



THE LITTLE MAN

WINTER, 1938-39



THE LITTLE MAN

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE
PHOTOGRAPHIC MINIATURE POSTAL PORTFOLIOS

All contributions should be forwarded to the Editor,
31 Dulwich Village, London, S.E.21. Tel.: Gip 1727

No. 3.

Winter 1938-39

Price 6d.

THE LITTLE MAN SPEAKS

England is still England since September, and the beauty spots on which we depend are disfigured here and there by nothing worse than trenches. All notebooks current during the crisis show that photography was the first activity to be laid aside in face of the Nuremberg rhetoric. Camera shoulder straps were being adapted for carrying gas masks and subterranean dark-rooms prepared for optimistic shelters or pessimistic tombs. Then the Military Mystic was commanded by Thor to grant a reprieve to the P.M.P.P., in which England and France gratefully shared. The Mystic accepted a scapegoat of our own breeding, which has now been transfigured into a milch-cow of munitions for the Mystic.

This was our second reprieve, for Mr. Burch had already at the A.G.M. granted us a new lease of life at three shillings a year. Vivat!

Your obedient servant,

THE LITTLE MAN

PICTORIAL CRITICISM IN THE XVth CENTURY

"You are a painter? Welcome, signor. Sit down on my bed."

And Pietro jumped off and waved him into the vacant throne with a magnificent demonstration of courtesy.

Gerard bowed, and smiled, but hesitated a little. "I may not call myself a painter. I am a writer, a caligraph. I copy Greek and Latin manuscripts, when I can get them to copy."

"And you call that an artist?"

"Without offence to your superior merit, Signor Pietro."

"No offence, stranger, none. Only, meseemeth an artist is one who thinks, and paints his thought. Now a caligraph but draws in black and white the thoughts of another."

"Tis well distinguished, signor. But then, a writer can write the thoughts of the great ancients, and matters of pure reason, such as no man may paint—ay, and the thoughts of God, which angels could not paint. But let that pass, I am a painter as well, but a sorry one."

"The better thy luck. They will buy thy work in Rome."

"But seeking to commend myself to one of thy eminence, I thought it well rather to call myself a capable writer than a scurvy painter."

At this moment a step was heard on the stair. "Ah! 'tis the good dame," cried Gerard.—"What ho! hostess, I am here in conversation with Signor Pietro. I dare say he will let me have my humble dinner here."

The Italian bowed gravely.

The landlady brought in Gerard's dinner smoking and savoury. She put the dish down on the bed with a face divested of all expression, and went.

Gerard fell to. But ere he had eaten many mouthfuls he stopped, and said, "I am an ill-mannered churl, Signor Pietro. I ne'er eat to my mind when I eat alone. For our Lady's sake put a spoon into this ragout with me. 'Tis not unsavoury, I promise you."

Pietro fixed his glittering eye on him.

"What, good youth, thou a stranger, and offerest me thy dinner?"

"Why, see, there is more than one can eat."

"Well, I accept," said Pietro, and took the dish with some appearance of calmness, and flung the contents out of the window.

Then he turned trembling with mortification and ire, and said, "Let that teach thee to offer alms to an artist thou knowest not, master writer."

Gerard's face flushed with anger, and it cost him a bitter struggle not to box this high-souled creature's ears. And then to go and destroy good food! His mother's milk curdled in his veins with horror at such impiety. Finally, pity at Pietro's petulance and egotism, and a touch of respect for poverty-struck pride, prevailed.

However, he said coldly, "Likely what thou hast done might pass in a novel of thy countryman, Signor Boccaccio; but 'twas not honest."

"Make that good!" said the painter sullenly.

"I offered thee half my dinner; no more. But thou hast ta'en it all! Hadst a right to throw away thy share, but not mine. Pride is well, but justice is better."

Pietro stared, then reflected.

"'Tis well. I took thee for a fool, so transparent was thine artifice. Forgive me! And prithee leave me! Thou seest how 'tis with me. The

world hath soured me. I hate mankind, I was not always so. Once more excuse that my discourtesy, and fare thee well!"

Gerard sighed, and made for the door.

Suddenly a thought struck him. "Signor Pietro," said he, "we Dutchmen are hard bargainers. We are the lads 'cen eij scheeren'—that is 'to shave an egg.' Therefore I, for my lost dinner, do claim to feast my eyes on your picture, whose face is toward the wall."

"Nay, nay," said the painter hastily, "ask me not that. I have already misconducted myself enough towards thee. I would not shed thy blood."

"Saints forbid! My blood?"

"Stranger," said Pietro sullenly, "irritated by repeated insults to my picture, which is my child, my heart, I did in a moment of rage make a solemn vow to drive my dagger into the next one that should flout it and the labour and love that I have given to it."

"What, are all to be slain that will not praise this picture?" And he looked at its back with curiosity.

"Nay, nay; if you would but look at it, and hold your parrot tongues. But you will be talking. So I have turned it to the wall for ever. Would I were dead, and buried in it for my coffin!"

Gerard reflected.

"I accept the conditions. Show me the picture! I can but hold my peace."

Pietro went and turned its face, and put it in the best light the room afforded, and coiled himself on his chest, with his eye, and stiletto, glittering.

The picture represented the Virgin and Christ, flying through the air in a sort of cloud of shadowy, cherubic faces. Underneath was a landscape, forty or fifty miles in extent, and purple sky above.

Gerard stood and looked at it in silence. Then he stepped close, and looked. Then he retired as far off as he could, and looked; but said not a word.

When he had been at this game half an hour, Pietro cried out, querulously and somewhat inconsistently, "Well, have you not a word to say about it?"

Gerard started. "I cry you mercy; I forgot there were three of us here. Ay, I have much to say." And he drew his sword.

"Alas! Alas!" cried Pietro, jumping in terror from his lair. "What wouldst thou?"

"Marry, defend myself against thy bodkin, signor; and at due odds, being, as aforesaid, a Dutchman. Therefore, hold aloof, while I deliver judgment, or I will pin thee to the wall like a cockchafer."

"Oh, is that all," said Pietro, greatly relieved. "I feared you were going to stab my poor picture with your sword, stabbed already by so many foul tongues."

Gerard "pursued criticism under difficulties." Put himself in a position of defence with his sword's point covering Pietro, and one eye glancing aside at the picture. "First, signor, I would have you know that in mixing of certain colours, and in the preparation of your oil, you Italians are far behind us Flemings. But let that flea stick. For as small as I am, I can show you certain secrets of the Van Eycks that you will put to marvellous profit in your next picture. Meantime I see in this one the great qualities of your nation. Verily, ye are solis filii. If we have colour, you have imagination, Mother of Heaven!

an he hath not flung his immortal soul upon the panel. One thing I go by is this: it makes other pictures I once admired seem drossy, earth-born things. The drapery here is somewhat short and stiff. Why not let it float freely, the figures being in air and motion?"

"I will! I will!" cried Pietro eagerly. "I will do anything for those who will but see what I have done."

"Humph! This landscape it enlightens me. Henceforth I scorn those little huddled landscapes that did erst content me. Here is Nature's very face—a spacious plain, each distance marked, and every tree, house, figure, field, and river, smaller and less plain by exquisite gradation, till vision itself melts into distance. Oh, beautiful! And the cunning rogue hath hung his celestial figure in air out of the way of his little world below. Here, floating saints beneath heaven's purple canopy; there, far down, earth and her busy hives. And they let you take this painted poetry, this blooming hymn, through the streets of Rome and bring it home unsold! But I tell thee in Ghent or Bruges, or even in Rotterdam, they would tear it out of thy hands. But 'tis a common saying that a stranger's eyes see clearest. Courage, Pietro Vanucci! I reverence thee, and though myself a scurvy painter, do forgive thee for being a great one. Forgive thee! I thank God for thee and such rare men as thou art, and bow the knee to thee in just homage. Thy picture is immortal, and thou, that hast but a chest to sit on, art a king in thy most royal art. Viva, il maestro! Viva!"

