels are washed.
6. Guard's van.
7. Food being cooked "ashore" at the station kitchen and being taken aboard.
8. Food being cooked on the train after being prepared at the station.
9. Human shots illustrating excellence of "service", engine driver's cab, passengers arriving at their destination and passing the barrier, etc.

Although it invariably happens that while working along new and attractive ideas occuring to the mind, a synopsis helps one to keep to the point when there is a temptation to shoot pictures that are irrelevant to the theme. It is so easy to come

back with a fine set of photographs—but with few, or none that are of real use to the story. Keeping your story in front of you does not mean that you need overlook new ones crossing your path.

Do make a habit of carrying a notebook in which to make notes of the incidents in your stories and also the names and addresses of those taking part. Those appearing in features are always glad of prints, and one should make it a rule to keep promises to send them. May it be for your own sake or for the sake of those camera-men who follow in your path —do not forget and do not underrate the assistance gained by outsiders.

Sometimes the routine of making sets of photographs led to quaint comments from my staff. I remember that when working on my book *Picturesque Great Britain* I collected a valuable set of old epitaphs, and, following my invariable custom, I not only photographed the writing on the tombstones but also their setting. It happened that I came across suitable material with surprising frequency, and my film packs contained an unusual number of records of tombs and graveyards. Having processed the films, my studio staff wired: "What on earth is the matter. Is England just one big graveyard?"

About this time I was asked by the editor of a Society weekly to make a series of landscape studies for his journal, the only stipulation being that no human figures should appear in the composition. This commission very much appealed to me since at that time I was not convinced that the introduction of human interest always helps composition. However, my studio staff appeared to differ, for there came another wire: "Has there been a plague in the countrys de? Is everybody dead?"

Antiquities are a happy hunting-ground for subject matter. One of my most successful antiquity series dealt with "nodding stools"; I found them in many out-of-the-way country churches and it became apparent that the ancient craftsmen who decorated the solid oak with their quips and fancies

were really ecclesiastical cartoonists. In fact, I would recommend photographers to specialise in antiquities. It not only affords a liberal education but provides a fascinating study. Last but not least: as your work becomes known, editors will regard you as a specialist and commission articles.

From my own experience I have found that most editors prefer to have articles submitted to them accompanied by a few well-chosen photographs rather than by a dozen or more prints that bore through sheer surfeit. A minor but important point is to endeavour to submit both vertical and horizontal versions of the same picture; it gives greater scope in the arrangement of the lay-out and may even be a determining factor in the acceptance of an article.

The question of topicality is of paramount importance when compiling a feature. Most of the monthlies are prepared for press several weeks before publication date, the weeklies anything up to three weeks, and it therefore behoves photographers to plan well ahead. The following is an example of forward planning. During my travels in Africa I sent to my London agents some amusing studies of African girls showing the distinctive coiffures of the various tribes. The prints were made to a uniform size and submitted to the editor of a well-known illustrated periodical some six or seven weeks before one of the big hairdressing exhibitions at OLYMPIA. The feature was accepted and published during the opening week of the show, its humorous slant making a great appeal to the public. In fact, as is nearly always the case when a feature is sufficiently striking, I received requests for single prints and sets of pictures from a great variety of publications both at home and abroad.

Sometimes a feature will turn out to be quite unexpectedly a best seller. Over a long period I had been collecting photographs of every kind of locomotion; American covered wagons, Australian bullock teams, the horse post, camel caravan, motor buses in "darkest Africa", lorries in the desert, stream-lined cars and railway engines, donkey teams, etc. From this collection of several hundred prints gathered

during my travels in the Far East I selected a set for the *Morning Post*. The feature was given a full page, and at once requests for prints began to pour in. It was astonishing to discover the number of journals which were interested in transport.

Once I took a series of photographs during a bus ride through London. Although this may seem very ordinary nowadays, when miniature cameras are carried everywhere, the idea was considered novel in the days of larger cameras and open-top buses. Actually these pictures of everyday London seen from a passenger's angle were intended for inclusion in one of my books but eventually they appeared in a London daily and in various magazines. The feature also proved very popular in overseas newspapers, and somewhat to my surprise had quite a vogue in Continental picture papers.

Among my most successful features were sets of prints that unfolded a story. I recall taking a photograph of a postman making his rounds and it suggested the story "A letter is posted". The first shot showed a letter being posted in a London pillar-box—it could equally well have been a village post office—and, with the help of the authorities, I followed with my camera all the adventures of a letter until its arrival on the breakfast table. This set of pictures was accepted by many editors at home and abroad. Amateurs would have been satisfied with one acceptance. But this merely scratches the surface of one's resources. A feature of this sort, with a universal appeal, can be given a twist to suit practically every market. Newspapers in the Dominions rarely accept articles from outside contributors unless they possess local interest; for the Australian market, therefore, a picture should certainly be included showing a stalwart countryman posting a letter in a wayside delivery box. Canadian and South African papers can also be sent sets of prints likely to appeal to their readers.

A necessary part of every photographer's education, who aspires to succeed in illustrated journalism, is to make an intensive study of the principal Dominions' newspapers.

These may be seen at their London offices; alternatively, they may be consulted at the ROYAL EMPIRE SOCIETY. The IMPERIAL INSTITUTE in South Kensington is also willing to give the fullest information. In submitting prints to overseas newspapers contributions should be only sent to the leading journals; there are many will-o'-the-wisp publications that do not scruple to use the material and then forget all about it. Again, it is always a sound policy to submit prints and articles to the head office of a newspaper; London offices have their own staffs which are apt to look coldly on outside contributions.

What I have said in reference to other overseas newspapers applies also to the American Press. Always bear in mind the need to give a local slant to features; a "day in the life of a Lancashire miner" might not prove a very interesting picture story to an editor in Tennessee, but the inclusion of photographs comparing the human lot and mechanical devices of American miners with those in Lancashire would probably bring a prompt acceptance. It is here that a good agency can be of the greatest assistance; the addition of one or two pictures of local interest will probably mean all the difference between success and failure.

Another fertile source of income for photographer-journalists with ideas is the explanatory type of photograph, i.e., the photographic illustration of practical suggestions relating to an immense field of subjects. It offers almost unlimited scope for features or sets, and is, I think, a branch particularly suitable for women photographers. Take the "How to Do Things" idea, for example. This includes an endless variety of subjects—cooking, beauty culture, gardening, needlework, as well as the overcoming of every possible mishap or difficulty that the mind of woman can conceive.

It is essential that photographs coming within this category should be sharp and clean, clearly demonstrating the various stages of the process to be illustrated. Simplicity must be the keynote of each picture which should explain itself at a glance without the need for descriptive captions. But meticulous

sharpness and clearly defined detail are not enough. The first response of the reader must be "How attractive! I should like to make, or to do, that myself". This reaction can only be achieved by presenting the subject in the most attractive manner possible; the pictures must be "sunshiny" with the suggestion of the energizing freshness of a spring day about them. Even pictures describing matter-of-fact things, like the cleaning of a carpet or removal of ink stains, need not be messy if approached with imagination. But a word of warning! Imagination must not be allowed to run riot. The goal to be aimed at is a *practical* demonstration "easy to the eye", not an elaborate composition that has no precise message.

If my subject is gardening, I include in my set one picture showing the glory of flowers or the perfection of the vegetable; then, starting at the beginning, I illustrate every stage of the correct treatment of the soil and cultivation. Gardening articles in a popular magazine give one any number of ideas even if the photographer is not a gardener himself.

When next you dine with friends, and your hostess puts an enticing dish before you, compliment her and try to persuade her to demonstrate in her kitchen before your camera. This is not always as easy as one might think, especially if it is something "made out of her head", but the effort is worth while.

Photographing small things is another line of work. For instance, I have found that stamps offer a theme of absorbing interest for the camera, and if one has an interest in philately, light and entertaining articles written round the stamps are acceptable to many journals, particularly those catering for the taste of the modern schoolboy.

Jewellery makes an intriguing theme. I have spent hours studying and photographing rings which make a fascinating subject for the camera. Miniature toys, china figurines and ivory are among the tiny things made by artists or craftsmen that make admirable subjects, too.

There is no particular novelty in this type of photography, the number of good negatives being made daily of these

subjects run into thousands, but there is a great difference between a photograph that is technically competent and one that shows vision and artistry in addition to sound technique. For work of this nature a camera stand is essential. It can be either a small tripod or a special camera-supporting apparatus. As the length of exposure on such inanimate subjects need not be taken into consideration, I always stop down to the very smallest aperture to ensure critical definition.

Indoors and out-of-doors, in town and country by day and night, abounding opportunities can be found to picture beauty in little things, and my advice to one wishing to launch out in this branch of photography would be to cultivate an acute sense of observation. It will repay you.

In looking for profits it is very unwise to fix one's eyes too firmly on the obvious sources. I assume that everybody knows the functions of House Journals which provide publicity for the firms issuing them and news of interest to the staff and a wider public. Some of these journals will readily pay two or more guineas for a thousand-word article, and additional fees for any photographs used to illustrate it. There are quite a number of publications of national circulation which pay no more.

Another argument in favour of the House Journal is that payment is usually made on acceptance, and there is no holding up of an accepted contribution for months on end which sometimes happens with national papers. This is a sore point between contributor and editor, and it usually ends to the chagrin of the author, especially when the material was of an exclusive nature at the time the contribution was accepted.

It is of very little use to submit photographs haphazardly. That is merely asking for rejection. I have therefore made it a rule to study the editorial policy of all likely publications, whether large or small circulation, and also to make a preliminary enquiry before submitting material to newspapers or magazines that make only intermittent use of outside work. This saves expense, time and temper on both sides.

The immense value of photography to travel agencies has been recognized for some few years past, yet only the fringe of possibilities has really been touched. In the near future there is bound to be a great impetus towards travel. People will travel farther afield; they will not be confined to a couple of weeks in the summer at some well advertised European pleasure resort but be able to venture to countries on the other side of the globe, brought within their range by the addition of air travel to the already popular boat or train cruise services.

Publicity organizations for travel of any description will distribute annually many thousands of folders and booklets profusely illustrated with photographs of scenes and places which come within the sphere covered by the airways, shipping lines and railways. To this may be added the great volume of pictorial advertising directly or indirectly connected with travelling. Photography seems the blood plasma nourishing and keeping alive all these efforts. An endless flow of pictures will be needed. But they must show ever new angles. If there is any human sphere where the new, the unusual, the never-seen-before represents what is most desirable—it is in travelling.

Every single picture should be significant, be it the departure by boat train, the holiday spirit of the dining-car, the interest of busy scenes at the quay or cranes swinging luggage and cars aboard. Many photographers, when commissioned to make publicity photographs, take models with them, making sure of interesting and vivid pictures. Personally, I prefer to concentrate on the many varied and spontane-

ous subjects that arise naturally out of life on board. The fact that the majority of the passengers are there for the purpose of enjoyment provides a sparkling atmosphere; people unbend and radiate happiness and in themselves provide delightful motives for picture-making. There is one drawback, however, to this mode of working, namely, the possibility of objection on the part of passengers. To ask their consent first, simply ruins any chance of getting natural poses. Therefore, with the help of my miniature, I secure my pictures and then make open confession of what I have done and, naturally, offer to destroy the negatives if there is the slightest feeling of distaste on the part of anyone concerned. But this rarely happens.

The main object in travel photography is to obtain a coherent story when the pictures are ultimately arranged in sets. I often imagine what disappointments await the owners of the amazing multiplicity of cameras that click away gaily day after day during a cruise. So far as I can judge, the film manufacturer gets most out of the situation for the films used during a cruise must surely run to astronomical figures. One wonders what percentage of these snaps really satisfy their makers. Often I have wished to go up to them and say: "Don't photograph that, your lens is not seeing what you see" —or hint that while snaps of one's ship-friends are very jolly they will be more so if something were included in the picture that suggests the scene in which they are taking part. Even the all-important close-up can by skilful selection of background convey a living impression of atmosphere.

Quickness of perception and a sense of orientation are invaluable assets to the travel photographer when temporarily on land. As a general rule narrow side streets are more pictorial than the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the big thoroughfares. A wide-angle lens is almost indispensable here. Artisans and craftsmen working at trades peculiar to their country should not be missed; and the remainder of the time can be happily employed in searching for types which are "human documents" and recording impressions

of pattern and design in the native landscape.

