THE REALM OF THE R.A.F.
Official R.A.F. Photograph

PHOTOGRAMS OF THE YEAR 1918

THE ANNUAL REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK

EDITED BY

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1918

IT has sufficed, in the last four volumes of *Photograms of the Year*—each produced during the Great War—to deal with the concerns of the moment. The outlook was dark. To-day we may venture to look into the future with a greater confidence, and hopefully as to the progress that may be made in the realms of Photography. Cinderella is growing up. The time is surely coming when she may take her rightful place in the Palace of the Arts of Peace. During the long and dreadful period of the war she has, oppressed by her two ugly sisters, Dora and Censor, remained ever the uncomplaining drudge, but developing in beauty nevertheless, as the following pages will bear witness. Her Prince, apparelled in aerial blue, has appeared, and to-day her devotion to duty and greatness of achievement are acclaimed on all sides. Without the camera—the eye of our victorious armies—we doubt whether the Teuton beast would yet be retreating to his lair. Now, free from war-time trammels, we look to the coming days for a great forward movement of our Cinderella. In the sphere of pictorial work this activity will not be the least marked. Ideas have become broadened and ideals confirmed. The exposure has been made on the horrors of war, the lens is capped, and a new film is being placed in position. What will the picture be? *Photograms of the Year*, in subsequent issues, will doubtless give some accurate indication of the development.

Exigencies of space alone have prevented the inclusion in this volume of more examples from the great number of pictures submitted this year. We have therefore to express regret to those workers whose pictures have been omitted, and our thanks to them are just as sincere as to the authors of the pictures we have been able to reproduce.

Indices to pictures and authors, etc., will be found on pages 4-6-8-10-12-14, at end of the book.

Pictures intended for "Photograms of the Year 1919" should be submitted not later than August 31st, 1919. Address: The Editor, "Photograms of the Year," 20, Tudor Street, London, E.C.4.

An exhibition of the original pictures from which the reproductions in this volume were made will be held at the London Camera Club, 17, John Street, Adelphi, W.C., early in the spring, 1919. The exact date will be announced in the "Amateur Photographer and Photography."

THE YEAR'S WORK

By THE EDITOR

SINCE the publication of the last volume of *Photograms of the Year*, the fourth produced under the shadow of the great war, hostilities have ceased, and the blessings of peace are with us once more. To the photographer, no less than to any other, this means more than mere joy that the days of anxiety and horror are over. In his case it has a peculiar significance, it means that the ban imposed by the Defence of the Realm Act is lifted, and he may go forth with his camera no longer an object of suspicion. It was aggravating to find oneself in conflict with authority for innocently portraying a peasant at work in the fields, or a fishing boat at sea, and there were not a few who thought that the war-time regulations. so severely restricting the efforts of the landscape artist, were superfluous in much of their operation, if not in their purpose. We are, however, a law-abiding people, and many of us had a deep conviction that the "hidden hand" had been ceaselessly at work in subtle unsuspected ways, even finding scope in idyllic rural spots where it was hard to realise that a struggle for the life of the nation was being carried on, not only by our gallant men in the tortured fields of France, but by enemy agents of devious methods, almost under our eyes at home. So we loyally accepted the limitations, that may, after all, have been for good.

The last volume of *Photograms of the Year*, appearing late in the spring of the present year, delayed through difficulties of production incident to the times, may be thought to have included a fair number of pictures of the year more properly belonging to the present volume. To a certain extent this is so, but the remarkable productivity of the pictorial worker, in spite of the drawbacks of the war, has been unabated, and an even greater number of pictures than usual has been forthcoming. The present volume, the twenty-fourth of the series, will be found to again include the pick of the year's pictorial work with the camera.

From the point of view of the pictorial worker the outstanding event of the year was the Salon. Throughout the difficult times of the war the little body of workers who constitute the London Salon of Photography have steadily pursued the purpose for which they were banded together: to hold an exhibition of the best pictorial work of the year, international in character; but above all, work that showed distinct evidences of personality and artistic merit. As many may be

aware, since the commencement of hostilities in 1914, both inside and outside influences were brought to bear towards an abandonment of the Salon. Fortunately this tendency was promptly subdued, and not only was a very successful exhibition held in the autumn of the momentous year, but its very presence, in the face of the enemy, so to speak, proved a triumph. It served as a restraining influence on the mentality of those with a tendency to become panic-stricken ; it indicated that the desire to "carry on" was as strong in the minds of photographers as with anybody else in this country, and each succeeding annual exhibition during the course of the war has proved better than its predecessor. The Salon has become a more firmly established institution than ever before, and with a prestige greatly enhanced by the decided stand it has made. The exhibition held in the autumn of 1918, the last year of the war, at the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, Pall Mall East, S.W., was undoubtedly the best and most successful of the series. It is largely from the fine collection of pictures of the year at this exhibition that the reproductions in this volume have been made, and it can be safely said that in no previous year has such a strong collection of pictorial photographs been available for the purpose.

The Royal Photographic Society, on the contrary, showed even less indication of a desire to advance than in previous years. The annual exhibition held at 35, Russell Square, W.C., assumed merely the position of a house exhibition. Contributions from abroad were almost entirely absent, and the general average of work on view was low. It is hoped that with the absence of the excuse of the war future shows of the R. P. S. will present some marked and much-needed improvements. An article dealing with the position and prospects of the Society, from the pen of R. Child Bayley, appears elsewhere in this volume.

The suburban and provincial photographic societies have not been idle during the past year, and from all parts of the country reports of considerable activity come to hand. House exhibitions of pictorial work have been frequent, and we may now look forward to a revival of open exhibitions in all directions shortly. Many societies, too, have fully justified their existence by participating in useful war work, and turned their knowledge and organisation to good account. In London the Camera Club has continued the even tenor of its way, and in spite of the fact that a very large proportion of the members have been away on active service, the programme of meetings and the series of attractive house exhibitions has continued unbroken. With the return of many enthusiastic members from the front the Club will doubtless occupy a still more prominent place in the photographic world.

From the Colonies a fair amount of pictorial work has been forthcoming. This has been very restricted, however, owing to difficulties and dangers of transport, but prospects for the future are good.

We are glad to have a contribution again from Canada from the pen of H. Mortimer-Lamb, who may almost be regarded as one of the veterans. In his article, which appears elsewhere in these pages, he speaks of the present position of photography in the Dominion, and although we are not able to include many examples from the workers there, it is pleasing to know that they have not ceased their activities entirely during the war. With the shining example of the thoroughness of the Canadians at the front we may expect great things from them in days

of peace, and look forward to a goodly number of contributions from this quarter next year.

From Australia a fair number of exhibits reached the Salon, and several of these are to be found reproduced herewith, but, unfortunately again, a contribution promised by Harold Cazneaux, who is generally regarded as the leader of the pictorial workers in the Commonwealth, had not reached us at the time of going to press. Next year, with the absence of hostile submarines and other causes of delay, we may have better luck.

From our European Allies we have not seen much in the way of pictorial photography. Nearer to the heart of things, the sufferings they have endured and the presence of the enemy in their own land have doubtless done much to keep their attention fixed on other matters, but here we may look for a great revival of the arts of peace. From our heroic and ever-artistic Ally, France, we may count on much welcome work, and none will be more welcome than that of Demachy. Each year that he has been absent from our pages he has left a blank that no one else has adequately filled. Puyo, too, we hope to see again, and their confrères of the Photo Club de Paris.

From Italy the news has been meagre, and we wonder how our familiar workers have fared. Guido Rey, famous both as a photographer and mountaineer, has seen much active service, as doubtless have all the others. From E. G. Boon, of Alassio, we have heard; but little photography has been done, although much work in other directions. Again next year may we see their characteristic productions in the pages of ***Photograms***.

Several good pictorial works have reached us from far Japan, and two of these will be found reproduced in this volume. The Japanese pictorial worker has still to find himself, but with his innate native artistry great things may be expected from this quarter.

With the entry of America into the war, it was felt that the flow of much of the fine work that had reached us in the past would cease. Fortunately, however, this has not proved to be the case, although the contributions for this year's Salon may safely be regarded as work prepared before the Americans finally decided on their declaration in favour of right against might. For them, therefore, the interval between their pre-war state and the condition of peace has been a small one compared with that in Great Britain and the other countries concerned, and the recovery will doubtless be much quicker. In fact, we look for next year's output of pictorial work from across the Atlantic with all confidence.

In the last volume of ***Photograms*** we spoke with enthusiasm of the excellent work being done by the pictorial photographers of California. Their contributions up to that period had been of a very high order of merit. They appeared to include in their ranks men of ideas and ideals—workers who were striving to use photography worthily as a means to an end, as all artists with the camera should. It is only by picture-making in this spirit that photography can come to be recognised as an art. Technique is of course absolutely necessary—and good technique at that—but it must not obtrude.

This year's contributions from California have well sustained the high promise of previous years, and some of the most arresting pictures in the Salon

hailed from that quarter. Many of these pictures are reproduced in the following pages.

Some of the older American workers, too, are still with us, and we hear from time to time of their activities. Clarence White, Porterfield, Eickemeyer, the sisters Parrish, Alice Boughton, and Coburn—although the last-named may well be regarded as a Londoner—are doing good work, and are represented in the present volume. Clarence White, in particular, has been very active, and his school of pictorial photography is leaving its mark on contemporary work in America. Other pioneer work in connection with the newly formed organisation, "Pictorial Photographers of America," is referred to in the article by W. H. Porterfield, elsewhere in this volume.

Judging from the contributions from Scandinavia, Holland, and Spain—the principal neutral countries during the war—the pictorial photographer has been busy during the past year. The articles by leading authorities in the respective countries should be read with interest.

War exhibitions in considerable numbers have been held during the past year. For propaganda purposes they have been successful to the full, and incidentally they have demonstrated in an unmistakable manner the possibilities of war, and modern warfare at that, for picture-making purposes. Notable among the exhibitions of this character was one devoted to the work of the Navy. This was held at Prince's Galleries, Piccadilly, and was remarkable in many ways. First, it showed the British public a little of what the Navy was doing: it made the visitor realise the great work undertaken, and worthily accomplished, by the Shy Silent Senior Service.

The British Navy does not want advertising—its merits are too well known to both friend and foe; but here in compromising detail evidences of the Sure Shield were forthcoming. Secondly, all the pictures were in colour and most of them of considerable pictorial excellence; in fact, many would have stood comparison not unsuccessfully with the best in any exhibition of avowedly pictorial work. The pictures were all on a very large scale, some of them yards square, and the colouring was undertaken more successfully than in any previous attempt in the same direction.

At the time of going to press another exhibition of French war pictures in colour is announced to be held at the Goupil Galleries. This will probably be the last of the series, although there is also talk of an exhibition of pictorial work by the Royal Air Force. Our frontispiece, from the original exhibited at the Salon, is a sample of what to expect. Lieut.-Col. Moore-Brabazon's article on another page touches on this matter.

Hereafter the pictures that have been taken at the various fronts, many of which have been doubtless suppressed hitherto by the Censor, will appear in historical collections, and it is here that the peculiar virtues of photography for the purpose will be manifest. Each of these prints will bear the impress of fact; they will be actual records of great happenings—records that no painter-artist will ever hope to rival in this peculiar quality. When the paintings and sketches by the privileged artists at the front have taken their place hereafter as merely individual expressions of particular persons, and gained or lost value according to the market price of the artists' work, these photographs will be eagerly examined and

appreciated by historians of the future for their overwhelming national interest and reliability, quite apart from their undoubted pictorial attributes.

In this connection, the section devoted to photography in the Imperial War Museum may be noted. An immense amount of work has already been done, and, when complete, a very fine pictorial record of the war will be available for the public gaze. In the first annual report published by the committee in July last it was stated that upwards of a thousand exhibits had been secured, including photographs from the various fronts, as well as portraits of officers and men. A catalogue will be prepared later when the collection approaches completion, and an official with the title of Keeper of Photographs will be appointed.

In the meantime, during the course of the war, news of pictorial photography in enemy countries has, needless to say, been conspicuous by its absence, although from time to time we have heard rumours of progress made in photography generally. This has applied more particularly to the technical and mechanical side. The German Air Force appears to have been well equipped with capable photographic apparatus, and the work done has served its purpose up to a certain point, although subsequently swamped by the genius of the British in this direction. From whatever point of view we may have regarded German and Austrian pictorial work in pre-war days, there is no gainsaying the fact that its absence from our exhibitions and from the pages of ***Photograms of the Year*** during the course of the war has been no loss. We hope, therefore, that the inevitable effort that will be made in some quarters to welcome back the pictoral products of the unspeakable Hun will meet with no success. Photography, both pictorial, technical and scientific, has progressed and flourished in this country, without the presence of anything German, during these years of strife, and we hope it may continue to do so.

In the article by W. R. Bland that follows, critical notes on the pictures reproduced in this volume will be found. Mr. Bland has been confronted this year with a formidable task, having not only a remarkably good selection of pictures to deal with, but the restricted space at disposal has compelled him to make his comments briefer than usual. As a running commentary, however, on the illustrations, the article can be regarded as both authoritative and helpful; and, apart from the pictures being a permanent record of the best work of the year, the educational value that they offer to other photographers who are striving after similar ideals in picture-making is inestimable.

Finally, an item of interest to every pictorial photographer that occurred during the year was the amalgamation of ***The Amateur Photographer*** and ***Photography,*** the two journals devoted to the interests of the amateur and pictorial photographer. In the new journal the leading features of both find a place, and every aspirant to knowledge and advancement in pictorial photography will find within its covers every week a budget of helpful advice and encouragement.