At this unexpected burst the painter, with all the abandon of his nation, flung himself on Gerard's neck. "They said it was a maniac's dream," he sobbed.

"Maniacs themselves!—no, idiots!" shouted Gerard.

"Generous stranger! I will hate men no more since the world hath such as thee. I was a viper to fling thy poor dinner away—a wretch, a monster."

"Well, monster, wilt be gentle now, and sup with me?"

"Ah! that I will. Whither goest thou?"

"To order supper on the instant. We will have the picture for third man."

"I will invite it whiles thou art gone. My poor picture, child of my heart."

"Ah, master, 'twill look on many a supper after the worms have eaten you and me."

"I hope so," said Pietro.

—From "The Cloister and the Hearth" by Charles Reade.

Dr. R. G. W. Ollerenshaw, Manchester has been awarded the R.P.S. Plaque for colour film. It is a surgical film dealing with Hallux valgus. Dr. Ollerenshaw, who is a member of Circle 6, also secured a certificate of merit at the R.P.S. Cine Exhibition for a film on sailing.

LONG FOCUS LENSES

I have staying with me a member of one of the folios who possesses a Leica and a full battery of lenses. I went out for a walk with him yesterday and in the course of conversation it came out that he thought that by using a long focus lens he got a different perspective into his picture than when he used a lens of shorter focal length. He thought it would make "those two trees over there seem much nearer together than if they were photographed by a lens of short focal length".

If the reader understands perspective let him not waste his time reading this. But although this friend had read the pamphlet published by Leitz on Perspective, he had not understood the fundamental facts.

Perspective, or the comparative size of one object as compared with any other object is dependent entirely upon the position of those two objects relative to the eye or the lens. If two trees are in front of the camera the lens will reproduce them in exactly the same comparative sizes that I see them. If tree A, (being the nearer) seems twice as large as tree B to my eye, it will appear twice as large in the photograph, no matter what camera be used or whether the lens be a wide angle or a telephoto.

The only difference the focal length of a lens makes is to give a different size image. It will alter the depth of focus but that is a matter of definition and stops and not at all of perspective. If at the same time as increasing the focal length one increases the size of the plate one of course simply gets a larger picture of the same scene, but if the smaller negative is retained, the larger image, but only part of it will appear on the negative.

Someone reading this is perhaps saying to himself that he knows I am wrong, as indeed this friend of mine said, because he has "so many pictures taken with the long focus or telephoto lens that show trees on top of each other when they are really far apart." But that is not caused by the lens but by the narrow angle that is being used. By keeping the small negative with the long lens one has trimmed off the edges of the picture, and cut off the foreground which gave scale to it.

The eye sees at an angle of about 60 degrees and if one only includes an angle of about 28 degrees, the picture may look false. I have a half-plate camera in my garage with a universal lens holder. I took out my friend and set this up by the side of his Leica and like Abraham I took no lamb (or lens). I then got my friend to take his photograph with his 9cm. Elmar lens and afterwards with his 3.5 wide angle lens. I then asked to borrow the 9cm. lens. If one examines this, or any Leica long focus lens one finds that the glass is all at the front and that these glasses are fixed in a long barrel to keep them the right distance from the negative. As I did not need this barrel I unscrewed the lens and fixed it in the half-plate camera and made one exposure. All that an enlargement of the exposure made with the 3.5 lens showed was shown in my print, and in the centre of my print I cut out the exact facsimile of his 9cm. photo. And of course we also cut out the exact facsimile from his enlarged wide angle print, but because it was so many times enlarged the definition was not quite so good. And that is a point worth remembering—the smaller the negative the more the need to utilise the whole of it by using lenses of different focus.

Roy King, M.A., A.R.P.S.

ART AND CRAFT

Photography is both a fine and an applied art. Fine art implies that there are artists engaged in it; applied art that there are craftsmen engaged in it.

It is I think true that an artist may be but not always is a craftsman, and vice versa. The more art a craftsman has the greater his craftsmanship, and the more craft the artist has the greater his artistry.

I take the view that photography is neither art nor craft, but a synthesis of both.

By his craft the artist realises his art; by his art the craftsman inspires his craft.

There is in photography as in most arts the cult of the arty-crafty. This is followed by those artists who are deficient in craft, and craftsmen who are deficient in art. Both form a class either damned by conceit or redeemed by honest aspiration.

Ian Smith

INFORMAL DISCUSSION

[On November 31st last a few portfolio men foregathered for a chat. As our reporter is stone deaf and had to rely upon lip-reading and his memory, the literal accuracy of the following report cannot be guaranteed.—Ed.]

Forbes Boyd—I suppose we all get some sort of pleasure out of this portfolio business, and I sometimes wonder at what stage or phase of production we get the most.

Rickard—The dark-room, it seems to me, is as fascinating as any part of it.

Dunstan.—It can be, of course; it is only by the way though. The folio or the exhibition wall is the goal, and it is only there that any satisfactory sense of achievement can be enjoyed.

R.—No! No! That is certainly where the achievement is exhibited and advertised, but not where it is made. It is in the laboratory where the difficulties are overcome and the pleasure is felt. The exhibition is only an interesting climax—when it is not an embarrassing anti-climax.

D.—So you imagine that Man Ray—

F.B.—Don't mix things up. The entire process is capable of analysis, from exposure to exhibition. Four stages might cover it: exposure and its preliminaries; processing the negative; making the positive; and displaying the picture.

Chapman—What about conception—the most difficult and important part of the process. Do you include this among the miscellaneous "preliminaries", like buying hypo.?

F.B.—I was going to say that I am quite aware my analysis needs a little elaboration, and that we commence with the conception of the idea. My own interest lies there, but I didn't want to over-emphasise it.

C.—You've avoided that very successfully. We take conception, then, to be an important "preliminary."

F.B.—We say "I want to take a photograph of a lump of putty—"

Herdson—Oh? Why?

F.B.—"—or a peach of a girl, or the tonsils of a hippo"

D.—Why "or"? Why not combine them in one picture?

The Surrealists have shown that it can be done.
F.B.—As you like, sensibly or surrealistically. I am only concerned to be impartial. Sometimes the putty, the girl and the tonsils fall, so to speak, into our lap! Sometimes we have to seek them; the interpretation of our idea does not come easily. Search and preparation have to be made before exposure can be thought of. We may find our picture ready made on a ramble —

H.—Bramble?

F.B.—...or may spend weeks accumulating and arranging the materials for a studio still-life. Little need be said of processing, but the final stage reveals the man.

R.—Oh! Indeed! The man is revealed very often much earlier than that—in the stages you so lightly pass over. The playboys who have never heard of glycin or gamma, who call their guesswork exposures “experience” and shovel their chemicals because a graduated measure is “fiddling” never produce a print which reveals anything but their own incompetence.

F.B.—Even so, the revelation, even if it is only of incompetence, is in the final stage, as I said. Most photographers like to display their work. Some do it for praise. Even your “shovelling” photographer, who, so says Rickard, so inevitably invites the devastating criticism, does not seem deterred by it. We like the comment “that’s a nice picture—”

D.—Is that praise? Is it not rather a confirmation of inanity? So many “nice” pictures are simply sickly pictures.

