

Literatura e Fotografia

14-10-2025

O pintor da vida moderna (Baudelaire).

O apelo do presente e um conflito
permanente entre acção e forma.

A

O apelo da representação do presente

B

O problema da representação do presente

A

O *apelo* da representação do presente

“Often people ask what I’m photographing. It’s a hard question to answer. And the best that I’ve come up with is I just say, life, today.”

— William Eggleston

LK: You took photographs of whatever interested you?

WE: Oh yes. I was a passionate photographer, and for a while somewhat guiltily. I thought it was a substitute for something else — well, for writing, for one thing. I wanted to write. But I became very engaged with all the things there were to be had out of the camera, and became compulsive about it. It was a real drive. Particularly when the lighting was right, you couldn't keep me in. I was a little shame-faced about it, because most photography had about it a ludicrous, almost comic side, I thought. A «photographer» was a figure held in great disdain. Later I used that defiantly. But then, I suppose, I thought photographing was a minor thing to be doing. And I guess I thought I ought to be writing. In Paris, I had been trying to write. But in writing I felt blocked— mostly by high standards. Writing's a very daring thing to do. I'd done a lot of reading, and I knew what writing was. But shy young men are seldom daring.

— Walker Evans. Interview with Leslie Katz, NY: Eakins Press, 2019: 19-20.

Excerto de Maria Morris Hambourg, “A portrait of the artist as a young man” in
Walker Evans, NY: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 2000 (pp. 9, 15, 23)

bert, Baudelaire, Laforgue, and
émy de Gourmont, a subtle iron-
admired was rooted in France, a
antidote to the hopeless situation
was facilitated by the erosion of
result of the war, by the new
steamships, and by a favorable
So the irreconcilables—among
ngs, Pound, John Peale Bishop,
w Josephson, John Dos Passos,
writers, as well as artists such
Davis, Man Ray, and Berenice
s in the 1920s. Walker Evans
ately, however, but waited until
t the time he would have gradu-
dropped out after his freshman
d an allowance while he lived in
n the three-year postponement.
ot yet ready to go abroad. He
and, more importantly, to make
to writing. Evans had gradually

imbedding of those insights in an exhaustively detailed
analysis of his subject. **Flaubert's writing was crystalline,
cold, and studded with minute fixations, a brilliantly wrought
art that concealed its art: it offered a penetrating critique of
society in seemingly transparent descriptive terms.**

According to Pound, no one had advanced the art of writ-
ing further than Flaubert except Joyce, who was without
question the greatest living writer of the day.³⁹ There was
consensus on this point. Certainly, *Ulysses* had arrived on a
sea of positive publicity while becoming notorious for so-
called pornographic passages, but what mattered were the
complexity of its mythic structure, the epic dimensions of the
work, and the disclosure of the extraordinary in the ordinary,
innovations that altered the geography of writers' ambi-
tions.⁴⁰ For Hemingway, Joyce was a beneficent influence,
enabling him to break away from the restrictions of dead tra-
ditions, **but for Evans the opposite was true. Admiration for
so colossal a figure was crushing for a mere beginner; Joyce's
example made it nearly impossible to write anything at all.**
"He was my god," he said, helplessly.

Evans turned instead to a writer whose age, sensibilities,
and roots were close to his own. "Hemingway was a great

Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York), Gaston Lachaise, Rockwell Kent, Ralph Steiner, Abbott, and the publisher Harry Crosby.

By 1930, when he began to see Kirstein frequently, Evans was living with a sense of excitement that came from a new amalgamation of his talents. “I became a passionate photographer,” he recalled. “Couldn’t think about anything else. I just caught it, like a disease. Thought about it and practiced it all the time, day by day.”⁶³ Like writing, photography was suitable for the constitutionally timid and solitary; like walking in the city, it was a passport to interesting locales where the pulse of contemporary life throbbed on the surface; more than either it was an immediate fusing of outward fact and inner feeling. Thus bridging Evans’s formerly discrete obsessions, photography utterly absorbed his pent-up energies and the ideas he had been collecting. He was so excited by the possibilities of the medium, he told Kirstein, “that he thought sometimes he was completely crazy.”⁶⁴



The release into productive activity was a heady, even a delirious pleasure. In trying to be a writer, Evans had felt stymied by the chasm between his fainthearted efforts and the Olympian achievements of Eliot and Joyce. But with photography, things were entirely different. Since boyhood he had thought of photography as fun, and he hadn’t spent his impressionable adolescent years overawed by heroic figures with cameras. There seemed a certain borrowable freedom to the medium: instead of honing a style for years in order to write a story, he could take off with a roommate’s camera and come back with a roll of images, each complete and a product of his unique vision. Photographs were not mired in self-doubt like prose; they arose in exhilaration, in celebration of the perfect subject and of providence for leading one’s nose.

Evans entered the modern photographic world on the wings of the New Vision—László Moholy-Nagy’s term for progressive European photography characterized by surprisingly angled views and experimental processes such as photograms, negative prints, and multiple exposures. Both of German background, Evans’s roommates Skolle and especially Grotz (fig. 11), an architect and amateur photographer, helped him discover that his vision of New York—hard, dark,



feelings, phrases, images, which remain there until all the particles which can unite to form a new compound are present together.”⁹¹ When the artist recognizes something in the external world that resembles what he has been incubating, his unconscious thought is released into an image, which takes its peculiar shape in the flux of the present and is always unknowable beforehand. Or, as Eliot said, “We do not know until the shell breaks what kind of egg we have been sitting on.”⁹² For Evans the process was subliminal and almost mystical. “If I’m interested,” he said, “it’ll come to me . . . naturally.”⁹³

The second stage in the making of a photograph was more calculated. “I’m excited up to a point [then] I must enter with another part of myself with discipline and control.” Bringing to bear a concentration that is “psychologically determined,” Evans continued, as “a surgeon has to be detached from human pain . . . [detachment is my] professional equip-

A fotografia (descrições do mundo exterior, do ‘não-eu’ — o contacto com o presente) como substituto da escrita perfeccionista, excessivamente auto-consciente dos “padrões elevados”.