OBSERVATIONS ON SOME PICTURES OF THE YEAR

By W. R. BLAND

WHETHER we shall tire of the effects of soft-focus lenses remains to be seen. They are very largely the means by which that "mood" is induced which has been before alluded to as constituting a difference between American work and our own. They are lacking, purposely so, in that completing touch of definiteness which we associate with photography. While the making of pictures is an end in itself, one may not divorce it from the accepted characteristics of its medium. If we are not very careful, and perhaps even if we are, the soft-focus lens may give us a rendering which pertains to the "all-overish," and it is important to remember that the eye is gratified by having something definite to rest on, something from which the planes at least may be recognised. That it has its own field there is no doubt, but not every field belongs to it.

It would serve better probably than any other with such a subject as "The Realm of the R.A.F." (Frontispiece), which, wonderfully composed and balanced as it is, an outstanding ***tour de force*** under the conditions, lacks the characteristic we expect to see in a cloud picture, the impalpable. So apparently solid and definite are these clouds that, if it were not for the aeroplane, one might take it as being a view of a mountain ice and snowfield. This is not said to discount its excellence: it is a peg on which to hang a lens moral. It is hardly likely in the circumstances that we could wish for a greater pictorial quality than here. The soft-focus lens serves admirably in "A Beach Frolic" (Plate XX.), by John Paul Edwards. The "values" of the children give the effect of a long scale to what is really a restrained scale; these charming, living children are the accent of a scheme of light and atmosphere.

Two other pictures in which the soft-focus lens apparently plays a part are "Carnegie Technical School" (Plate XVI.), by H. C. Torrance, and "The Bank," by Anson Herrick (Plate XVIII.). The former is Turneresque in its treatment, but rather hesitating in tones and planes; the latter depends almost entirely for its success on the inclusion of the tiny figure—the accent that compels attention: but would not these and other pictures here reproduced have looked as well without the use of the soft-focus lens?

Now turn for reality or representation without any fancy frills, twenty-two carat gold throughout, to the light and spaciousness of "York Minster" (Plate XXXVIII.), by J. R. H. Weaver. Here, then, are health and saneness and a very real suggestion of God's light as distinguished from that in which man "lends a

hand." It is to be regretted that readers will be unable to place these prints side by side for comparison. A worthy peer to Mr. Weaver's picture, but of fierce outdoor light, is "Tropical Sun at Evora" (Plate LIX.), by A. H. Blake. This is nature's light and shadow. The intensely delicate gradations of tone on the lighted masonry are marvellously shown, as also are the delicate modulations of the shadows. Deepest shadow! fiercest light! One might have deemed the problem, the proper procedure, insolvable, had it not here been triumphantly done, and further graced by a composition which makes a very fitting vehicle for the theme.

It may, then, be no matter for surprise to read on p. 4 of our last volume that the leading workers of California (after, presumably, a prolonged course of the anæmic pabulum afforded by soft-focus lenses) expressed outspoken admiration for the straightforward characteristics and pictorial quality of the work of the members of the London Salon, in many cases work which has been regarded as old-fashioned here, as opposed to the tendency to "fuzziness" and the all-pervading fashion of using the soft-focus lens in America. And so say I.

This is not to decry its uses. It answers well with the children in "A Beach Frolic," but it would not be a proper use of it to turn it on the boys in "Young England" (Plate XIV.), by Harry Storm. It wouldn't be "natural." The boys would resent its fancy work bitterly. What better could be desired than this? Light, real again, figures interesting and distinct enough to enable one to read them, and a great naturalism. It is curious how the cricket ball enchains one's attention above everything else. Poised there as it is, it has all the interest of the unexpected. Boys can dispense with an umpire.

Two pictures from the United States forcibly recall, but in design only, the work of our too-long-missing friend, Robert Demachy. (See Plate I., 1913 volume.) "Vaudeville" (Plate XXX.), by Edward Henry Weston, is a design in angles, with the device added of a shadow on the background. This shadow business may become monotonous; several versions of it have appeared already, and there are more herein. "Inga Sontum" (Plate XLVIIIa.), by Clarence H. White, is more suave in design than the other, but is heavy in effect, and intended, no doubt, together with Mr. Weston's, as an exercise in lighting and decorative design.

A. W. Burgess makes, unless I mistake, a first appearance in these volumes with "The Top of the Hill" (Plate XXXI.). It cannot fairly be described as "promising," because Mr. Burgess had before "arrived." He was born, photographically, with his teeth cut. The picture here reproduced is by no means an unusual accomplishment for him, and bears his mark of strength and grace and beauty. Rudolf Eickemeyer's "A Summer Sea" (Plate XXXI.) is one that carries conviction. No sophistication by the human hand could improve on it. As said of this artist last year, his versions by straight photography give us much to be thankful for.

Marcus Adams has, happily, relinquished the cult of mottled, grainy skin. "The Young Prince" (Plate I.) is a fine portrait of a boy: it is boyish, which many portraits of boys are not, and at the same time it gives the independence and inquiring spirit and attitude of boyhood. He is to be congratulated on this work of sterling merit.

The worn-out theme of the hanging branch is resurrected to praiseworthy effect by H. Y. Summons in "Tempest" (Plate XI.). The branch serves as tone-

foil to the tempestuous, luminous sky. "School Mosque, Damanhour" (Plate XLV.), by J. H. Coatsworth, is refined photography of a stolid yet attractive subject adorned by the ministry of light. Walter Benington's "The Striped Dress (Miss Morris)" (Plate IX.) is in his exuberant vein, but rather unsettling. It should, however, be considered a design. His name is a synonym of "quality," and this sums up everything.

Louis Fleckenstein invariably contributes work of distinction. In "Betty" (Plate V.) we have a decided leaning to the *bizarre*. The face is very fine, and if one be content with that in a portrait, there is no more to be said. If not, then this portrait is primarily a design of which the background shadow is an indispensable part. It may appropriately be styled "strong." Another shadow-on-the-background and dividing up the space with the object is "An American" (Plate XLII.), by Hugo van Wadenoyen, jun. Splendidly executed work this! Mr. van Wadenoyen has got the spirit of the youth, whom one may easily imagine saying he's "all there."

J. H. Anderson, in "Quayside" (Plate XII.), completely escapes the charge of last year of too heavy shadows. "Quayside" is a remarkable achievement in lines where probably most of us would have seen nothing but chaos. No doubt it has been duly tamed in the process, and the high lights rendered a trifle less brisk than is altogether necessary. It is unusually fine in mass and design, and very eminently the work of an artist.

There is a small but curiously disturbing note in the otherwise harmonious and restful tonality of "In Far Cathay" (Plate XIII.), by R. Belfield, namely, the assertive character of the building on its right edge.

Alex. Keighley calmly pursues his orbit round the sun of romance, a major planet travelling in a mighty path utterly regardless of the swarms of meteorites in the shape of photographic "fashions" which have an ephemeral life and disappear. His "Harvest Home" (Plate XIII.) is in accordance with the best traditions of technique and art. There is a hark back to moribund convention in Hugh Cecil's "Curds and Whey" (Plate XV.) True, the little girl's attitude is not conventional, but that is all that can be said. She is seated on a sofa (?) out of doors, with a trite back-ground of woodland and ominous-looking distance. The sun shines on the child and the sofa—nowhere else. The child is an example of brilliant technique. "The Lady in Black" (Plate X.), by Dr. H. B. Goodwin, is of Whistlerian mood, full of tone-romance, a delight in itself. Dr. Rupert S. Lovejoy will not find salvation on the lines followed in producing "A Summer Symphony" (Plate XIX.).

Convincing proof of the value of the soft-focus lens in portraiture, rightly used, is R. W. Brown's "Little Black Dog" (Plate XVII.). The definition and values give all we can want. This is but one of several such examples reproduced.

Sky and landscape are in true harmony in "From Morning till Night" (Plate XX.), by H. Yahagi. "The Shadow Curtain" (Plate XXI.), by W. S. White, so beautifully rendered, is very reminiscent of A. H. Blake's "Sunlight on Whitewash" (p. 37, 1905). The progress of thirteen years has not dimmed the lustre of Mr. Blake's achievement! Ten years, however, have sufficed to produce a better reading of clothes hung out to dry than Mr. Blake's essay (p. 115, 1908). Gwyn Morgan, in "The Clothes Line" (Plate XL.), scores a discerning success.

Mr. Porterfield invariably contributes something "large," although he is strongly inclined to originality of treatment. "The Fretwork Tree" (Plate XXIII.) cannot be called exciting, but is an extremely interesting experiment in making a print from combined negative and positive, not quite in register. We should like to see a good straight print from the negative only; it should be a fine thing.

W. H. Rabe's "Nocturne" (Plate XXVII.) is a beautiful night effect, eminently romantic and picturesque. The reflections almost suggest "table-top" photography. Consider the reflections in the human study, "The Lobster Pot" (Plate XXVI.), by Mrs. Ambrose Ralli. Reflections, if wrong, will give the show away invariably. This is strong work. "Edinburgh Castle" (Plate XXV.), by R. D. Croall, is romantically treated, conspicuously pictorial.

There is romance, too, in "An Evening in June" (Plate XXVII.), by W. F. J. Pinkney, with a quite old-world, pre-war flavour. A brilliant, striking portrait of "Admiral Sir Charles Madden" (Plate XXIV.) comes from Wm. Crooke. The scheme of lighting adopted gives much force and modelling to the face, which is exactly what is needed in the portrait of a man of action.

Mrs. G. A. Barton, a very old friend, photographically, has a very refined, delightful portrait in "Little Miss Marjorie" (Plate XXIX.). It will repay prolonged consideration. Another such portrait is "Nancy" (Plate XXVIII.), by Herbert Lambert, captivating and capturing in its charm and naturalness. This, too, should be dwelt on.

Some day, Ward Muir, in the distant future (for, speaking in terms of "A.D." and "D.V.," there is a lifetime before him yet), may find out that there is a heaven as well as an earth. Is it not apparent that the truncating of the earth in "Military Road" (Plate XXXVI.) is disquieting?

"Afterglow, Hong Kong Harbour" (Plate XXXVII.), by Mr. and Mrs. F. Weston, convinces the spectator of its truth at a glance. It is quite remarkably fine, full of light and atmosphere and go, and undeniably liquid water. It has a long range of tone. A very strong design is "Memoriam" (Plate XXXV.), by James E. Paton. Its force gains by its marked simplicity. It is a noble work, and treated throughout so as to typify the sentiment of its title. This is art.

Strength and light and imposing composition are shown in "The Capitol" (Plate XXXVII.), by E. M. Pratt. Doubtless it is but a small matter, but little things tell in art, and one might ask whether the light cloud reinforcing the cupola is altogether desirable? Is it not unnecessary emphasis, convention? Harold Cazneaux, in "Summer Time" (Plate XLVI.), takes, as last year, a narrow strip of ground on which to build up his theme. This bit of foreground is only intended as support, and to complete and to render understandable the noble sky. It will not be everybody's picture; anything that savours of the abstract never is.

"A Basket of Roses" (Plate XLVIII.), by W. A. Hudson, is one of those unassuming works likely to be overlooked. It has effective lighting, and modest, pleasing grace. J. M. Whitehead goes out now with his camera at a far earlier time of the day than, judging by his work, he used to do. He is equally absolutely convincing in his truth of statement at any hour. "White Unto Harvest" (Plate XLVII.), a strong composition, teems with sunlight and atmosphere and airy clouds. More than anything else clouds are the one subject (but there are many others) over

which nearly every photographer comes to grief. This picture should be referred to when dealing with clouds.

After one has had a meal of sophisticated photography, such photography as is often served up now in the belief that it represents art, thanks to control processes and various abominations when in insufficiently skilled hands, it goes to the heart with the zest of champagne to find produced for one's delectation such unaffected, natural portraiture, such art, as "John Herzberg" (Plate XLIX.), by N. Luboshez.

J. Ortiz Echague is unequalled in his ability to so control his photographic operations as to suggest motion, that most elusive of abstractions to convey. As is the case with all his other pictures which have been reproduced in *Photograms*, "Moro al Viento" (Plate LI.) is remote from any hint of arrested motion. The design fills the space most agreeably, and the portrait is evidently a characteristic one. The lighting is arbitrary, but gives great modelling and vigour.

"The Sphinx" (Plate XLIV.), by C. W. Bostock, is not particularly new in inception, but is powerful and well done. There remains the important question whether the touch of what may be called naturalism, or, at anyrate, art convention, the decentralising of the head, is in order. If this be simply a portrait on the fancy side, there is nothing to cavil about; but the title would seem to call for a design of symmetry of arrangement which in turn would impart a suggestion or conviction of aloofness and dignity. This is the real convention.

S. Brigden's "Child's Welfare—a Consultation" (Plate XIV.), with its seven grown-ups and three babies, has been described as a *tour de force*. So it is! The reproduction does not do full justice to the original, there being some "burying" here. Making due allowance for the exigencies of the process, the relative tones are well presented, soft and with luscious depths. The composition, exacting to a perilous degree, is very effective, masterly.

Very sweet indeed, alive, eminently graceful, is "Black and White" (Plate LVI.), by Maud Basil. There are great contrasts here, but they are not insisted on as such—that is, they are made subservient to a harmonious rendering. It is a wonderful piece of lighting, and so tremendously attractive in subject and execution. The idea as here exemplified strikes me as being new.

There are two pictures of landscape and nude, two very difficult things to combine together successfully so as to carry instant conviction. In "Early Morning" (Plate XL.), Angus Basil seems for once in a way to be a little doubtful. For once he is not bold enough. His nude figure is not effective as such, is too obviously turned away and is not graceful in attitude. For a momentary pose natural enough perhaps, but the momentary is not enough. Posed! The landscape is good, flecked with sunshine, as is the figure. But the figure seems extraneous, not because that in our woodland walks we do not come across such, but because the tone-rendering of the photographic plate makes her as apart, she is not an integral part of the scene.