Farnsworth—Only to unhealthy stomachs.

D.—I should be very disheartened to hear it said of my work.

H.—Your eggs and torsos and solarised bromide nightmares are peculiar rather than nice or nasty.

F.B.—Don’t put me off, nor stickle for a word! [It’s all the same whatever adjective you hear, so long as it’s complimentary, particularly if you value the critic’s opinion. But beyond that, there is a deeper pleasure in exhibiting. Even if no comment is made, we may have the personal satisfaction of having produced something that pleases us—of having worthily achieved our purpose.

C.—Our purpose! Yes. Does anything else matter? And what may be our purpose? If it is to win favourable there in that? It may be our purpose to present unpleasant but salutary aspects which are not likely to make a “nice” picture, but may make a successful one although the comments may be unflattering. Indeed the more unflattering the comments from some quarters the more successful it is likely to be.

F.—Let Forbes Boyd finish before you begin, if you must begin, your Gospel of Cantankerousness, Chapman.

F.B.—Well, I only wanted to say that for me (and, I imagine, for most others) the processing stage, where things are more or less standardised, does not offer much scope for pleasurable work of the creative sort. But the conception and presentation are the interesting stages, at least for me, and of the two the former appeals the more. The thought, the search, the hope, the occasional fulfilment, these are what keeps me a photographer. The frequent disappointment associated with the processing never, fortunately, affects my interest in stage one, and I can always begin again after failure with as much hope and enthusiasm as ever, even if, as so often happens, the hobby sends me staggering to the high altitudes of the Alps.

H.—That’s what makes and keeps the Club what it is—a band of enthusiasts (in the main) who regard the hobby sufficiently seriously to recognise in it a source of real pleasure, but not so seriously that the failures turn it into an expensive worry. There is always the excitement of what may be round what Forbes Boyd has called the “elusive corner.”

R.—Forbes Boyd certainly allows plenty of room for the D&P man. I find the elusive corner not half so exciting as the inclusive dish. What comes out of that should be no great surprise. It should be what you intend it to be. An unexpected and unintended result gives me no pleasure unless it is valuable and I can repeat it. Then, of course, I experience the joy of discovery. But if I want one result and get another I blame myself for bungling somewhere. It is a mistake to consider conception more important than processing, though, of course, for some it may be more pleasurable. It is equally important to master the processes without which

no conception can be presented. There can be no photograph at all worth considering without adequate technique. The dark-room is the key situation, and to occupy it commandingly is the source of the greatest pleasure the hobby can offer.

- D.—It is a good thing for the less technically competent that you think so. There must be someone to attend to the mechanical things upon which the unmechanical depend. For myself, I would like to be rid of the dark-room altogether, except as a relaxation from photography.
- R.—That sounds as peculiar as the surrealist poetry you are so fond of quoting. The dark-room is photography, or at least the important part of it, compared with which the pictorial aspect, with its vague, uncertain and contradictory doctrines doesn't matter very much.
- F.B.—If you combine both you can bring some of the grandeur of the Himalayas into your own home.
- D.—And not only the Himalayas, but the mountains of the imagination, the hills of dreams, the clouds that rain nails and the seas full of shrimps as big as cart-horses, playing political economy on little bromide harps—
- F.—What are you talking about? Is this Chapman's "thematics" gone completely mad? We are talking about the pleasures of photography, and with the semblance of perfect sanity you contribute a gush of gibbering lunacy. What's wrong, Dunstan?
- D.—I'm not playing the fool, George. I am interested in the incoherent imagination, that's all.
- F.B.—But surely consistence and coherence are essential to truth and intelligence. The contrary means chaos in every sphere.
- D.—That is the common belief, but it may not be so. Truth is unattainable if it is something outside phenomena. Chaos is a phenomenon which, I think, is as interesting as order. We do not "murder sleep" because our dreams are chaotic. Nor do we apologise for them. They are probably more significant than our rather superstitious attitude towards them indicates, and are as worthy of pictorial treatment as a row of gooseberry bushes or a dirty pond under a willow tree.
- F.—The whole idea is false, and is all of a piece with the

false modernistic spirit.

- D.—Modernistic! A mere abusive term applied to anything in the world of art that outrages the observer. It is a silly word, nearly as silly as "futuristic", which seems to mean that in the future everyone will be doing what the offender is doing today.
- F.—I don't mean to be abusive. My emphasis was on the falsity of the spirit so prevalent in modern artistic work. It may be a natural reaction from falsities of the past, but it is itself none the less false for that. Much of it is a stupid and primitive superstition, and it has the added defect of being less sincere, and less excusable. It is not, as that was, an attempt, vitiated by simple ignorance, to interpret life, but an hysterical abandonment of the effort to face it. Savages are civilised in comparison with surrealist artists. They are reasonable within the limits of their intelligence and knowledge, but the surrealist deliberately adopts a sort of sophisticated imbecility, and has the cheek to consider himself on that account more "advanced" than his fellows! This arrogance—
- R.—Stop him, someone!
- F.—By gum, you can't stop me now! This arrogance is just as objectionable as the discipline against which it professes to revolt. Chapman is similarly inclined to adopt a tone of contemptuous patronage when he speaks of the humble landscape, and would have us believe that his own not very successful cartoon-propaganda prints make our woodlands and old buildings look ridiculous. Yet he fulminates against the same thing in others. He will perhaps admit—
- C.—I do attack the inconsistencies of others, and am therefore in no case to defend my own. I shall defend my work when occasion offers, but this is Dunstan's show and you have not supported your charge of falsity in the modern spirit by alleging arrogance in others.
- D.—Where is the falsity, George?
- F.—Modernism too often consists in novelty, distortion, ugliness and confusion for their own sake, not because of any contribution they make to art, or to anything but their authors' egotism. And since we are supposed to be talking about the pleasures of photography, I shall say that the modernists seem to get more pleasure

from shocking, puzzling and belittling others than in any genuine presentation of a sincerely held point of view. That is what I mean by falsity, and I think it better to be sincerely dull (if we are dull) than superior of the wood-be poet of today that he "thinks and speaks in terms of strength, shock, novelty, oddity, everything under the sun, but never in terms of beauty." That is my view also of the so-called photographer of angles and "themes."

H.—Perhaps it is a little rash to generalise so adversely from the quixotry of Dunstan and the brutality of Chapman. Don't forget the lovely work of Willetts of Circle 6, who does not avoid either angles or strong themes.

D.—You and I, Chapman, seem to be regarded as companions in degeneracy. Shall we commiserate together?

C.—I am with Forbes Boyd in the pleasure of conception and presentation, and a little envious of Rickard's aptitude with the dish. There is, no doubt, some quixotry in Dunstan's surrealism, some sentimentality in Farnsworth's romanticism, and some coarseness and brutality in my so-called propaganda pictures. But though there is some value in all of them, have they anything like an equal status in amateur photography? Anything which is not rigidly Farnsworth is called "stunt" and is despised, ridiculed and would be ostracised but for the fight put up by the progressives.

F.—Progressives! We may be conservative, but we value progress as much as anyone. But modernism is not progressive; it is merely modern, or rather a modern expression of ancient heresies. You yourself consistently despise landscape work by word and pen on all occasions.

C.—We were sure to come to it in time. There can be no heresy without cult and the attempt to impose it. What I oppose and ridicule is not landscape but the idea that landscape is photography; that the presentation of the beautiful is the exclusive aim of photography; that pictorialism means continuing to make the same kind of pictures which have been made for the last fifty years because they have been made for fifty years.

