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Bernd Lohse, Photojournalist

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BERND LOHSE, PHOTOJOURNALIST

1. Biographical Sketch*

Bernd Lohse was born in Dresden in 1911. When he was a schoolboy of fourteen, his first professional essay, "Über das Photographieren von Denkmälern" ("On Photographing Monuments"), was published in Der Satrap. At the University of Frankfurt Lohse first prepared himself to be a teacher, but after winning a prize for a photograph, he switched to journalism at the University of Berlin.

A temporary job in the photo archive of Scherl, held during a school holiday in 1932, started Lohse on a lifelong professional journey. He became editor of Scherl's picture-series department and then, in 1934, a free-lance photojournalist. Until World War II Lohse traveled through Europe, North America, and the Middle East, producing photo stories for Neue Illustrierte, Deutsche Verlag, Berliner Illustrirte, Erika, Signal, and other picture magazines.

In 1945 he was appointed editor in chief of Heute. During the next decade Lohse resumed his career as a photojournalist, producing many photo stories and books on Australia and Canada in the course of his travels. In 1956 Lohse was appointed editor in chief of the Umschau-Verlag, in Frankfurt, where he remained until 1966 when he assumed the editorship of two Agfa-Gevaert magazines, Photoblätter and Bildjournalist. The same year, Lohse was appointed a member of the Deutsche Gesellschaft für Photographie and has served as president of the society's history section since 1973.

Although he formally retired in 1975, Bernd Lohse has maintained an active life, continuing to write about photography.

*The details for this biographical sketch were taken from an anonymous article in Camera 10 (October 1976): 20.
II. An Interview with Bernd Lohse

Jay Ruby

In August 1984 I interviewed Bernd Lohse about his early career in his home in Burghausen, Germany. What follows is an edited version of our conversation.

“A friend of mine and I, when we were about twelve years old, decided to buy a camera. We could only afford a small Pressodit paper box, which cost two-and-a-half marks. We didn’t have much money individually, so we put down one mark twenty-five each and used it together. It had glass plates in small cassettes—not light-tight. So we could only use about a quarter of the surface of the plate to make portraits of our teachers.

“Then the beginning. Soon after, an uncle gave me a beautiful old-fashioned mahogany-and-red-leather bellows camera. From then on, I was on my own photographically. I found it quite natural to take pictures. I couldn’t say for what reason. It just interested me. It must be that I’m a visual person.

“When I was a high school boy, I was fascinated with my own city, Dresden—a wonderful place full of art treasures and famous architecture. I remember how I wandered the streets taking pictures at this and that corner—not many because I couldn’t afford plates. I was just looking at the buildings and the streets and the perspectives as if I were taking pictures. I wrote an article about taking pictures of local scenes, particularly historical architecture. On impulse, I sent it to a photographic journal. It was at that time, I would say, culturally and stylistically the best in Germany, a house organ of Satrap, the paper and chemical division of Volgtlander.

“The editor wrote back to me: ‘Your article is quite nice and we have just received an article by the famous art historian Wolflin, of Basel, Switzerland. We might put your article together with his, but only if you can send us the pictures.’ I didn’t have the pictures. I had only looked at the architecture and dreamed up what I would do if I took them. I had written about it, but I hadn’t taken the pictures. So I wrote something about the roof of our house having been burned down and with it the negatives. I’m quite sure he smiled when he read that. He published the article anyway.

“That was the way I started. It was printed in the first issue of 1926, and I became fourteen in October 1925. You can imagine how that encouraged me. Mostly, I took pictures of our teachers, particularly on excursions when they ate their sandwiches and made grimaces and so on. These were peddled in the classes by some subagents, for fifteen pfennig a print—the start of my business.

“Naturally, at that time I read what photographic magazines I could lay my hands on. It occupied most of my mind apart from school and studying. In our country, when you were nearing the end of your schooling, you had to write a paper. ‘What do I want to be one day?’ I wrote: ‘I would like to be a world traveler, but with inflation and depression, I’m absolutely sure that won’t ever be possible. Maybe I could translate stories famous world travelers have written. That would, at least, be sort of the same thing even if it’s done in a different way. But, I’m told that jobs like that are very rare and not well paid. So I’m resigned to the thought that I’ll have to be a teacher like my father and my grandfather.’ That’s what I did. I studied languages and history for two years in Frankfurt to be a high school teacher.

“During one university holiday in ’31 (those were the depression days, I must say) I joined a work camp group where fifty percent of us were students and fifty percent jobless young people. We cultivated fields in a remote part of Swabia. I thought, ‘Well, this is your chance. Do a story about this!’ I took my camera along and intended to do a real grown-up picture story the way I had seen in Berliner Illustrirte, München Illustrierte, and Frankfurter Illustrirte.

“I thought to myself: ‘The first thing you have to have is a good idea, that is, a good subject. This work group—fifty percent jobless young people, fifty percent students—sounds good. If you can sell it to the illustrated paper in Frankfurt, where you study anyway, a connection may develop and this might become something.’ So I took pictures, took pictures, took pictures. The chief organizer of the group helped me. They all cooperated. I was certain I had the right picture story the way I had seen them done by, for example, Munkacsy.

“About the middle of my term at the camp, there suddenly appeared a small motor car and out jumped two persons, two short fellows. They introduced themselves as Mr. George Gidal and Mr. Tim Gidal, from the Munich Illustrated Press. They wanted to do a story. Our organizer said, ‘Oh, yes, we’ll help you. Here’s Bernd, he can help too. He has good ideas about these things. Now, you do this together.’ We did, and to make a long story short, we are still close friends—the one surviving of the two, Tim Gidal, who lives in Jerusalem, and I. Now my story was not worth much, I thought, because they had hurried back to Munich and put their ideas into the paper before my term at the work camp ended.

“Halfheartedly, I made contact prints of my negatives. They were small ones because I had a roll-film camera. I took them to the Frankfurter Illustrirte, where I tried to see the editor in chief. He declined to receive me and sent me to his secretary. She looked at my pictures and said, ‘Last week I saw that in München Illustrierte, and anyway . . . ’. To this day I have the opinion that she was also jealous and
thought, 'Here's a young man who wants to gain access to our paper, he might be competition, so send him away.' That's what she did. I was very down-hearted, but I couldn't do anything about it.

'Shortly afterward a letter came from Zeiss Ikon, a very big manufacturer of cameras in Dresden, my hometown, inviting all amateurs to send pictures to their worldwide photo contest. I had already talked to some people there several times. We had mutual acquaintances. I looked through the pictures I had taken at the work camp and decided on one. I didn't have the money to have an enlargement made, so I sent a small copy. The whole story was told to me afterward by the publicity manager, who was also the manager of the contest.