There is even a higher tone-rendering of flesh than in Mr. Basil's picture in "Ho! Charon!" (Plate XXV.), by Percy Neyman, Ph.D., but here one accepts it, though it may not charm particularly, because of the deep tone of the background. I would prefer the scene without the figures. The question seems to force itself

on one that the figure on the right may be thought to be about to die, and does the other girl want her off her hands to save trouble, hence her cry for Charon?

How pleasing it is to contemplate the tone-rendering of the nude in landscape of "After the Bathe" (Plate VII.), by Louis J. Steele! Here is great boldness, so necessary to the theme and to success, united with graceful and natural pose, "perfectly Greek in manner." The figure, quite indisputably, is of the landscape.

There is another bold picture of the nude, "A Figure Study" (Plate L.), by Yvonne Park. This, and Mr. Steele's just mentioned, should be considered object-lessons in treatment, although in this case the author has ignored the claims of grace of pose.

At quite the opposite pole, but similarly bold, is the entertaining and happy youngster in "His Place in the Sun" (Plate LII), by W. Harold House. This picture contains in a kernel, so to speak, the secret of success. Boldness, strength, fearlessness.

Richard Polak, in his telling "Portrait of a Lady, with Coat of Arms" (Plate XXXIX.), realises the imperative claim of strength. To put it concisely, strength lies in keeping a theme as simple as may be, whereby interest is not dissipated and distracted by unnecessary statement.

Strength is reached by a very different path from that of the pictures just considered, in "Philadelphia" (Plate XXXIII.), by W. G. Fitz. Here, detail would ruin the story, in fact make it impossible to tell. It is solely an effect of light to which the commanding composition is subservient, the vehicle.

"Apple Trees" (Plate XLVIII.), by Paul L. Anderson, has much charm. The cross branches aloft may be doubted, but, in any event, they redeem the picture from the hackneyed.

There are two lion pictures, "The Sleeping Lion" (Plate XLIV.), by C. W. Christiansen, and "The British Lion" (Plate LXIV.), by Ernest Hoch. The stone lion is by far the more dignified of the two (proving the superiority of Art to Nature) and the one we would prefer as the prototype of the British Lion. The other (Hoch's), presenting strident action, is among the best of its kind.

Bertram Park's "The Rt. Hon. The Countess Poulett" (Plate XXXIV.) has received merited encomiums in the press. The dignified quietness, the lighting —arranged with knowledge—and pose, are sure. This portrait is quite outstanding, and must give artist and spectators alike a thrill of æsthetic pleasure.

H. Mortimer-Lamb's "A Canadian" (Plate XLIII.) should be hung on a wall and contemplated from a distance. Then, and perhaps then only, is its remarkable spontaneity of effect realised and appreciated. Consummate lighting gives plastic form to the strenuously posed figures, classic in design, of "The Combat" (Plate III.), by W. G. Hill. A particularly striking, arresting group of two. Williamina Parrish achieves simplicity and force, in the handsome youth entitled "Sixteen" (Plate XXII.), by departing as far as seems to be possible from the characteristics of her medium. Mrs. Mania Pearson, diverging from her more classic productions as of late, is ultra-modern in the exquisitely presented "Treading the Sunny Path of Success (Miss Helen Morris)" (Plate LVIII.). "The Quest of the Nymph" (Plate LIV.) is an entrancingly and arrestingly posed nymph. The arcadian setting,

the light, and the wonderful rendering of a long, long gamut of tone-values are things to study and praise.

A design for "A Magazine Cover" (Plate VI.), by Arthur F. Kales, is portfolio work, hardly striking enough to serve as an advertisement, but will do duty well for a high-class journal. Andrew Barclay has amazing length of tone-scale, of superb quality, in his very graceful "The Singer" (Plate XXXII.). "Summer's Sunlight" (Plate LXII.), by Ernest Williams, is true in effect, shimmering with palpitating light. Note the delicacy of the shadows. T. B. Blow, in "Italian Gossips" (Plate LXI.), gives another version (see last volume) of scorching sunshine and leisured idleness. This is a remarkably well-arranged and interesting group. E. T. Holding is a versatile man, an artist of perfect finish. The technical qualities alone of "The Wheelwright" (Plate LX.) are a keen delight. Mr. Holding has secured verisimilitude to a quite remarkable degree—a greatly rare achievement. "At the End of All" (Plate LVI.), by A. W. Walburn, is of great technical merit and effectively put together.

Alice Boughton revels in the high-key, much of her work being so schemed, but insipidity and monotony, so frequently its concomitant with like workers on "this side," are completely avoided by the inclusion of the deep end in effective spots and lines. "Pierrette" (Plate LVII.) is a notable and vivacious example of her work. Of engraving effect is C. H. Stableford's "Harvest" (Plate LXI.). Very fine indeed in lighting and posing. The sky should be particularly noted as a true rendering. "The Cloud" (Plate LXIII.), by R. Holcombe, is picture-making "up-to-date." Personally, I confess to being more old-fashioned in choice, but all the same this cloud is uncommonly imposing. It used to be said of one of our eminent workers that he took a sundial with him to include in his photographs wherever he went. Similarly, James McKissack may be said to carry castles in his knapsack. His present one, "A Castle on the Wornitz" (Plate LXIII.), ranks with the best among those of his series. It is so harmonious.

Just a tree and a house, spaced as by genius, serve Antonio Victory in his picture, "The Penalara Club's Alpine House on a Foggy Day" (Plate LXII.). "Springtime in Picardy" (Plate LV.), by A. Keith Dannatt, is charming in every respect, save the out-of-toneness of the tree and strip of foreground serving as design. Perhaps the original did not lend itself easily to the blockmaker. Grace S. Parrish's "From the Valley of the Shadow" (Plate LII.) has unusual naturalness of pose and delicacy of handling. A. C. Banfield, in "The Munition Worker" (Plate LVII.), makes a simply-composed design, and topical withal, from a subject which is intrinsically confused. It embodies fine technique. "A Panel" (Plate XLI.), by G. F. Prior, seems a little on the flat side and lacking in colour suggestion, but is fresh in treatment. "The Convoy" (Plate LXIV.), by Engr.-Commdr. E. J. Mowlam, R.N., is very broad in treatment and realistic in subject and tone-values.

Alvin Langdon Coburn's "The Thaw" (Plate VIII.) is quite good in an occasional sort of way. Quite definitely it has its points, but human nature probably prefers this kind of thing as a pick-me-up, not as daily bread.

"The NO Dancer" (Plate LIII.), by C. Crowther, will be strange to Occidentals. Mr. Crowther wrote me some time ago that this dance is of great antiquity in Japan, and of dignified importance. I regret I have not now his information to turn to.

"Black and White" (Plate II.), by Malcolm Arbuthnot, is statuesque in pose, and a sumptuous dream of subtle nuances of tone.

One of those grotesques which seem to be hardy annuals is "Divine and Devil" (Plate IV.), by S. Saba. They serve to give to a vertuous collection the light and grateful finish which froth does to the poor photographer's war-time beverage.

The Earl of Carnarvon produces, consistently, strikingly original work, subject, treatment, pose, lighting, with the assurance of a past-master of technique. His lighting effects are now and then so daring and dazzling as to give the actual portrait depicted a secondary interest. In "The Dance" (Plate XVIa.), the opposite ideal is aimed at and arrived at. The artist rings these changes so easily, and one might say coolly, as to deprive one of the luxury of surprise. "The Dance" is gracefully posed, instinct with movement, and excellently spaced. There is but one tiny focus of high light, very subdued at that, on the breast, yet telling to the acme of completion. There is æsthetic charm here.

Charles Job, ***solus***, has the distinction of being represented in each volume of ***Photograms of the Year***, from its beginning in 1895 to now. He was a well-known worker then! What a consistent lover he is! With him the artistic side of photography, its poetry, is not a hobby, it is a lasting affection! There are, happily, very many more photographers imbued with the same spirit: there is no sign of the family dying out. "In Dock" (Plate XXXVI.) is a worthy contribution, worthy of the artist, of this the twenty-fourth volume, and of pictorial photography.

In many cases the reproductions herein are very small compared with the originals, and, necessarily, much of effect is lost in such instances. Whatever may be the "quality" and general effect of these reproductions—the blockmaker's art is somewhat empirical—the reader may be assured that every original print is fine in all respects. Notwithstanding the well-known difficulties, under present conditions, of getting anything done at all, the blockmakers have done their part well. The principal drawback is the one always present—inadequate size to convey the original.

THE R.P.S. AND PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

By R. CHILD BAYLEY

IF everything were as it should be, the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain would be the official head and the most influential organisation in the country, not only as far as the science and technique of photography are concerned, but also in pictorial photography. Few, if any, will contend that it occupies that position at the present time: in fact, to judge from the exhibitions of the last two or three years, it has receded more and more into the background, until to-day it has less support, on the pictorial side, compared with the rival exhibition, than at any time within my recollection.

When the nineteenth century had still ten or twelve years to run, the exhibition of what was then the Photographic Society of Great Britain was the event of the year in pictorial photography. All the recognised leaders were members and exhibitors; some of them played a prominent part in its management, in the selection and judging, and used their influence to secure for it the best work that was going. Then arose certain unfortunate disputes; the pictorial workers who had had most to do with the exhibition quarrelled with the Society over personal matters that need not be revived, and after a couple of years founded the "Salon." For what in the jargon of to-day would be called "propaganda purposes," it was then discovered that the Society had never encouraged pictorial work, had been narrow, prejudiced and even retrograde; although at the very time that it was supposed to have held this attitude, those who brought the charge against it had been its guiding spirits. The keen competition of the Salon did the Society no harm—or rather, what harm it did was more than counterbalanced by the good it derived from having an active rival to keep it on its mettle. For ten or twelve years, if its position was challenged, it still maintained it; and anyone not a partisan, would admit that its exhibitions worthily represented the artistic as well as other aspects of photography of the day.

Then came a great opportunity. The old "Salon" fell to pieces; its members formed two distinct and hostile groups, one of which became "The London Salon of Photography," and the other held one exhibition, but no more. Under astute management, there is no doubt that, at that time, the Royal Photographic Society might have effected an alliance which would have put it back into its old position, with no rival or competitor; but, unfortunately, the opportunity was allowed to slip by, and has not recurred. It was gradually outdistanced by the new comer, until for the last three or four years, at any rate, its exhibition, beside that of the London Salon of Photography, has taken a very second-rate place.

In sketching very briefly thirty years' history, I have been moved to do so because the R.P.S. has not had quite fair treatment. In those early days its competitor numbered amongst its supporters, some whose enthusiasm allowed them to indulge in advocacy that was not always just: when not intentionally unfair, they had sometimes been misinformed. Looking on, as one who is not an exhibitor, but would like to see the Royal Photographic Society take the leading place which its name and past prestige indicate, I recognise that it has deserved some, but not all, of the hard things said and written against it. The questions I now wish to raise are—Can it hope to take the place it should do? and if so, how can that best be brought about?

A primary condition of any reform is a consciousness of the need of it; and it is not clear whether the authorities at Russell Square have yet reached that degree of knowledge. But assuming that they have, then the adoption of a deliberate policy to foster the pictorial side of the exhibition should, if persisted in, ultimately succeed. What has to be done, is to secure the interest and the confidence of the exhibitors. To get their interest, an attempt must be made to secure their help by showing that it is appreciated. The management of the pictorial exhibition should be entrusted to the strongest committee of pictorial workers that can be got together: by strongest is meant those who, in the eyes of the photographic public, are the leaders of pictorial photography. I will mention no names, but will ask the reader to jot down a dozen of the leading exhibitors, and then note how many of them, if any, have any part in the conduct of the R.P.S. exhibition at present. Some of them send pictures, from one motive or another, to its shows; but even then they are generally represented by their more important or fresher work at the London Salon.

To secure such support would take time; but with time, I believe it could be got. Their influence would do the rest. It would avoid such evidence of being out of touch with the subject as is afforded by the award of medals in the pictorial section. It would never rest satisfied with such a dismal locale as the Suffolk Street Galleries. It would certainly have saved the Society from retiring into its shell at Russell Square, and leaving the West End picture gallery public entirely to its competitor.

I am inclined to think that such a controlling body as might ultimately be formed, would wish to cut the pictorial section altogether adrift from the rest: and this, in itself, would be a great gain. The lumping together of all sections is responsible for some, at least, of the trouble. So long as technical and scientific photography figure in the exhibition, it is impossible not to concede the right to its representatives to have a voice in the general conduct of the exhibition; while a Gallery which would accommodate all sections, while providing properly for the pictures, now that the New Gallery is not available, is no longer to be found.

Is there any hope that the Society will realise the need for doing something, and will put itself in a position to do it? I am not sufficiently behind the scenes to know. I can only hope that it will. Pictorial photography to-day is that side of camera work which appeals to the largest number, and which includes the keenest enthusiasts; and the Society cannot take its proper place unless it makes a bid for the lead in that, as well as in other branches.

SOME ASPECTS OF LANDSCAPE AND PORTRAITURE

By ANTONY GUEST

HAVE sometimes thought that a school of criticism would be useful, not so much to the criticised as to the critics, so that they might apply their precepts to their own artistic efforts. Something is attempted in this way in circulating portfolios, but the comments they evoke are generally expressions of personal preference, which some mistake for criticism. We all have our preferences, and some of us think we have a right to our opinion; but that depends on how we came by it, and its value is to be estimated by how it was formed, whether we worked earnestly to acquire it, and on what it is based. If this were recognised in other domains than art, there might be some doubt as to the right of an uneducated voter to act on an opinion taken hot from the mouth of an excited agitator. But there are also innate preferences bred in the bone that do not belong to the individual, but to the race. They are expressions of hereditary experience, the spirit of our forefathers is in them, and in the aggregate they represent the genius of our race. Of such are our love of the sea—which goes back to the immemorial pursuits of an island people who have always had to look to the surrounding waters for much of their means of life—and our delight in the smiles of Nature revealed through an English landscape.