Needless to say, the "native landscape" can be just as well one's own native landscape. When travelling abroad was first restricted by political complications, a plan was promoted to encourage people to explore their native country and the idea of "cruising" by train was launched. Inclusive tours were arranged similar to those used by travel agencies for popular tours on the Continent. Time was allowed on the tour for passengers to alight and view beauty spots; sometimes the train camped out for a night in a siding within reach of less known but attractive country. This scheme opened up new photographic possibilities and it is worth mentioning since the idea may be revived.

There are, however, wider issues to this question of making and "selling" travel photographs than those relating purely to holiday tours. Every country is increasingly in need of good discriminative publicity, and none can afford to live to itself and shut the national door in the face of strangers. Government circles are aware of this, and occasionally commission people to carry out work for such indirect publicity, which means that the camera journalist is given facilities of access to any sphere of social life and industry that is relevant to his lens. During ten years of travel I have been able to do much in this way, and have found the work exceedingly interesting. I use my camera to picture the story with the written word as an auxiliary, making it my first aim to attain effects which give the onlooker the idea that he has seen something living when studying the photographs.

But let me start at the beginning:

The photographer-journalist should make a thorough overhaul of his equipment before making a trip abroad. Indeed, I always find initial preparations of absorbing interest. On every journey one learns something fresh, some new way of economising space, settles down to the use of some new—perhaps home-made—piece of apparatus that makes one's task easier in the wilds. To discover, miles away from civilisation, that a small, but nevertheless vital, item of

equipment is missing sometimes assumes the proportions of a tragedy.

Many years' experience has taught me the need for systematic packing. On no account leave the packing of your equipment to others. They may not have travelled and cannot be expected to visualise all your requirements under varied conditions. Besides, if you *do* leave anything behind you will have only yourself to blame. The only really satisfactory plan is mentally to pigeon-hole the whereabouts of each item.

For those without previous travel experience off the beaten track, it is not easy to decide on essentials especially when air travel is included in the itinerary.

What constitutes an essential depends, of course, on the principal object of the journey from the photographic point of view, its probable duration, and the nature of the territory to be visited. A mountaineering expedition requires different methods and apparatus from those necessary in the tropics.

When I first set out on my travels, packing presented a considerable problem. However, I found the following device excellent. I had a leather case made—24″ × 16″ × 7″. The case was lined with black velvet, and divided into reinforced partitions of varying dimensions, and uniform depth, namely, 4½″, which is almost the exact height of a *Correx* development tank. A loose lid, covered with velvet, fitted on top of the divisions leaving a deep empty space above, which contained layers of corrugated paper, cut to the size of the moveable lid, clipped on to and lifting out with it. This was used for the renewal of the pieces with which the divisions were padded, to prevent rattling. To the inside of the lid of the case was attached a type-written list (protected by a sheet of celluloid) of its contents. I made it a rule to check the list over once a week while travelling to ensure that the following apparatus was in its respective place:

Leica Camera, with standard lens.
Contax Camera, with standard lens.
Super-Ikonta Camera.
Rolleiflex Camera.

A wide angle *Hektor* 2.8 cm. lens for the *Leica*.
A *Sonnar* 8.5 cm. lens for the Contax.
A *Sonnar* 13.5 cm. lens for the Contax.
Contameter near-focusing device for the *Super-Ikonta*.
One pair of *Zeiss Proxars* for close-ups with the *Rolleiflex*.
Vidom viewfinder for the *Leica*.
Contax Universal finder.
Three lens hoods of different diameters.
Four filters—light yellow, medium yellow, ultra-violet and light red.
Weston 650 Universal Electric Exposure Meter.
Two flashlight lamps.
24 ounces of flashpowder in 1 oz. bottles packed in tin foil.
Magnesium ribbon and ribbon holder (very useful to lighten up heavy shadows in interiors).
Six antinuous shutter releases.
Telescopic and table-top tripods with universal swivel heads.
6 reserve spools of *Panatomic* and *Selochrome* films.
2 reserve spools of *Kodak Super XX* films.
2 reserve spools colour films.
An indiarubber sheet 20″ × 30″.
A soft camel-hair mop (essential for keeping camera mechanism free from grit and dirt).
Several pieces of chamois leather.
Several pieces of soft (washed) muslin.
An old silk handkerchief.
A very small, all metal (watchmaker's) and an ordinary ⅛″ screwdriver.
A box of brass screws in assorted sizes.
A small coil of electrician's insulation tape (useful for stopping leaks and temporarily repairing other mishaps).
A tube of vaseline (to cover metal and leather parts of the camera with a thin layer of grease, as a protection against decomposition and deposits of sea salt powder).
A ball of strong twine, of medium thickness.
A length of oiled silk fisherman's line.
A pocket knife.
A tube of seccotine.
A thermometer.
Two bakelite daylight developing tanks with three additional celluloid aprons.
An absorbent film squeegee (for the removal of excess water from the developed film strips).
Twelve wooden clothes pegs.
A stirring rod for solutions.
A few sheets of litmus paper, to test the acidity of fixing bath.
Paper clips and assorted indiarubber bands.
The following chemicals in powder form:—
Metol—Hydroquinone—Borax Developer (*Kodak* Formula D 76).
Kodatol Fine Grain Developer (*Kodak* Formula DK 20). (I have found the miniature size—one packet making up 20 ounces of developer—the most convenient.)

Kodak Acid Fixing salts, which also hardens the emulsion, in 4-oz. packets.
Hardening powder (for adding to the fixing bath).
Fungicide, indispensable when working in the tropics, to prevent fungoid growth and destruction of emulsion by bacteria.

I make it an invariable rule thoroughly to acquaint myself with new apparatus before including it in my travelling kit.

With regard to filters. Many amateurs have a mistaken idea that an extensive variety is necessary to ensure perfect results. I myself have had batteries of filters from time to time, but years ago I brought the total down to four to cover the following general uses:—

Light Yellow. For the bulk of my landscape work on Panatomic; also for flowers, plants, figures in the open and seascapes.
Medium Yellow. Chiefly for subjects such as landscapes; sunlit architecture against blue skies on panchromatic material.
Ultra-Violet. For use in high altitudes.
Light Red. For brilliant oriental scenes; for emphasizing dramatic effects.

Another matter, but one of far greater importance than some amateur workers will concede, is the necessity for a lens hood. I invariably carry one for use not merely when photographing against the light, but on other occasions it is an effective protection against rain drops and cuts off unwanted reflections. It is however essential to insure that the material of the hood is kept dull black and that it is properly adjusted to the lens to avoid the possibility of cutting off corners of the picture. Curiously enough, many of the young photographers who have passed through my hands have displayed as rooted an aversion to lens hoods as they have towards tripods, and it needed firmness to break down this odd prejudice which is perhaps due to the lack of functional ideas on the part of many camera designers when it comes to finding the right shape for and the right way of affixing this important piece of equipment.

Let me utter a word of warning. Take the greatest possible care of your shutter. Examine it frequently and test its efficiency and reliability. When your camera is not in use,

release the high tension of the spring regulating the shutter speeds, by setting the dial to time. When the shutter breaks down far away from civilisation you are helpless unless you happen to be a very competent mechanic. None but an expert should be allowed to meddle with precision cameras. I can remember more than one occasion when the shutter of one of my instruments struck, once when I was a three weeks' journey from a coastal town where I might have found a mechanic to put the damage right. Luckily I had other cameras with me. As a matter of fact the fear of shutter troubles is one of my main reasons for taking so many cameras along.

While on the subject of shutters, it is a good plan to make a few test exposures to determine the lowest speed at which you are able to hold your camera dead still. With most people, 1/25 second appears to be the average speed, although I have known some who could—or claimed that they could —increase the time to 1/10 without the negatives showing trace of movement. Knowing your "safety limit", look out for some kind of support for your camera when conditions require exposures beyond it.

Shutters suggest stops, and stops focusing. This seems to be a suitable place to mention the method I adopted after considerable experience. It is my invariable rule to simplify and standardize everything connected with the handling of the camera, and to give the *longest* exposure which light, colour and movement of the subject, in conjunction with the stop I have decided to use, will permit. Whenever conditions allow, I work with the smallest stop to increase the depth of focus.

Generally speaking, I have not found that the products of any one particular firm are better than those of another; it is simply that in my hands certain films give better results than the same kind manufactured by some other firm. What it really amounts to is this. Having made a test and found products that you personally find satisfactory, the best thing you can do is to stick to them.

What I personally ask from a film is—latitude, reasonable speed, good colour sensitivity, fine grain. Films possessing these characteristics have been sufficient for all my requirements covering the fields of portraiture, advertising, journalism, still life, industry, travel, geographical, ethnological, and biological subjects. My preference is for films of a speed of 27° Sch. I am not keen on super-speed films for ordinary work; they have less latitude and more grain than the slower ones and, since enlargements in most cases are necessary, this is an important point, although there are various compensating developers to minimise this drawback. Occasionally I have used super-speed films, and I always take the precaution of carrying some in my case since they are indispensable in poor light or when moving objects necessitate a short exposure. When I photographed the well-nigh extinct Tasmanian Devil in his native land—a ferocious beast, in appearance somewhat resembling our fox—I was more than glad of super-speed film to cope with the fury of his movements: super-speed was also helpful in some of the dark cave Temples in India.

Owing to their weight, bulk and fragility glass plates should not be carried when travelling. For plate type cameras carry film packs which offer the convenience of twelve exposures without reloading. Moreover, interchange between packs of different speeds and colour sensitivity is a simple matter.

Humidity combined with great heat necessitates tropical packing consisting of a metal case sealed with adhesive tape. Indeed, I found tropical packing a valuable asset for other than climatic reasons. In remote parts of India, among the aborigines of Australia and the central African tribes, the natives were effectively prevented from tampering with sensitive materials by these rigidly sealed packets.

In tropical zones it is fatal to keep cut films or film packs in the slides too long before exposure. I have not forgotten my chagrin in Arnheimland on discovering that termites had eaten the emulsion away from parts of the exposed films. After that, I was careful to leave nothing unprotected and

returned everything to its original packing at the earliest possible moment.

My little accessories case, which accompanies me on all my travels, contains an indiarubber sheet measuring 20″ × 30″ that is used to protect my cameras overnight against moisture and insects. The variety of these marauders is astonishing, as a beam from a torch on the mosquito netting reveals.

When in the tropics I endeavour to do my developing at night when the water is cool, that is, relatively cool. I have known it to be 105° Fahrenheit, yet, even under such trying conditions, and after nearly forty years' experience, I can think of nothing more thrilling than the process of developing a negative.

A note of warning! Rinse your negatives as thoroughly as circumstances permit before fixing. This is particularly important when a non-acid fixing solution is used since development action is likely to continue, especially in hot climates, if the rinsing is not done thoroughly. A "stop bath" between developing and fixing is useful to arrest development; it also exerts a gentle hardening effect on the film.

A major problem in the tropics is that of drying negatives. It is essential to secure a place free from dust, which is by no means a simple matter. Before hanging the film strips up, both sides should be gently but firmly wiped with a piece of chamois leather to remove superfluous water. This not only accelerates drying, but it also removes flecks of gelatine which may have settled on the surface of the film. Furthermore, it lessens the danger of small areas of irregular density occurring due to drops of water adhering to the soft emulsion. On no account use cotton wool for drying films. To hasten drying I usually pass the films through one of the double-squeegees sold for this purpose. Nevertheless, in spite of every precaution, it is not unusual to find that insects have eaten the moist gelatine. It has happened to me more than once.

Lately most of my developing was done with *Kodak D* 76 fine grain developer. I should emphasize the necessity to

ensure by frequent thermometer readings that the temperature of the developer remains constant throughout the period of development. Whenever possible I obtain a few lumps of ice to cool down solutions, fixing bath and washing water, taking care to keep within the neighbourhood of 70° F. Throughout India, Indo-China and the Far East, ice was nearly always procurable. But in the Congo and the interior of West Africa, ice was a luxury. Here I used my "emergency rations"—*Kodak* Tropical Developer D.K.15 and *Kodak* Tropical Hardener—a combined fixing and hardening bath. High developer temperatures involve the risk of fog but the greatest danger is that the gelatine of the emulsions may swell, run or even melt entirely.

