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MARGRETHE MATHER

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CENTER FOR CREATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY is a research publication of previously unpublished or unique material from the collections in the archives of the Center for Creative Photography. Subscription and renewal rate: $15 (USA), $20 (foreign) for five issues. Back issues available. Address inquiries and subscriptions to:

Center for Creative Photography, University of Arizona,
843 East University Boulevard, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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Margaret: A Memoir
by William Justema

Margrethe Mather: Questions of Influence
by Lawrence Jasud

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EDWARD WESTON: Margrethe Mather, ca. 1912.
Platinum print. 16.3 x 10.9 cm.
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Portrait of Author, G. Bernard Shaw,
Taken at Time of *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* 1899.
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DURING THE PAST YEAR the Center acquired a collection of 132 photographs by Margrethe Mather. This issue of our publication is devoted to a selection of forty-three of those photographs. Margrethe Mather is not widely known, partially because few of her photographs have survived into public collections, and perhaps due to her own lack of interest in seeking acclaim. She is mentioned only briefly by Edward Weston in his daybooks, and even less so by Ben Maddow in *Edward Weston: Fifty Years*. Yet the photographs published here will reveal that Mather was an artist of unusual innovative strength and aesthetically far ahead of other West Coast practitioners of the medium during her time. Thanks to Mr. William Justema, who was Margrethe Mather's closest confidant and companion from 1922 to the mid-1930s, her story is finally being told. We are deeply grateful for his memoir which presents the first substantive glimpse into her life and work. Mr. Justema has been a pattern designer for forty years; he has lectured and taught design at institutions across the United States including the Metropolitan Museum of Art. His most recently published book, *Pattern: An Historical Panorama* (New York Graphic Society, 1976) includes reproductions of several collaborative works created by he and Mather during their time together. Mr. Justema presently lives in San Francisco and is wholly responsible for having preserved this unique collection of Margrethe Mather's work. Present and future generations owe him a special debt of gratitude.

We also wish to extend our appreciation to Mr. Lawrence Jasud who wrote the accompanying critical essay on Mather's work. Mr. Jasud is a graduate student and teaching associate in the Department of Photography and Cinema at Ohio State University.

Special thanks is also due to Mr. Lee Witkin for his aid in bringing the Mather work to light and for arranging an exhibition of the Center's collection of her photographs at his gallery in New York City from December 12, 1979 to January 19, 1980.

JAMES L. ENYEART
Director

Charcoal drawing by William Justema of Margrethe Mather, ca. 1922–35.

MARGARET: A Memoir

by William Justema

ca. 1921

HAVING RUNG THE BELL SEVERAL TIMES, I was turning away when a voice called out: "Wait a minute!" I waited. What if I had not? Chances are I would have lived an equally full, productive life but of a mundane sort I can't imagine. The woman who at last opened the door would, before long, nurture and shield me, thoroughly if unwittingly corrupt me, and yet, above all else, would casually set up standards of ethical behavior and artistic excellence from which I have benefitted for over half a century.

"I've come to see Mr. Weston," I said. "Last summer up at Piedmont, near San Francisco, I studied with the Mexican-Indian painter Xavier Martinez, and he suggested that since Weston and I both live here in Glendale we ought to get acquainted. He thought it odd we'd never met, not realizing we live at opposite ends of town. I know who Mr. Weston is of course. Some years ago he took the pictures of my sister's high school graduation class."

The woman regarded me without expression. She was about thirty years old, slender, with unusually pale blue eyes and high "Scandinavian" cheekbones, her latent exoticism obscured by dank-looking, straight, dark brown bobbed hair and a rather sallow skin. I was a skinny sixteen year old with adolescent pimples carefully concealed by a pungent ointment that was advertised to simultaneously heal and hide skin blemishes.

"Edward's not here right now," she said, wiping her hands on a workingman's stiff denim apron. Her fingernails were as inordinately long as those of a Chinese aristocrat. "I'm Margrethe Mather, his associate. Come in and wait if you want to. I'll soon be finished in the darkroom ..." and she led me into a small entry and through another door and left me.

So this is what the inside of the roughly-shingled, much-weathered studio looked like. I had passed it a thousand times going to and from Los Angeles on the big red Pacific Electric streetcars, often wondering what lay behind the display of prints in a glass showcase out in front, and the ivy-covered lattice at either side of the overgrown entrance.

There wasn't much to see, really. An L-shaped room with a darkly-stained pine floor and walls stretched with natural burlap contained nothing except a huge leather-bellowed camera on rubber-tired wheels, several low "hourglass" stools of split bamboo, and, in an alcove against an expanse of floor-to-ceiling glass panes, a small black kitten delicately pawing a white bowl of bright crimson cherries.

"Does he — or she — ever eat them?" I inquired when the woman, having removed her work apron, returned wearing the simplest of dark dresses with a round white collar.

"Felix? Oh, sometimes he takes a bite out of one of them. Does it matter?"

"Not a bit," I replied hastily, for it obviously didn't. Indeed, during the next five or six years nothing much was to matter except that everything, like Felix and his bowl of cherries, must constitute a picture, or part of a picture, in which

Margaret (as her friends called her) and I, Billy Justema, would move, breathe, and, as the saying goes, have our being. Differences of age and background were immaterial. In our separate ways each of us had already lived curiously similar lives and, before we were aware of it, had begun a joint existence of quite exceptional austerity and decadence.

ca. 1885–1910

Margaret had been an orphan. She was born in or near Salt Lake City, Utah, in a year she never disclosed and may actually not have known. I'm sure she would have told me her probable age had I asked since she was without coyness. I, following her example, was without curiosity. In any case, recent inquiries of mine have proved futile. Utah did not begin to register births and deaths on a state-wide basis until 1905, and there is no one living in whom she might have confided. Margaret and I enjoyed completely candid reminiscences almost from the start. Her own earliest memory was of the orphanage where the little girls uniformly wore red cotton panties. How proud she was to be adopted and wear white ones.

The man who adopted her, a professor of mathematics named Mather, was evidently a widower whose common-law wife Margaret called Aunt Minnie. Minnie and the child were totally subject to their benefactor. For his part, he appears to have identified himself with the famous American Puritan clergymen and educators Increase Mather and his son and colleague, Cotton, both of whom had been involved, emotionally as well as intellectually, with the witchcraft trials that several teenage girls had instigated in Salem Village, Massachusetts, at the end of the seventeenth century. Conscious perhaps that he had chosen slightly suspect ancestors, the later Mr. Mather was never overly cruel to the two females in his house; yet he easily kept them in a state of apprehension — Margaret because her parents had rejected her and she owed everything to a stranger and Aunt Minnie because she felt inferior and was convinced that she must accept her lot in a world "full of wickedness."

Margaret soon found out for herself about this world. One day after school a playmate of hers, another child of twelve or thirteen, took her to a place in downtown Salt Lake City where a group of businessmen had taught some carefully selected schoolgirls to accommodate them sexually in a way that did not technically violate their virginity. Amply rewarded with paper bills, the children were encouraged to spend them quickly on candy and ice cream — whatever told no tales.

Not Margaret. For her, crisp dollars meant escape. Freedom. A life of her own. She had observed that Aunt Minnie always deducted part of the grocery money for her "nest egg" with a finger to her lips if Margaret caught her at it. Far from betraying her, Margaret knew a good example when she saw it and within a year or two told her most generous admirer that she was planning before long to take a trip.

"That's right," he agreed. "You save your money, and someday I'll come to California to visit you."

The day came unexpectedly soon. Aunt Minnie, in an unseasonal frenzy of housecleaning, came upon Margaret's horde of cash hidden behind the "company" china (for Mr. Mather no longer entertained) on the highest shelf of a kitchen cupboard.

"Where did this come from?" she demanded.

"Oh, that. It's what they call 'stage money.' We use it in school plays. It isn't real —" and

Margaret swiftly thrust the large wad of paper bills into the iron stove where supper was cooking.

Informed of their narrow escape, Margaret's special admirer and his friends — most of them married as he was — gratefully raised a purse that presently, early one morning, put her on a train to San Francisco "with enough left over until you find a job."

She rented a room in San Francisco for a while and, claiming to be sixteen, she made the rounds of the department stores and employment agencies only to decide, from the masculine attention she drew, that it would be foolish to work eight hours a day, and that sunny Los Angeles might provide better weather for what had become her favorite pastime, window-shopping. True to his word, her admirer from Salt Lake City did visit her, unfortunately to their mutual dismay. In his eyes (and in fact) Margaret was now a woman, not the child she had been and fought to remain. I don't know how long her erstwhile lover continued to support her, or partially support her, in Los Angeles, but I was shocked one day at the tiny, dark room Margaret pointed out to me as we passed by it while riding up the funicular at Third and Hill Streets known to Angelenos as Angel's Flight.

"That's where I lived when I was a scab streetwalker," she said half-smiling. "It wasn't a bad place. Had a nice landlady who thought I must have been, like her, Swedish."

Contrary to what I would have supposed, the dingy building had been "very respectable." No madame or pimp ever had a claim on Margaret, nor did she solicit on the street. She used the simplest of strategies — one she may have reinvented. Dressed in a demure frock, wearing a broad-brimmed hat usually of pale straw, and wearing or carrying white gloves, Margaret would sit in a large and conspicuous armchair in the lobby of the Alexandria or the Lankershim Hotel until a well-groomed, middle-aged man asked her if she cared to join him for a drink in the adjacent bar "while you're waiting." But since it was quite apparent that a young woman of her age could not be served liquor in public, they went upstairs to the gentleman's room and he called down to Room Service. Margaret would order lemonade.

I don't know how long this way of life lasted. It, too, ended abruptly when one of Margaret's more elderly clients died of a heart attack. This time it was *she* who phoned downstairs. The circumstances must have been self-evident, for with no questions asked the Bell Captain directed Margaret to a rear stairway and said the body would be removed late that night.

ca. 1911–1922

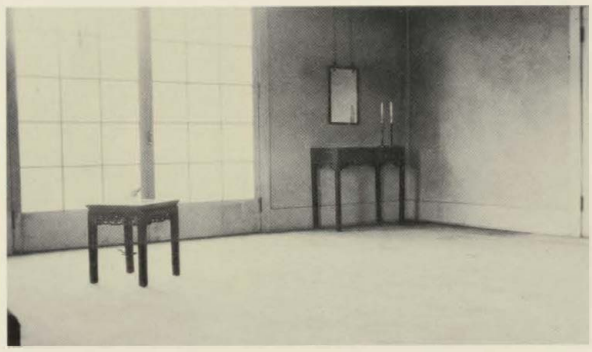
I was of course not around during this early, crucial period in Margaret's life but, by asking her the right questions at the right time, I could have cleared up much of the mystery regarding *how* she acquired her stringent taste — a matter still unexplained and of the greatest importance not only to her own photography but for the effect her obsession with perfection had on Edward Weston.

When candidly acknowledged, every influence in the visual arts can be pinned down precisely and Margaret was never known to dissemble facts which, in any case, she would have thought of as speaking for themselves. There can be little doubt, however, that deception in the form of omission has been practiced by a number of persons, with the result that Margaret herself has remained an enigma. It is as though she came from nowhere, basked briefly in Weston's reflected glory (then for almost a decade shared

an obscure, often secret life with me) and finally disappeared from the world of photography altogether. However, in later years, semi-publicly and rather shamefully, she could be observed disintegrating in a small antique shop — to the consternation of a few old friends who, like myself (but less advantageously placed), never bothered to ask her (or themselves) certain questions that might have been helpful.

During this period, a lesbian by the name of Beau became Margaret's intellectual guide and, in the old-fashioned sense, her protector. Theirs was anything but a domestic relationship. Margaret never happened to tell me how they met but it was assuredly not in a hotel lobby. Beau had money, breeding, education, and the well-heeled lesbian's firm grasp of style. Beau and Margaret usually dined at Victor Hugo's, then the most fashionable restaurant in Los Angeles, before attending a play, a lecture, or concert at the Philharmonic Auditorium.

On Bunker Hill (which was renamed Pershing Square after the First World War), just four blocks from the Philharmonic, Margaret remodeled the carriage house of a late Victorian mansion into what was to become the most elegantly simple studio in the city. Although an uncluttered Japanese atmosphere was generally favored in current avant-garde circles, the opulent austerity at 715 West Fourth Street would still have been startling, with its rough, white plaster walls, its pale amethyst-colored wall-to-wall carpeting, and the huge French doors that opened on a high wooden deck that overlooked a terraced garden down which lavender mesembryantheum flowed from a group of three conical cypress trees until, at the lowest terrace, the vivid ground-cover reached a long row of dwarf bamboo that led the eye to the ruins of a fanciful summerhouse. There were no pictures, hardly any furniture. Even when I appeared on the scene a dozen years later (the cypresses then forty feet tall) the first impression a visitor received was that the occupant was either moving in or moving out. Margaret's flat bed disappeared into a recess



Margrethe Mather's studio in Los Angeles, ca. 1920.

behind low doors set flush with the wall and all one saw on entering was a large, faintly opalescent V-shaped room (made so by a closed-off kitchen and bath occupying the nearest corner at the left side) with a pair of those chests of drawers the Japanese call *tansu,* a tall teak-framed mirror above a severely delicate side-table of teak and, a concession to comfort, several split-bamboo chairs and hour-glass stools in the room's center.

Here Beau and Margaret entertained for Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap who were raising funds to launch their magazine *The Little Review,* and I understand that visiting poets like Carl Sandburg and Alfred Kreymborg, and political activists like Emma Goldman made use of the studio when they needed money or attention, the audience evidently sitting on the carpeted floor. Her mission, or their affair, completed, Beau seems to have departed as quietly as she came and Margaret had nothing but grateful memories.

The consequence of all this is that anyone who ever knew Margaret at all well realized that *someone, sometime,* had helped to create a modest-mannered creature of extreme sophistication and fastidiousness — in my opinion bearing no relationship to the "sad" figure who appears fleetingly in the many books about Edward Weston (the only books I know of in which she does appear).

When Margaret is briefly mentioned in books about Edward, the information is either misleading or utterly mistaken. Ben Maddow in his illustrated biography *Edward Weston: Fifty Years,* wrote on pages 36 and 37: "It is . . . difficult to ascertain the undoubtedly strong influence on Edward Weston's photographic ideas of a very bright and neurotic woman, whom he not only photographed, but eventually made his partner at the studio — Margarethe (sic) Mather. He met her as early as 1912; and contemporaries remember her as a small, very pretty, and exceptionally intelligent woman. She first came to be photographed, then became his pupil, was hired as his assistant, and finally became part of the business. It was not an easy association. She drank increasingly, and her behavior was moody and erratic; she rarely arrived anywhere on time, and most particularly to work. Edward Weston, with the photographer's fondness for the idiocy of words called her 'The Late Miss Mather.' She was mostly, though not wholly lesbian."

Mr. Maddow continues: "Edward Weston fell desperately in love with her. The sons remember barging noisily into the studio darkroom in search of dad, to find him locked in an embrace with Margarethe; but she would let things go no further, and this semi-platonic relationship tormented him for nearly ten years."

Nonsense. Margaret may have come to Edward's studio "to be photographed" at his invitation, but she told me that they met at the Los Angeles Camera Club where she went regularly once or twice a week because she was bored. She had a studio but nothing special to use it for. Speaking of studios, Edward's too is a bit puzzling because in the Chronology of the Maddow book (in which, incidentally, Margaret isn't assigned a single date despite her "undoubtedly strong influence") 1911 is given as the time Edward "Built and opened studio in Tropico (now Glendale), California." Could this possibly have been an earlier studio, one where he photographed graduation students? The cottage-like building I visited around 1921 showed Margaret's imprint so strongly that I suspect this studio, which was on lower Brand Boulevard near the corner of Los Feliz Road — then the main thoroughfare between Pasadena and Hollywood — to have been remodeled by Margaret if not partly planned by her.

In her introduction to *The Daybooks of Edward Weston, Volume I, Mexico,* Nancy Newhall supports my conviction, writing on page xvii: "In 1912 or 1913, he met Margrethe Mather (her name spelled correctly here) also a photographer . . . (and) fell in love with art and Margrethe Mather at the same time and for eight years could not separate them." I dwell on the teacher-pupil controversy because it was hotly disputed after Edward died in 1958 (Margaret's death in 1952 having gone unnoticed). With her customary outspokenness, Imogen Cunningham once said that in artistic matters Margaret was of course the teacher, Edward the pupil. This would have seemed irrelevant to Margaret and, in the light of his later fame, might have embarrassed her.

As for Margaret having taken up photography because, as she told me, she was "bored,"

that may well need explaining. She fiercely hated hobbies and was in no way a dilettante. Many artists in a sense become prostitutes. For a prostitute to become an artist is, I believe, much rarer. What I have realized only within the last year is that Margaret at heart was a thorough anarchist. When Mr. Maddow speaks of her as "very bright and neurotic," he is describing a young woman in a state of rebellion. That it began in her childhood is obvious, and her experience as a prostitute continued it. My recent revelation, circuitously come upon, is that an encounter with the ideas of Emma Goldman, of whom she spoke often but quite casually (knowing my own disinterest in that field) must have brought many of her own vague feelings into focus. Without attempting to make an all too easy Susan Sontag-like connection between prostitution and photography, I think I see where Margaret, after attending some of the Goldman lectures, could have taken up photography in order to express things she had no talent to express in any other medium. This would not have been a conscious decision, much less an articulate program. Margaret, though she spoke well and grammatically correct, spoke no more than was necessary.

ca. 1922

To continue where we started from, we sat on the floor of Edward's studio and played with the small black cat Felix. He had let us have some of his cherries. I explained that my mother and father gave me an allowance with which I rented a room on New High Street, overlooking the Old Plaza and Chinatown where I drew, painted, or wrote poetry during the day, and ushered at the Cantonese "opera" at night. Margaret silently approved. Our relationship was to become what Shakespeare in his loveliest sonnet calls "the marriage of true minds"; it was superfluous to arrange another meeting. We were born to be friends. Confreres. Accomplices. When the five o'clock whistle blew at the Gladding-McBean tile factory down Los Feliz Boulevard below the railroad tracks, I hastily said goodbye quite forgetting that the reason I had come was to meet Mr. Weston.