The sea, with its many moods ranging from placid calms to irresistible energy, sometimes goaded to fury, but generally restrained, reflects the national character that has harnessed the ocean's power and rejoices in its serene beauty and wild vigour. Its dramatic effects and changing aspects, with endless variations of line and tone, are an inexhaustible field for artistic effort. There is also good reason for our inborn love of landscape when we consider the rural England of the past, with tillage of the soil as the chief occupation of a people living in the heart of Nature, accommodating their lives to all its phases, interpreting its portents, celebrating the seasonal festivals with folk music based on country sounds, dances on the green, and pretty customs in which the young growth of spring, the richness of summer, and the triumph of harvest time had their part. The emotions of those days survive in the blood, and go far to account for the inspiration that our art derives from landscape.

The soul of English landscape is in its atmosphere. The moisture-laden air wafted from the surrounding seas gives the refining and elusive colour-quality a poetical indefiniteness that stimulates a keener perception, and he is the most successful artist who gives primary attention to this ubiquitous and characteristic influence, for only in this way can he capture the spirit of the scenes that he portrays. On the photographer devolves the task of translating these tender effects

into tone, and for this purpose it is needful to supplement the impersonal eye of the camera by the sensitive observation of an individual temperament.

It is here that the weakness, not so much of photography as of the photographer, is commonly manifested. Photography has a wonderful command of tone, yet this essential quality, with all its power of suggesting not only atmosphere and colour but also the mood that nature expresses, seems scarcely to be considered by the great majority of camera men. It is a disconcerting reflection that so many of them love crude contrasts, and if they can get "juicy" blacks and strong high lights, disposed without any discriminating estimate of their value as emphasising accents, they are happy. Black shadows in waves that destroy alike the transparency of water and the aerial perspective of the sea, black trees against the sky in the middle distance, which is thus bereft of atmosphere, black backgrounds to portraits, suggesting that the sitter has no need of wholesome air to breathe, and black lines on the faces, with white splashes to accentuate them, even in pictures of tender maidenhood, whose complexion, one would have thought, merits some consideration —these are among the distressing incidents that may be found in many shows. If photography is to be an art, the photographer must be artistic, and for this purpose he should realise that tone is the soul of pictorial expression.

On the whole photographers are on safest ground in landscape, for it makes the surest appeal to the sentiments and preferences of the majority. No doubt, for the inexperienced it has its difficulties, but whatever they may be it is fairly certain that photographers of all degree find a real delight in open-air scenes, and for this reason, if for no other, it is the more to be regretted that in the circumstances of the time their most cherished effort is subject to hindrance. Still, they take photographs because they must, and the exhibitions indicate that, balked of landscape, they are falling back on portraiture and figure subjects. It is not very surprising that those who have not previously given much attention to this branch of camera art should find that they are on a slippery path. There are of course technical difficulties, hands and feet are apt to assume an unexpected prominence, moles, freckles and facial lines to become unduly conspicuous, and sitters are stern critics of their appearances—unless, indeed, they cover their indignation by glacial or ironic compliments. The difficulty of dealing with an indoor light, when one is used, to an open sky, and experiments with reflecting screens are further complications.

But perhaps the most paralysing factors of all are the sitter and the necessity of representing him or her with the expressiveness that duly reveals individuality. It takes two people to make a photograph, and the sitter must co-operate; but this is often done with a reservation, for people have their own ideas as to the aspect in which they desire to be perpetuated, whether in respect of dress or expression. Hence the galvanic smile that sometimes supervenes on the instant of exposure. To tell the "patient" to assume a particular expression is worse than useless. There is one expression that may be relied on with absolute certainty to overcome every other, and that is the expression of consciousness. The appearance of sitting for one's portrait is that which, beyond all else, it is desirable to avoid. The expression, not only of the face but of the body, should be natural, characteristic, and therefore, apparently at least, unstudied.

But here we are faced by a difficulty. Art admits nothing haphazard. Its most effective simplicity is that arrived at through complex discrimination in

generalisation and selection, and its unstudied appearances emerge from close study. The victim may be caught unaware, but it by no means follows that the picture will be characteristic; the moment may be one of slackness, and banality the result. The subject should be alive, with his mental faculties at work, whether on some definite question or occupation that interests him, or in reverie. This latter mood, by the way, is one that photographers seem to affect. "Memories," "Contemplation," and the like are fairly familiar, and the suggestive half-tones of the medium lend themselves well to the purpose. There is no objection to these subjects being represented over and over again if they are done well, especially in bringing out the important principle of the expressiveness of tone. This is much needed for the strengthening of all characteristic representations of the human subject. Tone can produce an atmosphere—not merely a physical atmosphere but a mood—the light-heartedness of childhood and the serenity of age, gaiety and sorrow, aspiration and poetry, thoughtfulness and animation.

Some interesting experiments are to be noted in the decorative treatment of portraiture. In this direction there is the danger, against which a warning may be uttered, if not precisely of falling between two stools, at least of prejudicing the decorative intention and at the same time missing much of the naturalistic character that gives vitality to portraiture, by trying for both qualities. Unity of aim is an essential principle of art that needs to be kept in view, for a double purpose inevitably weakens itself in both its aspects. Yet the decorative conception of portraits may become a fruitful development of photographic art, especially, it may be suggested, if the decorative intention is boldly adopted as the main purpose, and the face or figure, while remaining the dominant theme, to the enhancement of which all the lines and masses are directed, is still subsidiary to and in harmony with the complete pattern. As everyone knows, flat tones are fundamental to the decorative method, and it follows therefore that variations of light, shade and expression can have little, if any, part in this kind of work.

Simplicity of representation, with attention directed to the main lines of the subject, may still produce a characteristic portrait, rendered original and pleasing by the inventiveness and adornment devoted to its setting. In such work atmosphere need not be considered; but for the naturalistic portrait, however graceful and fanciful the arrangements of composition, it is very necessary. Decorative art has its function in beautifying flat surfaces, so that in looking at a purely decorative work we are outside the region of three dimensions. But the more familiar type of art that represents natural appearances is especially concerned with the third dimension, which, not being at the artist's disposal like the two others, must be suggested. The great instrument for this purpose is perspective—linear and aerial, and the latter is of no less importance than the former. This may be recognised by photographers in their landscape work, but in portraits it is very commonly neglected.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE BEGINNER

By WARD MUIR

IN selecting the illustrations for the "Critical Causerie" which for some years appeared weekly in ***Photography and Focus***, and is now being continued in ***The Amateur Photographer and Photography,*** it has been my task to examine thousands of prints entered in beginners' competitions. These prints are mostly immature—the usual sort of snapshot perpetrated by the inexperienced purchaser of a small hand-camera. (Does anyone start photography with a stand-camera nowadays? Apparently not.) It requires the eye of faith to descry promise in more than a microscopic proportion of such casual, intentionless groups and portraits, such haphazard, impersonal mementoes of village streets, waterfalls, churches, and what not. We enthusiasts used to insist that the camera is not a toy; but the plain lesson of the mass of prints by beginners is that, to a multitude of people, the camera *is* a toy.

Now our problem is how to convert these troops of beginners from the toy doctrine: how to present the camera's possibilities in such a manner that they sound neither absurdly pretentious (for pretentiousness, in preaching pictorial photography, is a common tactical mistake) nor a bore: how to convince the toy-user—as life itself ultimately convinces the child growing into a man—that what is called work is really much more exciting than play. (Significantly, the old hand always speaks of photographic "work." The novice is graduating from his novitiate when he commences to employ that noun).

It is important that this continual influx of new recruits should somehow be caught and kept in photography's ranks. My firm belief is that the photographic world cannot be over-populated. I think there will never be too many of us. If everybody owned a camera, photography as a serious pursuit would not be cheapened, it would only be better, because more universally, appreciated. The reason why pictorial photography is still rather a small movement is simply because nine individuals out of ten, even in the educated classes, have not heard of it, or, if they have, are so ignorant of camera craft that—well, they feel no sense of a pictorial photograph as having come into being otherwise than more or less automatically. They have no mental vision of the processes involved, nor of the ideas gaining expression—in fact, the layman does not rank any sort of photograph as a symptom of "ideas" at all. Yet if the reader will turn to the reproductions in this book, and will dispassionately weigh up their whys and wherefores, he will, I think, be compelled to conclude that *some* "idea" must have been the motive-power of every single one of them. I question whether he will be able to pick out a solitary example, amongst this gallery of ***Photograms of the Year,*** of a print which is not—if I may use so grand a word—intellectual.

Dredging through the harvest of the beginners' competitions one finds few prints, if any, which ***are*** intellectual. That, exactly, is the difference between the

production of the snapshotting toy-user and the pictorialist old hand. The one is unconcerned with ideas, he is only playing with a jolly kind of scientific conjuring-trick; the other (though to the end of his days fascinated by the variants in the scientific conjuring-trick) is concerned with nothing but ideas—*i.e.* nothing but an intellectual impulse causes him to take a photograph: without some emotion to interpret he would never take any photographs whatever.

If the beginner is not somehow led on from the plaything stage to the stage of using the camera as a medium of voicing ideas, he is in due course lost to photography. The toy finally tires him, and the photographic world is deprived of a possible citizen who might have strengthened it. This is why all beginners should be encouraged and helped, however appalling and wearisome the efforts they foist on our attention. There is a type of old hand who is far too intolerant of the tyro, far too prone to assume that the tyro is a hopeless idiot because he is proud of his little P.O.P. of the blurred baby, or his soot-and-whitewash glossy gaslight of the halated drawing-room interior. The old hand forgets his own egregious first start. Everybody starts thus. The question is why anybody, with such a start, goes on. Many do go on, but only if they graduate to idea photography instead of plaything photography. And except with the relatively rare persons who happen to be gifted with a scientific bent, and who therefore take up microscopic work, chemical research, and laboratory photography generally—itself definitely intellectual, as distinct from a pastime—the sole secret of capturing the beginners as permanent converts is to steer them into the realm of pictorialism: this, and this alone, is the idea photography which adds to the population of the big photographic world.

How are the beginners to be shown the path to pictorial achievement? Firstly, it is clear, by the stimulus of the competitions to which I have alluded. The old hand priggishly turns up his nose at such competitions—but he is wrong. They matter very much indeed, though the majority of their entries do not seem to matter an atom. Their usefulness is in causing the competitor to consider his rivals' work, and to observe what gains the honour of reproduction. If all tyro snapshotters took in an illustrated photographic journal, or joined a photographic society, there would be fewer backsliders. The reason so many amateurs lapse is because they never see any work better than their own: they literally do not know that better work is being done, except, in a vague way, by "professionals."

Put ***Photograms of the Year*** into the hands of some innocent hand-camera novices and they are positively bewildered. They fail to understand what it is all about. Either ***Photograms*** or the Salon is too sudden a shock for them: they must be gently conducted towards sympathy for these high-brow phenomena, inasmuch as hostility is the prime sensation with the honest soul who, accustomed to aim at sharpness in his own snaps, beholds flagrantly unsharp works. I have observed actual hatred in the expression of a quite mild camera-owner when confronted by the beautiful pages of ***Photograms***. Beauty was alien to his notion of what a photograph should be, anyhow. He did not know whether these weird things were an affectation or mere bad exposures: either way, he loathed them.

But this was the sort of mortal (I am sorry to say he is in the majority) who photographs in solitude, has never bought a photographic paper or entered a photographic society, or known the incentive of competition. People of his type are not fundamentally interested in photography. For them it is only a summer-holiday diversion. They do not regard it seriously enough to want to read about

it and follow its progress in a journal. If they had got sufficiently bitten by it to take in a journal and enter for competitions, they would very soon arrive at the point of comprehending *Photograms* and the Salon. And as soon as you cease to detest the work in *Photograms* or the Salon you begin to like it. And as soon as you begin to like it you want to do some of it yourself.

The desire for self-expression is what keeps photography alive. The beginner must be taught to link the word Beauty with the word Photograph, and not to be shocked or intimidated or goaded into imbecile mockery by the word Art. My belief is that from the very outset it is possible to discover beauty in photographs —even in poor ones. By continually emphasising what beauty there is, instead of pouncing on the uglinesses, we may bring the tyro to see beauty where he never saw it before. Thereupon he begins to discover and create beauty on his own account. The impulses of the artist stir in him. Those impulses may have trivial effects; but it is not for us to assume that they will; for aught we know, their outcome will be photographically epoch-making. We cannot foretell what any tyro will develop into; all we can be sure of is that once he begins even to *try* to take pictures like those in *Photograms* he will never, never backslide into the state of the man-in-the-street who has "chucked" his camera and "gone in for" rabbit-breeding, or some such hobby instead.

When I started photographing, thirty years ago, there were folk who sneered at pictorialism as a passing fad. But it is pictorial photography that stays alive, and ordinary technical photography which is continually dying, and might vanish altogether, like diabolo and other amusing crazes, were it not for its obvious utilitarian applications. Therefore I say that if our photographic world is to increase, the beginner must be roped in, lots of him. This can be done in one way alone, that is, by treating his work seriously from the pictorial standpoint. To teach the beginner technique is important, but only in order that he may make technically good pictorial photographs. He will soon reach the end of technique, if he has his wits about him; but he will never reach the end of the technical rendering of beauty as he sees it, the idea photography as distinct from the conjuring-trick photography.