F.B.—But would your substitute live for five, let alone fifty years?

C.—My personal work, even if it were of the technical quality of yours, would not live five months. It is not intended to live, but to work. Ninety-eight per cent, however, of portfolio entries do not live five minutes. They merely circulate. But I do not wish to "substitute" anything, but to insist that photography as we practice it must be freed from the shackles of effete ideas about pictorialism which at present suffocate clubs and portfolios alike. If that vital change is achieved, the substitution of vital for routine work will follow of itself.

H.—But would not a spate of puzzle pictures and tendentious prints soon kill interest? Everybody can understand and enjoy a summer sky.

C.—Too much harping on the same string will kill anyone's interest. That is why a "spate" of fifty years of summer skies has lulled the amateur movement into artistic somnolence. Fifty years of surrealism would probably send it having mad, and ten years of tendentious prints would blow it up; that is if either of these attained the same undeserved and artificial ascendancy that the pastoral and domestic outlook enjoys amongst us. Summer skies are no longer enjoyed as they were; they are nowadays examined for faking and grain. Abstract and "angle" pictures arouse interest in new and promising fields, and pictures with a social or controversial import save photography from the reproach of dilettantism.

F.B.—You have't said much about your pleasure in photography.

C.—It consists in being able to use it (although against protest) with the freedom which belongs to any artistic medium.

D.—Rickard and his school keep us all up to scratch.

C.—And Farnsworth and his faithful followers bring us down to earth.

H.—Yes, and all this, with the general commonsense, makes for the wellbeing of the whole Club.

SAMUEL PEPYS—PHOTOGAAPHER

20th Aug. This day a circular letter announcing A.G.M. for all Circles with a grand do on the 10th next month, wh. recalled to my memorie last yrs. A.G.M. and all the fun wh. occurred then. To trust that all members will make a special effort to be present as they will have a happy time plus a blow-out for one-and-three-pence (including tip) such as never before fallen to their lot in London Town. To hope that they will bring their good ladies with them or if not possessed of their own ladies then they will bring some comlie female to help in the fun and merriment, for naught so bad for a companie of all hes unless it be a collection of shes with no man to tell them what to doe and what not to do.

5th Sept. What with holidiaies, making prints, four committee meetings and sundrie other matters my Diarie has been neglected of late—a sorrrie thing and to my great regret.

7th Sept In the news this morning how a witsesse was ticqued off in court for appearing in a short sleeved frock, no stockings and not hatted—she in replie to reporter who tackled her afterwards considered her gett-up more healthie and far more sensible than the dirtie, dark tail coates and horrible wiggs worn by those in court—as true a statement as could be (the Lord forgive me) even though it come from a female. Same report went on to saie how learned counsel made a statement to another reporter that in his opinion ‘women should appear in court dressed at least in stockings and a hatt’—wh. in this most damnable hot stuffie weather I venture to think a most suitable garb although afraid would cause much disturbance in court.

This do remind me of a magistrate who saied to a female witsesse in court “you have but now invoked the name of the Almighty; do you think you have invoked the name of God with due respect without a hatt?” To wonder how this could be said in 1938, however likely in 1638.

8th Sept. This daie a postal card from a member of the P.M.P.P. hoping he may see me at the A.G.M, and hoping that I shall find time and the necessarrie “inspiration to write upp the meeting for The Little Man mag. but would have him know that in these daies of holidiaies etc. and much letter writing that it is more a case of “perspiration” than “inspiration”, but will see that it is done.

10th Sept. The daie of daies. As an almighty rush for me as man could have to get over letters and morning’s doings before setting out for the Salon to meet our fellow cranks. Weather very dull and a few spotts of rain so decide at last moment not to don my dark blue suit newlie from the tailors and becoming me mightilie making me appear slimmer than my friends would have me believe, and soe to put on sports wear as more suitable for a gathering in the afternoon and not come to harm if caught in a downpour. Needs must but fool of railway guard get me into a High Street Ken. train instead of one to Charing Cross and soe late in consequence decide not to goe to Salon and waste two bob for a few minutes but will goe another daie without the Ladie Joan and save a shilling therebie and have leisure to studie the pictures altho’ sorrrie to miss some of our fellowes who had gone there earlier. Fell to meditating upon the faces one sees at the Salon—three groupes of them—those hung, all smiling and modest looking; those turned down, and visitors, all getting their bob’s worth and mightie interesting studying the life groups, alwaies much to the fore in this exhibition and a good box-office draw. To wonder how some hung at all seing about 4000 sent in and butt 300 odd hung. To wonder how manie £s the entrie fees do make plus manie thousands of shillings gate monies and to wonder if worth while organising a ph. exhibition on similar lines with a guarantee to hang all entries for double entrance fee.

And soe arrive at last at 150 Southampton Row to find a goodlie collection of hes and shes already gathered below stairs all chattering thirteen to the dozen and bedecked with cardboard numberplate for purposes of identification.

Meeting timed to begin at three of the cloque sharp but made quarter hour late, no doubt to impress the

provincial members with our complete disregard for time and punctuality here in London Town. The chair taken by our Pres. Lord Leigh, whom methought looked somewhat bored but probable due to the great responsibility of two A.G.Ms. in one afternoon. No sooner sat him down than upp again calling for the minutes of the last A.G.M. and to note that no recording sec. as the Ladie Marie awaie on her holidays—a sad miss for she a figure head for manie years.

A goodlie companie present as could well wish, all merie and bright and here and there a camera to show it be a photographic meeting, yet damnable hot and airless in my corner at the back row with no window or fan for ventilation of fresh air and soon in a sweatie stew and me fear looking somewhat secondhand, a thing wh. caused me concern seeing manie pleasing damsels present casting eyes in my direction yet whether to look at me or Lord Dix or Sir Frank Rig I know not.

Hebe upstairs clattering china and spoons soe that onlie half of what was said at head table audible and that half not able to make sense and soe to guess the rest but understand Lord Leigh at some difficultie to explain why remainder of badges not in balance sheet and such trickie points—he having taken position of H. Gen. Sec. at the resignation of Lord George until election of new Sec. to fill vacancie.

Much upsett that a combined office of Sec-Treasurer be instituted and upp on my feet to have my saie upon the matter but little support from anyone present. A sorrie thing for have never agreed with joining the offices and seeing that we as a clubb still growing can see difficulties in the future because of it. In view of the Clubb having professional auditors in its membership think it a sorrie thing that they be not used for ample people to take office without combining them and if I still upon the Council would have had much to saie upon this point alone.

Business over and no opposition from meddlesome members to the great relief of our President as shown by his face and surprise too if I am a reader of fizzes. And soe to tea with a will with the waitresse bringing me coffee without me asking for it as remembered me from last yr: as astonishing a thing as I have ever

experienced, yet upon second thoughts perhaps not soe after all. To wonder how so many people can drink tea, being a thing my stummick would not tolerate and wonder how other people manage it—but perhaps they have stronger tummies than falls to my lot.

After to meet manie people and to shake hands many times with no chance of more than a few minutes chat to anyone. But Lord! how good to see some of them in the flesh and to know some more harmless than I had anticipated. My Lord Bax to tell me of Winnie and the episode of my crit in C2 but sorrie he did not bring her with him.

Later, after tea, to the Royale where we met Lord George and the Ladie Maria, a sorrie thing that they not at their old seat amongst the mightie, but to discourse upon manie things whilst I rested my wearie legs. There to hear things of wh. I dare make no mention in my Diarie lest it come to be known how some husbands behaved throughout the daie and specialie at the Salon.