Whatever it had amounted to — beyond their interest in photography — the long drawn-out "semi-platonic relationship" between Margaret and Edward which, as Ben Maddow tells it, had "tormented him for nearly ten years" was over. From all accounts (Margaret's to me included), it had ended with several days at Hermosa Beach where Edward had photographed Margaret nude in the sand dunes. In the meantime he had acquired in Tina Modotti a much more willing mistress; one, moreover, who could speak Spanish, for he hoped to go to Mexico where an artistic renaissance was in full swing. It was Margaret who realized how urgently Edward needed to get away from Glendale and his family and agreed to assume the responsibility of running their more and more prestigious establishment.

Naturally she got little thanks from Edward's wife for this. To Flora Weston, who taught in a Glendale elementary school, Margaret was an immoral woman and no amount of Flora's share of the receipts from the studio (where platinum prints were now fifteen dollars each) modified her deep resentment. By comparison, she felt Tina Modotti was a respectable person. This period of indecision apparently went on for several years, and if (as Mr. Maddow reports) Margaret "drank increasingly" and "disappeared for days," it could have been a reflection of the company she was bound to keep. I never met Tina or her husband "Robo" de Richey, but as I did

know Ramiel McGehee and others of the group somewhat later, I marvel at Margaret's patience. Ramiel is said to have been a Denishawn dancer, Robo to have invented a private language. This was Los Angeles bohemia, circa 1920. "Free love" was considered an engrossing issue and from Edward's *Daybooks* he was taking his emancipation very seriously, as he did his growing fame. Margaret said years afterwards that their life from about 1916 onward was "just one exhibition of photography after another," with heavily-insured prints to be sent off in the hope of winning a cash award or at least an Honorable Mention. Edward usually won one or the other and Margaret garnered not a few prizes herself.

But, lacking a competitive spirit, it was not an activity she enjoyed. Her early idol had been Gertrude Käsebier and she felt happiest when she thought her remote mentor might have been pleased because, as Margaret said, the object of the average "art" photographer at that time was to be "more oriental than a Japanese print." Having been introduced to Utamaro, Hiroshige, and the Impressionists years before by Beau, asymmetrical composition came to Margaret all too easily and she was similarly disinterested when her contemporaries introduced elements that recalled Cubism into their work because "painters did it much better." In no sense a theorist and even averse to discussion, Margaret nonetheless must have put some of these points across because in their casual work of the late "teens" Edward and she were both using a 4x5 Graflex and although, as Ben Maddow suggests, no one can estimate what each learned from the other, a new freedom begins to appear while, with at least five years of technical schooling and commercial experience behind him, Edward was without question the superior craftsman.

He was, as well, an unwitting father figure to Margaret in spite of their being approximately the same age. There is much irony here. Well into middle age, Edward frequently chose a wide-eyed, little boy stance, with the result that at a party his ostensible pupil would remain her adult, silent self in contrast to the master's efforts to be appealingly winsome.

A curious relationship indeed. What few people could have known and what I have never seen or heard mentioned is that Edward, without (obviously) being able to restore Margaret's lost innocence — and in any event probably unaware of her past life except that she was an orphan and sporadically lesbian — had intuitively, tenderly, and persistently tried to supply her with some of the childhood she had missed. And had succeeded! Some proof of this was the kitten Felix with his bowl of cherries, an altogether charming reference to Carl Van Vechten's early masterpiece *The Tiger in the House*. Unlike Edward who in his last years made a virtual cult out of cats, Margaret was contented at her Fourth Street studio to feed the wild canaries, happily complaining as she did so that they made an infernal racket and "ate like little pigs." Edward's most precious gift to her and one she always treasured was a copy of Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*. It had been inscribed by him soon after they met on a day they decided was her birthday.

Quite by accident it happened that I had already seen an exhibit of Margaret's portraits at the Cannel & Chaffin Gallery on Seventh Street. Therefore I was flattered when she asked me to pose for her for a second exhibit "perhaps against one of your drawings." I was a bit nervous when she told me to take my shirt off because "collars are so ugly," but was soon engrossed in the way she worked. "Try to relax," she said. "Turn your head and change your expression slowly. Very

slowly. I'll tell you to hold still for a moment when I see something I like."

"May I ask questions?"

"Of course. What do you want to know? This is a view camera that uses 8x10 film because I like to see everything clearly."

"Then why don't you wash this dirty window?" I asked, for the principal source of light came through streaked panes of glass only a few feet from where I sat on a high stool.

"Oh, that's my filter," she replied. "It softens the sunlight just enough and the image stays sharp. Edward works a bit differently —"

I never did see him work. Perhaps arranging the trip to Mexico caused him to be always rushing in and out, the crest of reddish hair above a high forehead reminding me of a bantam rooster my mother once had. But he was extremely affable and it was evident he had been learning fast. Recently he had gone to New York expressly to show his prints to Alfred Stieglitz and then visited Xavier Martinez at Piedmont. "Marty" gave him names to use in Mexico City. Even in those days people felt they ought to help Edward. Women especially wanted to be of service.

Several good sittings a week were sufficient to keep the Glendale studio profitable and the eighty-dollar-a-month allowance my parents gave me went a long way in the twenties. For a few months I kept my big bright, practically empty room on the hill above the Mexican quarter and it was there that Margaret made the first nude pictures of me, always in the late afternoon when light was reflected from a building next door and reinforced, like a pool of water, by a large sheet of thick plate-glass mirror against which I took up positions that yielded strangely luminous fragments. But there was a distance of about two miles between our two studios and it soon occurred to us that I should move into a rooming house known as The Castle which was just across from Margaret where Fourth Street ended abruptly at a steep hillside. In this way I could work in her studio when she had to be out in Glendale and we could more conveniently spend our evenings together — a plan that sounded fine except to my mother. To her and her Glendale neighbors, Margaret was widely known as "that Mather woman," the siren who had lured Edward away from his hardworking wife and four young boys. My allowance was discontinued. For a while it didn't matter.

Money flowed in steadily both from socialites and Hollywood personalities who wanted honest portraits of quality. Unlike Edward and some of her other peers, Margaret believed a portrait should present the most attractive, real likeness possible, not a strange aspect, however striking, that the subject would probably hate although critics might praise its strength and "realism." She got her results through sympathy, by identifying herself with the subject — this outwardly reserved woman who many considered cold. The studio procedure was as I've reported. In the out-of-doors there was still greater opportunity for stunning results provided you had her eye for what Cartier-Bresson named "the decisive moment," when the human head would be reduced to its essentials. A Graflex was the best instrument here. Using 4x5 film, Margaret liked to photograph heads in mid-afternoon against a cloudless sky. I don't recall when, on most outdoor assignments, I no longer had to carry a cumbersome and vicious folding wood-and-metal tripod for an 8x10 view camera. In addition to my relief at being unfettered by this equipment, I also shared Margaret's excitement over a perfect Graflex negative that could be

printed by contact or enlarged without being cropped or retouched — a piece of sculpture carved by sunlight.

Her non-commissioned works were all too few. Between being our breadwinner and my surrogate mother, she had little time and energy for creating imaginative images. Aside from keeping what amounted to a record of my growing up, the nearest she came to consecutive serious expression was in portraits she made of visiting minor celebrities. With the ingenious meekness she had once exercised in public lobbies, she would take a portfolio of prints to an artist's hotel or dressing room and invite him or her to pose. These courtesy sittings were always a delight; the subjects glowed with appreciation of a professionalism that avoided the usual formulas.

Yes, 1922 was a good year. We were excited to hear that *Ulysses* had finally appeared in print with its cover of Greek-flag blue in Paris, and one day I rushed up the hill with the November issue of *The Dial* featuring T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land." Although I seldom saw him, Edward was still in town. Too many things were happening to be properly remembered. With money rolling in, Margaret and I ripped up the worn, once-amethyst carpeting in her studio and had a hardwood floor laid down over the wide planks of the former carriage house. We also had the rear deck repaired. I shopped for our food at the big Grand Central Market between Broadway and Hill Streets (next to Sid Grauman's first film palace, the "Million Dollar Theatre") but mostly sunbathed and made conté drawings of subjects as I thought Charles Sheeler or Brancusi might see them — parachutes, a phonograph horn, and individual Thompson seedless grapes! At "advanced" bookstores, we bought works by Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, H. D. (Hilda Doolittle), and Ronald Firbank.

Charcoal drawing by William Justema, ca. 1922–35.

I was not really aware of Edward and Tina's departure; so I don't know whether Margaret felt envy, relief, or indifference. In such matters, she was altogether baffling. It would be wrong to say I had stepped into Edward's shoes. Margaret and I were not lovers or competitors, much less business partners; we were simply kindred souls and companions. Thus I felt nothing in particular about Edward and, except for an occasional remark about his ambition or the ingenue act he sometimes put on, I erased myself from their relationship.

ca. 1923–27

A typical day for us began around six o'clock in the summer months, seven during the winter. Rudolph Valentino had once lived at The Castle (where I had almost-round quarters in a kind of turret over the entrance) and it was as if I had

to get ready for a day of filming that I promptly arose, dashed cold water on my face and, crossing the street, called out: "It's me!" at Margaret's door. She opened it wearing a nightgown and, while I ran the faucet in the kitchen-cum-darkroom "to get rid of the water that's been standing in the pipes," she went back to bed until the coffee was ready in the French drip pot. We drank it black, but diluted — on warm mornings out on the deck, on cold ones around a brazier-like gas heater.

Much of the time we were dieting for Margaret had the painful bladder condition known as cystitis. We often fasted too. Margaret would drink nothing but orange juice while I would eat a single fresh fruit throughout the day, with an hourly glass of slightly-warmed milk for calcium and vitamins. We didn't consider ourselves food faddists. Some of our acquaintances, for instance, ate raw food, had stomachaches and were always hungry. Abstinence in our surroundings was merely apropos. The days of total fast were also housecleaning days. We both felt that the physical surroundings of a visual artist were very important. The furniture was moved out to the courtyard while the hardwood floor was cleaned and waxed. As my grandmother in Friesland, Holland, had joined her neighbors in daily street scrubbing, this routine came naturally to me, and I know that, to a point, Margaret enjoyed and thrived on the discipline and order which after all are at the heart of photography and all the arts. But occasionally she rebelled. Forgetting that the basic reason for the strictures we observed was her illness, she would rhetorically demand to know "Am I living with Jesus Christ?" — to which the only possible answer was "Yes."

Once established, a year or two passed in this methodical manner. If I seem to have been excessively strict, I was — for both our sakes. We had come together in order to create, but instead did little except make money and keep house beautifully, as if in preparation for creating. Since neither of us were inclined to see old friends, our evenings, luckily, could provide a number of distractions. Margaret dreaded the twilight hour, the hour consecrated to drinking. Since she paid heavily for any indulgence, we dined early — when we did — and either went to the Chinese theatre or, if another youth ushered for me, we liked to go to an early movie and have ice cream afterwards. Then on Sunday nights when there was a new bill at the Follies burlesque on Spring Street, we could be found in the front row, center, of the balcony. After the Sunday night show at the Follies, we would frequently walk over to Central Avenue and down to the local Harlem to listen to the blues-type "race" records that were full of double entendre. Another diversion was vaudeville at the Orpheum Theatre where we could sit on benches in the gallery for fifteen cents. Even when making the most money we took pleasure in frugality, preferring to buy flowering plants for the bamboo tubs that outlined the studio deck — beginning the year with Chinese lilies, then rotating hyacinths, petunias, zinnias, marigolds, and chrysanthemums as the seasons changed.

But Chinese "opera" gave us the most satisfactory evenings. Presented on the small stage of what had once been a combination saloon and dance hall, performances started at seven o'clock and often lasted until one-thirty. My duties paid me the token wage of one dollar. Margaret got in free. She sat in the back row at one side eating watermelon seeds and exchanging a few words of greeting in elementary Chinese with the "regulars" as they arrived, and especially looked forward (with a sisterly eye) to the vir-

tual parade of prostitutes that began late, each group accompanied by an elderly *amah* wearing black and who, instead of having poetic names like Lotus or Plum Blossom, realistically called themselves the equivalent of "American Dollar" or "Bring Good Luck." Ushering was brisk only at intervals. Since the older Chinese knew the plays practically verbatim, they came in droves every two hours just after the prices decreased, or only to see a particular player in a particular scene. Every gesture was of course traditional and, as the tension of the historical plots mounted steadily, by ten o'clock the heroine (who might be a female impersonator with a wife and children back in China) could be climbing "mountains" of piled-up tables and chairs, pursued by red and black-faced bandits while "her" sister circled the foreground on her knees swinging a long mane of hair in a great arc to signify consternation. Then, around midnight, the battle scenes took place and the hypnotic singsong of the early evening, played by five musicians at the side of the stage, would give way to deafening cymbals and drums as warriors brandished cardboard swords in acrobatic duels, lighting up the whole theatre with the fireflies from their mirrored costumes. The play suddenly over, Margaret and I would sometimes go to the warehouse a few blocks away where the actors, actresses, and musicians lived in plywood cubicles. Their principal meal of the day was a communal one, at about two A.M. As all of them were in the States under heavy bond, those who smoked opium were, on retiring, allowed to do so, and I quickly got the knack of turning the oily pellets over a tiny flame until they were ready to put in someone's pipe.

What did Margaret gain from all this? Relaxation obviously and, more needfully, the subtle, gradual restoration of confidence in herself. Nothing is so refreshing as the unfamiliar. By exposing, nay abandoning ourselves to it, not infrequently we find out who we really are. Just as the Impressionists at the end of the nineteenth century were replenished by the color, stylization, and the asymmetrical compositions of Japanese prints, Margaret was renewed by our intimate Chinese theatre experiences. An always cheerful, broad-faced young man named Al Chan (who manufactured fortune cookies!) was our interpreter, and had us "adopted by the Chan family" — one of the big four of China — with a banquet that lasted six hours. By the middle of the twenties, when Edward was due to return from Mexico, Margaret had agreed to leave the Glendale studio altogether and concentrate on her own work.

How would we live? Here, once more, the Orientals rescued us. For a long time Margaret had been asked to judge exhibitions of photography held in the Japanese quarter centered on east First Street and had been in contact with men who had erotic art for sale — notably the prints they call *shunga* and the little *netsuke* called "clam's dream" because a tiny shell form when opened shows a couple having intercourse. Since items of this sort were thought highly sophisticated in the movie colony, I for the first time was able to make a substantial contribution to our income by doing faintly "Greek" drawings in which youths not unlike myself were amorous partners. Next, under Margaret's direction, I produced a second series of drawings, this time of men and women acrobats copulating in midair. As my skill in rendering the human figure was always limited, both sets, if any exist, would be found to be more amusing than arousing. Nonetheless, carefully copied by Margaret and exquisitely printed on platinum paper, portfolios of both kinds sold for from one to

two hundred and fifty dollars at Hollywood parties.

A friend, afraid that our traffic in erotica would get Margaret into trouble, suggested that we apply for a Fellowship to the newly-formed (1925) Guggenheim Foundation. She considered me "a real nut" and the project she had heard us discussing "just screwy enough to qualify." In a way, it was. Casting about for subjects for Margaret to photograph because, as she said, "Why bother to do what Ansel and Imogen and Edward do so well?" I had been impressed by pioneer photomicrography and especially by the nature studies of certain European, mostly German, photographers. Would a quasi-scientific approach get Margaret excited about photography again? Entirely lacking any competitive spirit, she had grown listless as Edward, bit by bit, grew famous. Nancy Newhall quotes him as saying, evidently late in life, that Margaret was "the first important person in my life" — not aware, I'm sure, that in helping to create him she had all but destroyed herself.

Our project was tentatively called "The Exposé of Form" — not the best of titles. I saw it as an almost endless sequence of prints with each separate image visibly related to those "on either side," and all of them together forming a continuum or progression, sometimes in linear succession, but just as often radiating from central axis like the spokes of a wheel. The subjects themselves would either be artificial objects or forms or shapes found in nature. For example, depending on how individual items were depicted, a human or a crafted hand might lead to a "hand" of bananas and then to a partly-folded fan; or a parasol might be compared to a morning glory, a pinwheel to the propellor of a ship. Having had some experience in design, I thought that if such material was photographed in a fairly straightforward manner, on a level at once pictorial and (if I may say so —) philosophical, the visible repetitions and variations would exemplify the forces that hold so many great works of art together. Leaving the more purely geometrical and/or organic forms to the Cubists and the laboratory, our "exposition of form" would concentrate upon showing things as they were usually recognized, on familiar things.

Alas! That paragon of institutional secretaries, John Henry Moe, pointed out that one of the main stipulations of the new Guggenheim program was that every project, artistic, scientific, or scholarly, must be executed outside the United States — a condition that was for us insuperable. Was Margaret, just possibly, relieved? I was devastated. Every artist needs "a subject"; the comparative ease with which photographs can be taken makes the exploration of a dominant theme mandatory. Without a definite goal, Margaret could continue to produce attractive pictures, but of many kinds, at random. She and I, complementary to each other in our different mediums, had had three or four quite creative years together but a major joint accomplishment was denied us, and we were paying a high price for what we did achieve.

Begging became our way of life. In order to eat, some nights, we sold our first editions — those that had not been "borrowed" and never returned — and if we did happen to land a good portrait sitting, chances are that the right camera or lens would be at the pawnbrokers. Living on next to nothing, we could only afford luxuries. When a windfall miraculously occurred, Margaret got her hair cut at Elizabeth Arden's and bought me bottles of Lanvin's "Spanish Geranium" or Caron's "Fleurs du Rocaille" on the way home. It was not long before we were having

cocktails at night (of *ng ga py,* the Chinese rice whiskey, for it was still Prohibition) just like other people. Like other people too, we began drifting apart. Encouraging Margaret to still think of herself as an active photographer, I gathered fascinating still-life material to be shot in the studio, or planned trips to outdoor sites but, as we were now spending fewer evenings together, our working days, only vaguely arranged, began later and later, if they began at all.