The peculiarities of light are necessarily a matter for study, if disappointments are to be avoided. This applies particularly to travel pictures, when conditions occur that even the most efficient exposure meter may fail to cope with. Experience in England will not help the photographer abroad; what he has learned in the Atlantic will not serve him in the Mediterranean or the Red Sea.

In Australia and the South Island of New Zealand I found ideal atmospheric conditions. Without a single exception all negatives had sparkle and tonal quality. But in other countries I was not so fortunate. The United States of America, excluding Florida and New Mexico, come next on my list for actinic quality. In the Dutch East Indies, the Sudan, Arabia, West, South and Central Africa, I had to guard against under-exposure. In the North Island of New Zealand, Northern India, Ceylon, Afghanistan, Palestine, Egypt and East Africa, I found that on the whole exposures suitable for Europe yielded satisfactory results.

The foregoing is, of course, generalisation; and I would emphasize that no traveller's equipment is complete without some reliable exposure help, since, however experienced one may be in judging qualities of light, there are always circumstances, particularly in the tropics, where it should be properly measured, to make correct exposure a certainty.

Of the numerous types, the modern electric exposure meter is comparatively the most reliable and convenient. Its cell does not easily deteriorate with use—an important factor when travelling—and it automatically gives aperture and shutter speed while measuring the quantity of light on the subject.

The general rule, of course, is that the strength of the light in the shadows must be measured by pointing the meter towards the shadows. Any unwanted light can be excluded by shielding the meter with the hand and tilting it slightly down to avoid infiltration of reflected light into the shadows. I have obtained well-defined shadows when photographing against bright sunlight by lengthening my exposure approximately to double the length of time indicated by the meter, and for sea or snow scenes, I have found, in common with other photographers, that a smaller stop than that indicated by the meter can be used with advantage. While, when the subject is heavy foliage or trees, I use a slightly larger stop to counteract the absorption of light.

The first consideration when photographing anything abroad is to render sunshine accurately in monochrome. But this is by no means easy. When the light is too strong, shadows are difficult to penetrate owing to their density, and nothing in the way of after-treatment will compensate for violent contrasts. What then is the way out? In tropical and sub-tropical countries photography during the noonday hours, where the sun is vertically overhead, must be avoided at all costs, the early morning or late afternoon and early evening being the best times for pictorial work. One need only compare the difference of the English landscape, when the sun is in mid-heaven on a summer day, flattening and devitalizing the view, to that of early morning or later evening when soft translucent shadows lengthen out in lovely patterns, restoring the richness and quality which great painters handled so supremely.

I have noticed that photographers working for the first time in strong southern sunshine are inclined to ignore the

shadows. The sunlit air seems so clear and intense that their one fear is over-exposure, the result being that they make matters pictorially worse by under-exposure. Failure and disappointment will teach them that when the light is harsh, slight over-exposure will result in greater quality in their pictures. The golden rule still holds good, however trite and overworked it may be—"expose for the shadows and the high lights will more or less take care of themselves". This is particularly true of modern films which have greater latitude where over-exposure is concerned.

Amateur explorers cruising up tropical rivers may notice that a fine mist perpetually steams up from the water. Sometimes this is not visible but its effect will be registered on the film. The best counter-attack is to open out the lens at full aperture, ignoring the tropical sun. Most of my photographs taken on a three weeks' boat trip up the Congo River were taken with a wide-open lens.

One of the most irritating conditions in tropical and sub-tropical zones is the periodic recurrence of heat waves, which make accurate focusing a nightmare. They have been responsible for spoiling quite a number of my African pictures, long-distance shots invariably resulting in complete failure. This, of course, is an experience familiar to seasoned travellers; nevertheless, it is a trap into which the unwary are likely to fall more than once.

12

COUNTRIES AND CONTINENTS

I was travelling in Europe to complete a book on Poland when war was declared. Ten years earlier the publishers of the *Orbis Terrarum* series had invited me to become one of their contributors. This series had an international reputation; each volume was published at thirty shillings, had a sale of over a hundred thousand copies, and contained more than three hundred full-size illustrations printed in photogravure and captioned in four languages. The letterpress in each book amounted to forty thousand words. *Beautiful Britain* was my first volume. It was followed by books on Czecho-Slovakia, the United States, Australasia and Insulinde—the charming name for the Dutch East Indies.

The production of these books necessitated spending a year in each country. It was obviously impossible to obtain real insight into the character of a country, its people and institutions, in less time. Fortunately, the books on Great Britain and Ireland came first, enabling me to draw on much experience and material gathered before.

When the offer came from the publishers I realised that I had arrived at a turning point in my career. Looking back I reviewed twenty years of professional life. I had met scores of interesting people, from kings to charladies, had been awarded honours and made many friends. Portrait photography had not prevented my enjoying considerable travel, collecting material for earlier travel books and lectures, although they had been primarily confined to subjects in Great Britain and the Continent. My longest trip abroad was to Romania, which led to the publication of *In Gypsy Camp and Royal Palace* and afforded me the

stimulating experience of collaborating with KONRAD BERCOVICI, the great authority on Romanian gypsy lore.

Interesting collaboration with men of letters—ST. JOHN ADCOCK, J. D. BERESFORD, DR. BORENIUS and others—had pleasantly enlarged my interests. But if I accepted this new offer, it meant abandoning further collaboration, and, more serious still, the secure position I had gained in my London practice. Then it suddenly dawned on me that youth was no longer on my side. I was nearing the half-century mark. Was this not too late to take up the strenuous work involved in years of travel to places frequently off the map? But repressed wander-lust proved too much for me. Moreover the members of my family had grown up and my wife, ever my good comrade, endorsed my decision to take the plunge, pointing out that far from having to give up portrait work altogether, I should be able to take my camera to people in their own homes, the branch of portraiture that appeals to me most.

The new job found me with various commissions to complete, including a "Working Girls' Beauty Competition" which I had to judge for a London daily paper and to which I have already referred. These and other matters, however, fitted into the framework of my plans for my book on Britain, and provided refreshing breaks in my more serious work. I cannot allude to that working girl beauty contest without recording the great surprise that awaited me. I had expected good looks, no more. Indeed, I was prepared for certain gaucheries. But I was delighted to find that the girls represented a high standard of physical beauty, possessing breeding and good manners seldom encountered abroad at a similar social status. Moreover, these girls were intelligent with the sharpened mentality of those who have to make their own way in life. Their outlook was realistic; few hoped to win; fewer indulged illusions of success on stage or screen. The majority entertained mild hopes of enjoying an interesting holiday, purchasing things for a coming marriage, or alleviating the lot of less fortunate relatives. Rather amusingly,

nearly half the competitors told me they had a sister or cousin infinitely better-looking than themselves who could not be induced to compete. So I wonder, after all, whether my judgments were conclusive, and whether the most beautiful of all working girls still remained in modest seclusion.

But to return to *Orbis Terrarum*. The end of the first twelve months was drawing perilously near, and I had still not covered Ireland. There was such a large amount of material in England, Scotland and Wales, especially since I did not confine myself to sunshine scenes, for I found the character of the British Isles so definitely linked up with their erratic climate that it was necessary to record all moods if a true canvas was to be painted.

However, I eventually arrived in Ireland, and felt, in Eire particularly, that I had come to one of "many strange places". The Irish are as delightful as they are intriguing. Kindly, hospitable, courteous and easy-going, an undercurrent of realism rises to the surface in rather a startling manner. Their ingenuous candour, it seemed to me, always held back, inviolate, the spirit of Ireland, which I found hard to discover. One day I shall seek it for myself; but meantime, I was perforce content to gather material relevant to my purpose.

To embark on the task of selecting some three hundred pictures from a collection of over five thousand, representing Great Britain, needed courage and restraint. It was arranged, when elimination had reduced the number to about six hundred, that publisher and author should confer together. Finally, just within the contract period, the first proofs and galley slips were off the machines for revision, and I was free to give my mind to the next country in my itinerary—Czecho-Slovakia—with the United States to follow. Before setting out on these fresh expeditions I made the following list of the personal qualifications required by photographer-journalists who undertake commissions of this sort. The list is by no means exhaustive but it indicates the psychological background essential to success.

1. A well-developed sense of proportion enabling one to

remain coolly observant and detached and grasp the salient characteristics of a civilisation, situation or scene.

2. Absence of prejudice and ability to put aside preconceived ideas.

3. Ability to grasp opportunities.

4. In common with professional journalists, the widest interests should be cultivated—people, customs, animals, flowers, scenery, history, economics and sport.

5. Photographer-journalists should learn one or more foreign languages. Spanish and French are probably the most useful.

Compared with the vast areas presented by the United States, Australia and India, Czecho-Slovakia proved to be neatly compact; the essentials of its national life being contained in the three divisions comprising Bohemia and Moravia to the West, Slovakia further east and the Carpathian Ukraine still more to the east, set out like a series of richly detailed canvases in a relatively small compass.

The subject was interesting, as any country in a transitional period was bound to be, but since my mission was concerned with topographical and geographical rather than political aspects, it was not greatly affected by changing national conditions except perhaps in one rather trying direction. On former visits to Czecho-Slovakia a knowledge of German had served very well; the majority of the place names being in German it was not difficult to find one's way about. However, all this was now changed, and I found myself in frequent difficulties owing to my inability to speak the Czech language which was restored with the establishment of independence. Consequently, planning tours was anything but easy. Although I covered most of the country by car, accompanied by a travelling companion courteously supplied by the Government, there were occasions when I preferred to travel alone by rail. It was then that my difficulties began. I would ask for a ticket to some town, employing the German version of the name, only to be met with a blank uncomprehending stare. I would then indicate my destination on the map, but

without avail. I did not know the Czech name, the railway officials declined to admit to any knowledge of German, the result being a deadlock. Until I learnt the restored Czech place names—that, for instance, Krummau in the Bohemian Forest had become Krumlov in the Sumava—little could be done without an interpreter. National pride has its inconveniences!

Costumes, manners and customs in the unspoiled country districts, particularly the Ukraine, provided most attractive subjects for my camera, while modern industry and architecture made excellent foils to pictorial landscape work. Indeed, one seemed to be travelling perpetually on the borderlands of the past and the future. Varying altitudes, for which Czecho-Slovakia is noted, added variety to subject matter both in landscape and people. Access to libraries and collections of arts and crafts was freely accorded me by President MASARYK, who possessed an extraordinarily wide knowledge of the history and manners of his country and people. Indeed, I owe him a deep debt of gratitude.

The British Isles and Czecho-Slovakia were now ready to be presented in book form, and it was time to turn my attention to travels further afield. *Romantic America* came next on the list. This title led to a slight confusion between myself and JAN and CORA GORDON, who, curiously enough, had chosen the same title for one of their admirable travel yarns. Fortunately, it was noticed before complications ensued and they were able to change the title of their book without, I sincerely trust, inconvenience.

Once again I arrived in New York. But, important as New York must be in any book on America, it was no more my main objective than Chicago, Boston, Detroit, Washington, or, in fact, any other of the nerve centres of this great country. My task was to discover the *real* America, at that time unfamiliar to so many people, even Americans.

Before I could embark on this work I had to present my credentials in certain high quarters, and here I must testify that in all my travel experience I have never met greater

efficiency in the matter of practical advice and help than I received in America and later in Australia. Officials in both these countries displayed an enlightened understanding of my task, and, by building up a chain of introductions, they rendered me great service and saved months of valuable time which might otherwise have been frittered away on futile excursions. And, what was amazing to one accustomed to the delays and hindrances of bureaucracy, contacts were established with surprising speed.

I think that the principal advantage derived from such "chain" introductions is that the traveller receives hospitality from people in all walks of life. In fact, I know of no better way of obtaining an understanding of foreign countries. One might stay in an hotel for six months, picking up promiscuous information, learning less than one could in six days listening to the talk of a family resident in the district for years. In America it was not so easy as it was in Australia to gain a footing in the private lives of the more homely folk. The hospitality was lavish, but it was dispensed on too grand a scale. Undoubtedly this made travel through the United States luxurious and enjoyable, but I incline to the view that while all this is delightful and suitable for the globe-trotter, no serious traveller, much less the photographer-explorer, should travel in ease and comfort all the time. In this way, one does little more than skim the surface of a civilisation.