Later to meet stragglng members from A.B.C. who hadd been attending another meeting there (P.P.P.) but who could not stand a double A.G.M. A mistake methought to have two meetings on same daie preventing manie members from making acquaintance of each other and in some cases too much gass for one afternoon but cannot see how it could be managed otherwise.

Impossible to record all my meetings but glad once again to meet Sir Taffy of Swansea and to hear how he one day whilst out poaching rabbits did hear one moving in undergrowth and so fired immediately onlie to find it not a rabbitt but a pheasant and out of season too. About to collar the bird when he to his horror see a gamekeeper watching him but 20 yds. off and in such a mightie stink that he quicklie wring poor birds neck and thrust it in hedge then to look in a different place for the rabbitt. But how he explain'd away no rabbitt to the gamekeeper he not able to tell me for laughing but gathered he a scholemaster and soe up to any excuse to fit the occasion.

And soe to bed at a late hour but a good daie nevertheless but at my age could not stand many of them.

25th Sept. Letter from Sir Taffy saying he would like

to join up in the Leica P.P. and will I do the necessarrie so to write to the Earl of R. and beg for a place in our alreadie overfilled circle.

5th Nov. Diarie much neglected of late what with wars and rumours of wars know not whether to continue it or wh: waie to turn. A sorrie thing that we have come to. Rumour in the Citie this daie that Lord Rickie chuck upp his membership of two circles. But Lord how can a man lose his hobbie and keep his sanitie and would from experience bid him take a firm stand whilst there is yet time for to have a hobbie is to have an escape but to have no hobbie is damnation.

P.P.P. NEWS

The P.P.P. are to hold a competition open to all members of its circles, the entries being restricted to bromide prints, and a Silver Cup has been presented by Mr. Vivian Harris of Matlock for the "Best Picture". The second award is a Bronze Plaque, presented by another Club member.

The Competition is to be judged by Mr. W.L.F. Wastell, Hon. F.R.P.S., famous veteran contributor to the "Amateur Photographer", and a judge of wide experience. The Club are deeply appreciative of these kind services and expresses its sincere thanks to W.L.F.W. for the interest he has taken in the Postal Portfolios.

The competition entries are to be sent to the Hon. Gen. Sec., Mr. J.H. Hole, 103 Northbrook Street, Newbury, Berks, by January 31st 1939. Each member is allowed to submit four entries, which must be mounted 15x12 or 20x16.

ECHO FROM THE FIRST L.P.P. EXHIBITION

Hey diddle diddle(s)
The Leica and "fiddle(s)",
Can take the light or the dark;
The members all try
To fly extra high,
But Herb runs away with the plaque.

M. Lack

NOTEBOOKS

My first recollection of a notebook was at the age of seven. It was a well-thumbed, dog-eared little volume, ruled off in days. The first entry reads: "Did Nelis drops up. xxx". "Neli" was a little maid who had only the day previous caught both her thumbs in the mangle. A little later my grammar had improved: "Did up Nelis drops. Granny Dye hit me with close line." The recurring date of that entry has ever since reminded me of a gaunt, fierce-looking giantess brandishing a clothes line over a defenceless little Sir Galahad.

So these notebooks have gone on throughout my life. School, veterinary scholar, school; seamanship, navigation; coast defence, naval artillery; navigation; then with advancing years, mechanics, engines, stresses, strains.

Now these have culminated in notebooks issued and compiled by a strange race of little men and women known only to their peers, by the still stranger name of "P.M.Pers." but they are really of no high social standing or intelligence. To this day they wear, suspended from their necks by lengths of hide, queer leather or canvas contraptions and though of different shapes and sizes, they have one thing in common—concealed in them is an evil eye known by the divinity-names of "Sonnar", "Elmar", "Tessar", etc.

The compilers of the notebooks comprise at present nine tribes and to render tribal recognition a simple matter all, or nearly all, the members wear a small slab of metal on their garments, which repeats the evil eye motif, supported by the 'Little Man., rampant' This symbol is obtained from one of the tribal chiefs known as "Jen Sec." in exchange for other pieces of metal usually obtained by tribal members performing laborious tasks for Great White Chiefs.

The hunting instinct is noticeable in these notebooks. Weaker members are pounced upon by the stronger when appeals for help ring out on the still night air. Then these notebooks are filled with tribal offerings of barbarous instruments and volumes devoted to their particular brand of Black Magic, weird devices with which

to finish off their victims with a single clean cut stroke (an operation known as "squaring-up" or "trimming to verticals") and improvisations of the hot iron method of impressing their victims, until, with all these offers, a Cartah Pattahson caravan is needed for their fulfilment. The books at times show evidence of bulging foreheads, swathed in turban-like head dress, surmounted by a block of crystalline substance, the burning of midnight oil, and searching of tomes of reference with which in a future notebook to confound the lesser members of the tribe. Others there are who go to the opposite extreme (tho' happily their number is small) and appear to adopt the cap and bells of the jester, and with their peurile wit endeavour to extend the lower limbs of their betters and heap ridicule upon the laborious efforts of the greybeards.

The tribal constitution makes it possible for the humblest savage to one day become a Pre-sid-ent, or Supreme Ruler of all the tribes, whose homage and worship is a fearful thing to behold!

Uneasy lies the head that wears the Pre-sid-ential crown,
The ruler of these Little Men of great and wide renown,
Whose secret rites and tribal laws would shame a gang
of Druids,
Whose diet is of bromide and their own obnoxious fluids,
Whose only illuminant is Photoflux and "floods",
Whose shelves are crammed with literature far worse
than any bloods,
Whose hands are stained a ruddy brown by constant use
of pyro,
Whose haggard countenances are a warning to the tyro,
Whose sentence should be ten years' hard, to expiate
their sins,
For their language in the darkroom when they bark
their clumsy shins.

The Pilot

A theme must be expressible in a simple sentence with a verb in the middle.—R. H. ADLER.

THE A.R.P.S. POSTAL PORTFOLIOS

Press notices regarding the formation of the A.R.P.S. Postal Portfolios first appeared in March, 1938, and enquiries commenced to come in. I even had one from Australia, but I thought that a little too far away!

By mid-May we had 14 members, so the first round was sent off. I had asked members to send me three prints each in advance, so the first three boxes were sent off nearly full and thus obviated the dullness of the three preliminary collecting rounds. By July we were up to our full strength of 20 members. The standard of work is very high: more than half our members have exhibited at the Royal annual Exhibition. In spite of this, the number of our members represented at the 1938 exhibition was rather disappointing, only five of them out of twenty. Possibly it was due to a higher standard this year (entries were 50% more than last year), or possibly members were too busy getting prints ready for our 'folios to have time to enter for the Royal! One member (who had never done any 'folio work before) on receiving the first round wrote and told me that he had no idea that the standard was going to be so high, and would I please destroy the other two prints he had sent and substitute the two two fresh ones enclosed!

A week later I received another parcel from him which necessitated the destruction of the previous prints! But it shows the right spirit: nothing but our very best should be good enough.

Mr. R. H. Lawton, F.R.P.S., one of the judges of the Royal, is very kindly acting as judge and commentator to our 'folios. He is taking a lot of trouble over it, and his criticisms are very full and constructive. He also places the first three prints in each round; as we are also running a members' voting system it is interesting to compare the result of popular opinion with that of a very experienced and eminent judge.

The 'folios are being run on the general lines of P.P.P. and I should like to acknowledge the kind assis-

tance and advice which I have had from Jack Hole and George Farnsworth on several points which arose. Our members are all pulling very well together; although it is such a young organization, with a considerable number of members with no previous portfolio experience; we have got through the holiday season without a "hold-up" and all three boxes have been running strictly to the schedule.