Several unexpected factors had entered our lives. At least to me they were unexpected, and threatening. To Margaret they may have been anticipated, and welcome. In the first place, through peddling erotica in Hollywood, she had renewed contact with old friends with whom she would spend whole nights drinking. Curiously, the most pernicious change in our life seemed at first the most innocent. An acquaintance named Rita had opened a tiny gift shop on Flower Street at the side of Robinson's big department store. It was a strategic location and she was doing extremely well. Margaret went to see her one day and offered to help her select merchandise (while getting rid of some of our superfluous objects now that "The Exposé of Form" was scrapped). From then on, Margaret was hooked. When Rita went home to visit her sick mother in the Bronx, Margaret ran her shop with the required degree of hauteur and solicitude, getting outrageous prices for simple, tasteful articles we had bought in the local Chinese, Japanese, or Mexican sections for a pittance. I was happy to see Margaret happy and interested in something.

But I gradually began to realize that Margaret was taking drugs stronger than what was prescribed for cystitis and was sleeping a drugged sleep every morning — the shop didn't open until just before noon — and she spent every night now at a friend's apartment above his antique and upholstery business at Hollywood Boulevard and Vermont Avenue and went with him to auctions whenever an interesting estate was being liquidated. It was a new world to her and more fascinating than anything I had to offer. Our always ill-defined relationship had become meaningless, our lovely garden-studio haunted. So one morning while Margaret remained heavily asleep I let myself in quietly, prepared the usual coffee, gathered up a few belongings, and — feeling like a combined thief and small runaway boy — left a note on my dearest friend and companion's pillow saying that I had found an apartment at one of the beaches.

ca. 1928–29

George Lipton, the man with whom Margaret lived during these two years and until her death, took good care of her in his fashion. He had come to California where he set up a modest workshop, became part of the anarchist movement, and had first met Margaret in that ambience. Then eventually he married an intellectual and reputedly beautiful woman who left one afternoon saying she was going to the library but instead went to a deserted beach north of Santa Monica where she swallowed poison. This had happened just after Margaret took over Rita's gift shop and I don't know whether Margaret and George met again in a mercantile situation or if she had been told of his tragedy by mutual friends. Whatever the occasion, who was better suited than Margaret to keep a grief-stricken man company?

Los Feliz Boulevard became known as "Antique Row" and Margaret and George moved to Glendale. His shop was less than a mile away from the studio to which, between two trips to Mexico, Edward is said to have returned for a

while. (At least I do know that he brought over all his work to show her.)

ca. 1930–33

The Depression of 1929 had been slow in reaching San Francisco. Stockbrokers and large stockholders must have felt it at once but business appeared to be much the same as usual for persons like myself whose low or uncertain income could be stretched by having friends who, in the general tradition of the city, continued to patronize the arts in the form of individual artists. While living in a little hotel on Mason Street just around the corner from the St. Francis, I had my first one-man show at a Post Street gallery, and then took a job as all-around painter-decorator at the M. H. deYoung Memorial Museum which was being completely refurbished out in Golden Gate Park.

Once established in a sympathetic milieu I naturally thought of Margaret. After the vivid life we had led, I was still not reconciled to her being a furniture saleswoman, even of the most expensive Early-American kind. Our correspondence was minimal — brief notes now and then — but I gathered that she did miss me. In fact, George indicated to me that he felt she should be with me and photographing. Indeed he told me before I came north that he felt guilty for taking Margaret away from her work. "See if you can't do something about it," he said. "Well," I answered, "I'll try, though the situation is pretty much as she sized it up when she said, 'We're all taking the same photographs.' "

Then suddenly, in about a year, a fresh opportunity arose — a project that might succeed. We would not be taking up where we left off, yet we would not be on entirely unfamiliar ground either. At one time in the middle of the twenties we had photographed an all-over arrangement of clam shells largely because, by overlapping them, they made the pattern (called "embrication") that had been used by the Japanese in my favorite black and white man's cotton "summer" kimono. What I now proposed to Lloyd Rollins, the new director of the M. H. deYoung Memorial Museum, was that Margaret give him a show of "Patterns by Photography" to fill the small square gallery at the entrance of the Museum when it opened.

Margaret protested in vain. To her plea "there's so little time" before the Museum opened, I answered that all she had to do was make the negatives; we would have them printed by the best commercial firm in the city, for this was not to be "salon" photography but to show how a camera might contribute to the field of decorative design — pointing out how feeble the efforts, thus far, had been in that direction. So within a week she had found studio space in an office building less than a block from our hotel. On the top floor it had a skylight, three tall north windows, and the owner agreed to the walls and woodwork being painted white for maximum reflection from all sides.

As Margaret had only brought along her Graflex, the firm that was to do the printing lent her an 8x10 view camera with lenses and made an extra-long, extra-strong metal tripod so that the subjects could be placed directly underneath, often on black velvet, to be photographed from a stepladder. I believe it was a man named Peterson who put himself and his facilities at her disposal but all the suppliers in town were helpful, someone always sentimentally recalling pictures that went back to 1915 and 1916.

Because there were only a few months to put the whole show together I would often lay out the more intricate subjects at night and she would work all the next day, alone, to get the

negative she wanted, whether it was of hundreds of Camel cigarettes in a herringbone pattern, a dozen glass eyes to make (by montage) "A Dress for Queen Elizabeth," or a configuration of ticker-tape secured to the bare floor — I believe with bits of chewing gum — titled "November, 1928," which at a distance resembled Islamic arabesque. Plain white Japanese fans formed a vertical stripe against checkered gingham, and indented egg protectors became "Craters of the Moon." The show opened in July 1931, one day late because we drank too much grappa the night before while mounting the dozens of prints with paper cement. Margaret never took measurements, anymore than she ever used a light meter. She said, "If it doesn't look right, it isn't right." The next morning she found fault with some of the margins.

ca. 1934–52

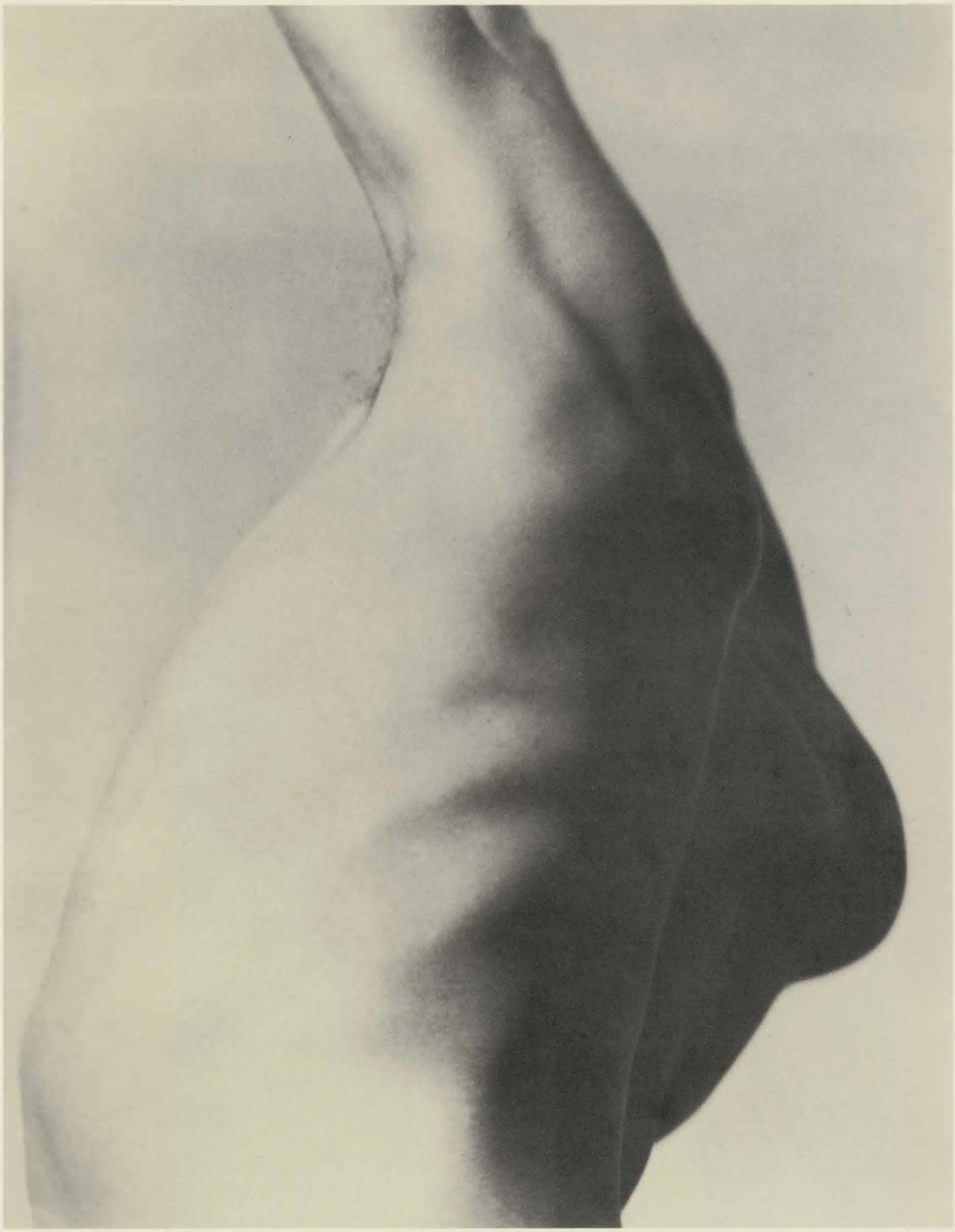
Margaret's last eighteen years can only be briefly summarized in a publication which is understandably devoted to photography and photographers, as such. By habit she continued to take pictures of friends from time to time, but her interest in the medium had long since reached its peak — perhaps in the mid-twenties — and I must confess that I may have forced a tired and, in a sense, a "burnt-out" artist to continue producing when she felt she had already said, as a photographer, all she had to say.

The readers of this abridged memoir must remember that Margrethe Mather (as she will be known to others) did not choose to be a photographer so much as she was chosen to be one, by circumstance, at a time when photography was still a disputed art form: a "second-hand medium," as she genuinely considered it, because, with notable exceptions, photographs largely depended for appreciation on more or less overt reference to other media. I know she would have admired some of the pictures being made today, but the "experimental" work of fifty years ago bored her; she was temperamentally a classicist.

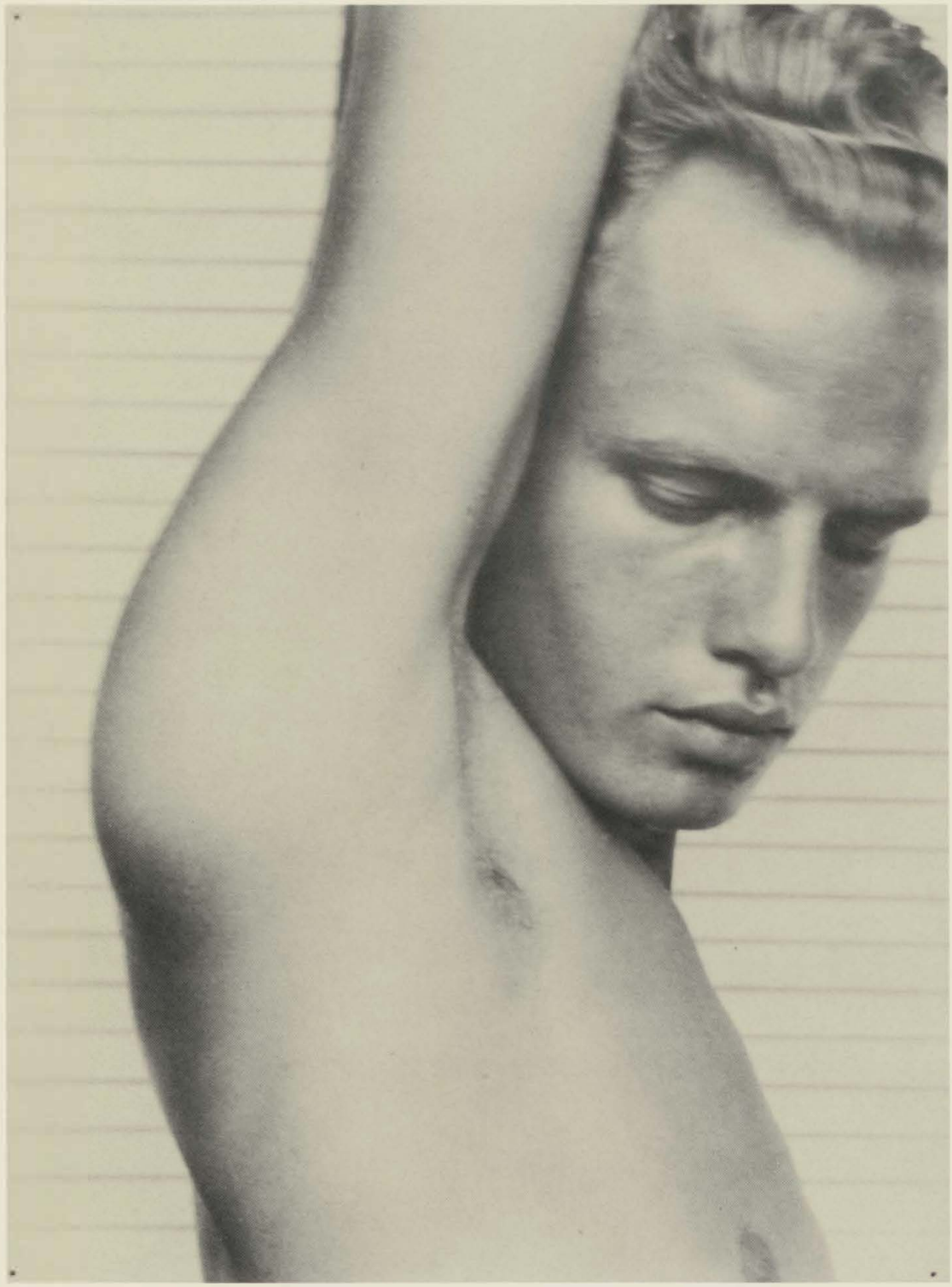
I saw Margaret during the last years of her life whenever I could. As a professional designer much of my time was spent in New York, but when I was in Glendale visiting my parents I frequently saw Margaret and George, her devoted friend. He and she made a strange pair. George, dapper and dark, resembled an angry bird. Margaret, become slovenly and heavy, placidly waited for nightfall and its whisky.

A conventional ending cannot be expected of such an unconventional life as hers. She died of multiple sclerosis in the back of George's shop where he had been surreptitiously nursing her for two years. I was attached to a Benedictine monastery in Oregon at the time that George phoned me to say that, in death, Margaret had become as pale and slender as she was when I first knew her.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARGRETHE MATHER