'He had called together a jury of world-renowned experts. They had spent a few hours looking at the pictures laid out on long tables. They decided on first prize, second prize, down to 250th prize, and went to lunch. When they had gone, the manager looked through the whole thing again and discovered one small picture which wasn't an enlargement like all the others, but a very, very small picture in one corner. He took a magnifying glass, looked at it, and saw that it was a good picture. He called them all together again when they came back from lunch and said, 'Gentlemen, I think we have made a mistake. Look at this picture. I'll give you the magnifying glass. This deserves first prize.' That's the way it happened. I got first prize, and all the others went one prize down. The prize was 500 marks, which at that time was equal to about two months of a good salary.

'The moment I heard I had the money, I sat down and wrote to my father, 'There is a new course at Berlin University called journalism. I want to give up studying to be a teacher and study that.' My father wrote back, 'You do what you want, but you won't get a penny from me.' And I wrote back, 'I have my own money.'

"During the first semester in Berlin the subject of the highest course (Oberseminar) in the division of journalism was picture-journalism. Professor Dovifat, who started the scientific treatment of journalism in Germany, and the journalism course at the University of Berlin, thought that photojournalism was timely, which it certainly was. It was very unusual to accept a student in his first semester to join the Oberseminar. He did because I talked to him and he was convinced I already had practical experience. The paper I wrote for that course was considered the most interesting. I called it, 'ist das Objektiv objektiv?' ('Is the Objective Objective?'), meaning, is the lens objective? In German, the word Objektiv means 'lens' and also means 'objective.' Professor Dovifat told me my paper was one of the best in the course, and he suggested that it should be the theme of my doctoral dissertation. So it was decided.

"At the end of that half-year course, we had university holidays, which in those days was two or three months. I decided to do something practical. I went to Scherl, the second-largest publishing house in Germany, after Ullstein. (They published a very famous picture-paper, Die Woche.) I went there to do some unpaid practical work, and was sent to the picture department. They had the biggest picture library in Germany, with millions of pictures. More interesting than its size was the brilliant way in which the archive was organized. On the one hand, it was arranged to serve the dozen or so house publications. On the other, it acted as a picture agency selling to all parts of the world. I was right in the middle of what I wanted to learn!

"At first I had to join five or six other students or jobless young persons whose task was to sort the pictures into the right categories. They had a special system to code the pictures by content and purpose which we had to learn. It was pretty mechanical. After about a fortnight or so, I talked to a man sitting in a side office, Dr. Vaas. He was obviously a very cultured gentleman. His job was to go to the picture archive and take out pictures that he thought would make a good story. What I call 'archive series.'

"Dr. Vaas and I got to talking. He said, 'You seem to be more interested than those other people who are sorting pictures out there. Would you be my assistant?' I quite gladly accepted. I helped him and soon wrote stories to go with the pictures, which originally was his job. He was a very generous man, not a bit jealous. Quite the contrary, he said that I had a natural talent for these things; he said, 'Do all the stories you can, I'll help you.' After a few weeks he was called away to take over another job. He told his superiors, 'Take this young man for my job. He'll do it better than I did.' I decided not to return to university. I have to repeat it, that was during the summer of '32, right in the middle of the Depression—very hard times. I said to myself, 'They promised to give me 100 marks a month. That isn't the right pay for a job like this, but for me, a jobless and moneyless student, it's quite a bit.' I stayed there for a year and a half and developed the job into quite a business. After awhile I got a certain percentage, and that made me quite rich in my eyes.

"The picture story had by that time become an established thing. It had been developed from about '28, '29 on, by Munkaesi, Felix Man, Gidal, Salomon, and people like that. While working at Scherl I became acquainted with Heinz Lowenherz. He wanted to start an agency in Holland to serve various European countries with picture stories—only picture stories—no news, pictures, no single pictures. The agency would be based upon the new way of working with photographs. We worked together very closely because they more or less built up their agency on the picture stories they got from the House
of Scherl, but really from me. After a while, when I got fed up with being an employee in the last corner of the building of a very large publishing company, I said to myself, 'You can take pictures yourself and do stories. You are a natural story man. Quit this job and do it on your own.'

"The agency in Amsterdam promised close cooperation. I told them where I would go. They told me what I might do. In the main, I was on my own. I depended on what I found and what my ideas and impressions were as I went along. This developed, naturally, into more extensive travel and better-paid stories. I didn't regret my decision because first I took a five-week trip to Albania, an unknown country then as it is today. I discovered Albania, did a few picture stories, and then did several things in Germany and Switzerland.

"In Germany I was on my own. I developed relationships with this and that editor. I came to know them. I learned that people at the publishing houses were not hard to please. They didn't request the best of everything. They were content with a few nice pictures and a few lines to go with them. At that time it was something if you had a landscape and a few street scenes and this and that, they were happy. I mainly worked with Berliner Illustrierte because they paid very well. If you worked for Berliner Illustrierte, you couldn't very well have the same sort of relationship with Munchen Illustrierte. They were close competitors. But you were free to do anything with the rest of the publishing field. That made for some nice money, particularly for a modest person like me. The money I got paid for those stories were great sums in my eyes.

"I had been used to living in small rooms and dining at the eating places in the universities where five of us sat down around a table and paid for two meals. The meat that came on two plates was divided into five portions. Everybody had his share. As long as somebody was still hungry, we went back to the counter for as much potatoes and sauce as we liked. That was the style of living at that time.

"In time I became a well-known and well-paid reporter. The course of my travels extended ever longer. In '36 I spent four-and-a-half months in England and Ireland. The great breakthrough was in '37, when I went to the United States. I seem to remember that while I may have gotten a little advance pay from Berliner Illustrierte, I was able to pay for the trip myself. It worked like this: I had a special editor with whom I worked. There were five or seven editors at Berliner Illustrierte. You had to develop a definite relationship with one of them, which I did. I went to this person and said, 'Next summer I want to go to the United States. Would you be interested in a trip like that, or is somebody over there right now for you?' The editor answered, 'Nobody, there's nobody now. We get the stuff Munkacsi does, but we also need somebody who sees with the eyes of a person like you. We will look at your stuff when you come back.' I asked, 'How many pages? I want to be there for about half a year and I have some ideas, but most of them will develop when I'm on my way.' He might have guaranteed me, let's say, six or eight pages, I wouldn't remember now. When we talked about a page, that meant four hundred marks. He may have said, 'When you come to us with all the stuff that you've taken and have sorted it into a few stories, we'll look at the stories and we'll guarantee you eight pages. Go to the cashier and you'll get 3,200 marks.' I had something to start with. Some funds would accumulate, even when I was on a trip, from the sale of my earlier stuff through the Amsterdam agency Mund in all countries except Germany, where I did it myself.