Our second Circle has now been formed, under the secretaryship of Mr. J.S. Waring, of Halifax.

V. G. P. Williams

You will sometimes find yourselves in the position of having formed an opinion which some one with greater authority—that is, ostensibly fuller knowledge of the subject—contravenes. If you are quite sure of his fuller knowledge, you will at once, I hope, suspend judgement till you have studied the matter further. If, after all the study you can give it, you are still at a loss to acquiesce, you will best preserve your integrity and your power of future judgement by either reserving the question as doubtful or clearly working out your reasons for rejecting the "authoritative" opinion. If the matter be one of what we call "taste", that is, a question of judgement on the aesthetic merit of a picture, or a poem, or a novel, or a piece of music, the proper course remains the same. If you cannot really admire a picture or composition that is highly praised by people accustomed to judge of such things, you will never, I trust, proceed to affect to do so. You will be content, I hope, to admit your difficulty and await the probable effect of further experience on your taste. To admire to order, to admire in advance the things praised by eminent critics, is not very good for any of us. We are all, I fear, rather apt to do it in youth; but even then we instinctively object to it when we see it done by others, feeling that such foregone or fashion-following opinion is a sign of either weakness or immaturity of character.

We are informed that the Association of Postal Portfolios have, on request, sent out details of the organisation of postal clubs to South Africa and the Argentine. Mr. L. Bevis of the Durban Camera Club wrote, "Out here in South Africa we are handicapped by the long distances between towns with photographic societies. Our nearest is Pietermaritzburg, 450 miles away, so you will see there should be ample scope for a portfolio to circulate amongst those living away from towns."

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,

My congratulations on the second issue of our Magazine, which, even more than the first, held my interest from beginning to end. I was particularly interested in the article by Mr. J. A. Mactaggart. In his reference to the extinction meter as compared with a photo-cell meter, he states that the former is perhaps more accurate when one uses a hood on it to narrow the angle of acceptance. I fail to see that this has any bearing on the comparison of the two types. By holding either sufficiently close to the shadow part of the subject, the reading is governed solely by the light reflected from this particular part.

He fails to make any reference to the one vital factor which gives the photo-cell meter a definite advantage over the extinction type. This is the elimination of the human element; or, specifically, the accommodation of the eye when using an extinction meter. For two years now I have used one of the best known of these. A little while ago I obtained one of the more expensive photo-cell meters. With both I have always endeavoured to obtain correct exposure by basing it on a shadow reading, and in my experience the photo-cell type has a distinct advantage in obtaining uniform results. In fact, I consider it far in advance of the other in this respect, assuming, of course, that the intelligent use of both is equal.

Secondly, I disagree that it is necessary to vary the times of development as stated by Mr. Mactaggart. In support of my argument I need only quote the "Contrast Ratios" given by him.

Low contrast subject 10/1

High contrast subject 50/1

Emulsion con. range 250/1

It seems obvious to me that the emulsion is so easily capable of recording the subject contrast that one has no need to keep altering development times.

than medium speed films, and therefore have slightly greater latitude and tend to give better tonal quality. I mention this because one often hears it said that ultra rapid film does not give such good quality. Even in "average" subjects there is not a great deal of margin in exposure if one desires real exhibition quality; and for more contrasty subjects there is no margin at all.

With slightly less meticulous care one may obtain quite presentable prints and never realize that they could be better, until one is compared with another print from a negative correctly exposed. There is no sudden line between incorrect and correct exposure, but increasing deviation from the latter becomes increasingly evident in the print to a judge with a discerning eye.

I have no doubt that Mr. Mactaggart's suggestion for separate development for different subjects will commend itself to many readers, but personally I find that by developing every strip of film to the same low gamma and by making use of the wide range of grades of printing papers, together with using different types of lamp in my condenser enlarger (opal, pearl or clear), and by the use of the Missonne screen, I can cover every kind of negative.

But let everyone develop his own special style of technique! After all, it is the perfection of the print that matters, without regard to the method by which it was obtained.

Yours faithfully,
V. G. P. Williams, M.A., A.R.P.S.

[At very short notice, Mr. MacTaggart has favoured us with the following reply.—Ed.]

Both your correspondents have overlooked several important points in my article.

May I remind them that I only attempted a brief outline of a large subject, and that I suggested that serious workers would be able to "amplify and adapt the ideas" I put forward? Surely Mr. Farnsworth did not expect me to repeat the Makers' "Book of Words" on extinction meters, wherein "eye accommodation" is stressed? Though he may disagree with me as to the necessity or advisability of varying time of development, I

fear that he is wrong and that I am right. Almost without exception, research workers and standard reference works advocate dealing with varying contrast scales on the lines suggested when possible. There is no virtue, surely, in compressing the already short scale, or tone range, of a low contrast subject still further by short development, or, in other words, "flattening an already flat subject still more." That is absurd and hardly merits argument. The correct method is to develop to a higher gamma and thus get more tone separation approximating to that of the subject and using if necessary (and it is almost always necessary) a harder than normal paper to make certain a reasonably correct rendering is obtained. Utilising or approaching the "toe and shoulder" of the curve of the emulsion, as he suggests, is rather a dangerous practice, though it has to be done at times, but it is a matter of necessity and not of choice. Correct exposure—for me—is that exposure which will place all my tones correctly on the straight part of the curve. An ideal, perhaps, but not so difficult of attainment with my methods. A high contrast subject is not limited to a ratio of 50/1, but the ratios begin there and often exceed the range of the emulsion, and it is then that we need compression—but let us please have a pre-determined compression and not a haphazard one. His almost pathetic delusion that a photo-electric meter "eliminates the human element" has been sufficiently exposed. I fear that those workers who know most about the subject, such as Dalladay, Smethurst, Willcocks and others, have no such childlike faith in them. In fact, I should be inclined to say that of all the meters, from the old actinometers onwards, those which need most experience and judgment if used as he suggests are P.E. meters. But I will not press the point, leaving it to your readers to decide the matter for themselves. Weston, I know, issue a most comprehensive booklet dealing with exposure as a guide to the use of their meter, and if it were merely necessary to point the meter as directed generally, they would hardly go to the length to do that. Finally, Mr. Farnsworth's assumption that I have no experience of the material used by the "Elder Brethren" is much astray, I am not exactly one of that venerable fraternity, but I am one of the "Middle-aged Brethren",

having used plates, etc., since 1910, though I use 35mm. film exclusively nowadays. The difference in tone between let us say Wratten Pans. of the year 1912 and Soft Gradation Pan. of to-day is not so great as he believes. However, the "Elder Brethren" of his Club will no doubt confirm that statement. The juggling they did of yore had nothing in common with my suggestions, which are pre-determined control as against a very problematical judgment in a none too good light in a dark-room.

As Mr. Williams appeals to Caesar, by Caesar let him be judged. He quotes Mr. Smethurst; I also will quote him, and then explain how I got my ratios. In the "Miniature Camera World" for September 1937, he writes: "Luther's Averages. On the whole, the writer feels that the averages given by Luther are about as reliable as any. Here they are:

Flat Subjects	Average contrast range
Landscapes without foreground etc.	10 to 1

Normal or average subjects

Landscapes with foregrounds, groups in the open and buildings in streets	25 to 1
--	---------

Contrast Subjects

Interiors, vistas through dark doorways, and interior portraits	64 to 1"
---	----------

It is fair to state that some authorities consider these values too low, and give 350/1 for interiors. I agree with both and suggested my method as a basis (only) in dealing with them all; it is not the only way.