Comparar com Bernardo Soares

Excerto de António M. Feijó, “O Livro do Desassossego” in
Uma Admiração Pastoril pelo Diabo, Lisboa, INCM, 2014.

de Pessoa. A natureza atípica do livro de Soares neste particular deverá, julgo, ser ponderada.

Proponho-me considerar aqui que coerência há, a haver alguma, nestas características do livro de Bernardo Soares.

Antes de proceder a essa análise, através da leitura de um fragmento nuclear do livro, darei um exemplo da posição de Bernardo Soares face ao lugar poético da Natureza, que em nada diverge da que é tomada pelos nomes maiores do Alto Romantismo inglês. Na caracterização das imagens românticas da Natureza, para usar a expressão de W. K. Wimsatt Jr. num decisivo ensaio, um problema crítico insistente foi o de saber qual o polo dominante na transação, o poeta ou o lugar natural que o envolve¹. A crítica moderna do Romantismo é a história de como um modelo dualista da relação do poeta com a Natureza foi substituído por um modelo monista em que a Natureza é tomada como ameaça ou perda, a ser apocalipticamente dissolvida pela elaboração visionária ou mental do poeta. O Modernismo cresceu sob o regime dessa árdua interiorização romântica, que oblitera o objeto natural. O de Bernardo Soares não é exceção.

Eis como Soares coloca a questão, no fragmento 152 do seu livro. As suas descrições de paisagens servem, diz-nos, dois propósitos distintos. Se, por vezes, interrompe um pensamento «com um trecho de paisagem» adequado ao teor das suas impressões momentâneas, é porque essa paisagem é «uma porta» por onde foge ao «conhecimento da [sua] impotência criadora». Se, num outro momento, sente necessidade «de falar de repente com outra pessoa», mas se depara com a ausência de interlocutor, é levado a dirigir-se, por exemplo, «à luz que paira sobre os telhados das casas». O primeiro modo é um exemplo de repressão, em que descrições naturais defletem pensamentos tóxicos de impotência criadora. O segundo é exemplo de deslocação metonímica, em que paisagens tomam o lugar de um ausente, seja ele mera companhia ou par erótico virtual. Os dois modos são um «extravio de pensar-se», numa expressão do fragmento 36, texto a que voltarei.

Em ambos os casos, o objeto natural descrito torna-se paisagem moralizada. Como a paisagem é, em Soares, sucedâneo de perda, a conclusão

¹ W. K. Wimsatt Jr., *The Verbal Icon. Studies in the Meaning of Poetry*, The University Press of Kentucky, 1954, pp. 103-116.

é áspera para o autor: «Este livro é a minha cobardia.» A sua cobardia consiste em permitir-se a si mesmo escrever, evitando o perfeccionismo que inibiria tal propósito, e deixando que a vontade indolente persista indolente na prática do necessário bloqueio criativo.

E, no entanto, Soares escreve, e com um virtuosismo que excede qualquer propósito estetizante. Este movimento é analisado no fragmento 36, que analisarei em detalhe. O começo do fragmento é caracteristicamente redutor: não é a pobreza material do que o rodeia, mas a «sordidez monótona» das vidas à sua volta que o fazem «apócrifo e mendigo». A contração inicial deste texto é seguida, de modo igualmente característico, por uma recuperação criadora:

Há momentos em que cada pormenor do vulgar me interessa na sua existência própria, e eu tenho por tudo a afeição de saber ler tudo claramente. Então vejo — como Vieira disse que Sousa descrevia — o comum com singularidade, e sou poeta com aquela alma com que a crítica dos gregos formou a idade intelectual da poesia.

Ha momentos em que cada pormenor do vulgar me interessa na sua existencia propria, e eu tenho por tudo a afeição de saber ler tudo claramente. Então vejo — como Vieira disse que Sousa descrevia — o comum com singularidade, e sou poeta com aquella alma com que a critica dos gregos formou a idade intellectual da poesia. Mas tambem ha momentos, e ~~agora~~ um é este ~~momento~~ que me opprime agora, em que me sinto mais a mim que as coisas externas, e tudo se me converte numa noite ~~de~~ de chuva e lama, perdida na solidão de um apeadeiro de desvio, entre dois comboios ~~de~~ de terceira classe.

O elogio do Padre António Vieira a Frei Luís de Sousa, o autor de *A Vida de Frei Bartolomeu dos Mártires*, texto que é talvez o lugar mais alto da prosa em português, é várias vezes referido no *Livro do Desassossego*².

² Em «Aquela grande certeza sinfónica: Bernardo Soares e Vieira» (*Românica*, 17, 2008), Fernando J. B. Martinho identifica, e transcreve mais alongadamente, o passo de António Vieira (sobre a *História de S. Domingos* de Frei Luís de Sousa) que Bernardo Soares aqui silenciosamente cita: «O estilo he claro com brevidade, discreto sem affectação, copioso sem redundância, e tão corrente, facil, e notavel, que enriquecendo a memoria, e afeiçãoando

Baudelaire e Evans

Primeiro, Baudelaire.

O Pintor da Vida Moderna

Charles Baudelaire, 1863

Constantin Guys — “la représentation du présent”

“The paradox of the problem is potentially contained in the formula «representation du present,» which combines a repetitive with an instantaneous pattern without apparent awareness of the incompatibility. Yet this latent tension governs the development of the entire essay.”

— Paul de Man, ‘Literary History and Literary Modernity’,
156





2284.

How Lorraine

the scene

the scene

the scene

the scene

Children
playing















REVIEW OF THE ARMY



CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

LE PEINTRE
DE LA VIE MODERNE

CONSTANTIN GUYS

REPRODUCTION INTÉGRALE
DES AQUARELLES DE CONSTANTIN GUYS

ÉDITIONS RENÉ KIEFFER
RELIEUR D'ART, 18, RUE SÉGUIER, VI^e
PARIS — 1923

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



No. 1.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1842.