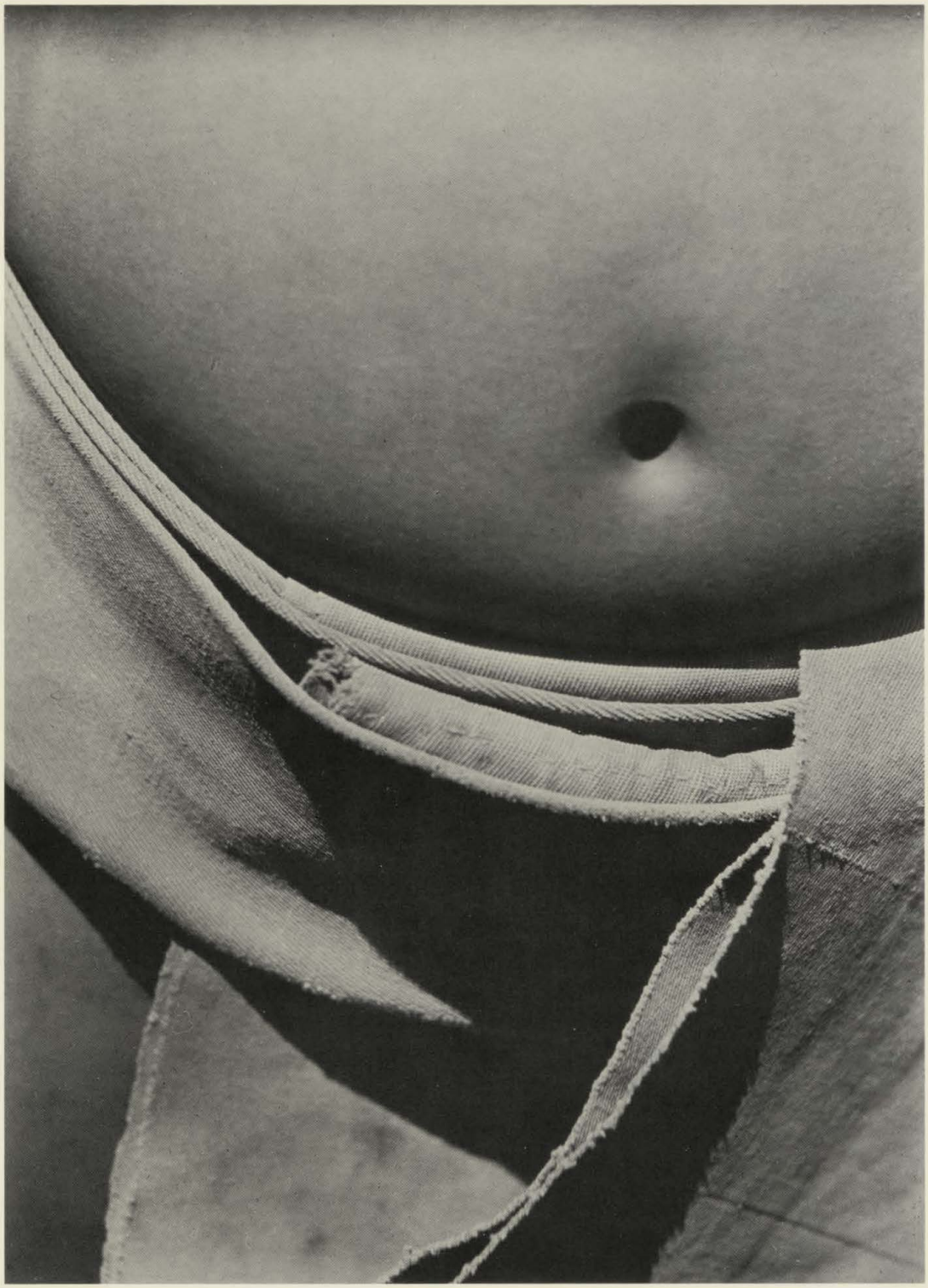


MARGRETHE MATHER: untitled, ca. 1923.
Platinum print. 9.5 x 7.4 cm.
78:150:002



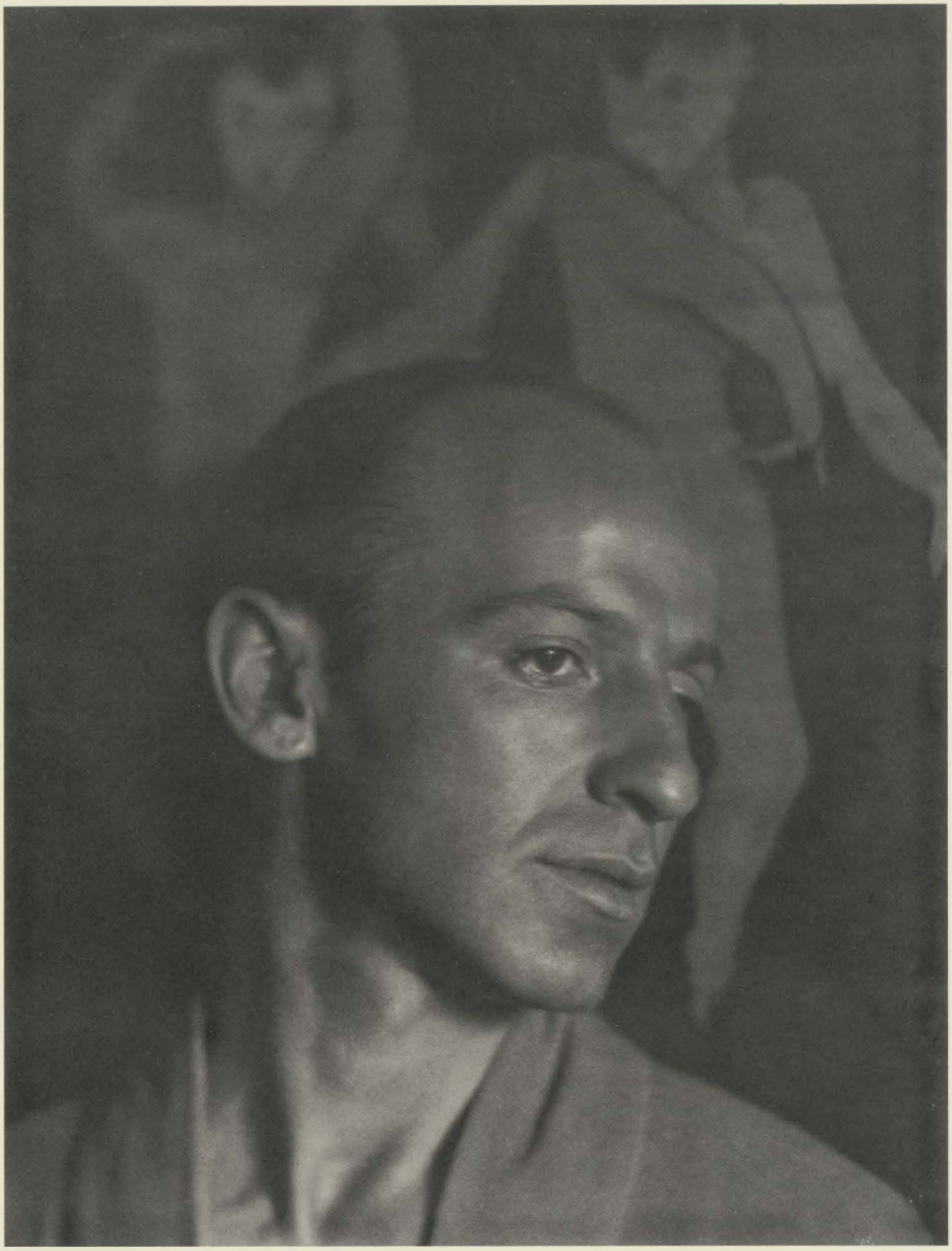
MARGRETHE MATHER: Billy Justema, Los Angeles, ca. 1922.
Gelatin silver print. 9.7 x 7.3 cm.
79:013:040

MARGRETHE MATHER: untitled, ca. 1923.
Platinum print. 9.3 x 11.8 cm.
78:150:001

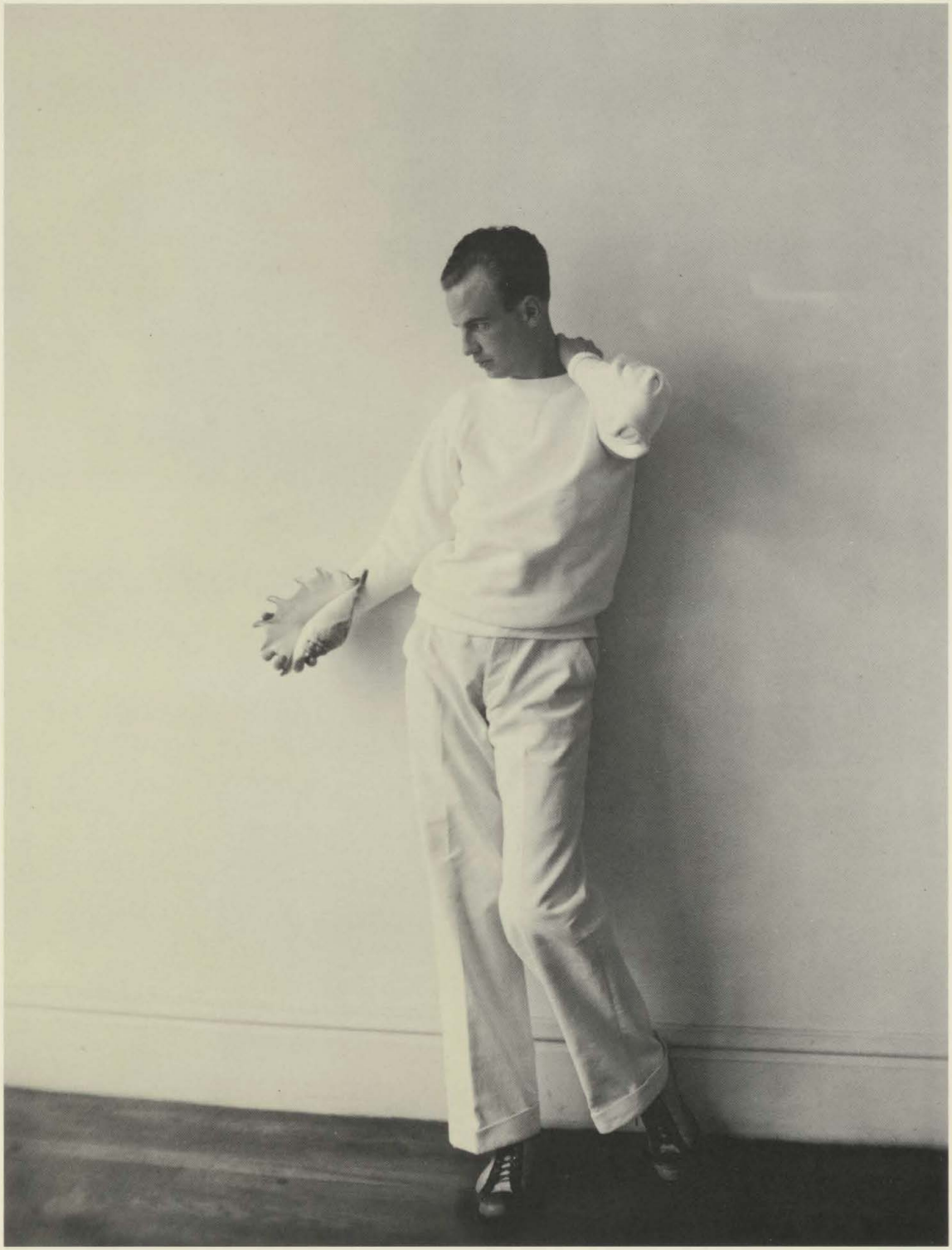


MARGRETHE MATHER: Japanese Wrestler's Belly, 1927.
Gelatin silver print. 24.7 x 18.1 cm.
78:150:005

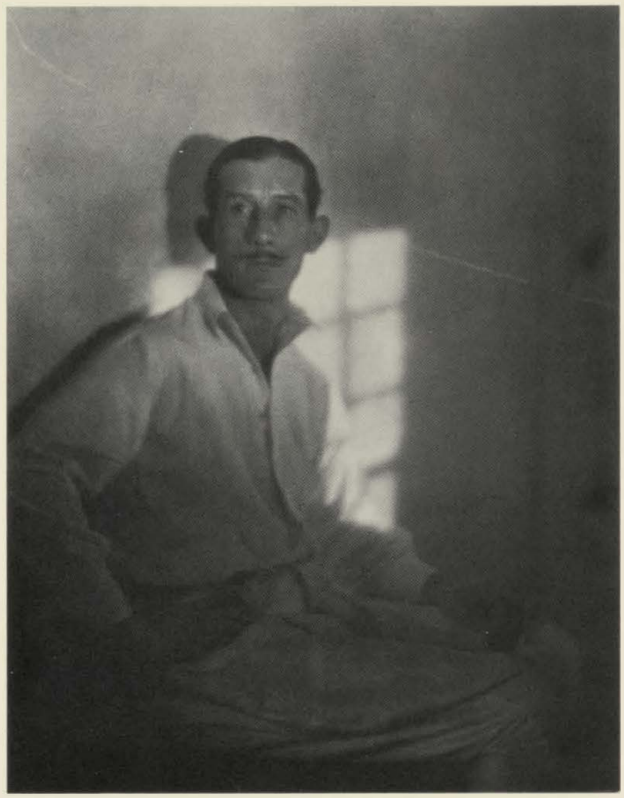
MARGRETHE MATHER: Feet, 1927.
Gelatin silver print. 18.3 x 24.2 cm.
79:013:019



MARGRETHE MATHER: Roy Rosen, ca. 1925.
Platinum print. 24.2 x 18.9 cm.
78:150:003

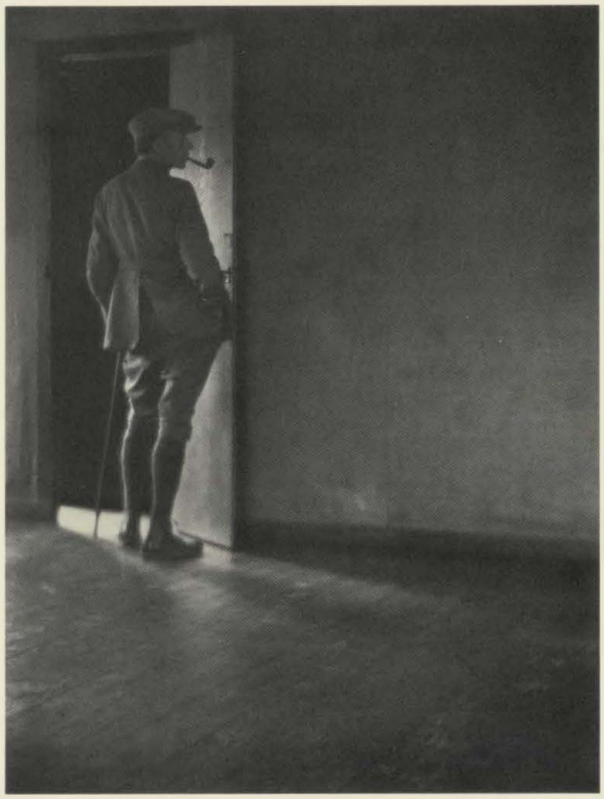


MARGRETHE MATHER: William Justema in San Francisco studio, ca. 1930.
Gelatin silver print. 24.4 x 19.0 cm.
79:013:096



Top:
MARGRETHE MATHER: Charles Gerrard, n.d.
Platinum print. 24.5 x 19.5 cm.
79:017:002

Bottom:
MARGRETHE MATHER:
Portrait of a Lady, ca. 1917.
Platinum print. 23.9 x 18.8 cm.
79:013:031



Top:
MARGRETHE MATHER: Robo de Richey, n.d.
(Attributed to Mather, possibly by Edward Weston.)
Platinum print. 16.6 x 11.6 cm.
79:013:032

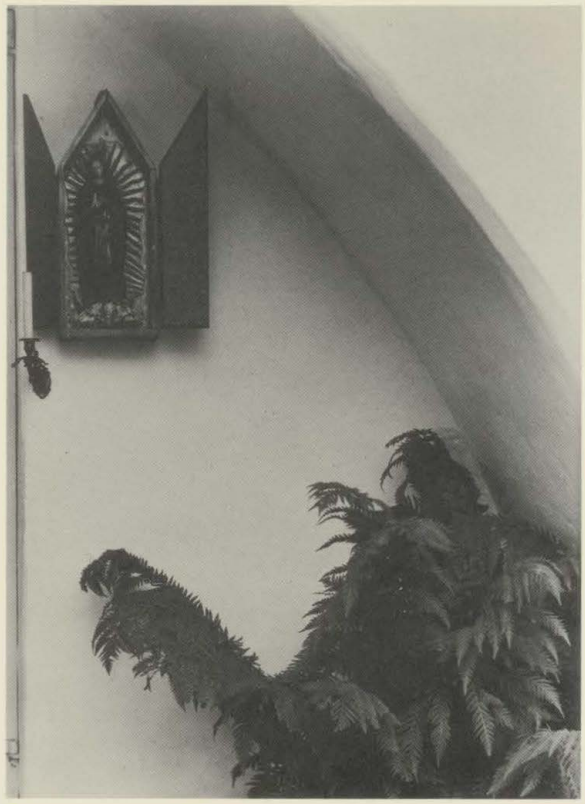
Bottom:
MARGRETHE MATHER: Johan Hagemeyer, 1921.
Platinum print. 24.2 x 18.9 cm.
76:005:055

MARGRETHE MATHER: Florence Deshon, ca. 1925.
Platinum print. 23.5 x 19.0 cm.
79:017:001

MARGRETHE MATHER: Harold Grieve and Jetta Goodall, 1930.
Platinum print. 18.0 x 22.5 cm.
79:017:015

MARGRETHE MATHER: The Abandoned Car, ca. 1923.
Gelatin silver print. 19.5 x 24.2 cm.
79:013:085

MARGRETHE MATHER: Circus Sideshow Critic, 1927.
Gelatin silver print. 24.1 x 17.5 cm.
78:150:006

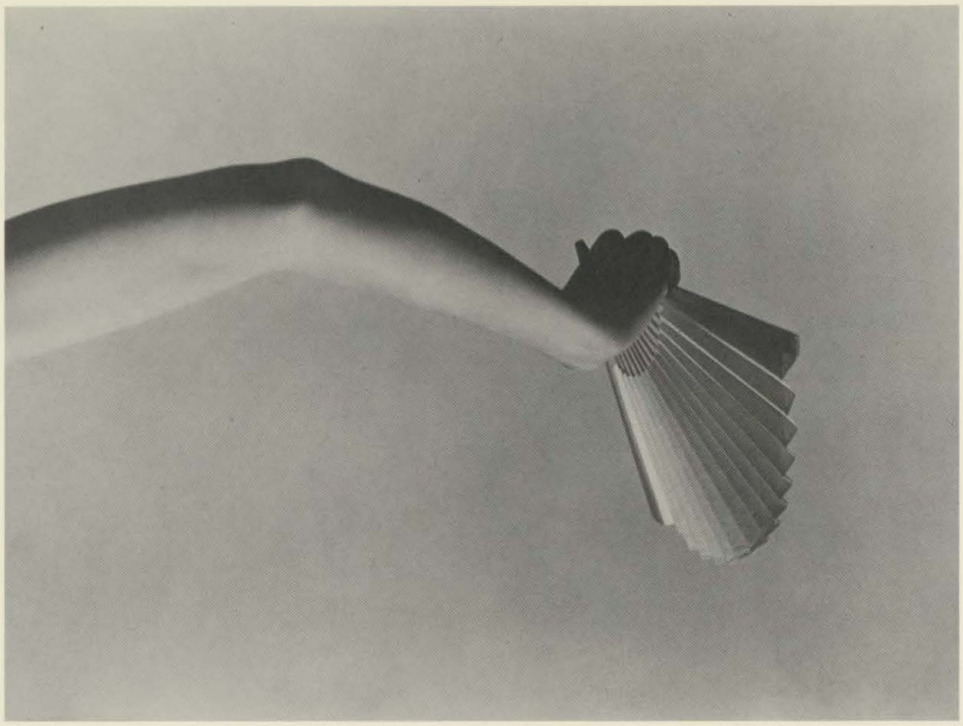


Top:
MARGRETHE MATHER:
Residence of Blanche Sweet and
Marshall Neilan, Beverly Hills, 1927.
Gelatin silver print. 23.8 x 17.4 cm.
79:017:016

Bottom:
MARGRETHE MATHER: untitled, 1928.
Gelatin silver print. 23.8 x 18.1 cm.
79:017:004

Top:
MARGRETHE MATHER: untitled, 1928.
Gelatin silver print. 24.2 x 19.0 cm.
79:017:012