It appears that during the war (to everybody's surprise) an enormous number of people who never used cameras have started to use them. There are more beginners than ever before. I hope that peace will not portend a diminution in this tide of newcomers. At all events I want to plead that they should, as far as possible, be drawn into the pictorial movement. This is to be done, in the first instance, by—to be candid—taking the beginner and his toy rather more kindly than we have always taken them in the past. Proffering his horrid little prints he asks to be enthused over. Let us by all means enthuse, and warmly. He is one of us —or will be, if we refrain from the temptation to snub him coldly; but the job is to discover beauty of some sort, somewhere, in his prints, and sing that beauty's praises. Not an easy job; but it is a job which I urge on all pictorialists. We need the beginners. Now is the time to be on the look-out for them. The nation is very busy, but if, as we have seen, it has not been too busy for Beauty in the war, we may fairly assume that it will not be too busy for Beauty in peace.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE AIR

By Lieut.-Col. J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON, R.A.F.

THE Royal Air Force, up to now, has devoted its attention to the rendering of what was of military value to the troops upon the ground, from the point of view of photography. It has supplied hundreds of thousands of photographs taken vertically from machines; and such has been the organisation on the subject that very little effort is required on behalf of the pilot except to manœuvre his machine over the spot it is desired to photograph, and to be there at a time when there is sufficient light to get a result.

The problems that have faced the Royal Air Force from the beginning have been quite different from what one anticipated. The purely mechanical and chemical processes have stood us in good stead from the beginning, and it is not in that subject that much advance, from the point of view of getting photographs from the air, has taken place.

The difficulties have been purely physical, and when it is remembered that we have to take pin-sharp photographs through quite thick mists sometimes, from a camera mounted on a very unstable framework, in which is mounted an engine of perhaps 300 h.p., added to which the whole mounting is travelling in the neighbourhood of 100 miles per hour, it will be easily appreciated the conditions are far from normal.

It would take longer than the space allowed me in this article to tell of the troubles experienced at first, and of the apparently excellent photographs taken by hand-held cameras, which the Map Section would have nothing to do with, in that they were not "true."

An article describing the difficulties and troubles encountered would interest many, but is not within the scope of what is required in a volume devoted to pictorial work. "Control," which is such a necessary part and such an enjoyable part in all pictorial work, must be rigorously excluded from anything done for military purposes; and even in the joining up of a long line of photographs overlapping, the temptation just to blend one into the other must always be, and is always, resisted.

It is interesting to note how the camera, largely distrusted and despised at the beginning of the war, has finally, from the point of view of reconnaissance, almost displaced the human eye; and when it is realised that it is possible for one aeroplane with one camera to come back from an individual flight with photographs showing every detail in an area of over 100 square miles—as has often been done—the reason for the displacement of the human eye by the mechanical lens can readily be appreciated.

Many of our photographs that have been taken, not vertically, but obliquely, for military reasons—such as to give the contour of the ground to advancing troops

etc.—have, it is true, a very pleasing effect sometimes, even if they approach, in some cases, the picture-postcard type. Some of these, taken during training in England, of our well-known cathedrals suffer a good deal from this; but, all the same, it must be remembered that they are interesting, in that a cathedral looks its very best from an aeroplane flying low down alongside it. Houses and gasworks which have been allowed to grow up too near them are overlooked, and they stand out in all their beauty.

At the recent exhibition at the Salon, we endeavoured to show to the public for the first time that there were beauties in the heavens that should be seen to be appreciated, but which, owing to the war, have not been given the attention, from the pictorial point of view in photography, that they warrant. The two photographs shown at the Salon are a start towards a new branch of aerial photography—the pictorial branch; and with the ever-changing light and clouds seen from above, I hope that no pictorial exhibition in the future will be complete without some representative photographs in this new-found dimension, now that airmen are to have a little more leisure.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN CANADA

By H. MORTIMER-LAMB

T can scarcely be said that photography as a hobby is enjoying quite the same measure of popularity in Canada as before the war. This may, of course, be in part due to the considerably increased cost of materials, but it is attributable also to other conditions imposed by the war, by which the leisure of many has been curtailed. Possibly this slump in dilettantism is not altogether a thing to be regretted, except perhaps by the manufacturers of and dealers in photographic commodities; but even here—in the case of the former class, at any rate—the profits derived from selling war orders must have more than compensated for any falling off (if there has been any) in ordinary trade in respect of amateur supplies.

In one direction, however, there has been a quite important development during the past year or so. I refer to the invasion of the professional field by several of our leading pictorialists, who formerly were content to employ photography as a medium of expression merely for the pleasure that its practice afforded them. But by stress of circumstances, or because the opportunities that presented seemed to be specially favourable, they crossed the Rubicon, and are now

courageously depending entirely on photography as a means of livelihood. Their enterprise at least is to be commended, and in more than one respect it has borne good fruit. In the first place, the quality of the work of these pictorialists, in consequence of the time and attention they must now necessarily devote to perfecting their technique and craftsmanship, has enormously improved; and, in the second place, they have exerted, and are exerting, a most useful influence in gaining for photography, as practised by artists, the appreciation and respect of a steadily increasing *clientèle.*

Montreal is particularly fortunate in that no less than three pictorialists, all of whom enjoy international reputations, are now practising here as professional portraitists. They are Mr. MacKenzie, Mrs. Minna Keene, and Mr. Sydney Carter. Mr. MacKenzie, who, for a time, had a studio on Fifth Avenue, New York, has returned to the scene of his former successes; Mrs. Keene, since she opened a studio here some four years ago, has won for herself a secure position and many warm friends and admirers; and of the work of Mr. Carter, the newcomer of this trio in the professional field, it may be said that it represents the high-water mark to date of pictorial achievement in Canada.

Those of us who have admired and appreciated Mr. Carter's earlier efforts were nevertheless often regretful that he sought his effects by emphasising darkness rather than light; and by the low key of so many of his pictures the impression was produced that he and his sitters lived in a world of twilight and gloom. Nevertheless, his work has always been eminently artistic and individual. He has now, however, imparted to it a far greater vitality, by a more knowledgeful handling of light and shade and by the directness and precision of his technical methods. As a portraitist he possesses a keen psychological sense, and it is not too much to assert that some of his portraits would hold their own for quality and character in such distinguished company as the productions of de Meyer or of Clarence White.

In Toronto the former amateur pictorialists, Messrs. Ashby and Crippen, have also joined the professional ranks, and are acquitting themselves with distinction.

The exhibitions during the past year have been few and far between. They included, however, an exhibition in Montreal under the auspices of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, and two exhibitions in Toronto under the auspices of the Toronto Camera Club—which, by the way, is now affiliated with the Royal Photographic Society. The most important of these two exhibitions was the club's "Salon", the fifteenth of the series, which was held during the latter part of May in the Art Museum of Toronto. The collection comprised two hundred and fourteen prints, and represented the work of fifty-five exhibitors. The gold medal for the best picture in the exhibition was awarded to an American, Mr. Francis Orville Libby, of Portland, Me.; but it is gratifying to note that a fair proportion of the awards went to local pictorialists, these being Mr. C. A. Coles, our old friends Mr. A. S. Goss and Mr. J. P. Hodgins, Mr. A. Kelly, the club's hard-working and capable Secretary-Treasurer, and Mr. G. R. Smith. It should be mentioned also that Ottawa was creditably represented at this exhibition by the pictures of those excellent photographers Messrs. Arthur E. Kellett, Frank T. Shutt, and Charles E. Saunders. Mr. Gordon K. Miller was the only Montreal exhibitor. Considering the adverse conditions of the last few years, the club may be indeed congratulated on the spirit and courage whereby it has been able to

"carry on" so successfully during these trying times. This spirit is well indicated in the "Foreword" to the catalogue of this year's exhibition, from which I may be permitted to quote the following:—

"Since the war the most of the work exhibited at our Salons, other than that produced by our own members, has been from the United States, although both last year and this we received pictures from England and Japan as well. Since our last exhibition the United States has become our ally, and is entering the great struggle with all its might. This is responsible for the fact that some of our American exhibitors of former years are not represented in the present exhibition, because they are now engaged in more important work; but their absence, while regrettable in one sense and gratifying in another, gives us even more cause to be pleased with the splendid lot of American pictures received and hung. Our artistic standard of former years has been fully maintained, and not only that, but our standard of artistic progress from year to year."

In Winnipeg the loss of Mr. W. Rowe Lewis, formerly President of the Camera Club, who met a tragic death in Georgia a year or so ago, is very keenly felt. In fact, this loss and the departure from the city of several of the more enthusiastic members has dealt the Winnipeg Camera Club a blow from which it has not yet recovered.

In Ottawa there is a club of small membership that has been steadily at work, chiefly in pictorial photography, for the past twelve years. It is composed of men of artistic temperament and ability, who have skill and experience in negative making and in the making of prints by the more modern means of expression—oil, bromoil, etc. The club has consistently held an exhibition of their best work every second year in the Capitol, and thus contributed towards the education of the citizens of Ottawa and its suburbs in the higher forms of photographic art. It held a special exhibition in 1916 in aid of the Red Cross Fund, realising a considerable sum for that very worthy object. Several of its members have in years past sent photographs to the English salons, and in June of the present year two of its members submitted pictures which were hung in the International Salon held in Toronto, under the auspices of the Photographic Club of that city. As in every other field of artistic activity, the club has keenly felt the depressing influence of the war, but it is alive and active. It trusts and expects with the coming of peace to resume its work with renewed energy and spirit.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE UNITED STATES

By W. H. PORTERFIELD

BOUT ten years ago the organisation of numerous small clubs made up of pictorialists who for various reasons had seceded from parent bodies, had the effect of stimulating the production of high-class work, which, it seemed, was impossible of accomplishment in the larger and more unwieldy organisations.

Almost every large photographic society had its satellite, which prospered for a time and succeeded in adding materially to the pictorial wealth of the country. It was claimed by many who professed prophetic vision that at last the craft had hit upon the right idea, and henceforth the course of the photographer with pictorial ambitions was safely and securely "channel buoyed," for by reason of the removal and elimination of all such obstacles as by-laws, rules, regulations and party politics, the entire time at all meetings could be devoted exclusively to the discussion of pictures.

Nor can it be said that the premise was not well taken, for if there is any one thing that should be assiduously avoided in art clubs, it is the subject of politics.

However congenial men may be before election, it is not infrequent that they have been known to change after the ballots are counted.

During the years in which these small clubs flourished, many notable achievements resulted, principally the organisation of the Pittsburg Salon, whose exhibits have been made up greatly by workers of the small clubs. From this source also were most of the officers and active members chosen.

Gradually these clubs have disappeared from the public eye, and the pages of "Club Activity" seldom contain reports of their doings, which may or may not be taken as evidence of their non-existence.

It is apparent, however, that they are not maintaining their early reputation as societies, though many of the individuals continue to produce and support the annual salons and lesser exhibitions in most creditable manner.

In last year's *Photograms* mention was made of the recently organised "Pictorial Photographers of America," under the direction of Mr. Clarence H. White and other prominent New York pictorialists. Since that time the new society has attracted to its membership many of the free-lances of pictorial photography as well as those who formerly were members of the above-mentioned small

clubs, and in the brief time of its existence has grown to be the strongest organisation in the States.

So that at present we have what may be regarded as quite an ideal condition and a foundation on which to build a permanent structure for the advancement of the art of the camera.

With the Pittsburg Salon as the one fixed annual exhibition of photographic art, together with the advantages offered to all workers by the New York organisation, it seems that the outlook for the future of the art leaves nothing to be desired as far as opportunity and association are concerned.

Unity of effort and concentration in management are two factors which go a long way towards insuring success in any endeavour, and with the two photographic organisations working in harmony, though each in its appointed field, the pictorialists in America are assured of encouragement and support.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN SCANDINAVIA

By HENRY B. GOODWIN

THE last report in this Annual of photographic pictorialism in Scandinavia dealt with the Danish amateurs. Their work had for many years appeared as the strongest evidence of a pictorial movement in this insular part of Europe—in Sweden we speak of "The Continent" quite as in England.

In the photographic annals of 1917 the very same group of men figure as the prime movers for the event of the year: a second, and larger, exhibition in the Art Hall of the young artists called *de Frie* (the free, the independent). It takes place in September, and it is neither an amateurs' show nor a purely national Danish exhibition. It is the first truly inter-Scandinavian show of both amateur and professional work.

Such an amalgamation has been greatly aided by the existence of a common organ for the three, now four (not to forget the kingdom of Iceland), Northern lands—the *Nordisk Tidskrift for Fotografi.* News in connection with this monthly publication is, firstly, that its chief editor and proprietor, the professor of photography at the Royal University College of Technical Science, John Hertzberg, has left the ranks of professionals and resolved to devote his time and energy to research work; secondly, that many Danish and Norwegian practical photographers and scholars are contributing material, pictorial and scientific, the latter being printed in the author's own language—a welcome trait of practical Scandinavisme; and, thirdly, that two devoted and professed pictorialists appear and certainly make themselves felt as sub- or art editors.

Perhaps we do not exaggerate in dating pictorialism in Norway from the year when Mr. John Hertzberg's growing popularity as propagandist for solid technical instruction and an ideal standard of work started a new era there. A true Scandinavian and formerly in business in the brother country, Mr. Hertzberg was, in the spring of this year, enthusiastically welcomed and listened to as lecturer on photographic subjects in Christiania. Norsk Fotografisk Forening, the professional society, claims the honour of having invited Mr. Hertzberg; the real merit of having arranged the course of lectures and having attracted provincial photographers in a country of such great distances and well-known difficulties in communications as Norway attaches to the personality of a gentleman who need not be introduced in *Photograms*, as he is the author of a portrait of Peter Nansen which readers will remember in the 1914 volume. Mr. Ernest Rude is the name of the society's president, and he is a worker who possesses both high ambitions and great gifts. He is in years and spirit a young man.