[SIXPENCE.]

OUR ADDRESS.

In presenting the first number of the *Illustrated London News* to the British Public, we would fain make a graceful entree into the wide and grand arena, which will henceforth contain so many actors for our benefit, and so many spectators of our career. In plain language, we do not produce this illustrated newspaper without some vanity, much ambition, and a fond belief that we shall be pardoned the presumption of the first quality by realizing the aspirations of the last. For the past ten years we have watched with admiration and enthusiasm the progress of illustrative art, and the vast revolution which it has wrought in the world of publication, through all the length and breadth of this mighty empire. To the wonderful march of periodical literature it has given an impetus and rapidity almost equal with the gigantic power of steam. It has converted blocks into wisdom, and given wings and spirit to ponderous and senseless wood. It has in its turn adorned, gilded, reflected, and interpreted nearly every form of thought. It has given to fancy a new dwelling-place—to imagination a more permanent throne. It has set up fresh landmarks of poetry, given sterner pungency to satire, and mapped out the geography of mind with clearer boundaries and more distinct and familiar intelligence than it ever bore alone. Art—as now fostered, and redundant in the peculiar and facile department of wood engraving—has, in fact, become the trade of literature; genius has taken her as its handmaid; and popularity has crowned her with laurels that only seem to grow the greener the longer they are worn.

And there is now no staying the advance of this art into all the departments of our social system. It began in a few isolated volumes—stretched itself next over fields of natural history and science—penetrated the atmosphere of our own general literature—and made companionship with our household books. At one plunge it was in the depth of the stream of poetry—working with its every current—partaking of the glow, and adding to the sparkles of the glorious waters—and so refreshing the very soul of genius, that even Shakespeare came to us clothed with a new beauty, while other kindred poets of our language seemed as it were to have put on festive garments to crown the marriage of their muses to the arts. Then it walked abroad among the people, went into the poorer cottages, and visited the humblest homes in cheap guides, and perhaps, in roughish forms; but still with the illustrative and the instructive principle strongly worked upon, and admirably developed for the general improvement of the human race. Lastly, it took the merry aspect of fun, frolic, satire, and *badinage*; and the school of *Cherisari* began to blend itself with the graver pabulum of *Penny Cyclopedias* and *Saturday Magazines*.

And now, when we find the art accepted in all its elements, and welcomed by every branch of reading into which it has diverged; now, when we see the spirit of the times everywhere associating with it, and heralding or recording its success; we do hold it as of somewhat triumphant omen, that we are, by the publication of this very newspaper, launching the giant vessel of illustration into a channel the broadest and the widest that it has ever dared to stem. We bound at once over the billows of new ocean—we sail into the very heart and focus of public life—we take the world of newspapers by storm, and flout a banner on which the words "*Illustrated News*," become symbols of a freer purpose, and a more enlarged design, than was ever measured in that hemisphere till now.

The public will have henceforth under their glance, and within their grasp, the very form and presence of events as they transpire, in all their substantial reality, and with evidence visible as well as circumstantial. And whatever the broad and palpable delineations of wood engraving can be taught to achieve, will now be brought to bear upon every subject which attracts the attention of mankind, with a spirit in unison with the character of such subject, whether it be serious or satirical, trivial or of purpose grave.

And, reader, let us open something of the detail of this great intention to your view. Begin, *per example*, with the highest region of newspaper literature—The Political. Why, what a field! If we are strong in the creed that we adopt—if we are honest, as we pledge ourselves to be, in the purpose that we maintain—how may we lend music, tone, and sinew to the tone taken and the cause espoused, by bringing to bear upon our opinions, a whole battery of vigorous illustration. What "*H B*," does amid the vacillations of

parties, without any prominent opinions of his own, we can do with double regularity and consistency, and therefore with more valuable effect. Moreover, regard the homely illustration which nearly every public measure will afford: your Poor-laws—your Corn-laws—your Factory-bills—your Income-taxes! Look at the field of public portraiture presented in your Houses of Legislature alone, and interesting to every constituency in the land. Open your police-offices, your courts of law, your criminal tribunals—all the pith and marrow of the administration of justice—you can have it broadly before you, with points of force, of ridicule, of character, or of crime; and if the pen be ever led into fallacious argument, the pencil must at least be oracular with the spirit of truth.

In the world of diplomacy, in the architecture of foreign policy, we can give you every trick of the great Babel that other empires are seeking to level or to raise. Is there peace? then shall its arts, implements, and manufactures be spread upon our page. The literature—the customs—the dress—the institutions and localities of other lands, shall be brought home to you with spirit, with fidelity, and, we hope, with discretion and taste. Is there war? then shall its seat and actions be laid naked before the eye. No *etat-fictif*—no telegraph—no steam-winged vessel—no overland mail, shall bring intelligence to our shores that shall not be sifted with industry, and illustrated with skill in the columns of this journal; and whether the cowardice of China or the treachery of Afghanistan be the theme of your abhorrence or resentment, you shall at least have as much historical detail of both as, while it gratifies general curiosity, shall minister to the natural anxieties at home of those who have friends and relations amid the scenes delineated and the events described.

Take another fruitful branch of illustration, the pleasures of the people—their theatres, their concerts, their galas, their races, and their fairs! Again, the pleasures of the aristocracy—their court festivals, their *bal masques*, their levees, their drawing-rooms—the complexion of their grandeur and the circumstance of all their pomp!