That Tudor cottage is, I think, hardly an average subject: it is too difficult to deal with successfully to be average. My suggestions as to ratios were the result of over seven hundred measurements with many exposures to check them, and were made with **four** instruments, viz, Bell and Howell Photometer, Bewi, Practos, (both extinction) and a very well known P.E. meter. The latter, due to the impracticability of narrowing its angle of view, or alternatively, approaching the deepest shadows close enough, was much more difficult to use, and gave the worst results when compared with Luther's and other workers' results. How, for instance, do you get to the shadows under the eaves of the Tudor cottage? Or how would Mr. Farnsworth measure the shadows in the slot-like apertures often seen in a church belfry? I am no

cat burglar, and in any case if one had to climb the belfry to test the exposure with a P.E. meter one would need two days per exposure—one to measure it, and the next to make it—assuming the next day was similar. Or is fallible human judgment adequate? I think not. With a long hood on the Practos, a very close approximation can be made sufficiently good for our needs. An extreme case, perhaps, but not the worst we meet with.

Mr. Williams also quotes his use of a low gamma as a virtue. It is, however, the virtue of necessity, if one **will** develop 36 widely different types of subject in one piece. A low gamma is not desirable in itself, but rather the contrary. But I suggest that high gamma is possible in only about 75% of our work. Try an exposure using a model in a black velvet dress, with red hair, fresh complexion, and blue eyes, in artificial light. Develop one to a gamma of .75 as you normally do and use the paper best suited. Then, with the same exposure develop another to a gamma of .9, and note the very great improvement, on Plastika grade 1 or 2. I confidently leave the issue of the test. Gamma 1.0 is not too high for that type of subject, as any fashion photographer in a commercial studio will assure you. Of course, a suitably subdued background is necessary to keep the range of tones within the limits of the material used. A high gamma and a soft paper give better results for most subjects, especially if moderately contrasty and with delicate nuances of tone to render. That a quite pleasing result can be obtained by both Mr. Williams and Mr. Farnsworth I do not for one moment doubt, but I suggest with confidence that my method will lead to more correct results as distinct from pleasing results.

In conclusion, might I ask both to try my methods first, and if necessary modify them as experience dictates for their own particular needs as I suggested. Again, I only "outlined briefly" a system which is not entirely mine, but the work of many others, co-ordinated as well as I could do it, and only briefly acknowledged. Any standard reference book will support my methods more forcibly than your correspondents' criticisms would

I should be pleased to discuss the matter through the post with anyone interested if they will communicate with the Editor.

To the Editor.
Dear Sir,

I was very interested to read the first issue of *The Little Man*, and I think it does credit to all concerned in it, but I most definitely did not like the "Open Letter to the Advanced Worker." It was not only in bad taste, reminding me somehow of *Uriah Heep*, but it lacked solid reason behind it. I can only feel that if these strictures are justified there is in the P.M.P.P. a circle in a not too satisfactory condition. If I were a member of that circle I should step out of it without a moment's hesitation. But I am inclined to think that it is the author of the "Letter" rather than any circle who is unsatisfactory. He is apparently one of those people who think that Ruskin should have been sat on, or that T. W. Earpe knows no more about art than Miss X or Mr. X the Art Master simple because Earpe cannot paint. Art comprises two things: ideas and craftsmanship. Further analysis might include conception, composition, drawing, technique. With photography the drawing is done by the camera, but the general technique is under the control of the author, and is just as important as the conception if the work is to be successful. A competition I was recently asked to judge included a print called "The History of Christendom" and consisted of a not very dramatic, but strongly symbolic use of the upraised sword of the Richard statue at Westminster. This was (apart from its truth or error) an original conception. It was reasonably well carried out, and it got home to the extent that the technique was good. But no further: its effectiveness was limited by its technique. On the other hand there used to be a girl in one of my circles who used to enter prints with fine ideas, but which were quite ineffective simply because her technique was so bad. She was trying to run before she could walk. She needed a little more of the "advancement" which "Beginner" so sarcastically decries.

There are two actual workers with whose work I am well acquainted. Mr. Roy King, A.R.P.S. is one and is considered an eminently advanced worker. Month after month he turned out a print of first class technique; never dead whites, never clogged shadows, unless for a definite purpose. His prints were well constructed, and

"Beginner" will not be able to offer any suggestions for improvement, because King has critical faculties which enable him to see most of what "Beginner" will see; and he will have rectified all that can be rectified. But I have heard him say he is not original. In this respect he would admit that in the words of your correspondent, his work "unblemished and uninspired." But what then? I know of workers of exceptional originality, who have never been known to make a single sensible remark about a print, or give constructive advice on either pictorial or technical matters. I know King well, and to use his own words he "cannot, and never will produce anything strikingly original", yet he sees very clearly how to improve and perfect what exists.

Does he then merit all "Beginner" says? No. He qualifies for all he says, but does not merit his outlook upon him. Unless your correspondent is utterly swollen-headed, there is much he might learn from the advanced worker. In any case, I fail to see how anyone who is acclaimed an advanced worker can improve his technique.

In conclusion, I would say to "Beginner" that having been privileged to meet first class brains in the world of literature, art and science, I have found that the cleverest men are gentle in their opinions—because they know they are right they are content to suggest rather than assert; and until he gets rid of his intolerance he will never get as high as he ought to.

Yours truly,

Rex

[The above criticism has been forwarded to the writer of the article in question, who replies as follows.—Ed.]

It would seem that the indignation aroused by the depravity of my taste and the insolence of any close inspection of the pedestal of an Acclaimed Advanced Worker by those clustered around the base has prevented my critic from reading very carefully the sub-

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

Byways grown arterial,
Gardens once ethereal,
Quite lost in bricks.

Fences, drunken, leaning, small,
Hedges shrunken; seeming all
For pigmies made.

Old men older, older still,
Younger friends who silent fill
Sad acres new.

Withered world inimical
Then so bright and magical
Is all I find.

Pictures not pictorial:
Just records memorial
Of long past days.

A.C.

As we go to press news comes to hand of the Half Plate Postal Club. Circle 2 is already well established. It is possible that growth will not be very rapid, because the Circles are not recruited promiscuously, but with a view to maintaining a useful and interesting balance and relation between the personal contributions of members. General quality is good, technical quality is fairly high, while the level of technical discussion is very high. This is probably due in large measure to the presence of qualified scientific men among the members. Besides the modest tradesmen there are doctors, medical research men, industrial chemists, journalists, clergymen, and specialists of various kinds. A high level of free discussion is maintained, both in theme and treatment. The Hon. Gen. Sec. is Mr. G. Slight, whose very careful and judicious work has succeeded in getting together an admirable team of workers.

Council Meeting

Council Meeting, Saturday, September 10th, 1938.

The Council consented that P.P.P. might, subject to its own Council being of like opinion, adopt our Little Man badge as their symbol in the same manner as it is used within our Club. The P.P.P. Council later adopted the badge.

Mr. Hoare had unfortunately found it necessary to resign the Secretaryship of Circle 7 and had nominated Mr. Keable of Andover, as his successor. This was approved for the Circle's endorsement, which was subsequently forthcoming.

Annual General Meeting

The President in the Chair.

Mr. S. Burch acting as Hon. General Secretary read the minutes of the previous Annual General Meeting. These were adopted.

The President's welcome specially mentioned those who had come long distances. A welcome from the chair was also extended to Mr. A.E. Greenslade, President of the A.P.P., and Mr. F.C.R. Herdson, Hon. Secretary of the A.P.P.