In connection with Norway, which country up to this volume of *Photograms*, has only been treated as the hinterland to Sweden—which it perhaps still is with respect to photographic pictorialism—special mention must be made of two names —that of the well-known "free-air photographer," Wilse, whose work has been exhibited at the Salon and reproduced in *Photograms;* and of an amateur of some renown in his country, Director Lutcherath, who has recently come into contact with Swedish pictorialists and published poetic landscapes.

The professionals Bryn (Sandetjord), Aune (Trondhjem), and several other photographers scattered in small coast towns of sequestered fjords have partaken in shows and demonstrations. But at present Ibsen's Hjalmar Ekdal is still no doubt the most universally known Norwegian photographer.

Mr. Aage Rasmussen, the Dane, has made Christiania his public stage. He appears with ambitious, often striking, always pretentious work, in illustrated magazines in all the Scandinavian countries.

His antipode is a countryman of his who not only stayed at home in the literal sense, but has a knack of staying at home figuratively and ambitionally—Mr. N. Chr. Bang, of Copenhagen and Christianshavn. He is now attached as teacher to the recently founded photographic high school in Copenhagen. Once a highly appreciated amateur pictorialist, chiefly portraitist, he has, like Dr. Faustus and like that type of hardworking serious investigator, not only in looks, but in character, locked himself up in an out-of-the-way little studio, from where his fine portrait work will be unearthed by his friends. It has already been shown by Mr. Waagoe in the Danish *Amateur Photographer* (now no longer in Mr. Waagoe's hands).

While Sweden this year has not been startled by any events in our branch of work, except by the scarcely surprising success of some very clever gum prints of Mr. Rahmn's, for which the Professional Union awarded him the gold medal (never awarded before) and the King a high order of merit, Denmark has been overwhelmingly hospitable in its reception of a representative of Sweden and his one-man show. I am obliged to conclude by alluding to that successful Goodwin show at the exhibition rooms of the newspaper *Berlingske Tidende* (the Danish *Times*), which, by the exhibitor's brethren in the profession and the amateurs who arranged the show, was praised as "a conquest of pictorialism in Scandinavia."

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN HOLLAND

By ADRIAAN BOER

ALTHOUGH at the time of writing we are hoping soon to see some order in the world, and live in expectation of more peaceful times, the great art of to-day is to keep our mills turning, and not the least so in photographic circles.

We Dutch are lucky enough to be fairly well familiar with mills, and accustomed to wind, and so we were fortunate enough to come through safely and keep our beloved art alive. But the price of photographic materials has risen to such a height that many amateurs have given up their hobby.

It must be mentioned with regret that many of our old workers have stopped exhibiting, but new ones have taken their places, and the walls of our exhibitions are fairly well filled, the quality of the work in many cases being most promising. For the annual Salon of the Delft Polytechnic College exhibition, just closed, thirty-eight workers submitted no less than 260 pictures, and of these eighty were hung. For the annual Salon of the Netherland Amateur Photographic Society of Amsterdam, which was held in April, the entries were even better.

There are many reasons for the older workers at our exhibitions failing to show nowadays. In the first place, there are the difficulties of production at the present time. Secondly, many prominent workers find that incompetent critics give them very little satisfaction for all the trouble they take. And lastly, there is the fact that pictorial photography is not much appreciated in Holland, and even the best pictures shown seldom find buyers. So many of our best workers, after years of strenuous labour, got tired of earning only medals and nothing more material.

This has been felt for a long time, and in order to make pictorial photography more appreciated by the general public, a society has been formed, called the Dutch Photographic Museum, to collect works of merit of photographic art of all times from at home and abroad. The public, seeing these photographs placed in a museum of pictorial art, should not fail to more fully recognise the merits of these best productions of photography.

The collection in this Dutch Museum includes a fairly representative show of historical exhibits, such as some fine Daguerreotypes, Talbottypes, Lippmann colour pictures, and other technical examples. In the pictorial section there are some remarkable specimens of Octavius Hill (in photogravures by Craig Annan), of Robinson, Craig Annan, Dürkopp and others from abroad; but there is still much to be done before this collection can be called complete. There is a fairly large series of older and younger modern Dutch workers, and future generations will be able to discuss the intrinsic value of these examples. The efforts to bring this matter before the public have been somewhat relaxed during the last four years, but we hope soon to be able to renew them again, and we feel confident that they will have a good influence on the production of photographic art and on educating the appreciation of the general public.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN SPAIN

By JOSE ORTIZ ECHAGUE

DURING the past year there has been little to report in the way of progress or novelties in pictorial photography in Spain. In Madrid, however, the Penalara Society, with rare constancy, held its third annual exhibition in the little hall of the Ateneo. This hall, which is open free to all artists, has its walls covered during the winter by work showing the most varied expression in painting, engraving, and photography. Its limited dimensions, however, do not lend themselves well to more than small private shows; hence, when a society of considerable numbers endeavours to organise an exhibition here, the accommodation proves very inadequate. Thus the three hundred works that made up the exhibition referred to were crowded together with obvious disadvantage to each other and to the appearance of the room. It is to be hoped that in subsequent years the Penalara collection will be able to secure a sufficiently commodious gallery that will allow a better display and a greater variety of subjects. To-day the exhibits are limited exclusively to mountain photography, a subject, however, the limits of which it is very difficult to define in a country like Spain.

In other respects this exhibition may be considered superior to its predecessors. Amongst the exhibits there stand out the works of Castellanos, Danis, Tinoco, Victory, Arche, Conde de Ventosa, Prats, Gonzalez, etc. During the run of the exhibition, addresses were delivered and mountain photographs were shown on the lantern screen.

The Royal Photographical Society continues its educational work, but without attempting the organisation of an annual exhibition which would give this country an opportunity to uphold its artistic traditions.

In Barcelona some local exhibitions have been held, but of little importance. I cannot give details of these, not having visited them.

The artist, L. Savignac, has quitted the ranks of the amateurs and become a professional. He has established himself in Saragoza. The art of photography must lose considerably thereby, as it is well known under what conditions work has to be done by those who have to submerge their own tastes to satisfy the taste of the public, which is so frequently deplorable here. We esteem L. Savignac as the leading pictorial photographer, not only in Spain, but perhaps also abroad, in the difficult process of oil-colour-transfers. His decision is therefore to be lamented.

I am very sorry that the readers of ***Photograms*** cannot have any production by the author of "Jeune Homme à la Cigarette," which appeared in the Annual for 1913 (Plate XIV.). On making the request to the artist, his answer was an ironical evasion, arising, no doubt, from the necessary production of work so contrary to his artistic temperament.

THE YOUNG PRINCE

By MARCUS ADAMS (Reading.)

BLACK AND WHITE

By MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT (London).

THE COMBAT. By W. G. HILL, Stockton-on-Tees.

DIVINE AND DEVIL. By S. SABA (Japan).

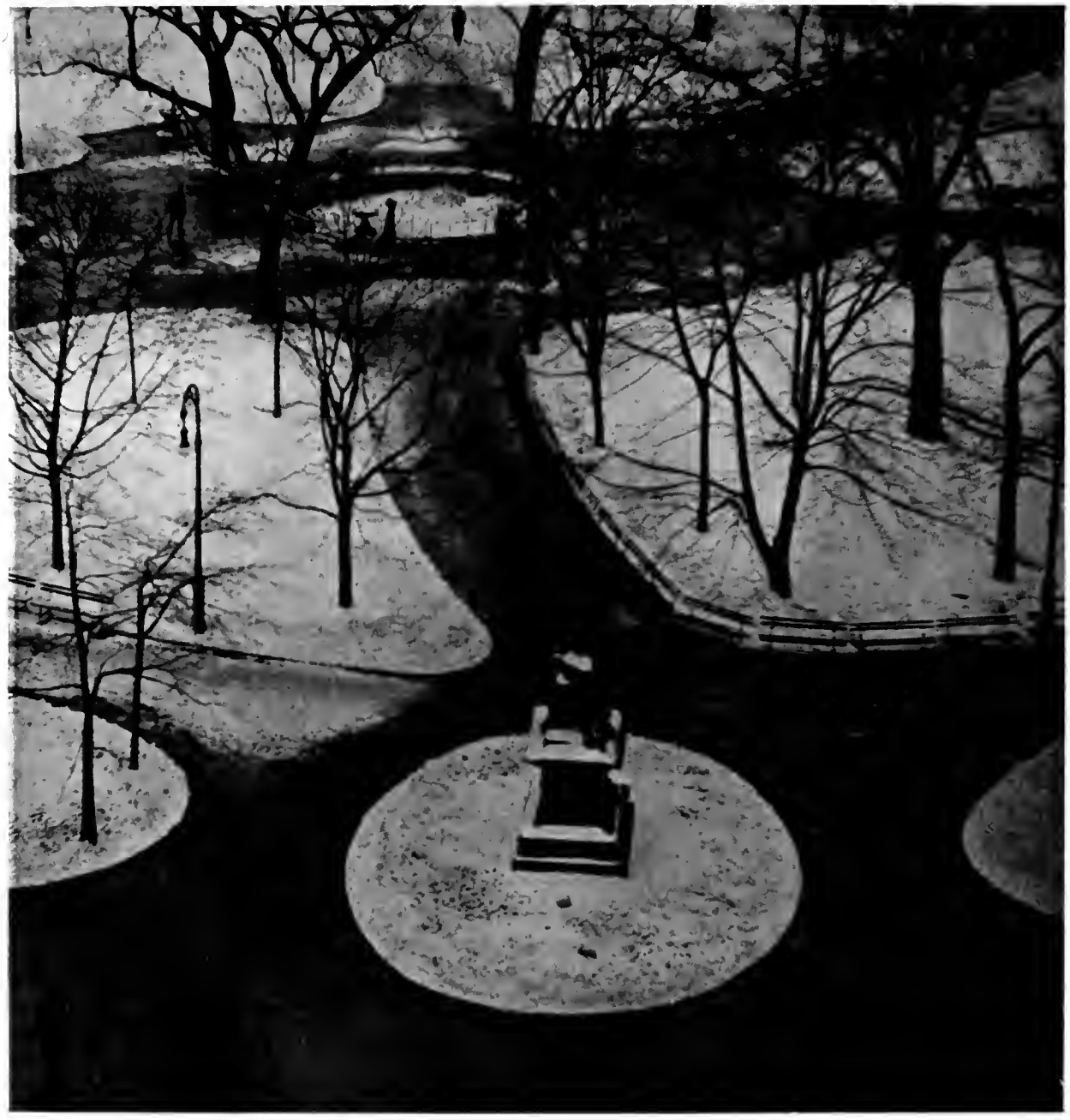
PLATE V

BETTY.

BY LOUIS FLECKENSTEIN, CALIFORNIA.

A MAGAZINE COVER. By ARTHUR F. KALES (California).

AFTER THE BATH. By LOUIS J. STEELE, Portsmouth.



THE THAW.

BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN (LONDON).

THE STRIPED DRESS. By WALTER BENINGTON (London).

LADY IN BLACK

By HENRY B. GOODWIN (SWEDEN).

TEMPEST. By H. Y. SUMMONS (Virginia Water).

QUAYSIDE. By JOHN H. ANDERSON (London).

HARVEST HOME. By ALEX. KEIGHLEY (STEETON).

IN FAR CATHAY. By R. BELFIELD (LONDON).

YOUNG ENGLAND. By HARRY STORM (Cardiff).

CHILD'S WELFARE—A CONSULTATION. By S. BRIDGEN (London).

CURDS AND WHEY. By HUGH CECIL (London).