"I went to the United States and it worked well. It turned out that I liked the U.S. I found numerous story ideas, mostly things that I could combine afterward. For instance, 'The Automobile as a Domestic Animal,' or 'Strange Customs in America,' or 'The Negro Question in America.' These were all stories that had to be collected piece by piece by piece while I went along.

"At one point, I got a letter from my Amsterdam agency. 'Our younger brother, Mark, who has been traveling all over Europe, will establish an agency in the U.S.A. He'll come to New York by ship. Will you be there to help him a bit?' I prepared a hotel room for him and together we found an assistant for $15 a week. I remember distinctly. It was November of '37. He wanted me to stay in New York, but after a long hesitation, I decided to go back to Germany. That was one of the biggest decisions in my life.'
III. "How Do You Like America?"
Bernd Lohse

"How do you like America?" "What do you think of our California?" Questions of this sort accompanied me all the way when I, a 25-year-old photojournalist from Germany, came to the U.S. in 1937.

"What is more important?" was the question I kept asking myself during the almost six months I spent in the U.S. The character of the country—the living conditions of its people, the way Americans behaved in their everyday surroundings or on special occasions like festivals—this was what I had come for, what I wanted to record in pictures.

What was so extraordinary about my trip? In the first place, I was able to spend half a year in a foreign country, coming from Germany with its strict travel and currency restrictions during the Depression years. And, secondly, I, a young fellow and a beginner in the tricky field of free-lance photojournalism, had the money to do so.

This situation needs some explanation. When I was a student of languages and journalism at Berlin University, I had been forced, in 1932, to take up work. The reason the sum of 500 marks, which I received as the first prize in a Zeiss photo contest and which at first had seemed immense, had come to an end.

In a time of gigantic unemployment I was lucky enough to find the ideal position: story editor of the then biggest picture archive and agency in Berlin, the Scherl publishing house. Thus, I was able not only to make a living using my old interest in photography and journalism but also to learn the tricks of the trade, from behind the scenes, so to speak. What wonder that after a while I burned to go and photograph stories myself!

So, after a year and a half of desk work, I gave up this very good job. Naturally, I had made the acquaintance of some editors of illustrated magazines and, what proved to be even more important, the Lowenherz brothers. They were businessmen from Coburg, Germany, who had emigrated to Holland to open a photo agency, Mundi, in Amsterdam.

I was lucky again. The first story I photographed—"Healing Humps without Surgery," about an unorthodox medical doctor in Dresden, the father of a friend from school times—was published. Not only as a two-page spread in *Berliner Illustrirte* (the ultimate you could hope for at that time), but also several times abroad through the services of Mundi. By doing several other stories inside Germany, I managed to keep myself in bread and butter and meet my travel and laboratory expenses. No less important was a sum in Dutch guilders that kept accumulating in Amsterdam, slowly but steadily.

During that time one thought kept coming up: how could I travel abroad? I had had this rather uncommon ambition since I was a young boy. My private hero then was Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer. When I was sixteen or seventeen, I had written in a school paper that my highest aim in life was to become a world traveler.

When I started working as a photojournalist, the Nazis had come to power and had forbidden the banks to sell foreign currency for private travel purposes. But if you earned your own money abroad, you could use it outside Germany provided you could show that it was for useful professional purposes. This I could prove by a letter from *Berliner Illustrirte*. (By the way, it was signed by the then editor in chief, a former photojournalist, Harald Lechenperg.)

So much for the external conditions. But what was the personal motivation for my strong urge to become a specialist of picture stories from abroad? It was not particularly political, although I felt just as uneasy as the editors with whom I worked about the increasing isolation of Germany in the world. The main reason was my old boyhood craving for foreign adventure. In addition, I found it easy to persuade myself that it was my special duty in life to keep a few windows open—which others were intent on closing—by showing my fellow countrymen in picture stories what was going on in the outside world. In particular, by showing the daily life of "people like you and me" in other parts of the world: their peculiarities, their customs, the traits they had in common with us, as well as the differences.

I do not think I have to go into that any further. First, because those were just underlying feelings, not thoughts that kept me awake at night. And secondly, the results can be seen in the reproductions of my stories.

In 1935 I undertook a short trip to Albania. I went to Italy, mostly Sardinia, and, more important and more profitable, a tour of four-and-a-half summer and fall months through England in 1936. As a result of the latter journey I proved two things to myself: I had chosen the right sort of work, and I had a penchant for Anglo-Saxon (and Celtic) ways. Good sales in Germany and abroad encouraged me to plan for what I hoped would be the next big step, the breakthrough: to travel all over the U.S.A. in 1937 for something like half a year.
Today, one shudders at the thought of what a trip of that duration, crisscrossing all over the United States, would cost. Well, those were still Depression years, and life was astonishingly cheap. The dollar was not 4.20 marks, as in "normal" times, but just 2.50 marks. I traveled by Greyhound and stayed at cheap hotels. (I seem to remember that at Kenmore Hall on New York's Twenty-third Street, which was a decent enough sleeping place. I paid $1.25 per night.) But the main reason why I could afford such an undertaking all on my own—as a Beginner!—lay in two facts: the brothers Lowenherz, my foreign agents, provided me with a generous letter of credit (Twentsche Bank, Amsterdam), which showed probably quite a bit more than the account I had with them; and Berliner Illustrirte asked to see all my resulting stories first—on that promise they gave me an advance. I do not remember whether they guaranteed to publish three or, say, five pages (which would have meant a 1,200- or 2,000-mark advance). But at any rate it was enough to cover the expenses at home, rent, lab coets, etc.

What were my impressions, then, when after a five-day voyage the S.S. Bremen neared the shore of America? I remember perfectly well the almost shudder-dering excitement and awe which befell me when, together with the other passengers, I clung to the rail on the upper deck of the ship and saw the skyscraper silhouette of Manhattan slowly emerge from a slight morning mist. The adventure I had dreamt of so long was becoming a reality!

What were my feelings when I left the States? It would be a platitude to say that my foremost thoughts had to do with a sense of adventure. If I remember rightly, after almost half a century, I was primarily concerned with practical considerations. How could I subdivide the more than 7,000 negatives I had produced into as many stories as possible? Would it be better to have fewer stories—but each of them striking at first sight? Which one would I offer Berliner Illustrirte to make them eager for more?