From the moment when the late JOSEPH PENNELL showed me his remarkable lithographs of New York, I was attracted to the pictorial possibilities of American cities. Most of the pictures one had seen depicted the pulsating stream of life flowing through them, but I felt more strongly than anything else their static qualities, their loneliness and grandeur. Despite modernistic architecture, their effect on me was one of monumental primitiveness, vividly calling to my mind the communal dwellings of ancient Taos, in New Mexico, but enlarged to a gigantic scale. When I looked at these palaces of commerce I felt that in their hard angles and uncompromising verticals dwelt the spirit of a new romance.

Far too many travellers leave their home countries in the traditional mood, accustomed to thinking of the United States in terms of the cinema; Chicago and gangsterism are inevitably associated; Texas and cowboys are synonymous; Salt Lake City, home of the Mormons, sets up a faint recoil in the fastidious.

I hope that the published summary of what my camera found in the course of my journeyings through the states of the Union may have helped to shatter such illusions. Certainly I saw cowboys. But they were in Hollywood motion picture studios or staged, most effectively, for the enjoyment of holiday makers, on "dude" ranches. Chicago has its background of gangster activities which do not bother the ordinary citizen or traveller; it is a magnificent place. Salt Lake City is finely conceived and a treasure trove for the photographer interested in architecture.

And what marvellous subjects for the camera revealed themselves during my travels. The towers and streets of Manhattan by day and by night; ancient stone houses in Pennsylvania; the plumes of smoke that accent the dark notes of Pittsburg's steel mills. In Virginia moss-clad trees, ancient porticoes and old plantations. Thence to Florida with its Spanish atmosphere, the swamps and everglades. Balconies of iron grill work in the old part of New Orleans fascinate all travellers. Nor shall I forget the cliff palaces of Mesa Verde in New Mexico with their bleak distances and intimate views of the pueblos suggesting the historic background of the Conquistadores.

Acoma, Taos, Zuni. In these cities American Indians still live their own lives. Despite the advance of modern education the old customs are practised and traditions observed. I was paid the charming compliment of being made a chief of the Osagi tribe as a return by *Big Chief White Horse Eagle* for a pictorial record I made of their traditional dances.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado is so glorious in actuality that even the vivid imagination of the writer of travel brochures is outdone. "Tsay-nun na-ah", the Rain-

bow Stone is an extraordinary phenomenon. I wondered how I could convey the glory of this brilliant-hued arch. Perhaps I was influenced by the Navajo legend, but I felt that more than the external wonders of the Rainbow Bridge must be recorded. Here was the mystic bridge over which the tribal deity residing in the Navajo Mountain led warrior braves to the happy hunting-grounds. On very few occasions —except perhaps when photographing Stonehenge—have I felt anything comparable to the almost baffled mood with which I approached this subject. Owing to its inaccessibility, few white men had seen the Rainbow Bridge at the time of my visit; and I may perhaps be forgiven for feeling a little proud on being told that I was the first European to visit it.

Everywhere subjects for pictorial photography occurred—the Pacific Coast, the storm-carved Sunset Cliffs at San Diego; Hollywood included visits to the homes of film stars, and pauses in the journey across rolling foot-hills to rest in mission gardens. In contrast there were massive oil tanks, ancient cloisters, gnarled cypress trees, the tall eucalyptus and graceful peppers, with cacti and palms to complete the picture. Then there were San Francisco's stately hills, the noble Redwoods, Mariposa with trees two thousand years old—"the oldest living things on earth"—and firs of Oregon and Washington, dark notes against the mountains of the lumber and fruit country. So the perfect camera journey continued, through strange formations of Yellowstone; between the filigreed walls of Bryce Canyon; around the serried hillsides of the Utah mining country; up and down the Rocky Mountains; across the prairies; down the Mississippi from Chicago to St. Louis; thence to Detroit and its great motor works; to Niagara Falls and to a New England that was placid after the exciting scenes that had gone before. The tour ended in Washington, where snow crowned the splendour of palatial buildings.

My visit lasted eleven months and in that time I had covered all the states of the Union, which, I venture to think, is not a bad record for work of this nature.

On returning to London to complete this work on my third volume in the *Orbis Terrarum* Series, I received an offer to create a book on similar lines for the Commonwealth of Australia and also to provide publicity material for a steamship company. It happened that I had planned to visit India, and as this tour fitted in with the requirements of the Company I was in the fortunate position of being able to undertake both.

This new tour was different from my former trips: it involved photographing in the tropics and preparations had to be made accordingly.

When going to America I had little more to occupy me on the voyage than preparing for a lecture tour, but on this occasion my professional work started from the time I boarded the boat train since photographs had to be taken covering the whole technique of tourist travel. This kept me busy until Colombo. For the first time in my travels I had a companion, my young son, who had just left Westminster School, and, rather than go to the University had chosen to make a world tour and gain a knowledge of life at first hand. I sympathised with his adventurous disposition, perhaps with the underlying thought that he might, in his turn, take up photography seriously. But this was not to be. As an amateur fencing champion he was almost solely concerned with obtaining contests in India and Australia. However he is an excellent photographer. When I attended the court of the MAHARAJA OF UDAIPUR, which was just like a page out of Arabian Nights, I found that while I had been absorbed in observing court etiquette combined with some quiet "shooting", he was unobtrusively photographing me on the job. This series turned out to be valuable journalistic material. It was the New World, however, not the Old, which was to determine his future, for he stayed behind in Sydney when I left Australia to study overseas publicity methods.

I possessed a considerable knowledge of Ceylon before arrival. In fact, I have always made a point of making a preliminary study of popular resorts in tourist brochures—

not with the idea of leaving them alone, photographically, since one can always see even the most hackneyed subjects from different angles—but with the object of giving myself leisure to record less obvious points of interest. It was of course impossible to ignore Mount Lavinia, Kandy and Adam's Peak. But there were less ready-made stories which I was anxious to cover—a community of White Buddhists, the traditional Tul-lal dance, and, above all, the buried jungle cities. Throughout the whole of my travel experience I have found that if one can seize the less obvious characteristics of national life without neglecting the main story, the automatic collection of such data will prove to be of far greater value than could be foreseen when making the pictures.

On examining financial returns relating to my work in India, I find that the most remunerative photographs—illustrations for my book or publicity material for travel agents being separate matters—were the Elephant Kheddar, a series illustrating every aspect from preparing the stockades to the final roping-in of the animals, and my articles—"Saint or Spy"—dealing with religious fanatics and mendicants, incidentally some of whom were in the pay of foreign secret service agents. A slightly different angle on the great Benares Pilgrimage, using the amazing variety of natives on the banks of the Ganges to form pictorial patterns, were extremely saleable; also an illustrated interview with the poet RABINDRANATH TAGORE, showing different aspects of his open-air university at Santineketan. Material of this type sold many times over in different parts of the world, where purely geographical subjects would have aroused little interest.

My own memories of the East are of constant travel in unremitting heat: flies, dust and scraggy chicken for one's daily diet. Even the magnificent feasts provided by Indian potentates, comfortable rest houses, the dignified splendour of dinners at Government Houses, cannot efface the abiding memory of the hardships that befall the traveller-photographer. If there is anything more trying than photographing the life of a populous Indian town, I should like to know

what it is. It takes a lot of glamour to compensate for the incredible smells, dirt, noise and repulsive beggars.

Having travelled the length and breadth of India from the Coromandel Coast to Darjeeling and the Khyber Pass without a scratch or bite, it was distinctly annoying to be stung in the heel by a snake just as I was about to board the liner for Australia. I had looked forward to a much needed rest during the voyage, but the wretched foot swelled up and the pain effectively put a stop to relaxation. However, it all passed off before Freemantle, and I was ready for any adventure *The Fifth Continent*—the title of my book on Australia—could offer.

In England I had been told that I should find nothing to photograph outside the cities, the Blue Mountains, the Sydney beaches and other well-known resorts. But I was not mistaken in my belief to the contrary. Travelling to Adelaide by rail I beheld a miracle of nature. Depressing plains passed on my way out pulsated with vivid life on my return, made green and luxuriant by rainfall. This is one of the surprises Australia has for the camera. My first objective was the opal field at Coober Pedy, in the Stuart Range, entailing a motor-truck journey of two hundred miles. My cameras and outfit survived, hobnobbing with the fortnightly supply of meat, groceries and kerosene for the mining population. As for myself, I have never felt fitter, although the temperature rose to one hundred and ten degrees of dry heat.

Australian hospitality is proverbial. I shall never forget "bush" breakfasts of wild turkey and honey, supplemented by rare tinned luxuries, which meant self-denial on the part of the "out-back" hostess. Nor shall I forget the open-handed generosity of the opal miners in their dug-out homes. Wealth was theirs, often for the asking, the dug-out bank and post offices testified to that. But food and drink arrived only once a fortnight and an extra mouth to feed was a problem. As it was, I had meals that an epicure might envy prepared by the former chef of a great West End hotel turned opal miner.

When the time came to leave Coober Pedy I decided to travel to Oodnadatta. We covered on an average fifteen miles a day, changing at Oodnadatta for a train to Alice Springs. Eighty miles from here I found, at Hermannsburg, a Lutheran mission to the degenerate remnant of the once powerful tribe of the Arandas run by a German pastor and his wife. Visitors were welcomed at this desolate sand-swept spot. Whole buildings were frequently buried to their roof-trees, the sand plough being used almost daily to preserve vegetation. It was quaint to hear aboriginal children learning to sing HEINE'S "Loreley" in English, translated from the German. There were only two other visitors when I arrived—an impoverished Hungarian—the other being the scapegrace son of a German officer who looked like a film star and intended to take up dingo hunting for a livelihood. A guinea for three heads is the official price offered for these destructive brutes. I should have liked to know more of this man's private life, but the unwritten rule at Hermannsburg is "no questions asked".

The Arandas posed with alacrity, knowing that it meant extra "tucker" for them, sugar and tobacco being much sought. The more capable were trained as stockmen, carpenters and general helpers in the house, schools and church. Donkeys were used for haulage, supplies from outside being brought by camel-train. Between sand-dunes, donkeys and young aborigines, material for my camera was not lacking especially since I had the good fortune to meet an armed detachment of the Loricha Tribe come on a friendly "walkabout" to see the Arandas.

On the next stage of my journey to Birdum I travelled by motor-truck with the mailman, making an average of about hundred and eighty miles a day. We followed the telegraph lines, dividing our stages by motoring from one artesian well to another. The road was a mere track.

The mailman was a "character". It was while listening to him, sitting round the camp fire drinking tea straight from the billy, that the idea came to me to make a pictorial record

of the men who make Australia—station owners, roundsmen, sundowners, shearers, small-holders, lumberers. Among the women I recall ANNIE BROWN who had twenty children and grieved for those she would not have as her husband was badly injured tree felling. One or another of these would occasionally join us at our camp fire. Sometimes abnormal types common to the out-back would shyly venture near—men whom the vast plains had rendered psychological cases—religious fanatics, dreamers and visionaries. One of these pursued me with extraordinary letters describing his mission from heaven to set a wicked world right. He professed to be free from worldly cares as he was under divine protection, but just at the point when I was ready to believe him genuine he suggested that a loan would assist his memory, and, having given him something, my interest faded and I did not photograph him.

An Australian once told me that in order to make Australia understood and appreciated by Australians and foreigners it is necessary to glamorise the country. Certainly, it is extraordinary that its fascination has not been generally recognised. The Australian landscape has the quality of an old tapestry. Some painters and engravers are realising the pictorial qualities of the "out-back". But their circle of influence is necessarily limited, and it will, I think, rest with photographers to present Australia's beauty and variety to the old world. I regard my own book on Australia as a mere sketch of what awaits yet to be pictured by others.

Imagine what use would have been made of the Great Barrier Reef had it been placed in America instead of Australia! By this time it would have become the world's playground, as it may yet well do. There is nothing like it on earth. It has the finest deep-sea fishing in the world; only the colour photography of the future could do justice to the beauty and splendour of its tropical submarine world.