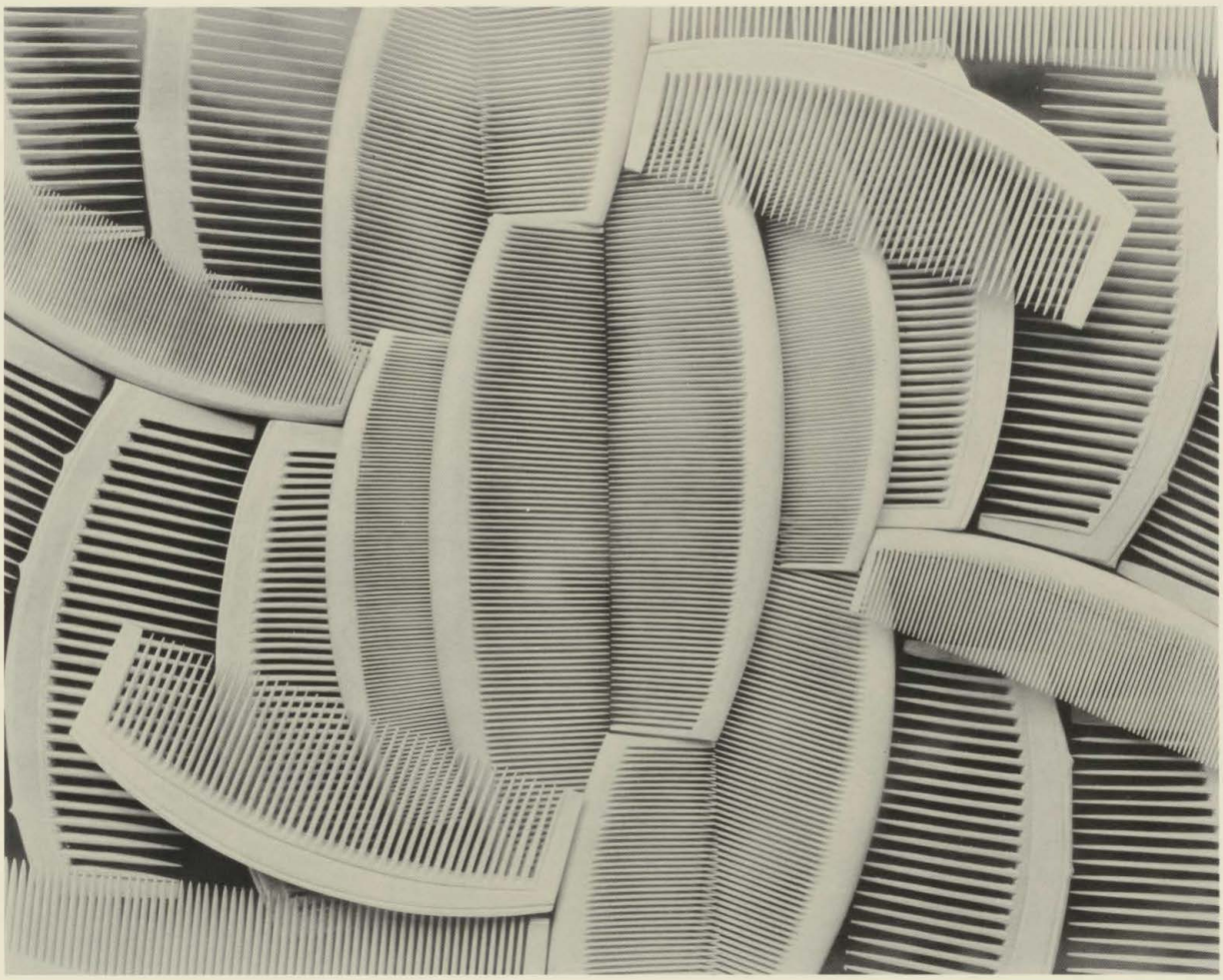
Bottom:
MARGRETHE MATHER:
Residence of Blanche Sweet and
Marshall Neilan, Beverly Hills, 1927.
Gelatin silver print. 23.8 x 18.8 cm.
79:017:010



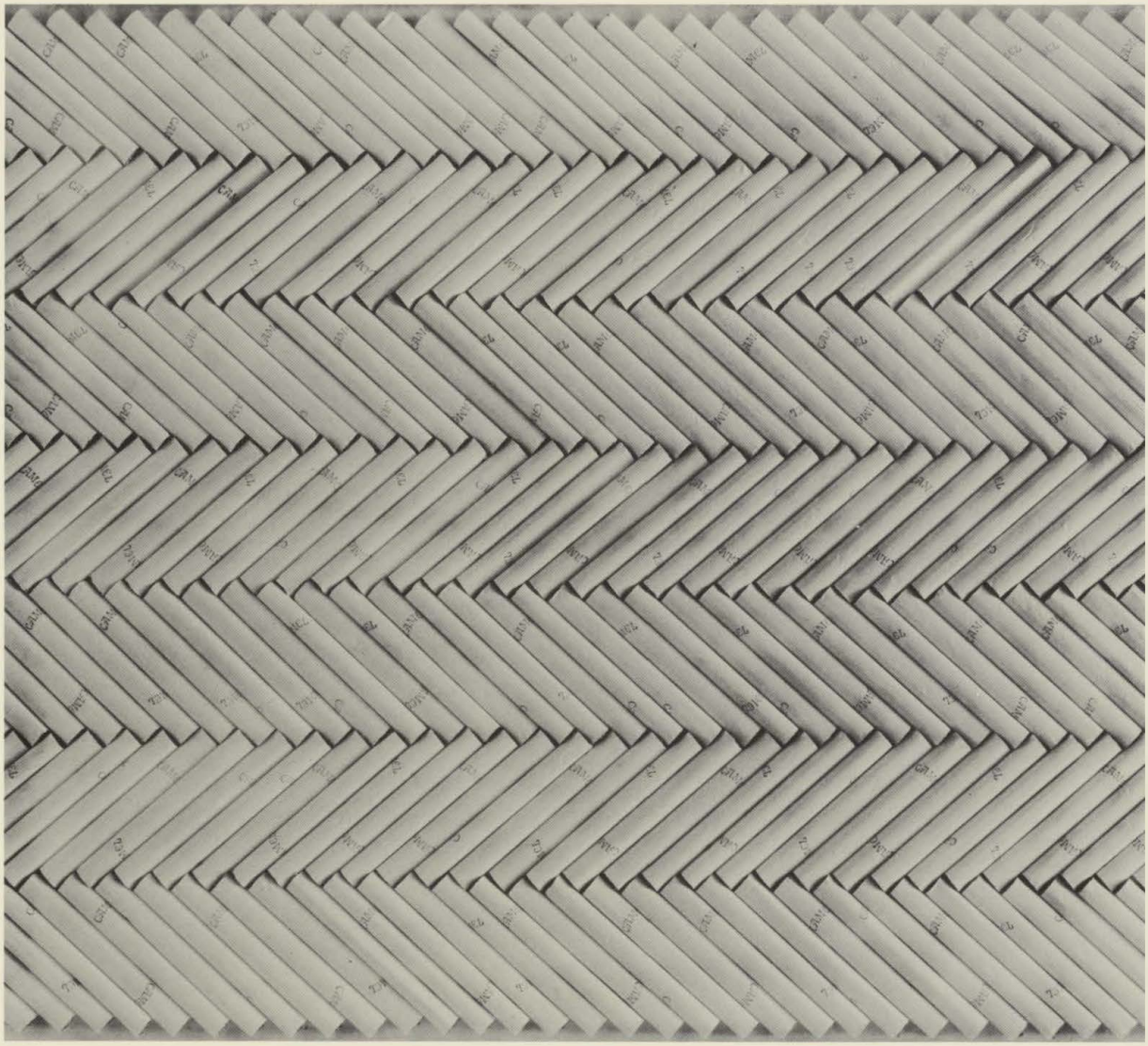
Top:
MARGRETHE MATHER:
Hand with Fan, 1927.
Gelatin silver print. 18.2 x 24.5 cm.
79:013:007

Bottom:
MARGRETHE MATHER:
Fan in Hand, ca. 1925.
Gelatin silver print. 9.7 x 7.4 cm.
79:013:026

MARGRETHE MATHER: Clam Shells, ca. 1925.
Gelatin silver print. 24.2 x 19.5 cm.
79:013:090



MARGRETHE MATHER / WILLIAM JUSTEMA: Japanese Combs, 1930.
From the exhibition, *Patterns by Photography,* M. H. deYoung Museum,
San Francisco, California, 1931.
Gelatin silver print. 19.4 x 24.2 cm.
79:013:012



MARGRETHE MATHER / WILLIAM JUSTEMA: Camel Cigarettes, 1930.
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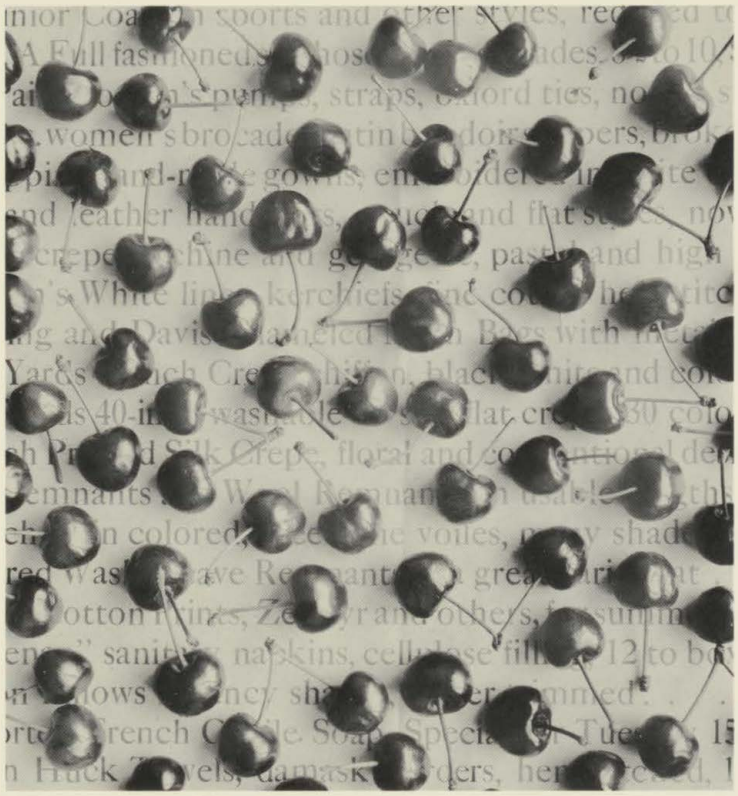
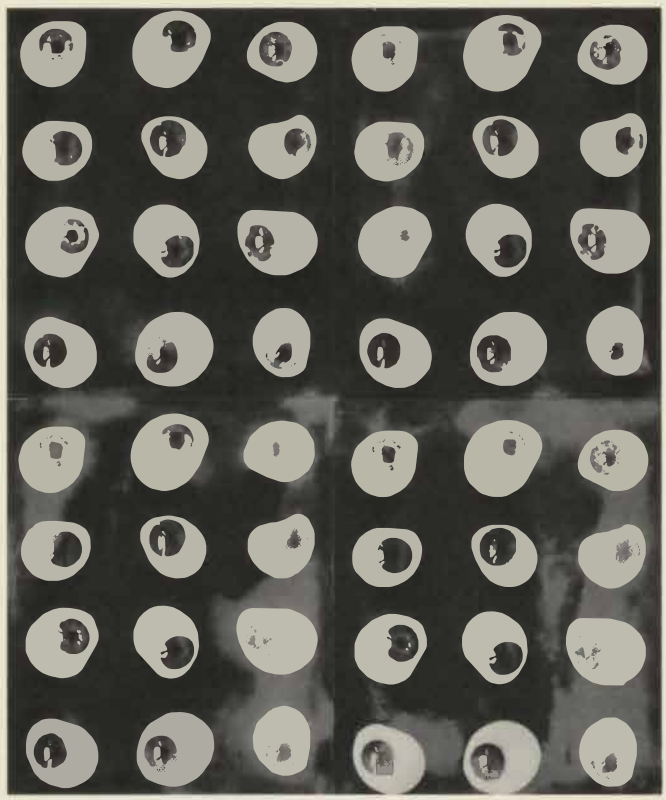
Gelatin silver print. 26.0 x 28.8 cm.
79:013:015

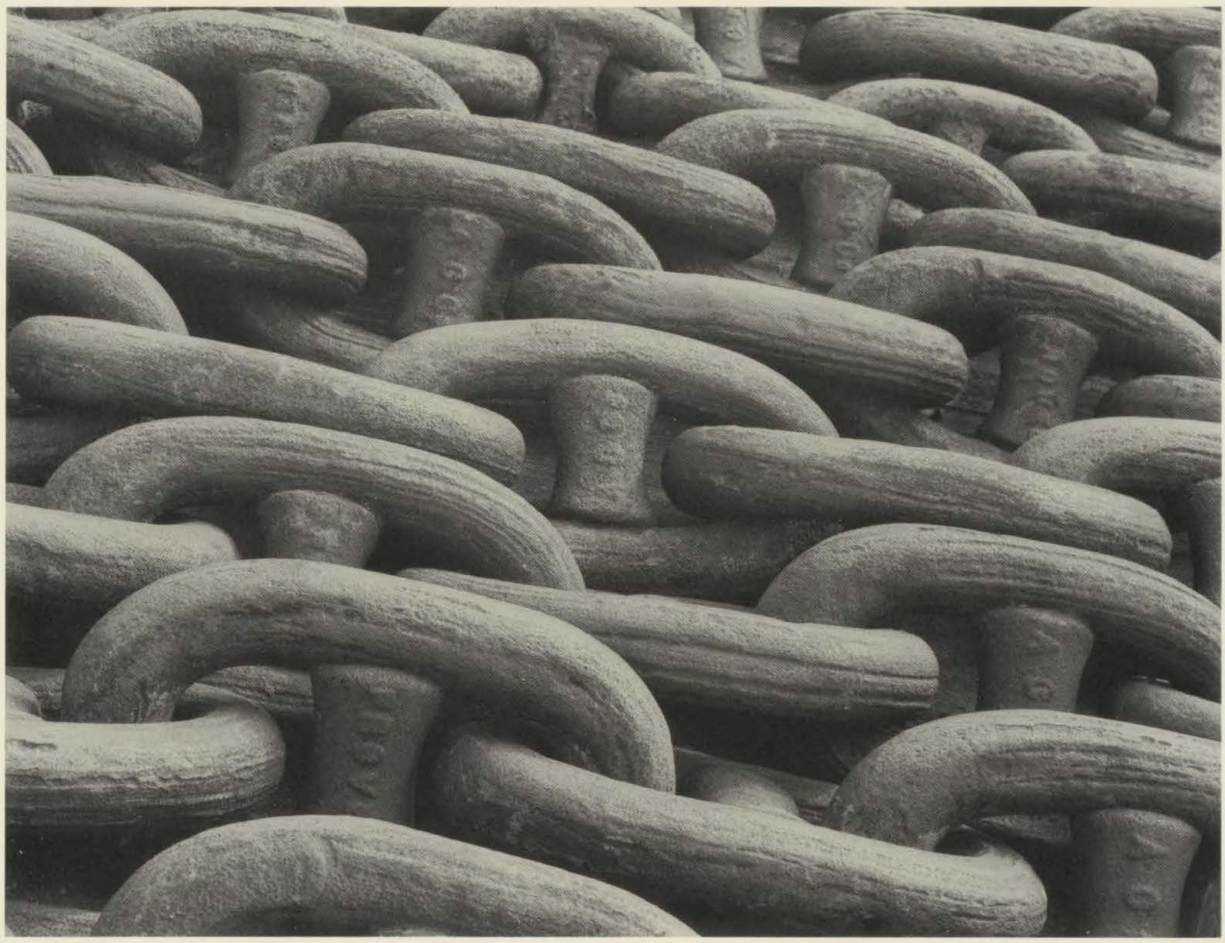




Top:
MARGRETHE MATHER /
WILLIAM JUSTEMA:
Cherries on Type, 1930.
From the exhibition, *Patterns by Photography,*
M. H. deYoung Museum,
San Francisco, California, 1931.
Gelatin silver print. 19.5 x 18.2 cm.
79:013:010

Bottom:
MARGRETHE MATHER /
WILLIAM JUSTEMA: Eyes, 1930.
From the exhibition, *Patterns by Photography,*
M. H. deYoung Museum,
San Francisco, California, 1931.
Gelatin silver print. 27.3 x 22.5 cm.
79:013:009

MARGRETHE MATHER / WILLIAM JUSTEMA: Tickertape, 1930.
From the exhibition, *Patterns by Photography,* M. H. deYoung Museum,
San Francisco, California, 1931.
Gelatin silver print. 32.3 x 27.4 cm.
79:013:014



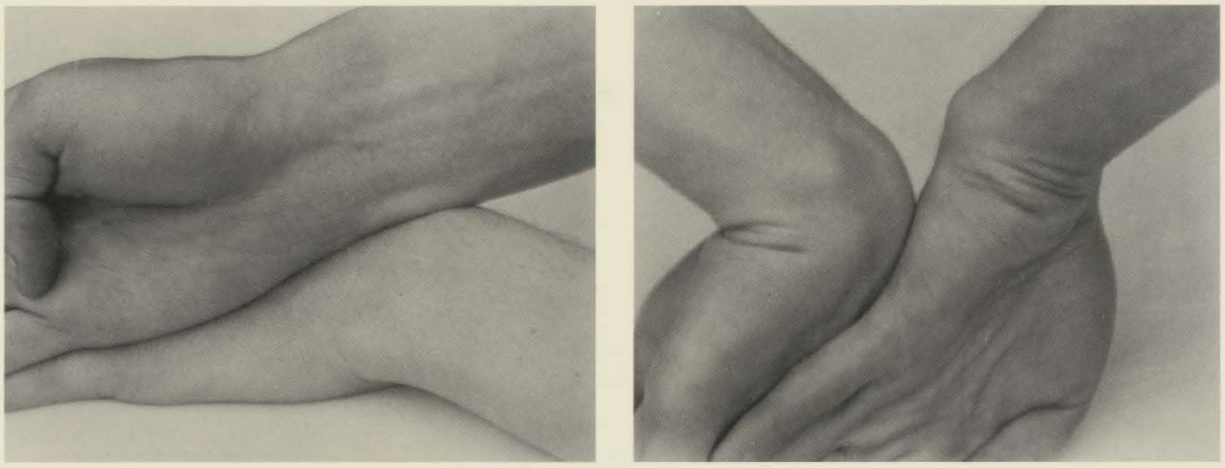
MARGRETHE MATHER: Anchor Chains, 1931.
Gelatin silver print. 18.4 x 23.9 cm.
79:013:003