Looking back today, I am quite sure that there was an underlying feeling of deep satisfaction. First of all, I knew I brought back in my negatives what I had gone out to find—the everyday aspects, the real life of the common man in an extraordinarily important country, and a few of its peculiarities, for example, typical pageantry like rodeos or beauty contests. Once outside New York I was impressed with the easy-going ways of the people, their friendliness and helpfulness—and the ever-recurring question: "Look here, Mister, will you put my picture in the paper?"

Enough of all that. The photo stories are here to tell the rest.
IV. Chronology and Bibliography

Bernd Lohse

NOTE: It is impossible, owing to the quantity, to list articles (except one, see 1926 entry), picture stories, book introductions, laudations, brochures, and similar publications which form the main body of my published lifework.

1911  Born in Dresden on October 5 to a family of schoolteachers.
1917-30  Elementary and high school in Dresden.
1922  First box camera bought; soon after, view camera given as a gift.
1926  First published article (written at age 13). Über das Photographieren von Denkmälern (“How to Photograph Monuments”), in Satrap, a photographic magazine.
1930-32  Studies at University of Frankfurt. History, English, French.
1931  Won first prize in Zeiss Ikon Photo contest: 500 marks.
1932  Switched to University of Berlin to study a newly established subject, journalism (with Professor Dovifat). Term paper, “Ist das Objektiv objektiv?,” accepted for doctoral thesis.
1932-34  During summer vacation, 1932, worked at Scherl, a photo agency; was invited to stay on as story editor.
1934  Left Scherl to take up free-lance photojournalism. Worked closely with Mundi, a photo agency in Amsterdam, operated by the Lowenherz brothers. (The agency exists to this day as Three Lions, in New York.) First stories published in Germany, one by Berliner Illustrirte: “Healing Humps without Surgery.”
1935  First photographic trip abroad: Yugoslavia and Albania. Various stories inside Germany.
1936  Italy in spring, Sardinia in particular. Summer and fall: four-and-a-half months in England, Scotland, and Ireland.
1937  U.S.A. and Canada, for almost six months.
1938  Belgium, the Netherlands, and France.
1939  Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Turkey. After outbreak of World War II closely cooperated with Berliner Illustrirte.
1940  Various stories for Berliner Illustrirte and on my own.
1941  Called up for military service (combat photographer).
1942-44  Military service on various fronts.
1945-46  Taken POW on the Italian front; employed as interpreter with Allied Military Government in Bolzano, Italy. After discharge employed by American Military Government in Traunstein, Upper Bavaria (administration of postal and railroad services).
1946-50  Spring 1946 called to Munich to work on Heute, a picture magazine brought out by the American Military Government, first as a translator, soon after as German editor (under an American editor in chief). On the side, from October 1947, editor of first postwar photo magazine in West Germany, Foto-Spiegel. Full-time editor, when this was transformed (April 1949) into large-size Photo-Magazin. Resigned in September 1950 in order to travel again, under contract to Neue Illustrierte, Cologne. First trip: Turkey. Cofounder of German Amateur Photographers’ Association, Cameramen from Germany. A 158-page booklet presenting the first postwar survey. Bieri Publishers, Munich.
1951  Extensive reporting work in Japan. Second trip: Spain. Cofounder of DGPh (German Photographic Society).
1952  World tour: Indonesia, Australia, Samoa, Fiji, Canada, U.S.A.
1953  U.S. trip by official invitation. Canceled Neue Illustrierte contract in order to write books.
1955-64  (Employed by Umschau Verlag, Frankfurt, as their book editor.) Compilation of several dozen picture books, mostly on art history, landscape, cities, photography, e.g., 1958: Kleinodien (English edition: Art Treasures of Germany, Batsford, London); and 1959-1965: nine-volume Monumente des Abendländes (English edition: Buildings of Europe and European Sculpture, Batsford, London), a series that was brought out in different languages in several countries. Numerous book introductions and contributions.
1965-75  Editor of magazines Bildjournalist and Photoblätter (English version: Iris) at Leverkusen (firm of Agfa-Gevaert). In 1966 moved from Frankfurt to Leverkusen.
V. Selections from the Work of Bernd Lohse

(Photo Essay)

"THIS AMAZING LOS ANGELES" AS SEEN BY A NOTED EUROPEAN PHOTOGRAPHER

Visiting California recently, Bernd Lohse, noted European photographer, took these photos of what he calls "This Amazing Los Angeles," then wrote the captions himself to prove that Los Angeles really is amazing.

MOTORIZED SCOOTERS are seen everywhere for both business and pleasure use.

ASIDE FROM NEW YORK, Los Angeles probably is the most astonishing babel of people in the New World. Here's the exotic flavor of the Far East that renders it so charmingly mysterious.

A TRANSVERSE SECTION OF CALIFORNIA HISTORY is given by this picture. It shows a typical side of Los Angeles, where the American sense of business succeeded the sway of the Spanish pastes.

THERE IS A LARGE MEXICAN COLONY IN LOS ANGELES, and the streets in which these stores and workshops are give a picturesque charm to the city.

IN THIS VERY WIDESPREAD, EXCLUSIVE TOWN the postman has a hard job. To help him letterboxes "parking" spots have been erected at street crossings where the people around can fetch their mail themselves.

THIS AMAZING LOS ANGELES AS SEEN BY A NOTED EUROPEAN PHOTOGRAPHER

(Los Angeles Times, April 3, 1938)
A EUROPEAN SEES US

I INSTANTLY LIKED...

AMERICA is a land of pretty backs, optimism and wide roads to Bernd Lohse, foreign observer and former manager of the picture service department of the Scherl Publishing Co. of Berlin. For the last four years Mr. Lohse has been photographing such scenes as he and major publications of Europe believe to be interpretive of great groups of peoples. Six months ago he came to this country, cramming in this country, cramming in all the information he could obtain about the social, economic and political aspects of the United States. From east and west his pictures have been gathered for publication here, in England, and on the continent. They have been featured in the Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung, one of the most widely distributed illustrated magazines in Europe. These four pages represent his interpretation of our peculiar, revealing characteristics.

"THE DEEP ravines, the maze-like abysses of downtown New York, where I felt rather lost."

"THE SUMMER clothing of California women: I think they are attractive and sporting."

"THE WIDE ROADS that run for thousands of miles through the country. And I like American buses."
"THE PRACTICAL way the bus lines collect fares."

"THE VIEW from the tower of one of Manhattan's lofty skyscrapers from which I could see miles distant."

"THE INFORMALITY of a Los Angeles shop front and the wish of the owner to be called by his first name."