At the Great Barrier Reef can be seen men riding turtles—as DE ROUGEMONT once declared to a derisive world. And physically magnificent specimens these aborigines are! But

their intelligence is exceedingly low. Mr. BASEDOW, one of the foremost authorities on the Australian tribes, told me that they are survivals of the Stone Age, living without water in a part of the country where rain may not fall for several years, but where nature has provided trees that yield the necessary moisture to quench thirst. Only mere scraps of western knowledge have filtered through to the tribes which are still credited with cannibalism in spite of official vigilance. Most of these aborigines had heard of the white man's King and had adopted his name with the result that on attending my first corroboree I was greeted by more than one warrior clothed only in painted strips who introduced himself as King George.

I had allocated eight months to Australia, but it was nearly a year before I could make up my mind to leave. The tremendous distances meant that much time was spent travelling. Moreover, crossing the continent from Adelaide to the Gulf of Carpentaria, involved innumerable detours to cover the ground—lumbering in New South Wales, work on sheep stations, the wool industry, sugar in Queensland, the pearling industry on Thursday Island. The latter afforded marvellous subjects; the pattern of the fishing vessels and the poise of Japanese divers were photographic poetry. I made many photographic notes of all these themes before I reached the Great Barrier Reef, the return journey being made along the Queensland coast to Sydney and Canberra. Incidentally, in Western Australia I visited the goldfields of Kalgoorlie and had a taste of mining life that still retained the atmosphere of pioneer days and also produced some fine types for character studies.

Who would have expected to find a bit of old Spain or an example of Byzantine architecture in the bush? Yet there it was! Spanish monks in a monastery, complete from printing press to bakery, conduct a public school for boys. There was a convent also for girls. But while the monks were Spanish, the nuns were Australian.

Before I left Australia I crossed to New Zealand for a

fishing holiday. The scenery was superb. I felt I was in England again, so like that of the Old Country is the New Zealander's speech and outlook. The inevitable question arose: "what did I think of New Zealand's Alpine scenery?" Truthfully I was able to say that it equalled anything I had seen in the Rockies or Switzerland, if not quite as grand as the Dolomites in the Tyrol. But for sheer grandeur, Milford Sound surpasses anything I have photographed in my travels. Not the track from the head of Te Anau to the Sound, but the Sound itself, which is, I think, unique. A natural setting for Wagnerian Opera. While I was there, the Viking Sagas persisted in my mind and I tried to capture something of their atmosphere in my pictures.

It says much for Rotorua that its publicity is devoid of exaggeration. Although New Zealand's thermal region is smaller than Yellowstone, the phenomena are more dramatic and photogenic on this account.

My passage was booked for the Dutch East Indies, and the publishers were pressing for delivery of the Australian material which meant that the end of my wanderings with a camera was in sight for the time being. Although fully alive to the pictorial possibilities of the East Indies, the vivid description of some Australian friends who had just returned from Bali made me anxious to photograph the island before a rumoured publicity campaign introduced the sophisticated atmosphere of a pleasure resort. I reaped a good dividend from those extra months of travel in Bali, Celebes, Sumatra and Java. As usual, I was fortunate in securing valuable introductions, both to private individuals and Government officials, thus saving myself much waste of time. I mention this point again, because prospective travellers with a camera are strongly urged not to neglect making the best possible use of introductions when planning a tour.

It was fortunate that I had forestalled the tourist invasion, and it came as a pleasant surprise that these charming island people had not then learned the financial possibilities of saronged, smiling girls, who were willing to pose for a price.

How this model-fee business has spread! It almost assumes the status of the waiter's tip. Quite a number of primitive natives have profited by the craze of the tourist to snap them and have learnt the commercial value of the picturesque. Even in some of the secluded reservations Red Indians have a definite scale of charges. Naturally, I recompense my sitters for their trouble, but rarely in money. Indeed, I have found that tobacco, beads, salt and magnifying glasses are preferred. I remember purchasing fifty magnifying glasses from a sixpenny store. They were always prime favourites. When travelling in the Australian bush, Sumatra and the Congo, I always carried a trunkful of such souvenirs, a troublesome but essential addition to one's luggage. But there are many occasions when money is useless.

To attempt to pose a people like the Balinese whose exquisite bodies possess a quality which belongs to pure sculpture would have been criminal. All I could do was to study their graceful movements and photograph them at the appropriate moment. Moreover, they scorned payment; it gave them pleasure to be photographed at their natural occupations. Rarely have I met such innate courtesy, and, any little gift, sweetmeats, beads or trifles of that kind, were accepted gracefully as a compliment by these happy people. One does not like to contemplate the effect of five years foreign domination on their simple lives.

Much of the ceremonial life of the Balinese resembles Hindu India. But it is, I think, Hinduism shorn of its harshness. Fear and subterfuge have no place in their lives. Even their cremation ceremonies are as joyous as their religious festivals.

I have rarely worked harder or more swiftly with my cameras than I did in the Dutch East Indies. Indeed, I sailed for England well content with the pictures I had gathered during my long travels. Now I was coming home for recreation for a whole year, or, if not recreation, at least to change of occupation, which some folks say is as good.

NOTES ON RECORDS OF THE PICTURESQUE

P. 201. APPROACHING STORM (1931). Here is a dramatic sky that would delight any artist's heart. The scene is on one of the islands of the Great Barrier Reef which stretches for a length of 1200 miles off the Queensland coast. *Leica*, *f*.4.5, lens hood, 1/500th second exposure on *Agfa ISS* film. Reproductions have appeared in many journals, including one devoted to dentistry. I have never been able to discover why.

P. 202. FASCIST POLICE (1936). I turned the corner of a narrow lane in Sienna when this ready-made subject positively asked to be photographed; all I had to do was to "press the button". *Leica*, *Elmar* lens, *f*.3.5, 1/100th second exposure on *Panatomic* film.

P. 203. WORKMEN'S HOUSES, SYDNEY (1931). As was the case in the picture on the page opposite, the pattern attracted me here. Note the perpendicular lines of the two dark telegraph poles which help to balance the composition—without these uprights the general effect would be that of the row of houses sliding out of the picture frame. This optical illusion would be still further intensified by the parallel diagonals formed by tram lines, kerbstone and balcony railings. *Super Ikonta*, *f*.8, 1/75th second exposure on *Panatomic* film.

P. 204 (top). TAOS CITY (1920). I have always to smile when I come across a print of this subject. When travelling in America's south-west, I visited this very interesting, ancient mud-house city of the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico, not so far from Santa Fé. My principal reason for going there was to complete the collection of portraits of old Indian chiefs which I had undertaken to make for a Boston publisher. I spent several very enjoyable days in this picturesque place and found the Indians interested in my work and very helpful. All I could do in return for their hospitality was to present them with a liberal supply of tobacco for the men and glass beads for the women. It came as a surprise to me when, after a return to Europe, friends wrote me that the Indians had discovered the commercial value of picturesqueness and were now levying a fee of one dollar for each exposure made by the visitors to their town. *Graflex* camera, medium yellow filter, lens hood, *f*.8, 1/50th second exposure

P. 204 (below). TROPICAL AFTERNOON (1937). To render successfully the sunshine in the usually narrow and dark streets of a tropical town is by no means an easy matter. The harsh sunlight is so blindingly glaring that focusing becomes at times difficult, so, whenever possible, exposures should be confined to the early morning and late afternoon hours. I was attracted by the problem presented by the violent contrasts between the fierce sunshine and the heavy shadows in this Mombasa street. I remember how patiently I waited until the right groups of figures should present themselves in that part of the projected picture where they would make a good pattern. I used the *Contax* with the 13.5 cm. *Sonnar*, lens hood and light yellow filter and exposed for 1/75th second—longer than the exposure meter indicated—in order to obtain luminosity in the shadows.

P. 205. FASHIONABLE AFRICA (1937). To be gowned by this West African Dress Factory is considered the hall mark of smartness by the Nigerian lady of fashion. Friends had told me of the enterprising young negress who had conceived the brilliant idea of importing to Lagos "ladies' left-offs" from London and Paris. She did most wonderful business and her coloured clientele belonged to the smart set of the African West Coast. The girls in the photographs are mannequins. *Primaflex*, *Tessar* 3.5, *f*.4.5, 1/100th second exposure on *Barnet Standard*.

P. 206. A LOT OF FISH (1934). It is not too frequently that one may come across a scene where all the components for the "perfect picture" are presented to one, ready to be taken. In this busy quayside scene at Ostend you just could not go wrong with composition, action and lighting. *Contax*, 13.5 cm. *Sonnar* with lens hood, light yellow filter, *f*.4.5, *Agfa Isopan Ultra* film, 1/125th second exposure.

P. 207. ONE FISHERMAN (1931). One of my gilt-edged photographs, many times reproduced and "still going strong". May I confess that I am myself a keen fisherman and that my rod accompanies me on all my journeys. I have fished in many waters of many lands and have enjoyed as much the peace and solitude of pastoral streams as the wild excitement of battling with the big game of the deep. Surf-fishing off the Sydney Heads is famous all over the world, and in this photograph I may be seen, precariously balanced, making a cast after having previously set the shutter of the *Leica* to 1/500th second and stopped down to *f*.8; a friend pressed the button.

P. 208 (top). VALLEY OF CONTENTMENT (1932). A charming name for a peaceful valley in the land of happy people: Bali. The time was 9 a.m., the camera the *Contax*, the lens *Sonnar* 8.5 cm. used at *f*.3.5 through a light red filter, lens hood, an exposure of 1/10th second on *Kodak Panatomic* film. Steamship companies, travel bureaux and the Netherlands Government used this picture extensively.

P. 208 (below.) MOUNT COOK GLACIER (1931). This is one of a series of photographs made for a New Zealand publicity campaign. It was taken at 6 a.m. with the *Contax* and the *Sonnar* 8.5 cm. at *f*.11, lens hood and ultra-violet filter, the exposure on *Kodax Panatomic* film was 1/100th second.

P. 209. THE OLDEST SPOT ON EARTH (1931). I am told that, according to some scientists, Mount Kosciusko in the Australian Alps is believed to be the first portion of the earth's crust to rise from the primeval sea which once covered the globe. Photographed at 4.30 a.m. when the mists were rising. *Leica*, *f*.4.5, ultra-violet filter, 1/50th second exposure on *Kodak Panatomic* film.

P. 210. THE SACRED WATER OF INDIA (1929). Long practice, extending over many years, has made reaction to composition second nature to me. In fact, with the majority of my photographs the choice of subject is almost subconsciously influenced by that

sense. The photograph of the pilgrims bathing in the Ganges is hardly an exception. *Makina* camera, *f*.4.5, 1/100th second exposure on *Kodak Portrait* film. (This is a very small part of the negative enlarged.)

P. 211. WHEEL OF THE JUGGERNAUT (1929). Taken in Pondicherry, the only French possession on Indian soil. *Makina* camera, *f*.6.3, 1/75th second exposure on *Kodax Portrait* film.

P. 212. MARKET SCENE, DJOKAKARTA (1931). A great favourite among my Dutch East Indies negatives, full of life and movement: the groups form a most pleasing pattern and the delicate tracery of sun shadows plays on a scale of subtle gradations. Out of thirty exposures spent on the same subject this seemed to offer the most satisfactory grouping of the figures. *Makina* camera, lens hood, light yellow filter, *f*.4.5, 1/50th second exposure on *Agfa Isochrome* film.