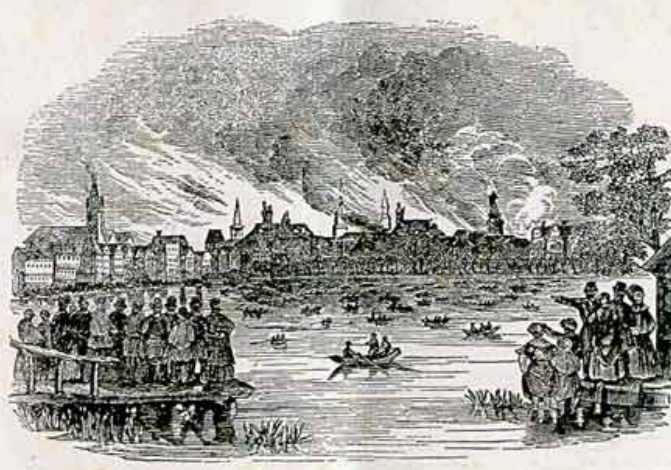
In literature, a truly beautiful arena will be entered upon; for we shall not only, in most instances, have the opportunity of illustrating our own reviews, but of borrowing selections from the illustrations of the numerous works which the press is daily pouring forth, so elaborately embellished with woodcuts in the highest style of art.

In the field of fine arts—but let the future speak, and let us clip promise in the wing. We have perhaps said enough, without condescending to the littleness of too much detail, to mark the general outline of our design; and we trust to the kindness and intelligence of our readers to imagine for us a great deal more than we have been able to crowd into the compass of an introductory leader. Moreover, we would strongly premise an expression of gratitude for all suggestions that may hereafter reach us, and assure our volunteers of these, that wherever there seems a possibility of acting upon them creditably, that course shall be taken with promptitude, vigour, and effect.

Here we make our bow, determined to pursue our great experiment with boldness; to associate its principle with a purity of tone that may secure and hold fast for our journal the fearless patronage of families; to seek in all things to uphold the great cause of public morality; to keep continually before the eye of the world a living and moving panorama of all its actions and influences; and to withhold from society no point that its literature can furnish or its art adorn, so long as the genius of that literature, and the spirit of that art, can be brought within the reach and compass of the Editors of the *Illustrated London News*!

DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY OF HAMBURG BY FIRE.

By the arrival of the General Steam Navigation Company's boat *Saladonia*, off the Tower, on Tuesday evening, news has been brought of an immense conflagration which took place on Thursday morning, the 5th instant, at one o'clock, in that city. The district in which the fire broke out consists entirely of wood tenements, chiefly of five and six stories high, and covering an area of ground of about thirty to forty acres. The whole of the buildings on this large space have been totally consumed to the number of more than 1000. The fire was by some thought to have originated in the street known by the name of the Stein Twite, in the warehouse of a Jew, named Cohen, a cigar manufacturer, and who, upon good grounds, has been taken up on suspicion as the incendiary. The wind at the time blew a stout north-wester, causing the flames rapidly to spread; and proceeding in the direction of *Hofling's* market, and from thence to *Deich* street, entirely consuming the whole of the following streets, among which is the *Hoppen*-market, and St. Nicholas Church, a fine stone fabric, and the handsome in *Hamburgh*. Great Twite, Cresson (back and end), Grosser Burstah, Mullen Brucke, Alto Berse, Bohnen Strasse, Monke-



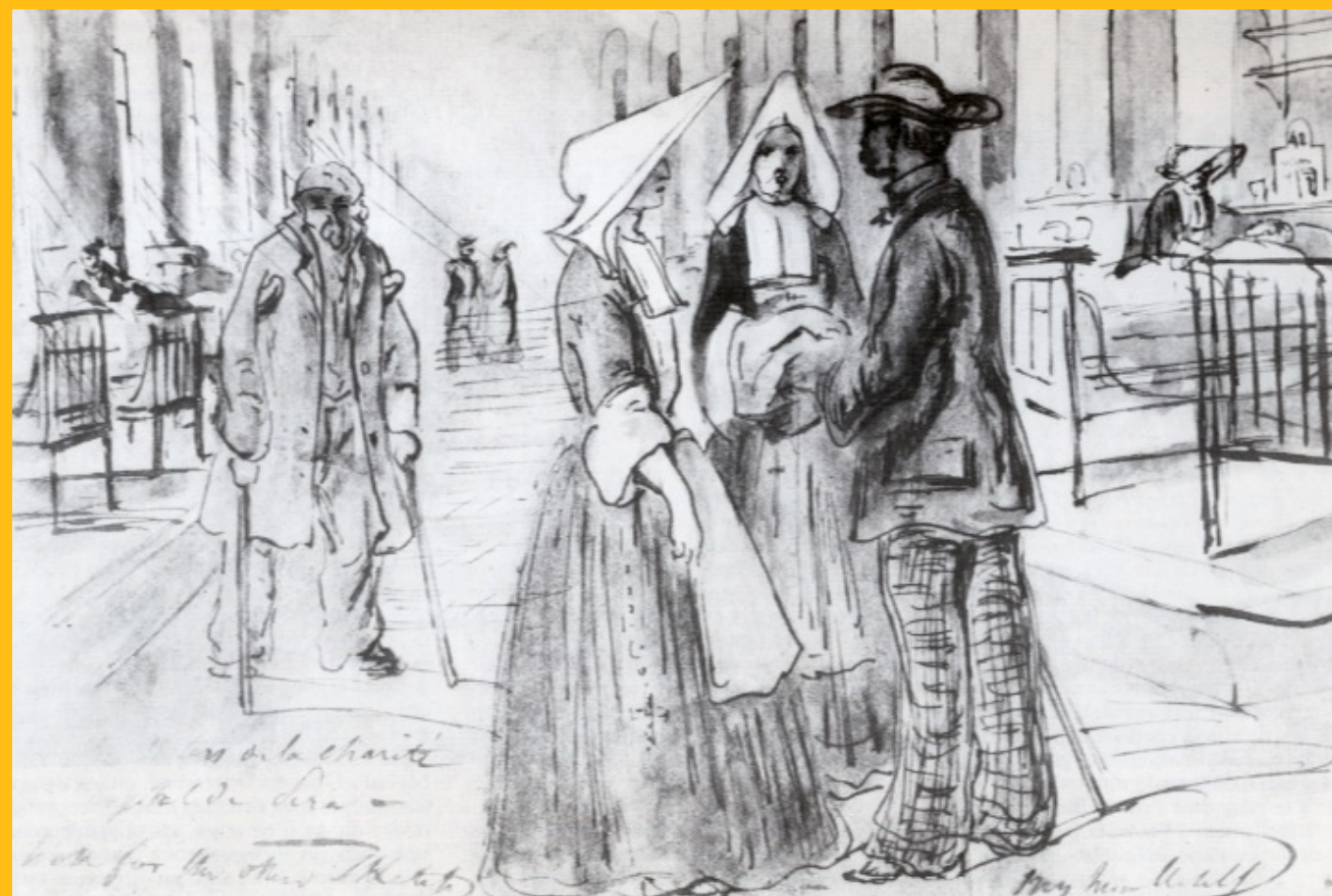
View of the Conflagration of the City of Hamburg.