"THE OPTIMISM of the people of Dales, Oregon, who got their docks ready before the release of water from Bonneville Dam provided the water to float any boats up to them."

"THE MANNER in which the City of New York cools its children on the hot and blistering heat of mid-summer. I felt like stripping and getting under the shower bath with them."

"Their hair. And also, I must say it—I like their backs."
A European Sees Us (continued)

**I WAS AMUSED...**

*AT THE SIGHT of this little hands-on-awaying-nips impersonation (maybe of Mae West) at a children's parade in Venice, California.*

**I DIDN'T AGREE...**

*‘WITH THE HABIT’ of strewn papers and rubbish over the public beaches without regard for beauty or the sensibilities of others.*

*‘WITH THE WAY’ the American people allow their roads to be ‘decorated,’ all but obscuring what is good and disfiguring the indifferent.*

*‘WITH THE CARELESSNESS’ of the American who puts his feet on seats of public conveyances, looking only for his own convenient comfort.*
SOMETIMES WONDERED...

"TO WHAT TROUBLE most American women will go to look as beautiful as possible. And they make no secret of the process!"

"HOW THEY GOT the scallop, the smelt, the golden salmon, the abalone, the ling and the rock cod to join the union!"

"TO FIND the much talked-about skyline of Manhattan Island to be the most inspiring, astonishing thing it really was from my shipboard view."

"TO FIND the roof-top of a New York skyscraper landscaped to include a flowering garden and an artificial running stream above the streets."

I FEEL SORRY...

"FOR CITY dwellers who eat breakfast as they read the news."

"FOR CLERKS who seek sunlight in city graveyards at noon."

IT WAS A STRANGE SIGHT.

"TO SEE thousands of dignified men march in a Shriners' parade."

"TO SEE this rather broad-minded sidewalk exhibit of sculpture."

I DIDN'T EXPECT...

"TO FIND such a beautiful and romantic sight as the little soda-sipper dressed in pretty costume for the fiesta at Santa Barbara, California."
Enlargements from "A European Sees Us"
PANTS FROM THE WILD WEST

(Hamburger Fremdenblatt, May 28, 1938)

One remembers the many attempts of the last decade, when European designers tried to make pants fashionable for women for the sake of greater choice. But aside from the beach and at best at home, they’ve had little luck. And now in this time of the new “femininity” their chances to achieve this goal are extremely slight.

Not so in America, and especially there where equality of the sexes has a tradition since the days of the pioneers. The woman had to be as much “at home” in the saddle as the man. The picture that one sees, not only on the farms and ranches but in the streets of the towns, is composed of people in cowboy boots, overall pants, and “ten-gallon hats.” And this is the only appropriate clothing. Since the women don’t wear their hair long anymore, it is hard to tell sometimes whether the rough-looking cowboy walking in front of you in the street is a man or a woman.

However, this is not so in Hollywood and in all the other places where the fashion of the Star-Metropolis is followed. There pantsuits have long been incorporated into the women’s clothing style. For every three girls on Hollywood Boulevard, at the most one of them is still in a dress. But to be confused with a boy, no, that could hardly happen to a Hollywood girl.

Even the Indian girls, photographed at an Indian sportfest, participate in America’s big fashion of wearing pants.

Here’s the way you can present yourself for a Saturday afternoon walk in the little cowboy town in Oregon—maybe in a surprised public.

Women spectators at a road race in the west.

For the woman factory worker the pants are just a continuation of something long taken for granted.

Hollywood today. For every three women there is one who shows loyalty to the honorable dress—and she is probably not a young woman.

A western cowgirl admires the latest design in town.

A zealous female reader in pants in front of the city library in Los Angoloc.

On a street in Winnipeg: What’s right for the U.S.A. is right for Canada.

NOTE: The text and captions of the photo stories originally published in German and Dutch have been translated for this issue of Studies in Visual Communication.
Hosen aus dem Wilden Westen


Im Zentrum des Wilden Westens thront die Stadt und ihre unzähligkei Bevölkerung. Die Leute bewegen sich schnell und tüchtig, und ihre Geschichten sind voller Abenteuer und Heldentaten. Die Menschen des Wilden Westens sind nicht nur ein Symbol der Freiheit, sondern auch ein Zeichen der modernen Zeit, die sie bewohnt.
Auffallen um jeden Preis!

Amerikanische „Publicity“ an Straßen und Plätzen

Einst schon richtig-europäischen Geschmack leihen die Amerikaner kaum — dafür haben sie ihren einzigartigen und sehr vertiefen, nicht unverständlichen. Wo könnte es z. B. in Europa vorkommen, daß eine Kirchengemeinschaft in respektierten Stammplakaten, wie man sie sonst nur für Whiskywerbung oder Beleger-teenen benutzt, und unter Zitierung eines ironischen Spruches in Beschallung ihrer Kirche auf dem Dorfplatz einlädt, was sie dort sind, und wo anderen Kirchen ihre Gemeindemitglieder durch Anschlag an Kirchboden zum Bisspeisemustern, weil dieses Speer — als offenkundig den Amerikaner doch etwas Platz haben, als beleg-lich geistliche Reden „Business ist Business — Geschäft ist Geschäft“, dreckt dort selbst der Reverend. Und was den Kirchen recht ist, das ist natürlich den Einwohnern, die sich selbst, die Besucher, die Besucher, die Besucher. Und was den Kirchen recht ist, das ist natürlich die Begierde, die sich selbst, die Besucher, die Besucher. Und was den Kirchen recht ist, das ist natürlich die Begierde, die sich selbst, die Besucher, die Besucher. Und was den Kirchen recht ist, das ist natürlich die Begierde, die sich selbst, die Besucher, die Besucher.

Eine Tankstelle in Nashville, Tenn.

Dann man sie ja nicht übersieht, ist sie die Gleichberechtigung gefordert.

Foto: „Mond Reklame“ gegenüber
Greyhound-Bus-Station in Neu...
Images of the U.S.A.

zu USA, besonders aber schlimmer, ist die Zahl der Orte Legion, die das Klima der Westen für sich beanspruchen.

Rechts: Blick vom Auto auf die Landstraße.

zunehmen, politische, nahe ansonsten, und die kleinen, besonders die Tankstellen, gehen mit amerikanischen Traditionen und der Gesellschaft.

CHURCH OF THE OPEN DOOR
Welcome!
Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.

Aufdrucke zum Besuch der Kirche im Buche.

Darunter steht der Spruch: „Glaube an Jesus Christus, und du wirst errettet werden.“ Eine für unsere Begriffe etwas seltsame Art von Kirchenwerbung.