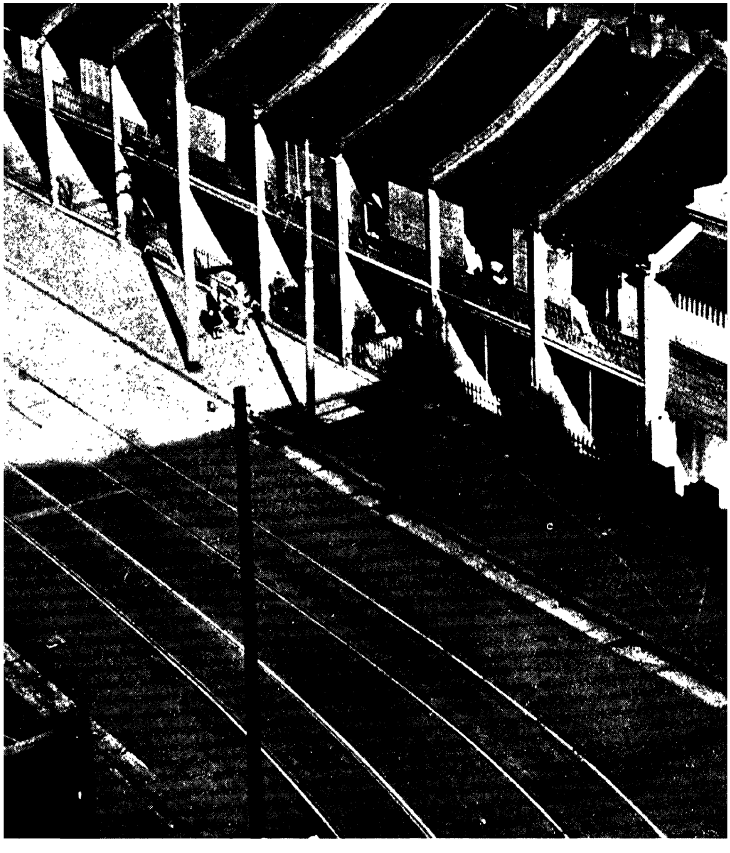
P. 213. BATHING BEAUTY (1931). An illustration from *Island of Song and Laughter*, my book on Bali: of all my books the one I enjoyed doing more than any other. It recalls sunny days of happiness among happy people. *Leica* with lens hood and light yellow filter, an exposure of 1/75th second at *f*.4.5 on *Agfa Isochrome F* film.

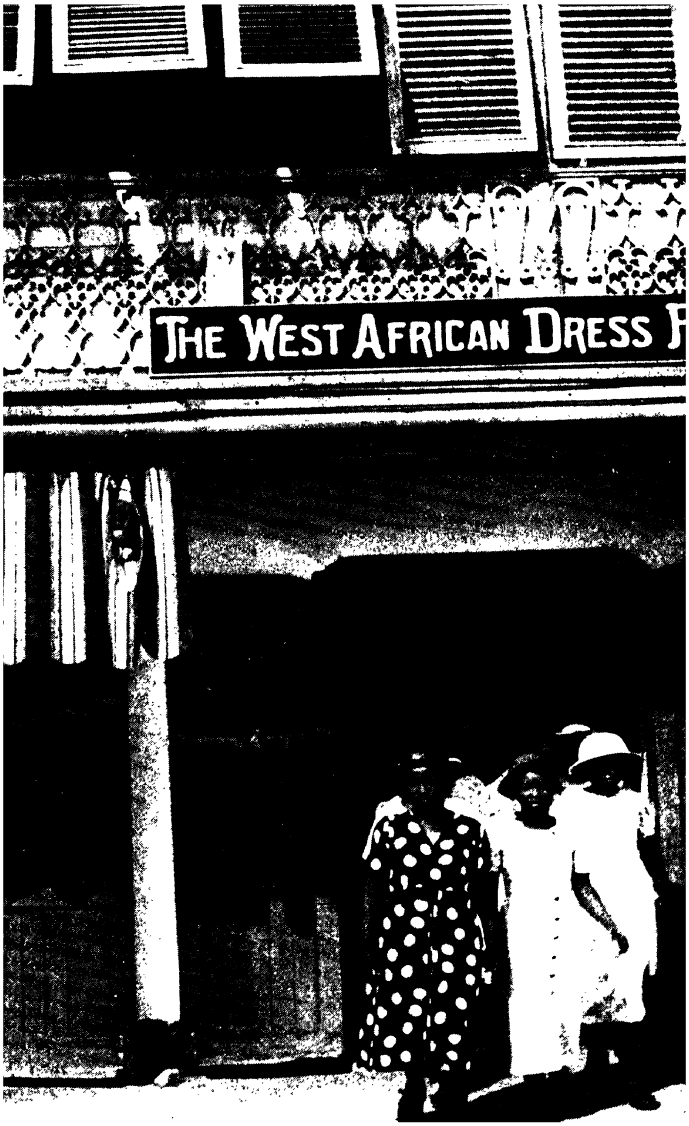
P. 214 (top). BAVARIAN PEASANT WOMEN (1933). The wind blowing the field workers' skirts and the cloud on the low placed horizon leave no doubt that the figures are moving. *Super Ikonta*, light yellow filter, *f*.4.5, 1/250th second exposure on *Ilford Selochrome* film.

P. 214 (below). CORROBOREE (1931). A "request" picture of aborigines at a war dance. I took it in the farthest north of Australia on the Gulf of Carpentaria. To emphasise the grotesque, marionette-like jerky movements which are characteristic of these native dances, I suppressed all detail in the figures by photographing them against the light with a short exposure. *Leica*, lens hood, no filter, *f*.3.5, 1/500th second exposure on *Kodax Super XX* film.

P. 215. EMIR'S BODYGUARD (1937). Up in the north of Nigeria lies the ancient city of Kano, stronghold of the Haussa people, ruled over by the Emir. His bodyguard of horsemen in their medieval trappings are famous throughout West Africa for their dare-devil riding. One of the feats of these horsemen is to pull up sharp from the swiftest gallop without slowing down.

P. 216. THE CAPTIVE (1929). Every five years the Maharajah of Mipore organises a "Khedda" in honour of the Viceroy of India to which several hundred guests are invited. It consists of rounding up and trapping wild elephants in jungle and forest by making use of "Quislings"—tamed elephants which have been specially trained to lure their unsuspecting brothers and sisters into the traps. In the course of the highly spectacular drive which lasts for several days many exciting moments occur. I took this photograph of a young bull, straining to break loose from the bonds, immediately after his capture. *Leica*, *f*.3.5, exposure 1/500th second on *Kodak Panatomic* film.




THE WEST AFRICAN DRESS

13

THE TRAVELLER LOOKS BACK

The year that followed my return to England was fully occupied with editing photographs and notes made during three years of travel, passing the proofs of my book on Australia, and launching the publicity campaign I had undertaken for a shipping firm. Furthermore, there were proofs to be despatched of the large number of portraits I had taken during my tour. But in between there were those much too short quiet spells when a man sitting in front of the fire or walking along a peaceful English country lane at last has a chance to ponder over the work he has just finished and to figure out for himself how he could do even better next time.

Economy in films is unwise. When one returns home to prepare the manuscript of a book, it is better to have too many rather than too few pictures. The miniature camera is ideal for such unrestricted documentary work. Not all pictures are necessarily intended for use as large scale illustrations of books and articles; though occasionally they may be used as pictorial footnotes. Their true value lies in the fact that they form an admirable pictorial diary and reminder of things that happened. I take as many snapshots —I do not mind calling them so—as possible of every interesting subject, and make it an inexorable rule to develop all the exposed films while still in the same district. This calls for considerable determination, especially when living in the tropics, but the photographer-journalist who has a scrupulous regard for the ethics of his profession should look at facts as sacred and both pictorial notes and the diary should be written-up on the spot. In a long tour it is fatal to rely on one's memory however good it may be; errors of fact quickly

damn a reputation, and when undertaking an important commission one cannot afford to make mistakes.

Yes, the miniature camera is an admirable way of keeping a pictorial diary. I have often blessed those little strips of 35 mm. film which have recalled incidents not considered to be of sufficient importance to be written-up in the diary proper. In fact, my diary frequently contains little more than brief references to the pictures which tell the story better and more concisely than any literary diary could do. Still, a diary is essential for facts and figures.

The following illustrates the importance of making pictorial notes. While photographing street entertainers in an Indian city I snapped a series of exposures of a conjurer performing the Mango trick. For some reason or other, I committed the inexcusable lapse of not entering-up the story in my diary. When the films were examined I discovered that I had obtained a unique record of the various stages of this famous trick and could piece together the story step by step. The Mango-trick series of pictures eventually won international success, and this would never have happened but for the fact that I had made numerous exposures with my miniature camera.

On another occasion, I photographed the Tata Steel works in Calcutta. I had made lengthy notes in my diary but overlooked one interesting aspect, which I discovered afterwards in my miniature camera pictures, namely, the part played by Indian women in heavy industry. This angle, revealed by the small films, was responsible for several successes in the illustrated Press.

My next expedition was to be Africa, an editorially inspired mission to visit the mandated territories. I had no illusions as to the vast stretches to be covered, Africa being about five times the size of Australia. But planning was simplified by a specific itinerary: education, native self-government, crafts, science, medicine, agriculture, traditional dances and ceremonies, all promised excellent pictures.

As tropical conditions prevail over the greater part of

Africa, it was necessary to protect films from moisture, excessive heat, and, above all, native curiosity. In view of previous experience I knew what to expect, but did not find it necessary to alter former plans.

My journey abounded with incident yielding excellent pictures. I visited several famous colleges on the Gold Coast and Uganda and was particularly struck by the natural dignity of the students. The educational system embodies the best and eliminates the worst features of English public school life, and the training already bears fruit. At the hospitals at Namirembe I was greatly impressed by the calibre of the African students training to become doctors and nurses. It was gratifying to come across instances of personal interest taken by people in Great Britain in this work. In one ward I saw rows of little black heads snuggling beneath cot covers embroidered with all kinds of nursery animals sent out from English schools—Sherborne, for instance—which had adopted wards.

Agricultural problems are being solved at Amani in Tanganyika, where a mountain has become the world's largest botanical garden. I photographed every aspect of the work from experimental stages at the station to the patient instruction given to African small-holders to enable them to cultivate the soil to the best advantage.

A trip up the Congo from Leopoldville to Stanleyville resulted in particularly good Central Africa material, some of the best being a series of pictures of the extremely shy pygmy people who live in the vastness of the Itury forest. Only occasionally could one approach these diminutive forest dwellers, and most of the exposures had to be made from some concealed spot, although anything the white man can do in the way of camouflage is clumsy compared with pygmy cunning.

Big game hunting tactics with a camera are not less subtle. For the preservation of big game, it is just as well that hunting with a camera is as popular as shooting with a rifle. Much the same methods are employed as in stalking game;

there is the same element of excitement and danger. The man with a camera may, of course, wait by a water-hole and "shoot" animals as they come along to drink without losing prestige. But the hunter with a rifle who practises this method would scarcely be regarded as a sportsman.

When it comes to stalking in open country with camera or a gun, the first is undoubtedly the more risky experience. The scanty shelter provided by a hillock or shallow depression seems remarkably inadequate to the man armed only with lens, film and filter. Nor should I recommend photographer-hunters to indulge in the American system of "calling". A call made like a cow or bull may lead to the unpleasantly determined approach of the male, or perhaps worse, the female, and a camera is a poor weapon compared with a gun on such occasions.

Tracking has its particular thrills and disappointments for photographers. The spoor of big game may be followed for days only to find the animal in an impossible situation for photography. When I was out after big game in India, and again in Tanganyika and the Belgian Congo, I had no luck at all, finding only giraffe and small game. But this is a disappointment likely to occur to anyone with limited time.

Some photographers join an organized expedition by car and lorry to the big preserves where a "kill" has been prearranged. But this is poor sport and a feeble substitute for the real thing. No doubt it makes a thrilling experience for tourists, but most serious workers would prefer to take risks in the hope of obtaining photographs of animals in their natural setting.

East Africa provided me with different interesting material. In Uganda, for instance, the encouragement of native self-government has done much to preserve the tradition and splendour of the court of the Baganda Kings. Native customs are still sufficiently original to yield colourful pictures, and the combination of African and European clothes is piquant material.

I was fortunate enough to be able to photograph some of

the more intimate incidents connected with the royal household, such as the Milking Ceremony. Quite apart from their picturesque character, the proceedings were more hygienic than those of some European dairy farms I have seen. First the milking shed and the cows were thoroughly washed; then the milkers clothed themselves in white robes and even painted their faces white. Finally, a coconut shell containing milk was placed before the King, who drank it, and if the sample was up to standard the milk was delivered to the royal household. If the King was absent his sword and spear, placed before his throne, represented his authority.

The student of anthropology and ethnology could not wish for a happier hunting-ground than Africa. I could not do more than skim the surface, but I managed to cover a fairly representative field spending a little time with the Masai. I photographed Masai women building reed huts, while their warrior husbands complacently looked on. The curious courting and marriage customs of these people also provided attractive pictures.