MARGRETHE MATHER / WILLIAM JUSTEMA: Jelly Moulds, 1930.
From the exhibition, *Patterns by Photography,* M. H. deYoung Museum,
San Francisco, California, 1931.
Gelatin silver print. 24.3 x 18.0 cm.
79:013:011

MARGRETHE MATHER: Fans, 1931.
Gelatin silver print. 24.7 x 17.0 cm.
79:013:001

MARGRETHE MATHER: Arabesque, ca. 1925.
From "The Exposé of Form," Guggenheim application, 1925.
Gelatin silver prints. (L) 9.1 x 11.4 cm; (R) 11.8 x 8.8 cm.
79:013:107; 79:013:108

MARGRETHE MATHER: Evening Gloves, 1931.
Gelatin silver print. 25.0 x 19.4 cm.
79:013:005



MARGRETHE MATHER: untitled, n.d.
Gelatin silver prints. (L) 9.0 x 11.7 cm; (R) 9.2 x 11.6 cm.
79:013:081; 79:013:082

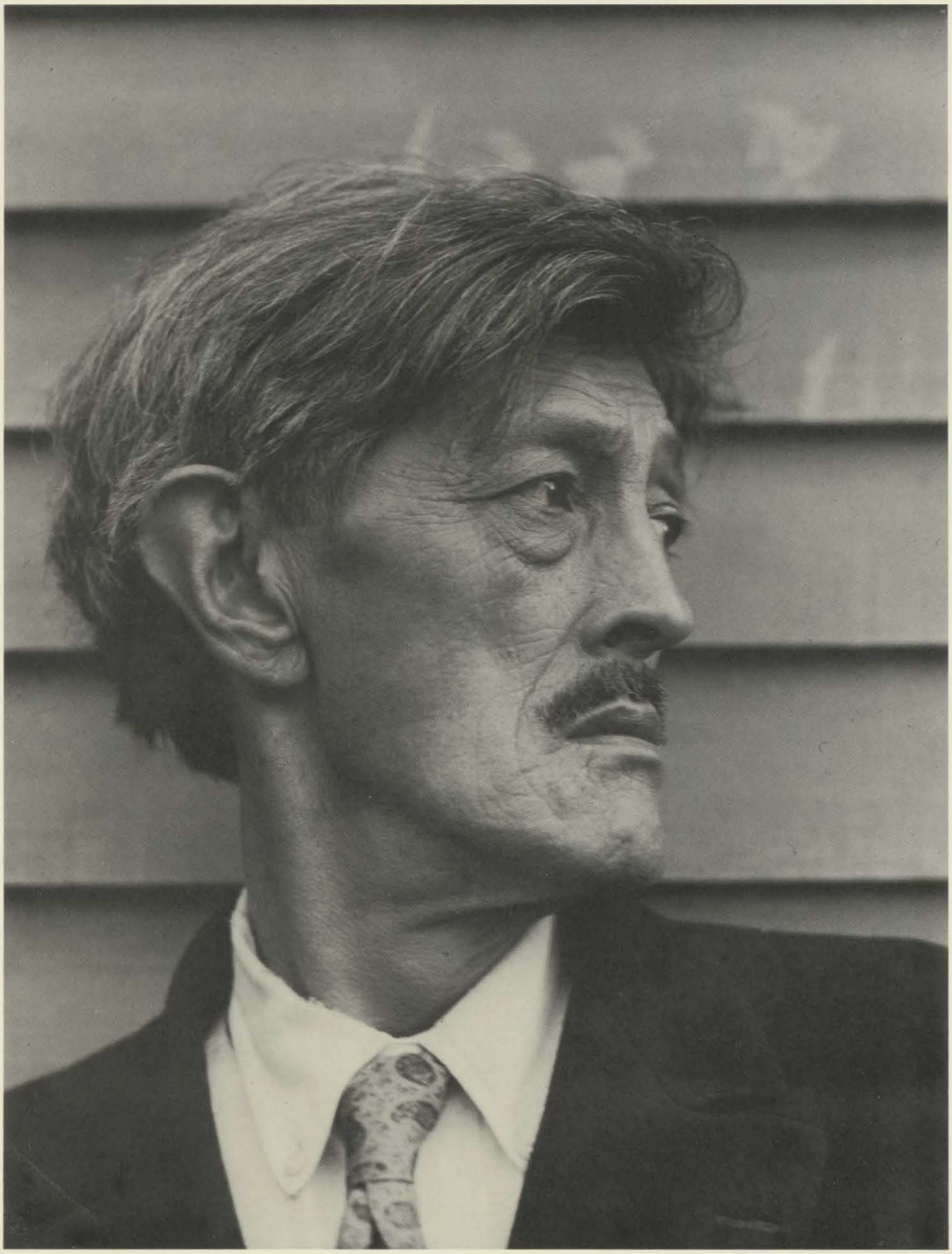
MARGRETHE MATHER: Hands, 1931.
Gelatin silver print. 19.0 x 24.0 cm.
78:150:007

Top:
MARGRETHE MATHER: Hands, B.J., ca. 1925.
Platinum print. 24.2 x 18.7 cm.
79:013:079

Bottom:
MARGRETHE MATHER: Hands, B.J., ca. 1925.
Gelatin silver print. 23.6 x 17.3 cm.
79:013:083

Top:
MARGRETHE MATHER: Agnes Nuttall, 1933.
Platinum print. 7.3 x 9.6 cm.
79:013:128

Bottom:
MARGRETHE MATHER: Agnes Nuttall, 1933.
Gelatin silver print. 9.9 x 7.2 cm.
79:013:124



MARGRETHE MATHER: Sadakichi Hartmann, ca. 1935.
Gelatin silver print. 24.5 x 18.9 cm.
79:013:021

MARGRETHE MATHER: Johan Hagemeyer and Edward Weston, 1921.
Platinum print. 18.4 x 19.2 cm.
76:005:054

MARGRETHE MATHER: Two Heads / Rudolf Abel and William Justema, ca. 1935.
Gelatin silver print. 20.5 x 25.1 cm.
79:013:028

MARGRETHE MATHER: Questions of Influence

by Lawrence Jasud

IN THE HISTORY OF PHOTOGRAPHY, through its powers of selection, exclusion, and oversimplification, exhibits the same potential for distortion of reality as the medium to which it addresses itself. It has always seemed curious to me that Margrethe Mather, who was extremely close, both emotionally and professionally, to Edward Weston, one of the seminal American photographers of the twentieth century, has received so little attention. She is barely remembered as an individual, and not at all as a photographer. It is practically impossible to speak of her except in connection with Weston.

Mather was an intimate friend, colleague, and later business partner of Weston from approximately 1912 to 1923. She had already been a photographer for some time before they met at the Los Angeles Camera Club in 1912. By 1921 Mather had become Weston's business partner and, when he left for Mexico that year, she took over the studio in Glendale.

It is not difficult to determine the emotional intensity of Weston and Mather's relationship which was essentially platonic for almost ten years.[1] The platonic aspect of their relationship is unusual only in light of the impression we get from both Weston's journals and Maddow's biography that nearly every woman who passed through Weston's studio became his lover. Weston's fascination and respect for Mather certainly could have been increased by her unattainability. Surviving correspondence indicates that Mather was one of a very small circle that Weston considered his true friends. In 1919, in a letter to Johan Hagemeyer he writes, "I have had so few friends in my life — Margrethe — yourself — Enid Ross — Helen Cole —."[2] In a letter to Ramiel McGehee, another of Weston's closest friends, he rather passionately states, "Ramiel! — this note — to you — to you and M(Margrethe) — you two know the best of me — and the worst of me — you two closest locked in my secret shrine ——."[3] This is certainly no casual friendship.

It is far more difficult to determine the exact nature of Mather and Weston's photographic relationship, and the true extent of her influence on his work. Weston religously kept a daily journal which he called the *Daybooks* (Aperture, New York, 1973). These journals have become one of our major sources of information on Weston's life. Unfortunately, he destroyed the *Daybooks* covering the period of his closest involvement with Mather.

The most complete, if somewhat romantic, description of Mather, and the one which first made me suspect that Mather's life and work would be most interesting, appears in Nancy Newhall's introduction to *The Daybooks of Edward Weston, Volume 1, Mexico:*

> When change came to Weston, it nearly always took the shape of a woman. In 1912 or 1913, he met Margrethe Mather, also a photographer. He did not see her at first; to the first casual glance she looked mousy. Then he happened to look at her direct, and was stricken — she was exquisite. It was his

first experience with the power of understatement; he fell in love with art and with Margrethe Mather at the same time, and for some eight years could not separate them. It was a strange and troubling love. She was elusive and disappeared for days where he could not find her, then suddenly on his doorstep would appear a drift of daffodils, with, on paper the delicate grey-green of acacia leaves, a note of some fifteen words — her attempt at the ancient Japanese poem form called haiku. He made her his partner: she was so unpunctual he called her "the late Miss Mather." . . . Yet Margrethe with her burning curiosity about what was happening in art, music, poetry, thought and life, brought him what he had never known before; "art," to him, had been something enclosed in a gold frame on a museum wall or in magazines on the family's parlor table. He hadn't realized it was happening to him. Even at the end of his life, he still felt much as he did in the Mexico years — that Margrethe was "the first important person in my life."[4]

After an introduction like that, it seems strange that we hear nothing more about Mather except for isolated passages here and there in the *Daybooks,* and hardly much more in Maddow's biography. We never see any of her photographs. There is far more material available about Tina Modotti, Mather's successor. For Modotti, photography was but one part of a multi-faceted life which included political activism and acting. For Mather, photography was a primary concern and profession for a great deal of her life.

Mather's contemporaries had considerable respect for her, both as a beneficial influence on Weston and as a photographer. Imogen Cunningham wrote in 1970 to Phyllis Masser at the Metropolitan Museum of Art:

> It is appropriate that Margrethe Mather be represented in the Eastman Museum.
>
> She was the first and the best influence on Edward Weston at a time when he was really a slick commercial photographer and an expert retoucher. Historians seem to try to gloss over this fact and he, himself, in the *Daybooks,* gives little to Margrethe, but I feel that I have seen the whole thing.[5]

In an earlier letter of July 27, 1920, Cunningham wrote:

> Also the prints that Mr. H. brought of Margrethe Mather, give us a great pleasure. She expresses a charming self in her work and a niceness in printing which just makes me grieve that I cannot have a piece of raw platinum in my hand. . . . Since seeing the work of you two, I feel, when I let myself think about it, as if I had a stone in my stomach and my hands tied behind my back.[6]

In 1921, Anne Brigman wrote to Weston and Mather, "how lovely your prints were," and specifically praised Mather's portrait of Weston and Hagemeyer. "Suffice to say they were beautiful, intellectual things."[7] The portrait of Margrethe Mather that emerges from these fragments is of a fascinating and talented woman, and a photographer whose contemporaries considered her work on a par with Weston's.

Retrieving a sense of Mather as a photographer is an even more difficult task than recovering something of her life and character. The richest source to date has been photographic periodicals from approximately 1912 to 1924.

One can begin to piece together a picture of Mather as photographer and find clues to her and Weston's photographic relationship. The periodicals are also a source of images that apparently have not survived as original prints.

In July of 1920, Mather was elected to the honor roll of the Pittsburg Salon as a "Contributing Member" for the consistently high quality of work she had exhibited.[8] John Paul Edwards, a well respected photographer himself, wrote in a review of the eighth Pittsburg Salon of 1921:

> The Pittsburg Salon has established its position firmly as the premier American exhibition of pictorial photography — our national salon —. . . . The pictures of Margrethe Mather of Los Angeles are, first of all, refreshingly original. One seeks her work at the salons with anticipations of rare pleasure, and one always sees in her pictures much that is new and inspiring. I enjoyed all of her group of five; but her portraits, "Judith," "Frayne Williams," and "Eugenia Buyko" left a particularly pleasing impression.[9]

The salon was a juried show, and required new work each year that had never been exhibited previously. Mather must have been producing consistently high quality work for some time to have reached this level of recognition.

The earliest publication I've found in which Mather and Weston appear together was the 1917–18 issue of *Photograms of the Year:*

> "Miss Maude Emily," by Margrethe Mather, has this distinguishing quality (poetic mood). It is a scheme of subtle, tender tones. . . . There are, with all its daintiness, bodily roundness and modelling. The drapery falling to the ground at the back of the figure is introduced for balance and completeness. Observe the placing of the head, and the tone is not forced. It is in these quiet, oft unnoticed items that art feeling is manifested. . . . One of the immediately arresting pictures at the London Salon was "Portrait of Miss Dextra Baldwin" by Edward H. Weston, who invariably contributes something of fresh insight. Very much "knowing how" has gone into the placing and posing of the figure.[10]

By 1919, relations with some critics have become strained, as Mather and Weston push beyond acceptable limits. In the September 1919 issue of *American Photography:*

> "Portrait of Moon Kwan," by Margrethe Mather, is an experiment in composition which is probably based on some Oriental model. The balance between the three dark spots seems to be carefully worked out, and undoubtedly has a sound logical basis. The appreciation of this form of composition however, is at present with the writer purely an intellectual one, like that of some of the newer forms in music and painting. Presumably the next generation will accept arrangements like this instinctively. Such is the way in which art grows.[11]

F. C. Tilney wrote in the 1919 issue of *Photograms of the Year:*

> I naturally finish with the "Epilogue," kindly supplied by Edward Weston. I cannot understand it. Is it modern art expressing disdain of naturalism?[12]

The critics are even more distressed by 1921. In that issue of *Photograms of the Year,* Tilney

observed that photographers were becoming more concerned with communicating ideas than with the simple transcription of nature. He saw that as important in legitimizing photography as a means of artistic expression. Tilney, however, felt that this elevation of ideas was all too often:

> . . . a kind of vigorous and all-sufficient Truth without Beauty; sometimes again it seems to be mere cussedness. I fear some such notion of "pure cussedness" prompted the idea in M. Mather's "Pierrot," whilst queerness for its own sake must have obsessed Edward Weston when he recorded the stiff and angular lines in "Betty in her Attic," although there is no denying the truth and beauty too of tones of the floor and walls. But the position of the girl! — is there not a touch of pure cussedness in that?[13]

Not all critics felt this way. In the September 1921 issue of *American Photography:*

> "Pierrot" by Margrethe Mather, is a very subtle essay at the filling of space by a single small object, balanced by infinitely minute gradations of tone to break the otherwise plain background. It is astonishing how adequately these very fine changes of light and shade break up the background space.[14]

In another realm, both Mather and Weston were known to many of the critics of the period and had recognizable styles. Therefore, it is interesting to read these reviews of the sixth Pittsburg Salon of 1919 by O. C. Reiter and M. C. Rypinski:

> And now we come to a worker of strong individualism — Margrethe Mather, of Los Angeles. Her five figure studies embodied the same motive and treatment — a wall, a figure, a shadow on the wall and a wall accessory to complete the composition. She used an interesting Chinese subject with oriental feeling and understanding.
>
> Edward Henry Weston, Glendale California, said compellingly, "Here are six poem-pictures; read for yourselves!" His treatment and subjects were similar to those of Margrethe Mather —. . . .[15]

In a review of the seventh Pittsburg Salon in 1920, Rypinski wrote:

> Margrethe Mather essays two charmingly decorative bits of still life, "Black Acacia" and "Pointed Pines," and two figure studies, "Claire" and "Eugenia Buyko," all of which are in her usual splendid vein.
>
> Edward Weston's interesting pictures, "Silhouette" and "Margrethe Mather," are typically Weston.[16]

The Margrethe Mather who emerges from these reviews is an active, hard working, and respected photographer. Contemporary critics knew her work in a way which implies a reputation and visibility far broader than the small number of shows I've been able to document. Mather and Weston were among the founding members of the Los Angeles Photo Pictorialists in 1914,[17] and apparently often sent work to the same salons and publications. Their work appears to have evolved at the same rate for a time as reflected in the reviews of 1919 and 1921. Obviously they were working together closely; shar-

ing a studio, and working with similar tools, techniques, and materials.[18] At least two known examples of collaborative prints survive.[19] It is likely that others existed. Weston had considerable respect for Mather as a photographer and artist. In April of 1921, Weston wrote to Hagemeyer, "Margrethe and I worked with a Mexican — Ricardo Robles — and both of us got some good things — hers especially."[20] And still later he writes, "— And what a heritage we have to carry on — from Steiglitz and his group — you and I and M — a mere handful of sophisticated minds who are willing to accept the pain of existence."[21]

Weston's early work, prior to 1919, is not remarkably different from that of his contemporaries. The work is content oriented, the background relates harmoniously to the subject, and the frame is generally filled. I suspect that one of the major foundations of Weston's early reputation was his great technical expertise, which stood him well throughout his career. Weston was reviewed as someone who did extremely well those things to which most photographers of the time aspired. In a review of a picture entitled "Enrique" from 1921, Weston is praised for arranging his composition and lighting so well that "the change of a finger's breadth would have changed all and made a less harmonious composition. Such pictures as this are the result only of long and arduous practice in posing and lighting."[22] Weston was a good pictorialist. Even in those poor reproductions one recognizes his technical mastery and control.