Links: Die „Flasche zum Wegsang.“
Eine der vielen, volkstümlichen Anzeigetafeln (aber auf Fälschung, Tankstellen an einer amerikanischen Autobahn.

ATTRACTION AT ANY PRICE
American “publicity” on streets and squares (Illustrierter Beobachter, 1941)

It is indeed true that the Americans hardly know European taste—they have their own, which we don’t understand at all. Where in Europe, for example, would you find a congregation inviting visitors to their church with gigantic billboard signs on the roof quoting a devout Bible saying, the way whiskey or shaving cream is advertised? Or another church which rouses its members to bingo games with notices on the church gate, because this game—one would conclude—attracts the American somewhat more than just spiritual speech? Even the minister there thinks “business is business.” And what is OK for the church is naturally just as reasonable for ice cream venders, gas station owners, and the proprietors of other establishments. If their advertisements are mostly quite tasteless, they are all the more effective for it. These activities are supported by the fact that the European idea of a uniform town character is unknown to the American, and also that there are no official regulations for this purpose. The main thing is always “attract attention at any price.” Our pictures show with what strange ideas people seek to vie with one another.

Invitation for a church visit on the roof. Below it says, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.” For us, a somewhat strange sort of church advertisement.

In the U.S.A., but especially in California, the number of places that claim for themselves the best climate in the world is legion.

The “bottle on the wayside”—one of the many gas stations on American highways, set up to stand out as much as possible.

An apparently dangerous advertisement. This harmless hardware store has a cannon to advertise its tools and pocket knives.

Broadway in New York with its crowded confusion of ad jinglos and lights.

A gas station in Nashville, Tennessee. So one is sure to see it, it is built to look like a glacial formation.

An “oral advertisement” across from the Greyhound station in New York.

Gas stations as monumental works. Typical of the United States are the purposes of its new monumental architecture. Here, for example, monuments serve solely for the recognition of particular gas stations.
TO YOUR MOVIE THEATER SEAT BY CAR
(Zeit im Bild, Prague, 1938)

Los Angeles there is a movie theater that admits 400 cars, unusual in Europe. The cars park facing the screen. A film appears before them on the largest movie screen in the world, and a small speaker at each car delivers the sound at just the right volume. At one time a gigantic loudspeaker was used for the whole lot, but that was changed since the entire neighborhood went into an uproar. California weather is naturally favorable to this sort of arrangement. It is certainly not only on account of the completely different weather that such an installation would not find favor here in Europe. That is why we are presenting these pictures, which demonstrate a small facet of the many idiosyncrasies that separate us from the Americans.

The approach to the peculiar movie theater in Los Angeles. The Los Angeles drive-in takes in more than 400 cars. Here is a view of the spectators.

A “convenient” cinema in Los Angeles (USA)

A picture of the screen during a film showing from one of the front “rows” of the theater.

At the entrance to the drive-in. An employee at the entrance runs back and forth between the cashier in her little house and the driving visitors.
Mit dem Auto ins Parkett
EIN MÖGLICHST BEQUEMES KINO IN LOS ANGELES (USA.)

They Call Themselves Afro-Americans

A visit by our special reporter Bernd Lohse to a large Negro university in the southern United States
(Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung, 1938)

For over 120 years the number of blacks immigrating to the U.S. has been practically nil. Up through the last decade, however, the black population of the U.S. has increased almost tenfold and today comprises about 12 million. According to the latest statistics, however, there has been a relatively heavy movement of the black population from southern and rural regions to the urban areas of the north. The result of this is that urbanized Negro families often produce fewer offspring than is the case with whites.

A statue erected by whites for blacks. A symbol of the amiable black plantation workers of the southern states.

Going to church in snow-white clothing. The university celebrates the day on which several black students have passed their exams.

A contradiction in monuments: How Negros see themselves. A statue that Negroes have built for Booker T. Washington, who himself was not a pure-blooded Negro but a mulatto, as the greatest Negro educator and the founder of Tuskegee, a Negro college.

Fun and seriousness in uniform: a drum major of the university band in his colorful uniform. Customs such as these, which have been adopted from American colleges, strongly cater to the native desire to show off and the natural disposition to vanity.

A student from Tuskegee in the military student instruction common in the U.S.A., which can also open up a career as a reserve officer. Blacks have long served in the army. In World War I, 750 black Americans died.

The great-grandchildren of slaves. A bit of flirting in the university park. All university disciplines are taught at the large Negro college of Tuskegee. Lawyers, doctors, and chemists are trained. The Negro, who is by temperament very passive, aside from certain ecstatic outbursts, likes to take up one of these intellectual careers, which would lift him up to a higher level. But hundreds of these Negro academicians are forced to work as porters, waiters, or cooks, as their fathers did, after finishing their studies.

Many students from Tuskegee earn their work/study money in a candy factory. Not only sciences but also all potential trades are taught in theory and in practice at this peculiar [sic] college.

Segregation in a streetcar. The front half is for whites, the back for Afro-Americans. In the southern U.S. the "color line" is still very strictly observed in transportation, waiting rooms, on playgrounds, in schools, and in hotels. Anyone with the smallest trace of black blood is called "nigger" or "darker," expressions which blacks find insulting. They don't even like to be referred to as "Negroes" but prefer the expression "Afro-American."

One drop of black blood and a man is counted among the Negroes in the U.S.A. This picture, taken during a sports festival at the Negro university, clearly shows the different types of racial mixture.

Sundays at Tuskegee: relatives visit "their students" at the grand college.
They Call Themselves Afro Americano (continued)
Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung


Tragedie
In Negerleven

Uit kinderen van Oom Tom voort een naarzorg...

Waarom er geen eeuwen en eeuwen na het afkomen van de slavernij, zijn de negeren in de Nederlands-Indië nog steeds in een tragische toestand...

Maar de negeren hebben een reeds eeuwenlang voorwerp: hun menselijke recht.

achter Negerleven

achter Nederlandse oogighoopen.
Images of the U.S.A.
TRAGEDY IN NEGRITUDE
(Wiz, 1938)

The children of Uncle Tom fight a new, desperate battle against themselves. But at the start, they were already centuries behind. Now they are trying to become equal through change of appearance.

Wiz brings its readers an interesting piece of reportage on American Negroes, who, in their battle against centuries of backwardness and prejudice, have seized a new means of survival. Now they try to become "white," at least in appearance, forgetting that thereby they increase the opposition even further.

An unpleasant moment on the road to beauty! The curl is removed from the hair before a new wave is laid in.

(Insert) Sticky and greasy, the modern hairdos of young Negro women shine in the sunlight. Nevertheless, they are tremendously proud of the result of many months of hard labor.