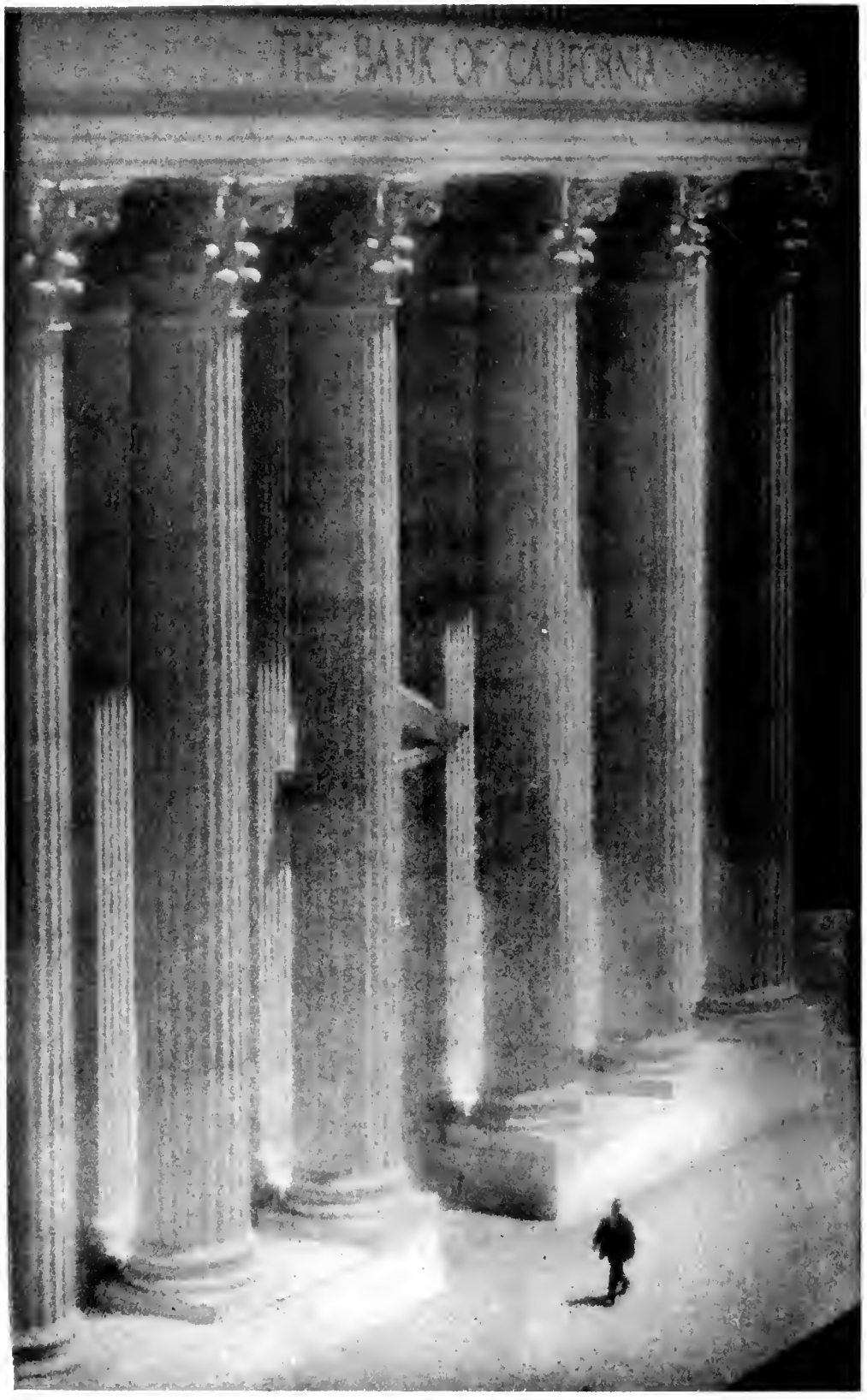
CARNEGIE TECHNICAL SCHOOL, PITTSBURGH.

By H. C. TORRANCE (Pittsburgh).

THE DANCE.

By the
EARL OF CARNARVON
(London)

LITTLE BLACK DOG. By RALPH WILLIS BROWN (CALIFORNIA).



THE BANK.

By ANSON HERRICK (California).

A SUMMER SYMPHONY. By DR. RUPERT S. LOVEJOY. PORTLAND, U.S.A.

A BEACH FROLIC. By JOHN PAUL EDWARDS (California).

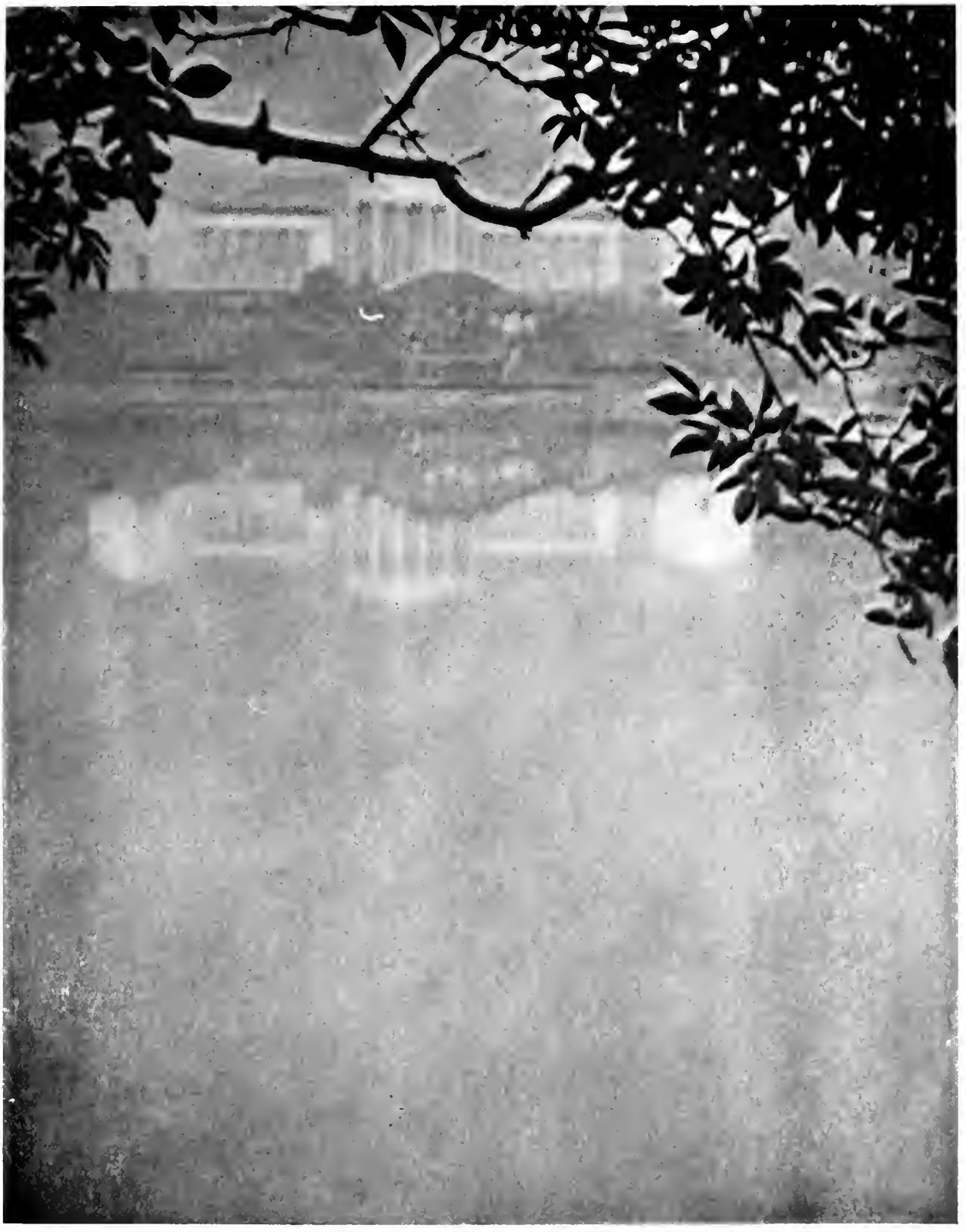
FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT. By H. YAHAGI (Japan).

THE SHADOW CURTAIN

BY W. S. WHITE (AUSTRALIA).

SIXTEEN.

By WILLIAMINA PARRISH (St. Louis, U.S.A.).



THE FRETWORK TREE. By W. H. PORTERFIELD (Buffalo, U.S.A.

GENERAL SIR CHARLES MADDEN. By WM. CROOKE (Edinburgh).

EDINBURGH CASTLE. By R. D. CROALL (EDINBURGH).

"HO! CHARON!" By PERCY NEYMAN, PH.D. CALIFORNIA

THE LOBSTER POT. By Mrs. AMBROSE RALLI (London).

NOCTURNE. By W. H. RAE. California

AN EVENING IN JUNE. By W. F. J. PINKNEY (Gosforth)

FANCY

By HERBERT LAMBERT (Bath).

LITTLE MISS MARJORIE. By Mrs G. A. BARTON Birmingham.

DEVELLE.

By EDWARD HENRY WESTON (California).

THE TOP OF THE HILL. By A. W. BURGESS (Manchester).

A SUMMER SEA. By RUDOLF EICKEMEYER (New York).

THE SINGER.

By ANDREW BARCLAY (London).

"THE GATE OF GOOD-BYE."

By
F. J. MORTIMER
(London)

PHILADELPHIA. By W. G. FITZ (Philadelphia).

THE RT. HON. COUNTESS POULETT. By BERTRAM PARK (London).

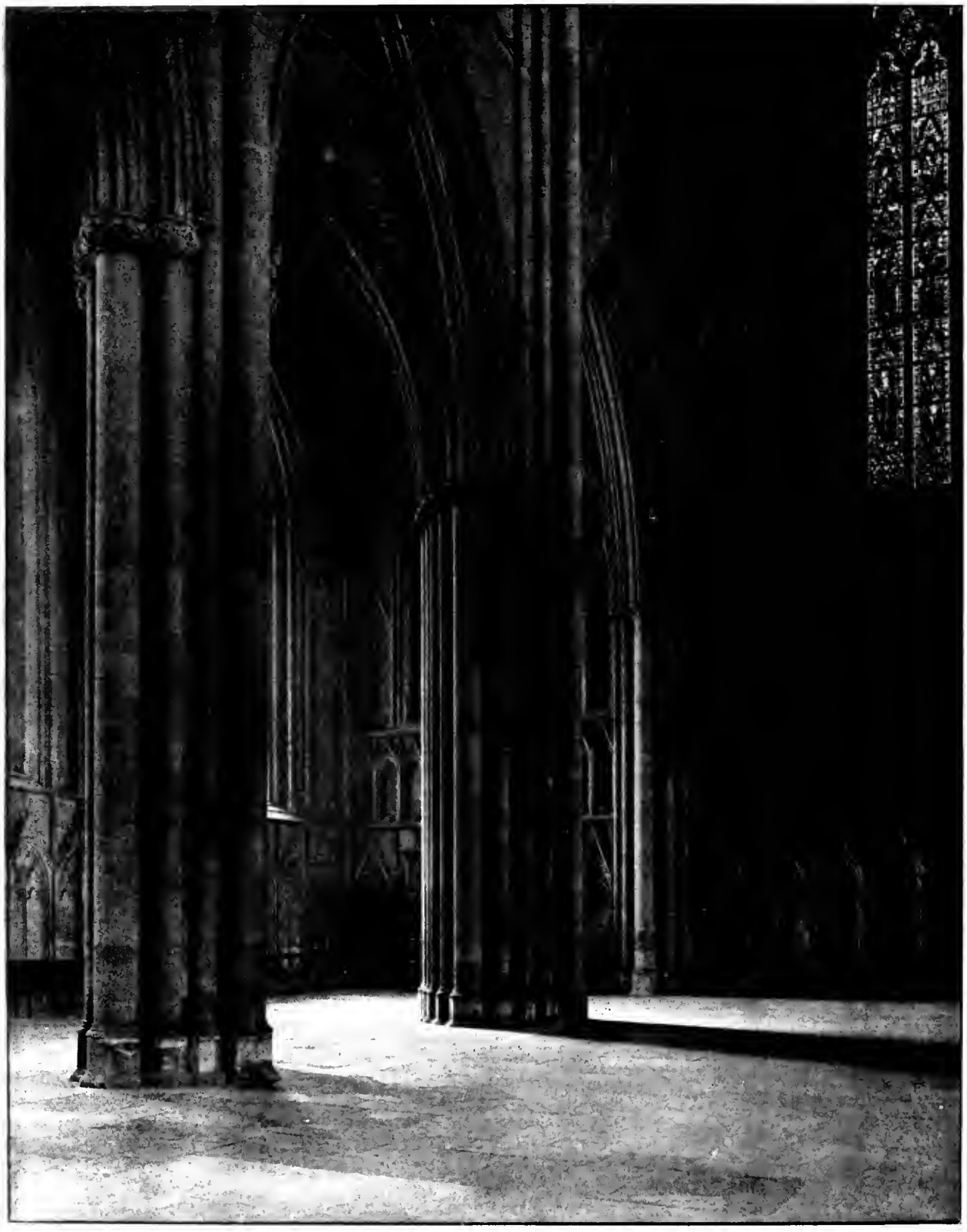
MEMORIAM. By JAS. E. PATON (Australia).

MILITARY ROAD IN ALBANIA. By WARD MUIR (London).

THE DOCK. By CHAS. JOB (Liverpool).

AFTERGLOW: HONG KONG HARBOUR. By Mr. and Mrs. F. WESTON (Chatham).

THE CAPITOL. By E. M. PRATT (California).



WESTMINSTER.

By J. R. H. WEAVER (London).

PORTRAIT OF A LADY
WITH COAT OF ARMS.

BY RICHARD POLAK (HOLLAND).