The problem of promoting regional meetings during the year was also discussed. A time and venue suitable for most members, accommodation, restaurant facilities, etc., were all matters on which suggestions from members would be welcomed.

Attention was called to the value of the Little Man Magazine, which was worthy of and depended upon the support of members.

Mr. Burch reported upon the financial position of the Club and said that articles from him had appeared in the "Little Man" and in the circulating notebook dealing with the subject of an increase of subscription. The financial position of the Club earlier in the year had given every indication that we should not balance our budget, but he was glad to say that events had proved otherwise. There was a surplus of £5 11s. in hand plus 30s carried forward as subscriptions paid in advance, and he thought that bearing in mind the fact that out of this year's income he had had to meet liabilities from 1937 amounting to £14.12.4 we were in a much more satisfactory position than anyone could have forecast; accordingly he wished to withdraw the motion he had put forward for an increased subscription, and felt confident that on our present membership the Club could be adequately sustained on the present subscription. There was much applause.

Mr. Danks moved the adoption of the Balance Sheet and Mr. E.E. Evans seconded. Carried.

The only recommendation from the Council was that the Club should again renew its affiliation to the A.P.P. The meeting supported this.

It was agreed that an appeal should be made to individual members to subscribe through their circle secretaries to the R.P.S. Building Fund.

The election of officers resulted in Mr. Herdson being returned as President, and some discussion took place concerning the motion put forward that the offices of Hon. General Secretary and Hon. Treasurer be combined. Dr. Greenslade spoke strongly against the motion, saying that with still more circles the work involved by a joint office might be more than we could expect one man to undertake. Various other members spoke pro and con, but eventually the motion was carried. Mr. S. Burch was appointed to the joint office.

Miss F.M.Flew of Rugby was appointed Hon. Auditor for the year.

Circle appointments were endorsed, Mr. Daniels goes to the Committee of Circle 7, and Mr. E. Green succeeds Mr. Dilley on the Committee of Circle 6. Mr. Alan Myer has been elected Circle 1 representative.

Mr. Keable, the new Sec. of Circle 7 spoke of his willingness to do all he could to further the aims of the circle and to maintain that spirit of comradeship which was so conspicuous a feature in their notebooks.

Mr. Burch proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Geo. Slight, our late Hon. Gen. Sec. for the work and help he had given to the Club during the years he had been a member of it. This was carried with acclamation.

Further votes of thanks for services rendered concluded the meeting.

Council Meeting

The President in the Chair.

At the Council Meeting held on December 11, 1938, it was decided that the Hon. Gen. Secretary should approach the A.P.P. asking them to organise an Exhibition, coinciding with the date of the A.G.M. next year.

The Council thought the Exhibition might well embrace the P.P.P., L.P.P. and all associated bodies, and that in order to retain the miniature aspect of the P.M.P.P. and the small print circles of the other clubs, the Exhibition should have two sections: Miniature Prints, and For normal exhibition size mounts, viz., 15x12 and 20x16.

Members to be approached individually and to enter either section as they desire.

The chairman announced that arrangements were in hand for an outing to Warwick sometime in June. It was felt, however, that provincial members were in the best position to make their own arrangements for outings, which would receive active support from the Hon. Gen. Sec.

Circle appointments were approved.

DRAMATIC LIGHTING

The "Keighley News" (Yorks.) reports that considerable interest has been roused by the existence of a photograph taken during the Crisis of Jesus Christ seen in the clouds. The picture is now reported to be on sale as unquestionable photographic evidence of a supernatural vision.

But unfortunately the same paper reports that there has now turned up a cutting from a paper published some years ago, which contains a picture identical with the Crisis one, taken at a Mothers' Meeting outing some seven years ago. The picture was published as an illustration of tricks that the accidental arrangement of light and shade will play. There was no doubt, apparently, of the origin and nature of the first photograph, nor of its identity with the second one of the Crisis period. The account will be found in the "Keighley News" for November 26.

Mr. Denis Reed made a useful innovation in the notebook of Circle 4. At the head of each page of his contribution he put a "folio caption" indicating the subject dealt with on that page. It had an interesting appearance which was not belied by the text, and was useful for reference.

The practice is growing of exchanging third round prints between Circles. Some of them show a notable lack of quality chiefly due to flatness. Poor contrast is a common fault, and if it frequently appears in the work of the most reliable members of a Circle, the general standard tends to mediocrity.

With a condenser enlarger a print on Kodak Royal Medium with a 100 watt opal is just about equal in contrast to a print from the same negative on Kodak Royal Soft, but using a "pea" clear bulb (approx. 1.2 watt worked from a pocket torch battery at about 8 volts). In this case the exposure had to be about 50 times as long as for the 100 watt opal. Still, the difference in contrast was equal to one grade in paper.

—A. DANKS, Circle 5

Those who use a condenser enlarger can get a quite different print from the same negative on the same grade of paper by changing the lamp.

—S.R.FLETCHER, Circle 3

Point your camera in another direction, and, if necessary, turn your back upon the view you are proposing to photograph. This will give you an opportunity to adjust your focussing.—F.J.MORTIMER, in The Listener.

Photographic ends justify the means, within reasonable limits. Every reasonable person recognises reasonable limits: only the fanatic has none.

—B.B.HILL, Kingston.

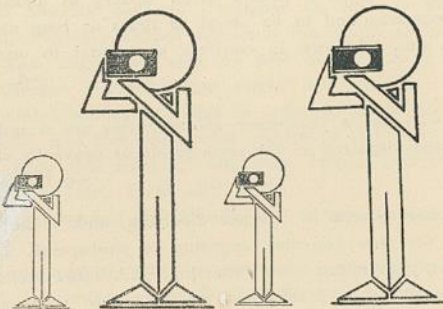
No other field is so cluttered up with useless and contradictory gadgets as is photography. Nor is there any field so cluttered up with contradictory theories.....A 50 mm. lens and a 90 mm. lens will cover the requirements of all types of work.....I think that the entire future of photography will revolve round the 35 mm. negative.—WILLIAM MORTENSEN.

If your circle has not had the lecturette on 'Trimming, Mounting and Titling Miniature Prints', by L.H. Leedham, ask your secretary to obtain it. It is well written and admirably illustrated, and provides very useful and sound information in an easily understood form.

Attempts are continually being made to frame rules of composition for pictures.....and certainly if such rules could be discovered the job of creating works of art and of appreciating them would be very much easier. It would be a matter of using a thermometer. But it would be very much less interesting. Long experience, however, has shown that artists never follow the recipes which scientifically minded theorists try to impose on them, and critics who do follow these recipes invariably go wrong in their judgements about new works of art.—HOWARD HANNAY in "The Listener."

Plato banished art as such, all expression of emotion (or the communication of such expression) that has no ulterior aim.—E.F. CARRITT.

Despite the subconscious education given by the increasingly semi-abstract nature of much advertising matter, there is quite a notable resistance on the part of the wider public to accept as works of art those that are abstruse in nature.—"The Observer."



The Leica Family

The "Miniature Camera Diary" for 1939 is a handy, informative pocket companion for the photographer. The diary contains a week to an opening, and there is an atlas. There are notes on Simple Tests for Films and Developers, Filters for Rollei Cameras, Photography by Artificial Light, Film Speed Numbers, Copying, and enough of similar material to make an index useful. Yet the copy sent us is not bulky, but neat and well bound, with pencil, for 2s. 6d.

THE COLLEGE PRESS
31 DULWICH VILLAGE S.E.21

THE COLLEGE PRESS
31 DULWICH VILLAGE S.E.21