

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

Edward Weston was born in Highland Park, Illinois, March 24, 1886. His youth was spent in Chicago. Landscapes done in the South Parks were his first photographic adventures. Moving to California at the age of 18, he has lived there ever since, with the exception of three years spent in Mexico 1923-26. Portraiture has been his vocation. For this he uses a Graflex, making instantaneous exposures by daylight. All other work is done with an 8x10 view-camera fitted with a lens which cost \$5.00; price mentioned because of the prevailing opinion that fine photography is necessarily dependent upon a fine lens.

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September
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**E D W A R D
W E S T O N**

INCREASE ROBINSON GALLERIES
DIANA COURT
540 N. MICHIGAN AVE. • CHICAGO

THERE is nothing in the photographs of Edward Weston to enthuse the kind of esthete who expects from art the same tickling or soothing that one demands from an ivory scratcher. Poussin justly stated, "The aim of art is dilection"; but many mistake pleasure for dilection. Superseding the physical, and even the emotional, true dilection is of the realm of the spirit.

Too often in occidental art, the physical exertion inherent in the technique of paint, the multiple twists of arm and wrist and fingers, as well as the length of time necessary to the creation of an oil-painting, are deemed the standards of its excellence. Yet they often result in a muddling and obscuring of the mental image that the painter creates as a start and then painfully mutilates.

The Chinese understood better the fact that physical exertion is incompatible with the highest forms of meditation, and thus their greatest masterpieces, devoid of color, of jugglery and of patience, were created in five minutes with a broken reed, or a feather, or the finger smeared in ink.

Weston's art pleases the oriental mind, in that his technique is a sublimation of their own tendency. Through the mastering of the machine, he is able to suppress all hand and wrist work, thus eliminating such uncertainties as are the corollaries of muscle and time. Under the stupendous concentration of the artist's mind, 1/35th of a second suffices to create the image that will perpetuate his spiritual passion.

Against common belief, this exhibition amply proves that the photographic is not the commonplace, that there is a mystery in the objective realm as loaded with meaning as are the voyages that one makes into oneself.

Weston's world of ordered bodies is as fitted a tool towards contemplation as is the hierarchy of blacks in the greatest ink paintings—with this added security, that Nature being actually such as revealed in his well focused photographs, we come closer to the mechanical proof of its being, in essence, divine.

JEAN CHARLOT

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