Mather's earliest available work shows a daring, confident, and sophisticated understanding of space, not merely as background, but as an active principle of composition. This is possibly the influence of Japanese art which she collected. Her photographs risk a great amount of empty space modulated only by very subtle changes in tonality and light as in "Pierrot," or by very simple lines and shadows as in her portrait "Frayne Williams." These qualities can also be seen in her portraits of Charles Gerrard (79:017:002) and Robo de Richey (79:013:032). Again, in an untitled photograph from 1921 (76:005:055) and "Roy Rosen" from 1923 (78:150:007) we see the same elegant simplicity, and a subtle evocation of feeling reviewers of the time called "poetic mood."

Weston attempts these qualities in a photograph from 1921 entitled "Balloon Fantasy." A man with a guitar leans against the lower right edge of the frame seemingly lost in reverie. The space before him is filled with five large white spots that are apparently balloons. Were this Mather's image, I suspect she would have left out the spots and dealt with the space in terms of light and tonality. In a photograph from 1919 entitled "Epilogue," as in the attic pictures of the twenties, Weston fills space with complex and angular shadows and forms which read as effortful and unresolved. These images never achieve the ease, naturalness, and simple elegance of Mather's work in a similar vein.

Mather's portraits embody some of her finest qualities as a photographer. The best are deceptively simple, made with a great economy of detail. Perhaps she saw them, in a sense, like the haiku she attempted; a most evocative statement made with very few words. The portraits are almost always quiet, introspective pieces, the subjects caught unaware in a moment of openness. Such sensitivity is difficult with an 8x10 camera and slow film. The portraits of Charles Gerrard, Robo de Richey, Florence Deshon, or Sadakichi Hartmann, with great sensitivity and precision, cut through to the essence of the subject. There is a sense of immediate recognition, as if years

of acquaintance were distilled into a single glance. Mather's people are neither heroic nor monumental, but quite truly and simply human.

Looking at the rest of the work, one can see that in assessing a life's work and vision, editing is almost as important an act as the one which originated the images. Until now it was not even possible to see enough of Mather's work to begin considering the possibilities of editing decisions. The Center for Creative Photography presently owns 150 Mather prints, the largest single body of her work available anywhere. It is finally possible to begin the work of evaluation, and discover the problems and possibilities inherent in the task. Commercial work is intermingled with personal work and collaborative work. In many instances it is difficult to discern how much of the work is Mather's, and how much is the needs or vision of her client or collaborator. How numerous and important is the work that was lost?

Portraiture encompassed both Mather's personal work and her commercial work. Her salon entries tended to be either portraits or still lifes. These concerns, with some exceptions in the later work, continue on throughout Mather's photographic career. It appears that she preferred the studio, and would rather make photographs than take them. The photographs of hands and feet display a strong concern with gesture. This concern may be a reflection of Mather's interest in oriental art, in which precise gestures have symbolic meaning, or more simply an appreciation of line and form. Her concern with gesture is also apparent in the portraits in which the subject's posture becomes a large gesture amplifying the sense of character transmitted by the subject's expression.

Questions of influence are more difficult to unravel. It is reasonable to assert that Mather's long, close, and complex association with Weston left neither of them unaffected. In particular I am struck by a resonance between Mather's two prints of hands (79:013:081, 79:013:082) and many of Weston's nudes. Mather's portrait of Sadakichi Hartmann bears a strong affinity with Weston's portrait of Robinson Jeffers. Mather's hand images also put me in mind of Weston's "Hands, Mexico 1924" and Steiglitz' portraits of O'Keeffe's hands. The pattern pictures of the 1930s recall Steichen's pattern images. However, anything more than pointing to these affinities is beyond the scope of the present paper. These observations do begin to define the terms of the problem of plotting Mather's place in the larger context of her time.

As the details build up, Margrethe Mather emerges as a remarkable and talented individual. We can now begin to look at her life and work on its own terms. Consequently the photographic history of Mather's time becomes more complex, interesting and accurate. Mather's work is at once both evocative of its period, and of her own unique vision and sensibility. She was a sensitive and subtle photographer whose work deserves the contemporary recognition and evaluation it has never received. Hopefully this publication and the exhibition of Mather's work at the Witkin Gallery signal the beginning of that process.

MARGRETHE MATHER EXHIBITION RECORD

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

1919 The Sixth Pittsburg Salon, Pittsburg, Pa.

1920 The Copenhagen Salon, Copenhagen, Denmark
The Seventh Pittsburg Salon, Pittsburg, Pa.

1921 The Los Angeles Salon, Los Angeles, Ca.
The Eighth Pittsburg Salon, Pittsburg, Pa.
Kansas City Pictorial Exhibition,
Kansas City, Mo.

1921 — *(Continued)*

American Photography Annual Competition, Boston, Ma.

New York Camera Club, New York, N.Y.

Baltimore and Pennsylvania State College

1931 "Patterns By Photography," M. H. deYoung Museum, San Francisco, Ca.

1977 "California Pictorialism," San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, Ca.

ONE PERSON SHOWS

1920 Boston Young Men's Christian Union Camera Club, Boston, Ma.

1921 Cannell & Chaffin Gallery, Los Angeles, Ca. (two shows)

FOOTNOTES

1. Ben Maddow, *Edward Weston: Fifty Years* (New York: Aperture, Inc., 1973), p. 41.
2. Edward Weston to Johan Hagemeyer, 15 April 1919, Johan Hagemeyer Papers, Center for Creative Photography, University of Arizona, Tucson.
3. Maddow, *Edward Weston,* p. 58.
4. Nancy Newhall, ed., *The Daybooks of Edward Weston: Volume I. Mexico* (New York: Aperture, Inc., 1973), p. XVII.
5. Stephanie Bart, "Imogen Cunningham: Fame, Personality, Work" (M.A. Thesis, The Ohio State University, 1976), p. 77.
6. Maddow, *Edward Weston,* p. 43.
7. Ibid., p. 41.
8. Wilfred French, "Photo Pictorialists Honored," *Photo Era* 1 (July 1920): p. 48.
9. John Paul Edwards, "The Eighth Pittsburg Salon," *Photo Era* 5 (May 1921): p. 221.
10. W. R. Bland, "Observations on Some Pictures of the Year," *Photograms of the Year* (1917–18), p. 16.
11. Frank Roy Fraprie, "Our Illustrations," *American Photography* 9 (September 1919): p. 547.
12. F. C. Tilney, "Some Pictures of the Year," *Photograms of the Year* (1919), p. 32.
13. Idem, "Pictorial Photography in 1921," *Photograms of the Year* (1921), p. 17.
14. Frank Roy Fraprie, "Our Illustrations," *American Photography* 9 (September 1921): p. 529.
15. O. C. Reiter and M. C. Rypinski, "The Sixth Pittsburg Salon," *Photo Era* 5 (May 1919): pp. 225–226.
16. M. C. Rypinski, "The 1920 Pittsburg Salon," *Photo Era* 6 (June 1920): pp. 278–279.
17. Margery Mann, *California Pictorialism* (San Francisco: San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, 1977), p. 54.
18. In the September 1921 issue of *American Photography,* the following data is given for a photograph by Margrethe Mather entitled "Pierrot:" "Made with an 8x10 Seneca camera fitted with a 14 inch Wollensak Verito lens. The exposure was made in Los Angeles in a studio at 1 p.m. in October, with a combination of daylight and artificial light, and was 7 seconds at f:6. The Hammer Red Lable plate was developed in Pyro soda and printed on Buff Palladium paper." In the March 1921 issue of *American Photography,* a Weston photograph, "Margrethe and Plum Blossoms," is recorded as having been made according to the following data: "Made in a studio in California with an 8x10 Century camera fitted with an 18 inch Wollensak Verito lens, working at f:6. The Hammer Red Lable plate was developed in pyro and printed on E. B. Platinum."
19. The Witkin Gallery (New York) sales catalog for 1978 lists a platinum print of two nudes from 1921 as signed by both Mather and Weston. The catalog for the exhibition *California Pictorialism* from the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art lists a portrait of Carl Sandburg from 1921 as done in collaboration with Weston. The print is part of a private collection in San Francisco.
20. Edward Weston to Johan Hagemeyer, 18 April 1921, Johan Hagemeyer Papers, Center for Creative Photography, University of Arizona, Tucson.
21. Edward Weston to Johan Hagemeyer, 23 February 1922, Johan Hagemeyer Papers, Center for Creative Photography, University of Arizona, Tucson.
22. Frank Roy Fraprie, "Our Illustrations," *American Photography* 11 (November 1921): p. 649.

Acquisitions

OCTOBER THROUGH DECEMBER, 1978

THE FOLLOWING LIST is a name index to research material, primarily photographs and correspondence, acquired by the Center during the fourth quarter of 1978. We will be pleased to provide further descriptions of any items in this listing. Space has naturally prohibited the itemization of individual pieces in some of the larger collections. Slides and study prints of materials in the Center's collections are available, dependent upon copyright restrictions. Several acquisitions from this period are more fully described in the Acquisitions Highlight section following this listing. *Compiled by Jan Stevenson, Curatorial Assistant, and Terence Pitts, Curator and Librarian, Photographic Archives.*

ALVAREZ URBAJTEL, COLLETTE

"North Wind," 1974.
Gelatin silver print, 18.9 x 24.0 cm.
Purchase.
78:141:002

Anderson, Gustave.
See: PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

ANGEL RODRIGUEZ, JOSE

Untitled, 1975.
Gelatin silver print, 13.9 x 20.6 cm.
Purchase.
78:141:005

ANNAN, THOMAS

Photographic Views of Loch Katrine, and of Some of the Principal Works Constructed for Introducing the Water of Loch Katrine into the City of Glasgow, 1877.
Twenty-eight albumen prints, sizes vary.
Purchase.
78:145:000

ARBUS, DIANE

"Tatooed Man at a Carnival, Md.," 1970.
Gelatin silver print, 37.0 x 36.9 cm.
Purchase.
78:146:000

Arnold, Eve.
See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS. *Ten Photographers.*

Bell, Art.
See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 7.

Blaisdell, Gus. See: WHITE, MINOR.

BLANCO, LAZARO

Untitled, ca. 1975.
Gelatin silver print, 25.0 x 25.1 cm.
Purchase.
78:141:008

BROWN, DEAN

The Dean Brown Archive.
Inventory in process.
Gift from the Dean Brown Fund and Carol Brown.
78:200:000–78:226:000

BRUGUIERE, FRANCIS

Untitled, 1915, Panama-Pacific International Exposition.
Gelatin silver print, 28.3 x 23.5 cm.
Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Gilbert.
78:185:001

Untitled, 1915, Panama-Pacific International Exposition.
Gelatin silver print, 34.4 x 26.6 cm.
Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Gilbert.
78:185:002

Untitled, 1916.
Gelatin silver print, 24.1 x 19.3 cm.
Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Gilbert.
78:185:003

Callahan, Harry. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 2.

CAMERA WORK

Camera Work, a Photographic Quarterly, No. 37
(Jan. 1912)
(Includes nine photogravures
by David Octavius Hill.)
Purchase.
78:179:000

CAPONIGRO, PAUL

"Desert Plant, Badlands Landscape,
S. Dakota," 1959.
Gelatin silver print, 18.9 x 23.9 cm.
Purchase.
78:176:001

"Dew Drops, Redding Woods," 1968.
Gelatin silver print, 18.7 x 23.7 cm.
Purchase.
78:176:006

"Four Apples," 1964.
Gelatin silver print, 16.5 x 22.7 cm.
Purchase.
78:176:009

"Hebrides — Stone Circle — Callanish," 1972.
Gelatin silver print, 23.8 x 33.8 cm.
Purchase.
78:176:007

"Japan Moto-Ise," 1976.
Gelatin silver print, 28.7 x 21.0 cm.
Purchase.
78:176:004

"Japan, Renge-Ji, Kyoto," 1976.
Gelatin silver print, 21.1 x 28.7 cm.
Purchase.
78:176:005

"Nahant Tidepool," 1965.
Gelatin silver print, 21.9 x 16.9 cm.
Purchase.
78:176:003

"Two Leaves, Brewster, NY," 1963.
Gelatin silver print, 21.5 x 17.1 cm.
Purchase.
78:176:002

CARRILLO, MANUEL

138 photographs, twentieth century.
Gelatin silver prints. Sizes vary.
Inventory available.
Gift of Arnold Gilbert.
78:156:000

COBURN, ALVIN LANGDON

New York, 1935.
Eighteen photogravures (lacking two of the
original twenty). Sizes vary.
Purchase.
78:196:000

London, 1935.
Twenty photogravures. Sizes vary.
Purchase.
78:197:000

Cunningham, Imogen. See: PORTRAITS OF PHOTOGRAPHERS. Cunningham, Imogen.

Crane, Barbara. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS. *Student Independent 7.*

Dahl-Wolfe, Louise. See: PORTRAITS OF PHOTOGRAPHERS. Strand, Paul.

DATER, JUDY

"Ansel Adams, Carmel," 1977.
Gelatin silver print, 45.2 x 35.9 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:004

"At Napoleon's Tomb, Paris," 1967.
Gelatin silver print, 17.4 x 11.0 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:020

"B.J." 1971.
Gelatin silver print, 23.7 x 19.3 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:015

"Beaumont Newhall," 1977.
Gelatin silver print, 32.6 x 25.3 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:009

"Birney," 1977.
Gelatin silver print, 45.5 x 35.7 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:026

"Daydreams," 1973.
Gelatin silver print, 35.8 x 45.1 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:179:029

"Dead Deer in Water," 1966.
Gelatin silver print, 24.0 x 18.7 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:179:028

"Frederick Sommer," 1977.
Gelatin silver print, 32.0 x 24.7 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:006

"Girl from Marshall," 1966.
Gelatin silver print, 24.4 x 19.0 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:014

"Gwen," 1972.
Gelatin silver print, 23.2 x 18.3 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:010

"Gwen," 1972.
Gelatin silver print, 25.1 x 20.0 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:011

"Harold Jones," 1975.
Gelatin silver print, 45.3 x 35.7 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:002

"Janet Stayton," 1971.
Gelatin silver print, 32.6 x 25.5 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:019

"Jim Hendrickson," 1978.
Gelatin silver print, 45.2 x 35.8 cm.
Gift of the photographer.
78:178:002

"John Szarkowski, M●MA," 1978.
Gelatin silver print, 45.2 x 35.8 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:008

"Lovers," 1963–4.
Gelatin silver print, 24.5 x 19.0 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:030

"Matt," 1972.
Gelatin silver print, 25.4 x 20.0 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:012

"Minor White, Tucson," 1975.
Gelatin silver print, 45.2 x 35.9 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:003

"Nehemiah," 1975.
Gelatin silver print, 35.8 x 45.2 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:023

"Nehemiah's Back," 1975.
Gelatin silver print, 45.1 x 34.4 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:024

"Patrick Nagatani," 1978.
Gelatin silver print, 46.3 x 36.0 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:022

"Peter Bunnell," 1977.
Gelatin silver print, 46.2 x 36.0 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:007

"Sandy," 1975.
Gelatin silver print, 45.4 x 35.8 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:025

"Shep Shepard," 1977.
Gelatin silver print, 45.5 x 35.8 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:027

"Shep Shepard with Friend," 1977.
Gelatin silver print, 45.2 x 35.8 cm.
Gift of the photographer.
78:178:003

"Stone Cutter, Pietra Santa, Italy," 1976.
Gelatin silver print, 30.1 x 23.5 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:018

"Tomas Fernandez, Arles, France," 1976.
Gelatin silver print, 30.0 x 23.2 cm.
Gift of the photographer.
78:178:001

Untitled, 1975.
Gelatin silver print, 32.4 x 25.6 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:017

"Valerie Duval," 1969.
Gelatin silver print, 23.9 x 19.0 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:013

"Walter Chappell, Volcano," 1977.
Gelatin silver print, 45.6 x 35.9 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:001

"Wynn Bullock," n.d.
Gelatin silver print, 24.0 x 19.0 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:005

"Young Man, Essex," 1977.
Gelatin silver print, 31.8 x 24.5 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:016

"Young Man, Tokyo," 1976.
Gelatin silver print, 45.5 x 35.8 cm.
Gift of Franklin R. Garfield.
78:170:021

Desme, Robert. See: PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

DONIZ, RAFAEL

Untitled, 1975.
Gelatin silver print, 23.9 x 18.7 cm.
Purchase.
78:141:007

EDGERTON, HAROLD

Seeing the Unseen: 12 Photographs by Harold Edgerton, 1977.
Seven gelatin silver prints, and five dye transfer prints. Sizes vary.
Purchase.
78:189:001–012

EVANS, FREDERICK H.

Mrs. Warren's Profession, ca. 1902.
A portfolio of twenty photographs from the play by George Bernard Shaw.
Platinum prints. Sizes vary. Inventory available.
Purchase.
78:144:000

Fassbender, Adolf.
See: PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

FRANK, ROBERT

"Cocktail Party, New York City," ca. 1956.
Gelatin silver print, 21.0 x 31.6 cm.
Purchase.
78:172:006

"Department Store, Lincoln, Nebraska," ca. 1956.
Gelatin silver print, 22.5 x 33.9 cm.
Purchase.
78:172:007

"Franz Kline," 1956.
Gelatin silver print, 34.3 x 22.4 cm.
Purchase.
78:183:002

"Lines of My Hand 100.1," 1958.
From "The Ten Bus Photographs, New York City."
Gelatin silver print, 33.6 x 22.6 cm.
Purchase.
78:172:001

"Lines of My Hand 100.6," 1958.
From "The Ten Bus Photographs, New York City."
Gelatin silver print, 25.8 x 17.3 cm.
Purchase.
78:172:002

"Motorama — Los Angeles," 1956.
Gelatin silver print, 20.7 x 31.0 cm.
Purchase.
78:172:003

"Movie Premiere, Hollywood," 1956.
Gelatin silver print, 31.6 x 21.2 cm.
Purchase.
78:172:008

"Newburgh, New York," ca. 1956.
Gelatin silver print, 31.7 x 21.0 cm.
Purchase.
78:172:005

"New York City," 1956.
Gelatin silver print, 33.6 x 22.1 cm.
Purchase.
78:172:004

"Peru," 1948.
Gelatin silver print, 32.6 x 21.0 cm.
Purchase.
78:183:001

Freedman, Jill.
See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Ten Photographers.