The Negro mother starts "beautifying" her children early on. First the hair is made into stiff tails to counteract the natural curl. If this is not sufficient, creams and pomades will do the trick later on.

Mothers go as far as to submit their children to the bleaching and makeup process, convinced that this will enhance their marriage value.

(Top center) In many shop windows seductive announcements can be seen, to which especially the young Negro women from Harlem are vulnerable. Above: some advertisements for hairdos which show a remarkable similarity to those of the white "sisters."

(Left) "Beautifying" is not always a pleasure. To force the hair to grow straight, it is worked with heavy cream and hot pliers. A painful treatment to which the Negro women eagerly submit themselves.

America has large Negro papers. They contain prominent advertisements for "natural" bleachers.

Where cream does not help anymore, powder is used. A young Negro woman beautifies herself before going to church.
The United States of America consists of two parts who live next to each other but are nevertheless strictly separated—white and black. Between them exists only the community of servitude. Each has its own place. Some Negroes study at Negro universities. They have their own Negro newspapers, even their own Negro politics. Many labor unions do not admit Negroes. Thus, lacking a labor solidarity, their role is often to lower wages, which does not enhance the sympathy of white workers for the black.

The effects of the "division line" on the Negroes vary. A large number of them—due to their treatment by the whites—feel so inferior that they lack any desire to rise above their low mental and material level of existence. They are content with their demeaning jobs and neighborhoods, ridicule their own race, and have no idea of how pathetic their role really is. Others are dissatisfied with their situation, but since they lack the understanding that a person can gain respect only when he demonstrates self-respect, they seek refuge in adapting to the white world. These are the most pitiful examples of the Negro race. They strive toward an ideal that can never be attained: the equality in outward appearance with the white race.

The photographs shown here are of these "assimilators."

The Negro and his wife beautify themselves. They try to become white—"a smooth white skin, blond hair, European appearance." In their desperate attempts to numb their painful lack of self-respect, they fight a desperate, tragic battle because their wish is to escape nature and because each victory is gained at their own expense.

Another large group of Negroes in America regained their self-respect in the recognition that they are different from whites but not inferior to them. E.g., the singer Paul Robeson. In their journals one can read a justified critique of white civilization which allows for a whole world to bleed to death in a desperate arms race and which is unable to practice the noble principles of its own religion.

This group of Negroes produces scholars, famous artists, and sportsmen, who by their mind and body teach their people and the whites of America that the "division line" is a bad thing that will disappear as soon as, on both sides, tolerance and humaneness, but above all self-respect and esteem for others, will have triumphed.
A MILLIONAIRE'S TOY
Henry Ford's museum village,
Green Field Village, near Detroit
(Rundblick, 1938)

Ford had the old laboratory rebuilt as a surprise for his friend and former boss, T. A. Edison. As a highlight of its dedication, Ford repeated the revolutionary and now-classic experiment which brought about the invention of the light bulb. It is well known that this experiment had already been performed by a German, Goebel.

(Left) Edison's old laboratory restored with all original pieces, even the glass funnel.

(Below) Ford also had the watch shop where he worked as a young man for just $2.50 a week restored. He still loves to use the familiar tools.

It is a good thing Henry Ford is one of the richest men in the world. Otherwise his chosen hobby would have bled him to death financially. Imagine this: All over America Mr. Ford's agents are buying old buildings of historical importance to the American landscape and restoring them to their original state. They also search for furnishings of the time in order to equip these houses in the right style. For this task they rummage through thousands of attics and more inaccessible places. Even many European objects of cultural value have made the trip over the big pond. In Dearborn, near Detroit, not far from the largest Ford plant, all of it is being put together. Masters of the old arts and crafts are employed—those who still know how to use now-antique tools like the druggist's mortar and the shoemaker's ball. And here, within the organism of a village, they practice their skills. But the biggest feat was to restore Menlo Park, the workplace of Thomas Edison (for whom Henry Ford worked for a while), to its smallest details. The place was completely and genuinely reconstructed, exactly as it looked during the time when the fantastic inventions were made. If original pieces no longer existed or could not be excavated from the dirt piles, they did as well as they could. For example, the bricks which were needed for one of the buildings were ordered from the original brick factory to come as close to the original state as possible. Only one of the old windows had survived, so they built into each of the new windows a piece of wood from the only original one. Even the ground on which the old laboratory stood was brought by wagonloads to the new site. We are assured of seeing only the authentic dirt.
Spielzeug eines Milliardärs

Henry Ford's Museumdorf
Green Field Village bei Detroit

Ein Kreis: Als Überraschung für seinen Freund und früheren Chef Th. A. Edison ließ Ford in Dearborn dessen altes Laboratorium wieder aufbauen; und als Höhepunkt der Einweihung wiederholt Edison das klassische Experiment, die Glühbirne, die bekanntlich schon vorher von dem Deutschen geschaffen wurde.

Links: Edison's altes Laboratorium wieder aufgebaut — original bis zum letzten Glaskrüger.

Links: Ford hat in seinem Park auch den Überraschungsaufbau lassen, in dem er schon einmal als junger Mann für genaue $ 2,50 die Wachskörper und heute noch liebt er es, gelegentlich die vertrauten Werkzeuge zu benutzen.

Es ist nur gut, daß Henry Ford einer der reichsten Männer der Erde ist. Denn sonst hätte er sich als Steckenpferd eine Sache herausgesucht, an der er sich mit Sicherheit finanziell verloren hätte. Man stellt sich vor: In ganz Amerika kaufen die Agenten des Mannes Ford's ehemalige Gebilde auf, die vom heutigen Standpunkt der amerikanischen Landschaft sind, von tausend Dachbädern und noch unsichtbaren Verstecken suchen sie passendes und zielgerichtetes Gerät zusammen, das dann zur Ausschmückung der Gebäude dient, auch aus Europa haben zahlreiche derartige Kulturdenkmäler die Reise über den großen Teich unternommen, und die alles wird auf einem weiten Pausen im größten Fabrikkomplex in Dearborn bei Detroit naturnah und ästhetisch wieder aufgebaut. Dazu werden auch die hier und da in der Nähe von Puente, in den riesigen Organismen, wieder an der Schüttelkugel oder mit
1886

dem Apothekerzettel behaupteten. Die größte Tat war aber, Mondo Park, die alte Zwillingsstraße des Erfolgsmodells. Erstmal über dem Henry Ford eine Zeitschrift war 
vollkommen "recht", bis auf die wunder 
ersten Exemplare genoss, wieder so aufnehmend, wie sie sich zur Zeit der machthungrigen Erfindungen be 
hand. Konnte man die Originales 
dabein nicht mehr erhalten oder aus 
Ausschnitten ausmachen, so war man 
so gut es ging. So wurden z. B. die 
Zweig für ein der Gebäude, die 

Einer der ältesten Farbwagen 
sind ebenfalls der 1867 regist 
rierte. 25 000 000. eine 
sehr schöne V-8-Limousine. 