"Constantin Guys, Bataille de Balaklava, 25 octobre 1854, dessin et sa reproduction sous forme de gravure dans The Illustrated London News, Duflo, op. cit., p. 230-231."



"Constantin Guys, Blessés turcs, janvier 1855, dessin et sa reproduction sous forme de gravure dans *The Illustrated London News*, in : Duflo, *op. cit.*, p. 266-267."



"Constantin Guys, Hôpital de Péra : signature en bas à droite : «My humble self» in : Duflo, op. cit., p. 190."

O PINTOR DA VIDA MODERNA

I

O BELO, A MODA E A FELICIDADE

Há no mundo, e mesmo no mundo dos artistas, pessoas que vão ao Museu do Louvre e passam rapidamente, e sem lhes dispensar um olhar, diante de uma imensidade de quadros muito interessantes ainda que de *segunda ordem*, mas que depois se postam sonhadoramente diante de um Ticiano ou de um Rafael, um desses que a gravura mais popularizou; então, saem satisfeitas, e há algumas que dizem: «Eu cá conheço o meu museu.» Existem também aqueles que, tendo lido em tempos Bosquet e Racine, se julgam senhores da história da literatura.

Felizmente, surgem de tempos a tempos justiceiros, críticos, amadores, curiosos que afirmam que não está tudo em Rafael, que não está tudo em Racine, que os *poetæ minores* têm algo de bom, de sólido e delicioso; e, enfim, que, por tanto se amar a beleza geral, que é expressa pelos poetas e artistas clássicos, não deixa de ser um erro não ligar à beleza particular, à beleza de circunstância e à marca dos costumes.

Devo dizer que o mundo, há vários anos, se corrigiu um pouco. O valor que os amadores atribuem hoje às amabilidades gravadas e coloridas do século passado prova que se deu uma reacção no sentido do que o público precisava; Debucourt, os Saint-Aubin e muitos outros entraram no dicionário dos artistas dignos de estudo. Mas esses representam o passado; ora, é à pintura dos costumes do presente que me quero dedicar hoje. O passado é interessante não apenas pela beleza que dele souberam extrair os artistas para quem ele era o presente, mas tam-

EXEMPLOS DO PASSADO

O PINTOR DA VIDA MODERNA

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Philibert-Louis **Debucourt** (1755–1832)



Title: The Pleasures of Fatherhood
Date: n.d.
Medium: Etching and aquatint, printed in color
Classification: Prints
Credit Line: Harris Brisbane Dick Fund, 1935
Source: The Metropolitan Museum of Art



Pl. De l'histoire d'une rose, par le même, 1788.

LA ROSE.

C'est l'âge qui touche à l'enfance ;
C'est Justine, c'est la candeur.
Déjà l'amour parle à son cœur.
Crédule comme l'innocence,
Elle écoute, avec complaisance
Son langage souvent trompeur.
Son œil fatigué se repose



Sur un jeune homme à ses genoux
Qui, d'un air suppliant et doux,
Lui présente une simple rose.
De cet amant passionné,
Justine, refusez l'offrande ;
Lors qu'un amant donne, il demande.
Et beaucoup plus qu'il n'a donné.

le Cl^r de P.

à Paris chez l'auteur cour du vieux Louvre la 5^{me} porte à gauche en entrant par la colonnade au 1^{er}

Title: The Rose
Date: 1788
Medium: Color etching and aquatint
Dimensions: Plate: 13 15/16 × 9 3/4 in. (35.4 × 24.7 cm)
Sheet: 14 15/16 × 11 3/16 in. (38 × 28.4 cm)
Credit Line: Harris Brisbane Dick Fund and Rogers Fund, by exchange, 1956
Source: The Metropolitan Museum of Art



Title: The Public Promenade

Date: 1792

Medium: Etching, engraving, and aquatint printed in color

Credit Line: The Elisha Whittelsey Collection, The Elisha Whittelsey Fund, 1961

Source: The Metropolitan Museum of Art



Title: Visitors to the Salon Exhibition, Admiring the Ceiling (Les Amateurs de plafonds au Salon)
Etcher: Louis Philibert Debucourt (French, Paris 1755–1832 Paris)
Artist: After Carle (Antoine Charles Horace) Vernet (French, Bordeaux 1758–1836 Paris)
Date: August 27, 1824
Medium: Hand-colored etching
Dimensions: sheet: 15 9/16 x 11 1/4 in. (39.5 x 28.6 cm)
Classification: Prints
Credit Line: Gift of Nathan Chaikin, 1961

Gabriel de **Saint-Aubin** (1724–1780)



SPECTACLE DES TUILERIES

Title: Scene in the Tuileries: The Chairs

Date: 1760

Medium: Etching, second state

Dimensions: sheet: 4 7/16 x 7 7/8 in. (11.3 x 20 cm) image: 4 1/8 x 7 5/8 in. (10.5 x 19.4 cm)