GAGLIANI, OLIVER

"Eureka, Nevada," 1973.
Gelatin silver print, 38.9 x 48.3 cm.
Gift of the photographer.
78:140:001

Untitled, 1974.
Gelatin silver print, 38.1 x 48.3 cm.
Gift of the photographer.
78:140:002

GREEN, RUZZIE

Untitled, 1940.
Carbro print, 23.8 x 19.5 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:007

Untitled, 1940.
Wash-off relief color print, 23.0 x 18.6 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:008

"Woman with Hat," n.d.
Undetermined color process, 22.5 x 18.0 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:024

GROUP PORTFOLIOS

Student Independent 2, a portfolio by students of the Institute of Design of the Illinois Institute of Technology, 1957.
Twenty-eight photographs of various processes by H. Callahan, J. Grzywacz, R. Hatanaka, M. Hurtig, J. Jachna, K. Karpuzko, R. Knille, J. Lamensdorf, C. Mansolas, L. Mayer, R. Metzker, R. Nickel, T. Rago, A. Sinsabaugh, A. Siskind, R. Stiegler, C. Swedlund, M. Yoshioka.
Aaron Siskind Collection.
78:192:000

Student Independent 7, a portfolio by students of Institute of Design of the Illinois Institute of Technology, 1969.
Nine gelatin silver prints by Art Bell, Barbara Crane, Steve Hale, Kurt Heyl, Tom Knudtson, Bill Larson, Dan McCormack, Ron Namath.
Aaron Siskind Collection.
78:193:000

Ten Photographers, ten photographs by Eve Arnold, Jill Freedman, Ernst Haas, Andre Kertesz, Duane Michals, Inge Morath, Barbara Morgan, Eva Rubenstein, Neal Slavin, James Van der Zee.
Gelatin silver prints. Sizes vary.
Purchase.
78:171:000

Grzywacz, J. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 2.

Haas, Ernst. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Ten Photographers.

Hale, Steve. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 7.

Harkness, Norris.
See: PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

Harrison, Lynne.
See: PORTRAITS OF PHOTOGRAPHERS.
Cunningham, Imogen and Smith, W. Eugene.

Hatanaka, R. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 2.

Heyl, Kurt. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 7.

Hill, David Octavius. See: CAMERA WORK, No. 37.

HURRELL, GEORGE

"Ginger Rogers," n.d.
Undetermined color process, 35.8 x 28.5 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:018

Hurtig, M. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 2.

ITURBIDE, GRACIELA

Untitled, 1972.
Gelatin silver print, 16.0 x 23.8 cm.
Purchase.
78:141:004

Jachna, J. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 2.

Joseph, Max. See: PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

Karpuzko, K. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 2.

Kertesz, Andre. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Ten Photographers.

Knille, R. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 2.

Knudtson, Tom. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 7.

Lamensdorf, J. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 2.

Larson, Bill. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 7.

LEE, RUSSELL

"Children at the Blackboard, Lake Dick Project, Arkansas," 1939.
Gelatin silver print, 18.1 x 24.5 cm.
Purchase.
78:147:002

"Coal Miner Walking Home after Completing Day's Work, Kentucky," 1946.
Gelatin silver print, 27.0 x 34.0 cm.
Purchase.
78:147:009

"Coal Miner's Children, Appalachia," 1946.
Gelatin silver print, 26.0 x 33.1 cm.
Purchase.
78:147:003

"Coal Miner's Family, Appalachia," 1946.
Gelatin silver print, 26.5 x 34.0 cm.
Purchase.
78:147:004

"Grocery Store, San Augustine, Texas," 1959.
Gelatin silver print, 24.5 x 18.1 cm.
Purchase.
78:147:008

"Interior of Coal Miner's Home, Appalachia," 1946.
Gelatin silver print, 34.0 x 26.6 cm.
Purchase.
78:147:005

"Religious Services Which Included the Laying on of Hands to Cure the Sick, Coal Mining Camp, Harlan, Kentucky," 1946.
Gelatin silver print, 26.8 x 34.1 cm.
Purchase.
78:147:006

"Truck Garden near Piazz, Armena, Sicily," 1960.
Gelatin silver print, 25.8 x 33.7 cm.
Purchase.
78:147:001

"Woman in Solitary Confinement, Texas," 1959.
Gelatin silver print, 26.1 x 34.1 cm.
Purchase.
78:147:007

Mansolas, G. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 2.

MATHER, MARGRETHE

"Portrait of Roy Rosen in our Studio at 715 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, California," ca. 1925.
Platinum print, 24.2 x 18.9 cm.
Purchase.
78:150:003

"Roy Rosen," ca. 1923.
Gelatin silver print, 24.3 x 19.1 cm.
Purchase.
78:150:004

Untitled, (partial nude), ca. 1923.
Platinum print, 9.3 x 11.8 cm.
Purchase.
78:150:001

Untitled (nude), ca. 1923.
Platinum print, 9.5 x 7.4 cm. (Mounted on verso of 78:150:001)
Purchase.
78:150:002

Japanese Wrestler's Belly, 1927.
Gelatin silver print, 24.7 x 18.1 cm.
Purchase.
78:150:005

Circus Sideshow Critic, ca. 1927.
Gelatin silver print, 24.1 x 17.5 cm.
Purchase.
78:150:006

Hands, 1931.
Gelatin silver print, 19.0 x 24.0 cm.
Purchase.
78:150:007

Mayer, L. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 2.

McCormack, Dan. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 7.

MEYER, PEDRO

Untitled, ca. 1975.
Gelatin silver print, 29.4 x 24.0 cm.
Purchase.
78:141:006

Michals, Duane. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Ten Photographers.

Michele, Marion.
See: PORTRAITS OF PHOTOGRAPHERS.
Strand, Paul.

Metzker, Ray. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 2.

Morath, Inge. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Ten Photographers.

Morgan, Barbara. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Ten Photographers.

MURAY, NICKOLAS

Untitled, n.d.
Undetermined color process, 31.9 x 20.4 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:010

"Delores Del Rio," n.d.
Undetermined color process, 23.0 x 17.6 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:013

"Myrna Loy," n.d.
Undetermined color process, 23.7 x 18.6 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:014

"Ruzzie Green, Photographer," n.d.
Undetermined color process, 34.6 x 17.3 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:017

Namath, Ron. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 7.

Nickel, Richard. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 2.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Sixteen photographic Christmas cards by pictorial photographers, ca. 1930–1950, including: Gustave Anderson, Robert Desme, Adolf Fassbender, Norris Harkness, Max Joseph, John Toscher. Sizes vary.
Gift of Stanley A. Katcher.
78:168:001–016

PORTRAITS OF PHOTOGRAPHERS

Carrillo, Manuel

Anonymous snapshot of Carrillo, 1978.
Gift of Arnold Gilbert.
78:157:001

Cunningham, Imogen

Six portraits, 1966–1975, by Lynne Harrison.
Gelatin silver prints. Sizes vary.
Gift of the photographer.
78:159:002–007

Smith, W. Eugene

"W. Eugene Smith," 1976, by Lynne Harrison.
Gelatin silver print, 16.0 x 13.1 cm.
Gift of the photographer.
78:159:001

"W. Eugene Smith," 1977, by Richard Schiff.
Gelatin silver print, 20.2 x 28.2 cm.
Gift of the photographer.
78:184:001

Strand, Paul

Eighty-seven portraits by Hazel Strand, Louise Dahl-Wolfe and Marion Michele.
Inventory available.
Gift of Hazel Strand.
78:194:001–063, 78:227:001–2, 78:228:001–022

PUTNAM & VALENTINE STUDIOS, LOS ANGELES

Four views of the Grand Canyon, ca. 1900–1910.
Gelatin silver prints, 28.4 x 48.4 cm.
Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. Rossi.
78:142:000

Rago, T. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 2.

REYNOSO CASTENEDA, ANTONIO

"Mexico," 1976.
Gelatin silver print, 19.7 x 29.5 cm.
Purchase.
78:141:001

ROCHE, JOHN P.

"Ireland," 1932.
Gelatin silver print, 19.7 x 16.8 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:001

"Ireland," 1932.
Gelatin silver print, 20.7 x 17.4 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:002

"Ireland," 1932.
Gelatin silver print, 18.8 x 19.4 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:003

Untitled, n.d.
Gelatin silver print, 33.3 x 26.4 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:004

Untitled, n.d.
Undetermined color process, 23.5 x 18.2 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:005

Untitled (Evening in Paris perfume advertisement), ca. 1936–7.
Wash-off relief color print, 23.0 x 17.9 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:006

"Georgia Carroll," n.d.
Undetermined color process, 25.8 x 19.8 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:009

Untitled, n.d.
Undetermined color process, 22.9 x 17.8 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:011

Untitled, n.d.
Undetermined color process, 22.7 x 17.8 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:012

Untitled, n.d.
Carbro print, 33.4 x 22.4 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:016

"Georgia Carroll with Lion and Sheep," n.d.
Undetermined color process, 42.9 x 33.8 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:019

"Doreen Lang, Actress," n.d.
Undetermined color process, 23.8 x 19.3 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:021

Untitled, n.d.
Undetermined color process, 32.2 x 25.9 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:025

Untitled, n.d.
Undetermined color process, 26.9 x 23.3 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:026

See also: GREEN, RUZZIE.
HURRELL, GEORGE.
MURAY, NICKOLAS.
STEICHEN, EDWARD.

Rubenstein, Eva. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Ten Photographers.

SANCHEZ URIBE, JESUS

Untitled, 1973.
Gelatin silver print, 24.9 x 32.0 cm.
Purchase.
78:141:003

Schiff, Richard.
See: PORTRAITS OF PHOTOGRAPHERS.
Smith, W. Eugene.

SISKIND, AARON

Forty-one gelatin silver prints of the following subjects: Gloucester, 1944; Seaweed, 1947–53; New York, 1951; Martha's Vineyard, 1954; Acolman, 1955; Chicago, 1960; Durango, 1961; Rome, 1963; Arizpe, 1966; and Rome, 1967.
Sizes vary. Inventory available.
Gift of the photographer.
78:191:001--041

Sinsabaugh, Art. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 2.

Slavin, Neal. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Ten Photographers.

Smith, W. Eugene.
See: PORTRAITS OF PHOTOGRAPHERS.
Smith, W. Eugene.

STEICHEN, EDWARD

"Nickolas Muray in Fencing Outfit," n.d.
Undetermined color process, 37.4 x 30.9 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:022

Untitled, n.d.
Undetermined color process, 22.8 x 18.6 cm.
Purchase.
78:198:023

Stiegler, R. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 2.

Strand, Hazel.
See: PORTRAITS OF PHOTOGRAPHERS.
Strand, Paul.

Swedlund, Charles. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 2.

Toscher, John. See: PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

TRAUBE, ALEX

"American Family #1," 1974.
Gelatin silver print, 28.9 x 20.5 cm.
Gift of the photographer.
78:155:005

"American Family #2," 1975.
Gelatin silver print, 25.5 x 26.4 cm.
Gift of the photographer.
78:155:010

"American Family #3," 1975.
Gelatin silver print, 24.6 x 30.4 cm.
Gift of the photographer.
78:155:004

"American Hero," 1974.
Gelatin silver print, 25.6 x 30.3 cm.
Gift of the photographer.
78:155:001

"Front Step," 1974.
Gelatin silver print, 24.8 x 30.4 cm.
Gift of the photographer.
78:155:003

"In the Kitchen," 1974.
Gelatin silver print, 25.2 x 27.0 cm.
Gift of the photographer.
78:155:007

"Late Spring Deep South," 1974.
Gelatin silver print, 27.7 x 25.3 cm.
Gift of the photographer.
78:155:006

"Out of Time," 1974.
Gelatin silver print, 24.7 x 30.1 cm.
Gift of the photographer.
78:155:002

"Perception of Childhood," 1974.
From the series, "Letters to my Father."
Gelatin silver print, 30.1 x 21.5 cm.
Gift of the photographer.
78:155:009

"Small Party III," 1974.
Gelatin silver print, 30.3 x 24.8 cm.
Gift of the photographer.
78:155:008

UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY E.R.O.S. DATA CENTER AND THE NATIONAL AERONAUTICS AND SPACE ADMINISTRATION.

"Color Composite of Goldfield, Nevada," n.d.
Type R Color Print, 16.0 x 16.5 cm.
Made with a laser beam recorder from a Landsat satellite.
Gift of the Optical Sciences Department, University of Arizona.
78:149:002

"Color Composite of Ice Patterns Near Spitzbergen, Norway," n.d.
Type R Color Print, 16.0 x 16.5 cm.
Made with a laser beam recorder from a Landsat satellite.
Gift of the Optical Sciences Department, University of Arizona.
78:149:003

"Color Composite of Tokyo Bay," n.d.
Type R Color Print, 16.0 x 16.5 cm.
Made with a laser beam recorder from a Landsat satellite.
Gift of the Optical Sciences Department, University of Arizona.
78:149:001

Van der Zee, James.
See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Ten Photographers.

WESTON, EDWARD

"Portrait of Margrethe Mather," 1912.
Platinum print, 16.3 x 10.7 cm.
Purchase.
78:151:001

WHITE, MINOR

A Notebook Resume of the Denver Workshop in Creative Photography, conducted by Minor White in June, 1962.
Purchase.
78:186:001

Three postcards and seven letters from Minor White to Gus Blaisdell, 1962–1965.
Purchase.
78:186:002–011

Yoshioka, M. See: GROUP PORTFOLIOS.
Student Independent 2.

Acquisitions Highlight

FREDERICK EVANS and GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

WHEN GEORGE BERNARD SHAW wrote an appreciation for a portfolio of Frederick Evans' photographs of cathedrals (*Camera Work* IV, 1903), he had as much praise, if not more, for Evans' portraits than for the architectural studies being published. Shaw was impressed with the way Evans' best portraits were "modeled by light alone" and he declared him "consummate at all points, as artist and negative-maker no less than as printer." Shaw could not remember when he had first met Evans, but it was sometime in the mid-1890s; when Evans had photographed Shaw in 1899 they were already good friends. In 1902, Evans made a portfolio of portraits and theatrical studies on the occasion of the first performances of Shaw's play, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. This portfolio, which contains the 1899 portrait of Shaw, has recently been added to the Center's collection.

The set of prints at the Center contains one platinum print and nineteen silver bromide prints which fall into two distinct groups: portrait studies and theatrical studies. This gives us an opportunity to see how Evans, an adamant proponent of "pure", or unmanipulated, photography handles two genres that were very popular with the pictorialists of the day.

In the six portraits Evans employs a pair of stylistic devices that were more or less commonly used by the pictorialists: dramatic lighting and a narrow depth of field. As Shaw remarked, they are strongly modeled by directional lighting that isolates hands and faces, reminiscent of the work of David Octavius Hill, as well as anticipating the manner of lighting that Edward Steichen would later use in some of his most famous portraits. The depth of field in the portraits is not only narrow, but the plane of focus is generally in front of the sitter, often coinciding with the hands rather than the face. But where the pictorialists were motivated by aesthetic concerns to impose an artificial sense of drama on their portraiture, Evans seems to be reducing the image to its expressive essentials in an effort to convey a strong sense of the sitter's character.

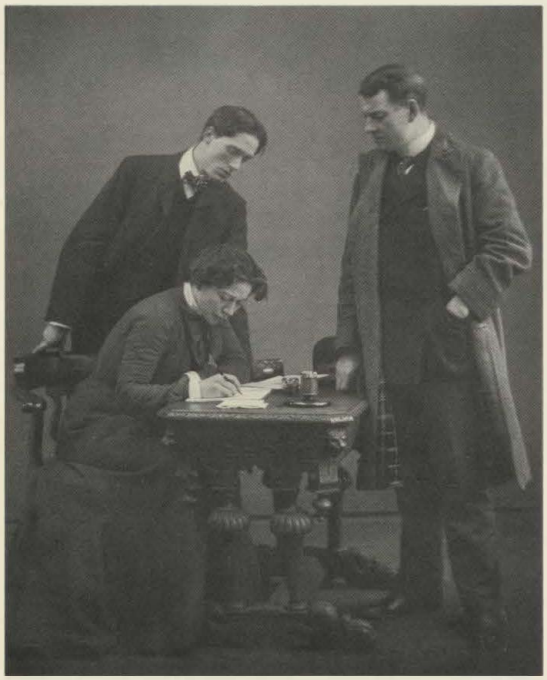
In the fourteen theatrical studies, each of which is preceded by a handwritten line or two from the appropriate section of the play, the lighting is much fuller, the depth of field greater and the composition invariably straightforward. In fact, these tableaux vivants are rather prosaic for such a potentially dramatic subject, but Evans has let the actors rather than the lighting be responsible for the drama.

Evans' separation from the predominantly pictorialist mode of the turn-of-the-century is largely a result of his emphasis of the subject over aesthetic concerns. But this is far from being documentary, for Evans felt that the photographer must also convey his own reaction to the subject.

TERENCE R. PITTS
Curator and Librarian

FREDERICK EVANS: Portrait of Author, G. Bernard Shaw, Taken at Time of *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* 1899.
From the portfolio, *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* 1902.
Gelatin silver print. 21.7 x 9.9 cm. 78:144:020

FREDERICK EVANS: Miss Fanny Brough as "Mrs. Warren," 1902.
From the portfolio, *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* 1902.
Platinum print. 20.3 x 15.1 cm.
78:144:002



FREDERICK EVANS: Vivie: "And now don't let us forget her qualifications; the two words," 1902.
From the portfolio, *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* 1902.
Gelatin silver print. 19.7 x 15.7 cm.
78:144:019

FREDERICK EVANS: Frank's Description of Crofts: "Sort of a chap that would take a prize at a dog show — ain't he?" 1902.
From the portfolio, *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* 1902.
Gelatin silver print. 18.4 x 15.8 cm.
78:144:007