Native dances always fascinate me. I photographed those of the Watussi, the "Black Aristocrats of Africa"; also a most amusing Ngoma in Mombasa, where all the natives were dressed up in gorgeous European comic opera uniforms. On each occasion, however, I experienced difficulty—the dances nearly always take place at dusk, and some of the movements were of such incredible speed that they were almost beyond recording although I personally think that slightly blurred outlines give a more realistic impression of vigorous motion than can be achieved by super-speed exposures which have a freezing effect.

Ordinary, everyday incidents in native life are highly diverting and yield many amusing pictures. Africans regard travelling by motor-bus as wildly exciting. I presume there are regulations against overcrowding, but no driver or conductor observes them. A foothold is a positive luxury! One wonders just how long is the life of one of these buses.

Railway scenes also afford good material. When the

African travels by rail, even if only for a short journey, his relations come to see him off, and he is most careful to take all his most treasured belongings with him, cooking stove and gramophone included. One of the most colourful scenes I have ever witnessed was the departure of a Gold Coast bride and bridegroom by train. All the wedding guests assembled on the platform. The younger women were in European clothes, some wore full evening dress, others day frocks of fashionable cut, and all gaily patterned. At one time I used to speculate on what could possibly happen to some of my textile designs, which were great fun to create, and which manufacturers bought without ever appearing to use. When I saw the Gold Coast girls I knew! I realised how correctly the manufacturer estimates the taste of his African customers; also the excellent taste of the purchasers in choosing brilliant colours and crude designs. The result is eminently right and satisfactory, and I have never seen women enjoy their clothes more.

I shall not forget my first sight of the Great Rift Valley and the Soda Lake; there was nothing melodramatic about them, either in colour or formation, but one felt in the presence of a primitive upheaval, the birth-pangs of the world. From the escarpments of the valley I looked down over the plains reaching far into the horizon; every thorn-bush, every boulder, stood out, no human being or habitation being in sight. Somewhere down there were lions and elephants. This was Africa, still the "dark continent", if the term is taken to indicate the unknown and mysterious. I fear that I failed signally to convey in my photographs the atmosphere of this brooding land. But if I succeed here in encouraging others to try what I had not sufficient time to accomplish print and paper will not be wasted. . . .

A halt was now called in my wanderings abroad. I was to have time to reflect and live my life over again in my photographs.

I suppose that every man, however successful his career in the eyes of the world, has moments when he looks back and

ponders upon that eternal "if"—if at that time he had considered a little longer before acting, if he had taken just that little extra trouble with a certain work, if fate had not intervened just at that moment, might not life have held for him greater happiness and greater rewards. But though I admit to such moments, they are with me but moments. Such speculations are fruitless, and in any case I feel I have achieved much of the success I set out to achieve—often it came to me from directions where I had not sought it—and above all I have had that supreme happiness in the life of any man: I did the work I wanted to do.

Only in one direction do I ever throw a truly regretful glance into the past. Looking back on the general conditions of photography at the outset of my career, I cannot imagine that I could have proceeded along any other lines than those I did to achieve the same results. Still, if the same means had been available which attend the young photographer to-day much of the work would have been so much more easy.

When I started, photographic apparatus, compared with the corresponding equipment to-day, was slow and cumbersome. Fast films, high power lenses, miniature cameras—how immeasurably they have added to the ease and scope of action of the photographer. If only I had had a miniature camera when I took my Limehouse series, for instance, my task would have been much simpler. Yet in one direction there would have been a loss had modern refinements been within my reach. I had great fun in my early experiments, learning what my materials could do. But anyone who hoped to make photography his profession to-day could hardly afford to experiment in this hit-or-miss fashion. The standard of technical excellence is too high. He would need to learn the fundamentals of his craft from someone who was already a master in them.

My advice is sometimes asked as to how one should set about "learning photography". There are, I believe, excellent schools, but because I have no personal experience of them I prefer to pass them over without expressing an opinion. My

personal preference would in any case be for the old-fashioned but sound system of apprenticeship. Not to one of the large commercial firms. Here the learner is likely to remain nothing more than a cog in the machine, becoming a specialist in one branch or the other. The photographer of real talent wants to learn the whole process from beginning to end. And he is most likely to do this by studying with someone who will take a personal interest in his development. For preference, someone whose own work appeals to the pupil and who has an individuality which will challenge and draw out the pupil's own personal style.

I can speak with some little authority on the subject because I myself have been in the position, not of pupil, because I did not choose that road, but of teacher. For several years I had pupils, never more than three, usually only two at a time. I freely admit that I know little photographic theory and even less of the theory of teaching. In spite of this, I had results which were very pleasing to me and I believe satisfying to my pupils. Naturally I did not take on anyone who did not already have promising work to show; but all of my pupils have achieved success in their chosen fields.

I deliberately set out to take them through the whole process of photography, and in my view this meant that they did exactly the same work as I was doing. They lived with me, travelling when I travelled. When we were engaged on a photographic feature, we would discuss our plan of campaign in advance, then they would take their photographs, at first under my supervision and later on their own, and that evening we would sit down together and discuss our results. I found these some of the happiest times of my life. I derived a financial profit from my teaching of course. But not to be counted in terms of finance was the pleasure I had from companionship in my work, from the sharing of our mutual enthusiasm. Perhaps, after all, my enthusiasm taught better than any theories could have done.

While studying the fundamentals of photography in this fashion, the young photographer is free to discover his own

particular bent. When I started, I had almost no choice but to go into portraiture. Now the fields confronting the man who understands his camera are almost bewildering in their possibilities; there are press work, nature and scientific photography, advertising, to mention but a few of the main subjects, of which there are many subdivisions. One of my pupils was a physician, who afterwards specialised in medical articles illustrated by photographs. Another was a woman very fond of animals, who now is a much sought expert in action photos of animals. Anyone who to-day wishes to make a name for himself is almost bound to specialise.

I doubt, if I were at the outset of my career to-day, if I would again plunge straight into portraiture. It is work which has always interested me, but its technique does not on the whole provide a good jumping off ground for flights into other fields and nowadays one would have to face the competition of the many well-established firms. Moreover, the initial heavy outlay is a liability for several years. No, if starting to-day, I should choose pictorial journalism. This is the pictorial age. Information, if even nothing else, is being conveyed more and more by pictures rather than by letterpress. Schools have their wall pictures and their film shows. Newspapers normally have pages of pictures. The number of illustrated magazines will double and treble. Here, I feel sure, is the widest field for the photographer who is interested in the world about him.

When I began in this field, I certainly had a reputation to give me an initial advantage. But I should not feel that the lack of this was a handicap. I am, it will be understood, speaking of pictorial journalism—a kind of essaying in photographs—as distinct from the work of the press photographer. Granted that a man can produce outstanding photographs and can write a sufficiently interesting article to accompany them there is no reason why he should not break into the markets ready waiting for him. I should produce, say, half a dozen features and forward them to those magazines whose interests they covered. I should probably sell one or more of

my features, and these or any suggestions I might make when submitting them—such as for features I might cover on a journey I was undertaking—could be expected to lead to further work.

Pictorial journalism is so wide in range that its possibilities are almost inexhaustible. If I had not discovered the field in which I intended to specialise, apart from general work I might undertake, this branch of photography would give me more scope than any other for discovering my own proclivities. Just possibly it might lead me again to portraiture.

In perhaps one direction would I keep to former habits. I should always have my own processing establishment, whether I did the work myself or was able to employ an assistant. I know that many of the professional processing firms are excellent, yet to achieve exactly the results one wants one must bring them about oneself or be able to give precise directions to somebody who understands one's methods.

Incidentally, I believe that pictorial journalism has been broadened in recent years, not in extent but in its approach, by the influx of refugees into this country, just as the most famous American picture magazine derived enormous benefits from European emigrant photographers. They do not labour under the traditional restraints which hamper the average Englishman. While I deplore the more extreme expressions of this freedom, they will pass as did the more unpleasant aspects of "candid" photography. What will remain are the freshness and vigour of attack which have been infused into pictorial work.

Any young man starting a career would need to consider the purely monetary side of his activities. And here again I should feel that pictorial journalism scores heavily. I wonder how many young photographers realise that a photograph or a photographic feature can readily sell several times over. I have sold one very popular feature thirty-five times, and rarely have I sold a photograph just once only. There are British reproduction rights, Dominion rights, U.S.A. rights and Continental rights to be sold. Occasionally I sell English-

speaking countries rights—but it has to be remembered that this term covers a very wide terrain and such rights should not be handed over without due thought. In the case of a feature likely to be very popular I prefer to sell only the right to reproduce once.

Monetary rewards always have their pleasures, but the supreme reward for a man who has devoted years of his life to one pursuit is to look back over his achievements and feel a confident pride in work well done. I look back over my achievements—and try to ignore with lofty indifference the still small voice which mutters, "Nonsense, you know you ought to have done it better". Divine discontent is a bad-mannered companion—very meddlesome.

Yet in spite of these doubts, I feel I have played my part in one of the great advances of our age. Long years ago the invention of the printing-press brought truth and beauty within the grasp of greater numbers of people than ever before. To-day the invention of the camera is bringing truth and beauty within the grasp of even greater multitudes. "Truth is beauty." Beauty—a much maligned word. Yet, in spite of the heretics who deny its reality, it is the thing which men have always sought, whether openly or in the secret places of their hearts. It is the privilege of the photographer to-day to delight the eyes of men in revealing the beauty which lies hidden in our workaday world.

INDEX

Adcock, St. John 183
Advertising Photography 145-153
Africa 142, 204, 205, 215, 218-223
Anderson, Percy 121
Armfield, Maxwell ... 121
Art in photography ... 43-44
"Artwork"... 119
"At home" photography 28-29, 46, 66, 73, 75
Attaturk, Kemal 78
Australia 82, 104, 187, 192-5, 201 203, 207, 209, 214

Ballet 25-6
Barnet, Walter 66
Basedow, Mr. 195
Bax, Arnold 118
Belabre, Baron de 149
Belloc, Hilaire 40, 47
Bercovici, Konrad 183
Beresford, J. D. 183
Borenius, Dr. 183
Bolm 26
Bullock, Dr. 75, 155
Burke, Thomas 92
Burroughes, Dorothy ... 121
Business aspects 9-10, 27, 29, 31-3, 36, 73, 114-24, 161, 227

Cameras 9, 13, 20, 26, 27-8, 30, 66-7, 68, 69-71, 146, 155, 156, 159, 175-6, 223
Cameron, Margaret Julia... 44, 74
Carbon process 14
Carmi, Maria 26, 125
Ceylon 190-1
Chaliapin, Fedor ...63, 78, 79, 99
Clemenceau 77, 79
Cochran, C. B. 93
"Colour" 119
Colour photography ... 73, 95
Copeland, Dr. 98
Craig, Gordon 121
Czecho-Slovakia 185-6

Darkroom 21-22, 24
Dannatt, G. Herbert ... 42
Davies, W. H. 80
Developing 22-3, 147, 178-9
Diaghilef 26
Dollfuss 155
Duff-Cooper, Lady Diana... 118
Dutch East Indies 196-7, 208, 212, 213

Eileen 148-9
Einstein 78
Elgar, Sir Edward... ... 20
Enlarging 23-4
Epstein, Jacob ... 19, 60, 118
Exhibitions 121-4
Exposure 176, 179-81

Fashions in photography 99-101
Film ... 66, 71, 158, 177
Filters 158,175
Fine Art Society 26
Focusing 176, 181
Frederick, Dr. 93

Galsworthy, John ... 118, 123
George V 49, 69
Goossens, Eugene 20, 118
Gordon, Jan and Cora ... 186
Gum prints 14

Hardy, Thomas ...37, 40, 50, 79
Hebe 90
Hill, David Octavius ... 44
Hiller, Lejaren à 151

Hitchcock, Raymond ... 116
Hopkins, E. T. 41

India 190-2, 210, 211, 216, 218
Irving, Sir Henry 115

James, Henry 53
Jastrau, Gudrun 121
John, Augustus 118
Jones, Robert Edmond ... 117
Journalistic photography 81, 87, 154-169, 225-7