Credit Line: Rogers Fund, 1918

Source: The Metropolitan Museum of Art



Title: Revelers at a Table in the Countryside
Date: 1760s
Medium: Pen and black ink with bister wash over black chalk
Dimensions: 9 15/16 x 7 11/16 in. (25.3 x 19.6 cm)
Classification: Drawings
Credit Line: Robert Lehman Collection, 1975
Source: The Metropolitan Museum of Art



Title: Les fêtes vénitiennes
Date: after 1759
Medium: Watercolor and
gouache over pen and brown
ink
Dimensions: 8 1/16 x 5 15/16
in. (20.5 x 15.1 cm)
Classification: Drawings
Credit Line: Robert Lehman
Collection, 1975
Source: The Metropolitan
Museum of Art



Title: A street show in Paris
Date: 1760
Medium: Oil on canvas
Dimensions: 80 × 64.1 cm
Acquisition credit
Main Collection
Source: The National Gallery

pelos poetas e artistas clássicos, não deixa de ser um erro não ligar à beleza particular, à beleza de circunstância e à marca dos costumes.

Devo dizer que o mundo, há vários anos, se corrigiu um pouco. O valor que os amadores atribuem hoje às amabilidades gravadas e coloridas do século passado prova que se deu uma reacção no sentido do que o público precisava; Debucourt, os Saint-Aubin e muitos outros entraram no dicionário dos artistas dignos de estudo. Mas esses representam o passado; ora, é à pintura dos costumes do presente que me quero dedicar hoje. O passado é interessante não apenas pela beleza que dele souberam extrair os artistas para quem ele era o presente, mas tam-

bém como passado, pelo seu valor histórico. O mesmo se passa com o presente. O prazer que retiramos da representação do presente provém, não só da beleza de que pode revestir-se, mas ainda da sua qualidade essencial de presente.

Tenho diante dos olhos uma série de gravuras de modas que começam com a Revolução e acabam mais ou menos no Consulado¹¹¹. Aqueles fatos, que fazem rir muitas pessoas irreflectidas, daquelas pessoas sérias sem verdadeira seriedade, apresentam um encanto de dupla natureza, artístico e histórico. São muitas vezes belos e talentosamente desenhados; mas o que me importa, ao menos tanto como isso, e o que me agrada encontrar em todos ou quase todos, é a moral e a esté-

Voltaremos a este ponto: a ideia de extrair do presente a qualidade essencial de *presente*, seja isso o que for. A possibilidade de fotografar ‘life, today’ de uma forma que transcende as inibições inerentes da sua historicidade, da sua obsolescência iminente.

EXEMPLOS DO PRESENTE DE BAUDELAIRE

os países, para seu prazer e sua glória, contaram com alguns desses homens. Na nossa época actual, a Daumier e a Gavarni, que são os primeiros nomes que ocorrem à memória, podemos acrescentar Devéria, Maurin, Numa (historiadores das graças suspeitas da Restauração), Wattier, Tassaert, Eugène Lami (este quase inglês, tal o seu amor pelas elegâncias aristocráticas), e até Trimolet e Traviès, cronistas da pobreza e da vida modesta.

Paul Gavarni Chevalier (1804–1866)



Title: "We're wearing lots of flowers this spring, especially on hats" (Fashionable Magazine), plate IX from the suite The English At Home, from Masks and Faces
Date: 1853
Medium: Lithographic stone
Dimensions: 11 5/8 x 9 5/8 x 1 9/16 in. (29.5 x 24.5 x 4 cm)
Credit Line: Mary Oenslager Fund, 2018
Source: The Metropolitan Museum of Art

OEUVRES DE GAVARNI.

Le Carnaval à Paris.



— Il n'est pas ici, madame !
— Il y viendra, madame !

Par GAVARNI.

Gravé par LAVIELLE.

Oeuvres Choiesies de Gavarni: Etudes de Mœurs Contemporaines (Le Carnaval à Paris, Paris le matin, Les Etudiants de Paris) > The Walters Art Museum Online Collection.

Ver também > Buffalo AKG Art Museum online collection

Honoré Daumier (1808-1879)



A carruagem de primeira classe > Mais exemplos: [The Walters Art Museum Online Collection](#).



A carruagem de segunda classe > Mais exemplos: [The Walters Art Museum Online Collection](#).



A Carruagem de Terceira Classe > Mais exemplos: [The Walters Art Museum Online Collection](#).



O Omnibus > Mais exemples: The Walters Art Museum Online Collection.