Auch die Rahmen einer alter Dachabdeckungen müssen sich die Amerikaner von 
ausgerüstet von Herrn Ford wieder vorführen lassen, wie des obige Bild 

Unten: Im Kramladen (General Store) des Dorfes findet man alles damals Nötig 

alptraum waren war, aus der urprü 
lichen Lieferungen bezogen, um 
Sache so echt wie möglich zu machen; 
da nur ein Fensterladen erhalten geblie 
wagen, wurde an jeder der neuen Fen 

lade in Stück des ursprünglichen be 
gerätete. Selbst die Erde, auf der man 

links: Beim Fotografieren wird der 
würdige Kamerareifer noch täglich bei 

sich.
Rechts: Einer der älteren Edison-Phonographen mit dem Trikotier.

Translation

A Millionaire's Toy (continued)

As the above picture shows, today’s Americans have to be shown the romanticism of an old village forge—an irony that Mr. Ford is the one to do it.

(Right) One of the oldest Edison phonographs with a horn.

One of the oldest Ford automobiles next to the 25,000,000th, a beautiful white V-8 limousine.

(Below) A typical old rural American bar, genuine down to the price tag and bottles, but today they are empty.

Old-fashioned head-clamps are still in daily use at the photographer’s studio.

(Below) In the general store one can see everything that was needed then.

Even daguerreotypes can still be produced by the village photographer.
BEAUTY CONTEST IN HOLLYWOOD
(Wiz, Vol. 32, 1937)

America is the land of beauty contests and records. Both often go together. The girl who prides herself on a sweet little face and a record small-size foot will undoubtedly find a place on the front pages of all American newspapers. Each year the contestants must be more beautiful and the contests bigger than the previous year. And, if possible, more foolish and more glamorous. The girl selected in 1936 because of her beautiful eyebrows doesn’t stand a chance in 1937. The “taste” of the public, if it deserves that name, has changed radically by then.

Each state and each city has its beauty tournaments. Especially in summer when it is warm and a bathing suit flatters the beautiful girls of America. And especially in Hollywood. No wonder the film paradise attracts thousands of nice girls who hope to become a Greta Garbo or a Marlene Dietrich. And what is better than showing yourself in public to those who claim to be the judges? Long live the lucky one who wins the contest; she stands a good chance also to win the contest for existence. For she’ll probably get an opportunity in film and then her ideals will have been fulfilled.

(Upper right) Miss 1937 has been selected! “Long shall she live,” is the cry heard everywhere. She gives a friendly smile and gratefully accepts the beautiful prize. Will this really open the road to film fame?

The photo on the left demonstrates the interest the Yankees take in beauty contests. The girls who participate parade in front of the curious audience, which expresses its approval or disapproval by clapping or whistling. The things one endures for a slight chance to attract the attention of a film director! In the center photo one sees the girls whose dream it is to become a Greta Garbo or a Marlene Dietrich. But for the members of the jury and the audience, they are merely numbers with cute faces, perfect figures, and beautiful legs. In the photo to the right, you see the small group from which the final choice will be made. The film operators are already busy. Later, when the queen has been announced, they have to be quick, for the cinema audience demands sensation. The masters of creation watch with great interest. Will one of their favorites win the prize? Their hearts pound in expectation. Are they going to receive the beauty prize? It all depends on what the jury is looking for. If this year’s fashion is long blond curls, then the one on the right undoubtedly stands a good chance.
Beauty Contest in Hollywood (continued)
Amerika is het land van de seksuele onheidswedstrijden. Dit is een van de hoofdpunten van de filmindustrie, dat zich ontwikkeld heeft van een manier om te赚取利润, en later een manier om te表达性。Het idee van het maken van pornofilmen is door de Amerikaanse regisseur en scenarioschrijver Louis Malle geïntroduceerd en later door de Amerikaanse regisseur Stanley Kubrick verfijnd. Het idee van de onheidswedstrijden is in 1959 ontwikkeld en door het Amerikaanse leger gebruikt.

Tijdens de wedstrijden, standen deelnemers in bikini's op podium voor een grote publiek. Het idee was om de seksuele onheidswedstrijden te organiseren en te winnen met behulp van de publieke aandacht.

Vanaf de jaren zestig ontwikkelt Hollywood een nieuw genre van filmindustrie, waarin de seksuele onheidswedstrijden een belangrijke rol spelen. In deze film, staat een vrouw in bikini voor een grote publiek en de camera's hangen aan haar. Zij wint de wedstrijd en kreeg de prijs van het grootste publiek aandacht. Het idee van de onheidswedstrijden is later ook door andere filmregisseurs gebruikt.
THIS BEAUTY BUSINESS IS SERIOUS
(Weekly Illustrated, London, October 2, 1937)

JUDGES FOUND IT HARD. Earnest concentration of judges, on left above, is due to the problem they are faced with—rejecting all of nine hundred of girls like these and choosing a single "Miss California." A career is the prize to be won by the one.

STILL A CHANCE. Under the artificial palms, competitors wait anxiously for their turn to pass before the judges.

ALSO RAN. After a first inspection a few hundred are rejected. Now do not try to conceal their feelings. A few smile hopefully at the camera.

INTERESTED WATCHERS. Apprentices, fashionists, writers to under the browse upon which competitors must pass, look up encouragingly.

MAKE RIGHT. A sort of small Clementine Hardy in the award carried off by 25 year old Miss Randall. She has won the title of "Miss California." comes sturdy enough.

From: North Carolina
Information for Authors

**Style.** Issues of the current volume should be consulted, along with *A Manual of Style* published by the University of Chicago Press. We encourage the use of major subheadings and, where appropriate, second-level subheadings.

**Manuscript Preparation.** Manuscripts must be typed double-spaced (including abstract, quotations, notes and references cited) one side only on 8½ × 11 noncorrosible bond, with ample margins for editorial markings (at least one inch on all sides). Do not break words at the ends of lines. Retype any page on which complicated corrections have been made. The original and two copies must be submitted. Author should keep a copy.

**Footnotes.** Footnotes appear as "Notes" at the end of articles. Authors are advised to include footnote material in the text wherever possible. Notes are to be numbered consecutively throughout the paper and are to be typed on a separate sheet (double-spaced).

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