Karsavina 26, 57
Kipling, Rudyard 47

Lavery, Lady 16, 56, 90, 118
Leigh, Dorien ... 117, 120
Lenshood 71, 147, 175
"Linked Ring, The" ... 121
Lighting ... 20-1, 72-3, 158
London ... 105-112, 143, 166
London Salon of Photography 121
Luke, Monte 39
Luttichau, Curt 121

Macdonald, Pirie 39
Maeterlinck 77, 118
Marinetti 38, 61, 118
Masaryk 78, 186
Mascagni 20
Massenet 20
Meynell, Alice 51
Millais House 15, 16-21, 45, 46, 66, 68, 115, 117, 118, 120
"Miracle, The" 26
Models, professional ... 148-9
Murals 152-3
Mussolini 75-7

New Zealand ... 195-6, 208
Night photography ... 146-8
Nijinski 26
Northcliffe, Lord 80

Parkyn, Dr. George ... 52
Parry, Judge 44
Pavlova 25, 26
Pennell, Joseph 187
Personality... 12
Philpots, Glyn 118
Photo-montage 150
Plates 18, 66, 177
Platinotype prints... ... 14
"Plough, The" 118-9
Printing 14-5
Publicity 114-24

Queen Alexander ... 103, 120
Queen Marie 118
Queen Mary ...64, 101-4, 117

Reinhardt, Max 119
Roberts, Lord 13
Ronald, Sir Landon ... 20
Rosse, Hermann ... 117, 118
Royal Photographic Society 40

Sargent, John Singer ... 45
Shaw, George Bernard ... 37, 62
Sheringham, George ... 118
Shutters 175-6
Sinclair, Mr. 155
Sitters, treatment of 34-40, 43-6, 94
Stieglitz, Alfred 22, 67
Still life 151-2
Stone, Sir Benjamin ... 121
Story illustrating 150-1
Studio, the 12, 18, 19, 20, 29-30
Swaffer, Hannen ... 117,154

Tagore, Rabindranath ... 58
Technique 11
Tempest, Marie 118
Terry, Ellen ... 115, 121
Thesiger, Ernest 118
Training ... 11, 29, 31, 224-5
Travel photography 170, 184-5, 217-8

United States 83, 88, 96-8, 118, 119, 126, 127, 128, 134, 135, 136, 138, 144, 186-9, 204

Whistler 119
Wong, Anna May 59
Wu, Dr., Ting Fong ... 54

FOCAL PRESS BOOKS

VICTORIAN PHOTOGRAPHY

By Alex Strasser, F.R.P.S.

This book unfolds historic pages of pictures and documents. It mirrors the struggle with quaintly primitive tools. It reproduces masterpieces made with them. Both the technique and what it led to are very different from photography as we know it to-day. But there is much we can learn from the camera views of yesterday.

120 pp., 65 illus. Price 13/6 (De Luxe Ed. 25/-)

PHOTOGRAPHING PEOPLE

By Hugo van Wadenoyen, F.R.P.S., F.I.B.P

Photographic portraiture has changed. So has its technique and its spirit. The place of the solemnly pictorial camera portraits has been taken by candid records of people's faces. The aims, the means and the stunts of the new ways are explained in this book by a photographer who is a professional by fate and an amateur in heart.

168 pp., 189 illus., VI ed. Price 12/6

NATURE AND CAMERA

By Oliver G. Pike, F.R.P.S., F.I.B.P., F.Z.S., M.O.U.

His photographs have been published in hundreds of magazines. His films have been screened in thousands of cinemas. Here he sums up fifty years' experience and shows how nature photography is just a blend of the right approach and a few simple "tricks".

264 pp., 193 illus., IV ed. Price 13/6

CRUISING WITH A CAMERA

By F. W. Frerk

Even if you are an experienced photographer you will want to put yourself wise about photographic conditions at sea and in strange parts of the world. This book tells you which camera to use and how—which film—which filter, and what exposure is needed in any quarter of the globe. It is written by an expert.

104 pp., 40 photos Price 6/-

IMMORTAL PORTRAITS

By Alex Strasser, F.R.P.S.

Photography has its Classics. Some photographs survive and remain alive just as paintings or sculptures do. Their spell seems the more fascinating for the strange reality they lend to the days—the stories, the problems, the background—of the past. This charming collection reflects all that was best during a century of photographic portraiture.

144 pp., 60 illus. Price 12/6

LIGHTING FOR PHOTOGRAPHY

By W. Nurnberg, F.R.P.S.

Where to put the lamps—when taking portraits, groups, figure studies, nudes, still life, glass, metal or fabric—and why? This book goes back to the technical roots of artificial lighting, the advantages and limitations of different light sources, the principles of their practical use. Brilliant examples analyse the lighting of master photographers.

176 pp., 297 illus., V ed. Price 12/6

MOUNTAIN PHOTOGRAPHY

By C. Douglas Milner

The only comprehensive English work based on thorough photographic research and rich mountaineering experience. The chapters on equipment, viewpoints, light and atmosphere, film and filter, exposure, pictorial styles, climbing, cave, snow and ice work, etc., embrace conditions in British hills as well as among mountains abroad.

240 pp., 222 illus. Price 19/6

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A CAREER

Edited by A. Kraszna-Krausz

Twenty photographers, all masters of their craft, tell how they achieved their success and give personal opinions as to how newcomers should approach their fields of work. Their stories and advice are set against the background of a nation wide survey of technical, economic and social conditions in photography.

208 pp., 12 diags., II ed. Price 12/6

ASK FOR LATEST CATALOGUE (Id.) FROM

FOCAL PRESS BOOKS

DEVELOPING

By C. I. Jacobson, Ph.D.

Practical advice on negative technique and the basic facts of its theoretical background will enable photographers to think and work purposefully. Choosing the right chemicals and getting the right negative is a matter of knowledge, practice and experience, which this book passes on (with 200 formulae and tables) in straightforward language.

304 pp., 150 illus., V ed. Price 10/6

ENLARGING

By C. I. Jacobson, Ph.D.

Enlarging can improve the photograph and modify its effect. Enlarging work is based on the photographer's ability to judge negatives, apparatus, paper, and chemicals. Modern materials are products of scientific research and need to be handled in accordance with its findings. Turning these into terms of practical experience, this book offers help to professional and amateur.

304 pp., 136 illus., VI ed. Price 9/6

MY WAY WITH THE MINIATURE

By Lancelot Vining, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

Lancelot Vining, Old Hand of London's Fleet Street, Pioneer of the 35-mm. camera, among the first to use a flash-gun, widely read columnist on miniature matters, is as outspoken and progressive as he is generous in advising others. First-hand and first-rate inside information.

260 pp., 110 illus., VI ed. Price 13/6

PHOTOGRAPHIC OPTICS

By Arthur Cox, B.Sc., M.A.

Every photographer should be able to discriminate between lenses just as he knows how to choose films or filters. Lenses are the tools that define the picture besides being the most precious parts of any camera. It pays to know how they work and how to work with them.

368 pp., 352 illus., IV ed. Price 15/-

DOCUMENT PHOTOGRAPHY

By H. W. Greenwood

Document photography is the modern technique of establishing records of anything written, typed, printed. Its results can be relied upon in the service of commerce, arts and industry, as well as in private work. This book is the first comprehensive survey of equipment available and gives straightforward advice for individual copying and mass recording.

164 pp., 52 illus., II ed. Price 7/6

MAKING COLOUR PRINTS

By Jack H. Coote, F.R.P.S.

Whether you use a miniature or whether you work with separation negatives in a studio camera, the real problems start when thinking of paper prints. This book describes all the print-making processes in a comprehensive but simple manner, grading them according to the relative ease with which they may be worked by a newcomer to this field.

128 pp., 64 illus., VIII ed. Price 6/-

AMATEUR PHOTOMICROGRAPHY

By Alan Jackson, B.Sc., A.I.C.

Photomicrography can be a hobby or a tool of science. It is a window into a world of fascinating forms, of countless secrets of life unseen by the naked eye. As a photographic technique, it has some rules of its own—as is fully explained in this book by an expert.

160 pp., 68 illus., IV ed. Price 7/6

ALL-IN-ONE CAMERA BOOK

By W. D. Emanuel and F. L. Dash

The easy path to good photography! This book avoids presenting good photography as more difficult than it really is: a pleasant hobby with a technical background. The problems are simplified but not concealed. Even colour photography appears within reach of the amateur of to-day.

180 pp., 76 illus., VII ed. Price 7/6

FOCAL PRESS, 31, FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

FOCAL CHARTS

The figures you need right and ready at a glance—the reference material of a handbook compressed to fit the waistcoat pocket.

EXPOSURE CHART *by W. D. Emanuel* 2/6 (postage 3d.)
FILTER CHART *by W. D. Emanuel* 2/6 (postage 3d.)
FOCUSING CHART *by Arthur Cox* 2/6 (postage 3d.)
LIGHTING CHART *by W. D. Emanuel* 2/6 (postage 3d.)
DEVELOPING CHART *by C. I. Jacobson* 2/6 (postage 3d.)

CAMERA GUIDES

Each deals with one make of camera—by an author who has had long experience in handling it. Not sponsored by manufacturers, but critical in advising how to take the best pictures with a particular camera.

LEICA GUIDE *by W. D. Emanuel* 5/6 (postage 2d.)
ROLLEIFLEX GUIDE *by F. W. Frerk* 5/6 (postage 2d.)
CONTAX GUIDE *by W. D. Emanuel* 5/6 (postage 2d.)
EXAKTA GUIDE *by W. D. Emanuel* 5/6 (postage 2d.)

PHOTO PAMPHLETS

MAKING AN ENLARGER *by H. van Wadenoyen* 3/6 (postage 2d.)
Blue prints for enlargers that anybody can build.

HOME-MADE PAPERS, FILMS *by W. D. Emanuel* 2/6 (postage 1½d.)
How to coat your own papers, films, plates.

SWITCHING OVER to 35 mm. *by W. D. Emanuel* 2/6 (postage 1½d.)
Conversion of popular cameras for use with 35 mm. film.

DEPTH OF FOCUS *by Arthur Cox* 3/6 (postage 2d.)
Describes intelligent methods of focusing.

THE NEW PHOTO GUIDES

Edited by A. KRASZNA-KRAUSZ 1/6 (postage 1½d.) each

1. All About FOCUSING and Your Camera, by *F. W. Frerk*
2. All About SUNSHINE and Your Camera, by *Edwin Smith*
3. All About FILTERS and Your Camera, by *C. I. Jacobson*
4. All About PORTRAITS and Your Camera, by *Hugo van Wadenoyen*
5. All About EXPOSURE and Your Camera, by *C. I. Jacobson*
6. All About THE RIGHT MOMENT and Your Camera, by *Alex Strasser*
7. All About LANDSCAPES and Your Camera, by *Hugo van Wadenoyen*
8. All About FORMULAE in Your Darkroom, by *C. I. Jacobson*
9. All About DAYLIGHT INDOORS and Your Camera, by *Hugo van Wadenoyen*
10. All About IMPROVING NEGATIVES, by *F. W. Frerk*
11. All About WINTER PHOTOGRAPHY and Your Camera, by *Edwin Smith*
12. All About TRACING TROUBLES in Your Photographs, by *A. Merryweather*
13. All About ONE LAMP ONLY and Your Camera, by *Hugo van Wadenoyen*
14. All About THE SECOND LAMP and Your Camera, by *Hugo van Wadenoyen*
15. All About COMPOSITION and Your Camera, by *A. Kraszna-Krausz*
16. All About BETTER PRINTS in Your Darkroom, by *F. W. Frerk*
17. All About AGAINST-THE-SUN and Your Camera, *Hugo van Wadenoyen*
18. All About PHOTOS IN THE GARDEN and Your Camera, by *R. M. Fanstone*
19. All About COPYING and Your Camera, by *H. W. Greenwood*
20. All About MAKING ENLARGEMENTS in Your Darkroom, by *C. I. Jacobson*
21. All About PROCESSING in Your Darkroom, by *C. I. Jacobson*
22. All About ARCHITECTURE and Your Camera, by *R. M. Fanstone*
23. All About SELLING PHOTOGRAPHS, by *Bernard Alfieri*

दिनांक Date	उधारकर्ता की संख्या Borrower's No.	दिनांक Date	उधारकर्ता की संख्या Borrower's No.