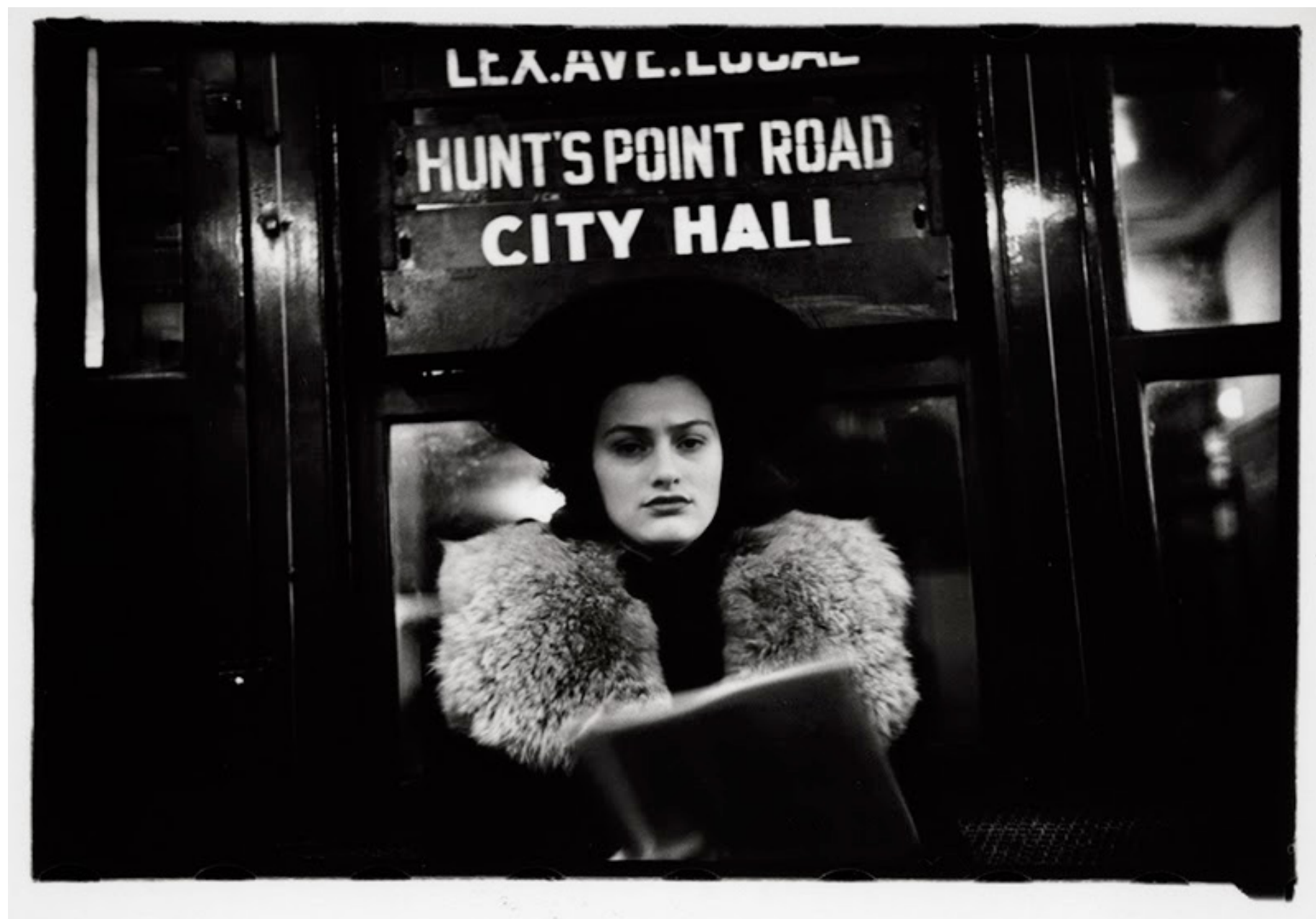
Comparar com Evans

Imagens de *Many are Called* (1938)













Etc.

Tentem agora descrever o paradoxo.

A representação do presente que é ao mesmo tempo uma imitação do passado, ou antes, a repetição ou evocação de um modelo — a frescura de cujo gesto original reside em ser uma representação do fluxo do presente.

Um gesto baudelaireano que existe na condição de se negar a si mesmo enquanto acção puramente moldada no fluxo do presente. A representação da modernidade que trai a possibilidade da representação da modernidade.

«The guard is down and the mask is off. (...) Even more than in lone bedrooms (where there are mirrors), people's faces are in naked repose down in the subway.»

— Walker Evans, *Many Are Called*, 1938

right. It's a question of truth. You can make a very false picture from a wonderful negative, or you can make a true one.

One notices that in your photographs people are unself-conscious before your camera and all the more themselves for that, formally unself-conscious. Also, in your photographs of things, you seem to seek and discover what you at once termed "unconscious arrangements." Do you efface yourself, or seek a quality of concentration?

No, but I do it psychologically, and again, unconsciously. It comes about through some quality of mine that I don't know how I bring into play. People react to me in one way, and to another kind of person in another way. They react the way I want them to when I'm doing it right. I'm often asked by students how a photographer can overcome self-consciousness in himself and in his subjects. I say any sensitive person is bothered unless his belief in what he is doing and motive is very strong. The picture is the important thing. In making pictures of people no harm is being done to anybody or deception practiced. One is carrying on a great tradition in a branch of art practiced by Daumier¹⁵ and Goya,¹⁶ for instance. Daumier's *Third Class Carriage* is a kind of snapshot of actual people sitting in a railway carriage in France in the mid-nineteenth century. Although he didn't use a camera, he sketched those people on the spot, like a reporter, and they probably saw him doing it. What of it?

De passagem:

“There is something on people’s faces when they don’t know they are being observed that never appears when they do.”

— Susan Sontag, *On Photography*, 37

O interesse dos fotógrafos no ‘eu’ despido das marcas da autoconsciência pertence ao género de paixão pelo fluxo do presente que orienta muitos fotógrafos. Pedir permissão para fotografar alguém interrompe e estraga a representação da absorção.

A colaboração com o sujeito gera outra canção do presente, por assim dizer, outro género de dança.

Exemplos análogos de “poetas menores”
do presente de Walker Evans.

Exemplos análogos de “poetas menores” do presente de Walker Evans.

Já no capítulo (abaixo) das auto-descrições de Walker Evans em referência a Baudelaire, especificamente, referências a ‘O pintor da vida moderna’.

Felizmente, surgem de tempos a tempos justiceiros, críticos, amadores, curiosos que afirmam que não está tudo em Rafael, que não está tudo em Racine, que os *poetæ minores* têm algo de bom, de sólido e delicioso; e, enfim, que, por tanto se amar a beleza geral, que é expressa pelos poetas e artistas clássicos, não deixa de ser um erro não ligar à beleza particular, à beleza de circunstância e à marca dos costumes.

Deve-se

Documentário Lírico*

Palestra de Walker Evans apresentada em Yale, 11 de Março, 1964

(*) Voltaremos noutra aula à ideia de “documentário lírico”.

My thoughts go to Vesalius [fig. 1] more than they do to Leonardo . . . You probably know very well that Vesalius is a sixteenth-century anatomical teacher [whom] I believe [lived] in Venice, and that he published perhaps the first thoroughgoing book on the human body. The book was called *The Fabric of the Human Body*. And I discovered it quite by chance because in the 1930s, I believe, a marvelous reproduction of this book came out in Munich.³ It was printed perfectly beautifully and with huge size, I suppose elephant size. It was published because those blocks turned up in Munich. I don't know who discovered them, or how. But they were in perfect condition. They were woodblocks of the human body in all stages of, well, dissection. I never use the word, but the skeletal system, the muscles, the nerves, and the veins and arteries were all described so beautifully.