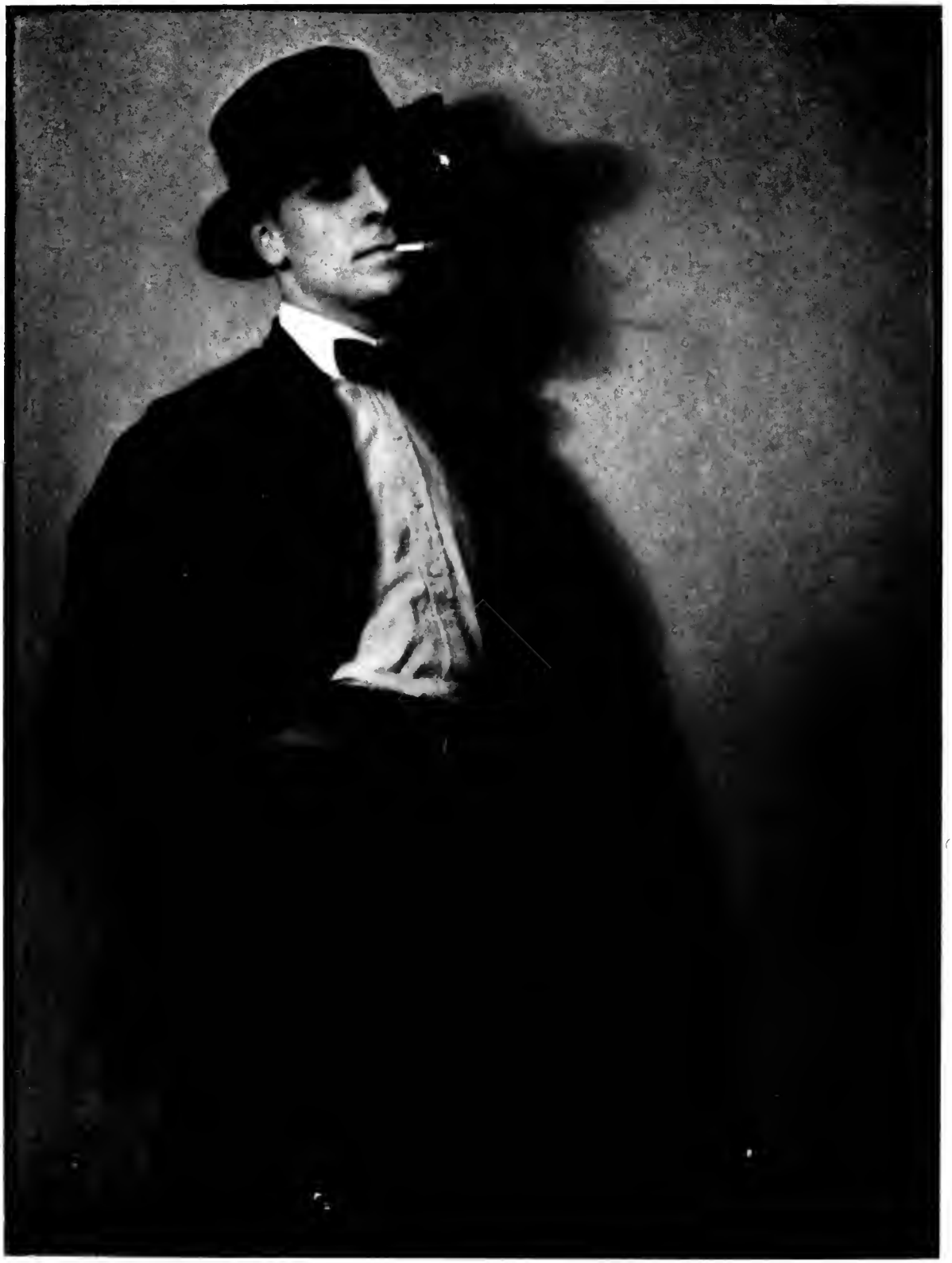
EARLY MORNING

By ANGUS BASIL (London).

[illegible] THIS LINE.

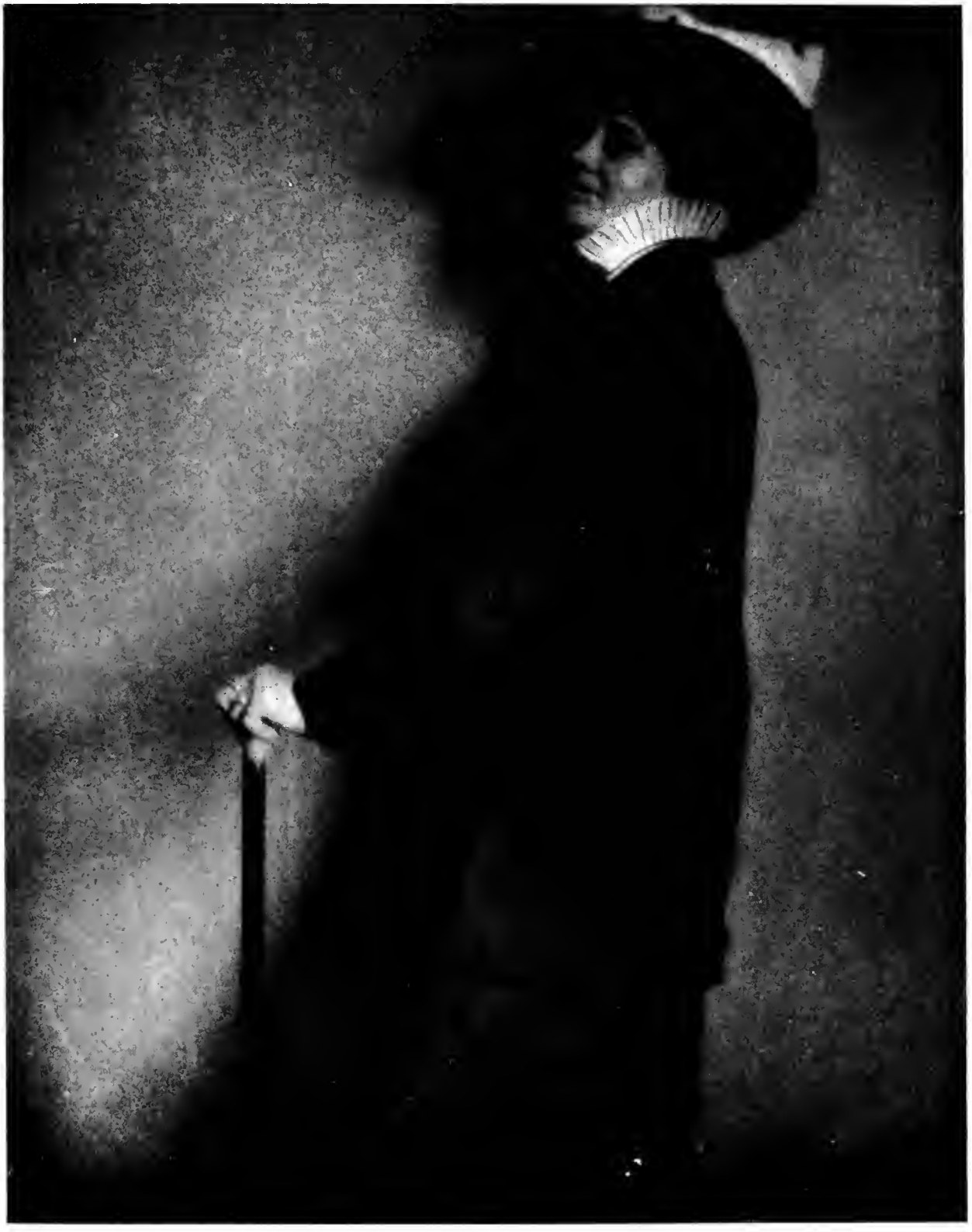
By GWYN MORGAN (Barry).

A PANEL. By G. F. PRIOR (London).



AN AMERICAN.

By HUGO VAN WADENOYEN, Jr. (Cardiff).



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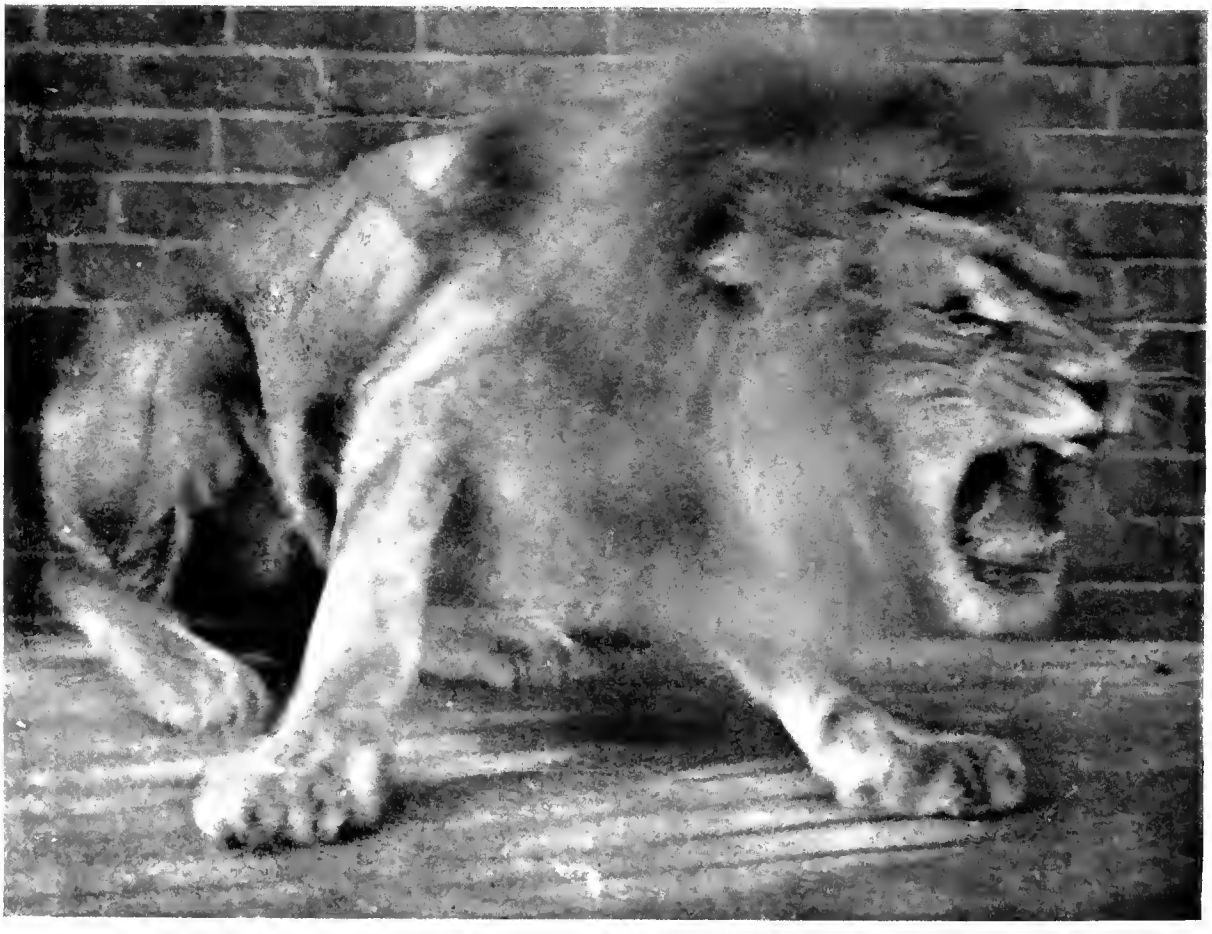

THE BRITISH LION. By ERNEST HOCH (Canada).

PHOTOGRAPHIC CHEMICALS.

A NEW BRITISH INDUSTRY.

TO the great majority of people the word photography recalls the ordeal of a visit to the professional, or suggests the hobby of the amateur and his holiday snapshots. It is only the few who realise the important position to which photography has attained in the life of civilised nations, both in war and commerce. The fact is that, quite apart from professional and amateur photography, industry has, all the world over, called in photography to aid it, not only in production, but also in the disposal of its goods. Photography is used alike in the professions and in trade. The architect, the lawyer, and the medical man use it, the engineer and the manufacturer employ it in their work, and rely on it in their advertising. Photography, combined with the printer's art, has now become one of the main mediums of advertising.

In the early months of the war it was realised that photography would play its part, but it was only the few who foresaw its vast possibilities in modern warfare. Mention is made from time to time in the "British Official" of the number of photographs taken on a certain day, but who has guessed at the enormous total of photographic exposures that the flying men must have obtained, and who has estimated the photographs that have been printed? The complete story of photography's part in this war must wait before it can be told, but its importance in the fight is undoubtedly very great, and its beneficent work in the hands of the surgeon as he uses it to record the wonderful and searching diagnosis of the X-ray is none the less important. Whole chapters might be written of the important part that photography has played in all kinds of war work, such as the information of the public by pictorial illustrations, moving pictures and enlargements; technical and scientific records of important branches of war industry; while there are probably few Government departments which have not called in photography to aid them in making records of forms, plans, agreements and other items where accuracy is a first essential and where the photostat and photo-copying machine have proved invaluable.

Soon after war was declared, it was realised that one of its results was to cut off the supplies of essential photographic chemicals, namely the developing re-agents themselves, without which the work of the camera could not be recorded. The most important developers had been made almost entirely in Germany or from German intermediate products. The fact is they are derived from coal tar, and their manufacture formed a small but valuable branch of that great industry of chemicals, dyes and drugs, which Germany had by one means or another made her own. The manufacture of photographic chemicals, therefore, was still another reason for the prompt and full development of Great Britain's enormous natural wealth of coal tar. The anomalies of patent registration were soon swept away; the German control of the intermediate coal tar chemicals was no more, and the production of British photographic developers from British coal was, before many months, an accomplished fact.

It was only natural that the firm of Johnson and Sons, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, of London, who had always specialised in photographic chemicals, and whose Silver Nitrate and Gold Chloride were of world-wide renown, should lead the way in this new British industry, and be the first to produce these developers on a commercial scale. The premier developer for bromide papers is the Diamido-phenol-hydrochloride, which up to 1914 had been principally sold under the names of Amidol-hauff and Amidol-agfa, but early in 1915 Amidol-Johnsons was produced, and quickly proved itself as being in every way equal to the German product.

The chemical of the greatest importance in modern photography is undoubtedly the one with the not unimportant name of Monomethyl-paramidophenol-sulphate, which before the war was sold under the names of Metol-hauff and Metol-agfa. Metol has become the most widely used of all developing agents, and has proved itself the best for X-ray and cinematography, whilst in combination with other developers it has become universally adopted for the development of films and plates which have received instantaneous exposure. As evidence of the great value that was set on Metol, it is worthy of note that several substitutes were produced, but Metol-Johnsons is, up to the present, the only production which is the true Monomethyl-paramidophenol-sulphate, and has that pure white crystalline form which the public had been accustomed to receive in pre-war days from Germany. Other developers such as Glycin, Paramidophenol, etc., are now some of the productions of this new British industry, and the manufacture of photographic chemicals has become firmly established in the United Kingdom, and Johnson and Sons, Manufacturing Chemists, Ltd., are able to compete in all markets of the world.

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