The artist was reputed to have been Jan van Calcar, a man who was working in Titian's studio.⁴ This I have never verified. Some of you probably know—those among you who are specialists and art historians know all about that. In any event, in looking just in my own books I couldn't even find Vesalius in the eleventh edition of the *Britannica*. And I do know that Vesalius rather robbed van Calcar—or whoever the artist was—because he never credited him. I was delighted to find that van Calcar is in that edition, so some justice has been done. What book you have here at Yale is a sixteenth-century edition. I don't believe you have the large Munich edition. I've seen it in the New York Public Library and it's something I'd just love to own. It's sort of . . . I would like to own the elephant edition of Audubon [*Birds of America*] and I would like to own . . . it's terribly expensive . . . it's a sort of bibliophile's prize.

I would mention Palladio [fig. 2] next in my early loves of what I call lyric documentary work because



Figure 1.

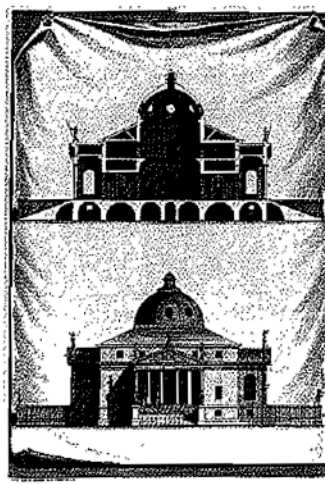


Figure 2.



Figure 3.

Figure 1. Andreas Vesalius (Flemish, 1514–1564). *Musculo* from *De humani corporis fabrica*, (1555); page 221. Woodcut. Gift of Dr. Alfred E. Cohn, in honor of William M. Ivins, Jr., 1953 (53.682). **Figure 2.** Andrea Palladio (Italian, 1508–1580). *Villa Rotunda* from *The Architecture of A. Palladio in Four Books containing a Short Treatise on the Five Orders* (1715). Etching and engraving. Bequest of W. Gedney Beatty, 1941 (41.100.169). **Figure 3.** Giovanni Battista Piranesi (Italian, 1720–1778). (The means by which the large travertine blocks and other marbles were lifted in the construction of the Great Tomb of Cecilia Metella, today called Capo di Bove). Etching, plate 53, Volume 3 of *Antichità Romane* (1756). Etching. Rogers Fund, transferred from the Library, 1941 (41.71.1.3.53)

oneself upon the pavements in downtown Cleveland, Omaha, or Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts. One can penetrate those extraordinarily unbeautiful buildings that were, withal, accented with good marble and mahogany and brass.

In the street the trolleys clang. The air is not at all free of horse smells. On the sidewalk, striding purposefully forward, because his heart is pure, is the young Horatio Alger—square-dealing, yet determined to earn one more honest dollar than the next cleanly competitor [*laughter*] who is just as square.¹¹ One's own father's office was on the fifth floor front. And yesterday he paid the bill for your first long pants. Somehow, this can remind you, now, that there was nothing amusing about first love, juvenile ineptitudes, and early glory.

"Downtown" was a beautiful mess. The tangle of telephone poles and wires attest to that. The architecture is simply indescribable, although at State and Madison in Chicago stood Louis Sullivan's now prized Carson Pirie Scott & Company's store building. This was the time when commercial America was solidifying into what it is today. There are many central streets in Pittsburgh or Denver or Troy, New York, that are lined with fifty-year-old buildings, in neighborhoods that still exude the atmosphere of 1911. You are reminded of some of the facts of life that bedeviled each citizen under Teddy Roosevelt and William Howard Taft. The dentist jabbed harder and hurt worse. If you had pneumonia severely, you just died. If you were shaken too much by the money panic of 1907, you were a case for the alienist.

Picture postcards were produced in enormous quantity around 1900-1915, and they satisfied the simple desire to recognize and to boast. We may thank pure corn for some admirable posthumous side values.¹²

Now may I show you some examples of postcards, limited to postcards of the style that I'm talking about? I'm ready to have these projected now. Should I push this button, sir? Yes. Oh, I beg your pardon. [*laughter*] That is Calcar. That is Jan van Calcar, and that is out of Vesalius, and you can see the remarkable shock value of that, and the beauty of it. [*laughter*] Also, I mean it looks like a Tchelitchew, it looks like a . . . I mean Dali probably would go into ecstasies over that [*laughter*] . . . it is sort of a stylistic forerunner of many modern things. There is one more Calcar. May I have that? Notice the nobility of this diagram of the good old human skeleton.

That is enough of that. We are going to have the postcards now . . .

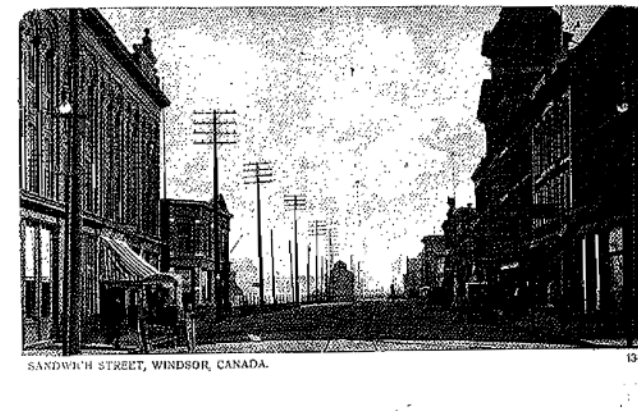


Figure 7. *Sandwich Street, Windsor, Canada, 1900s*. Postcard. WEA (1994.264.108.389)



Figure 8. *20th Street North from Five Points, Birmingham, Ala., 1900s*. Postcard. WEA (1994.264.107.2)

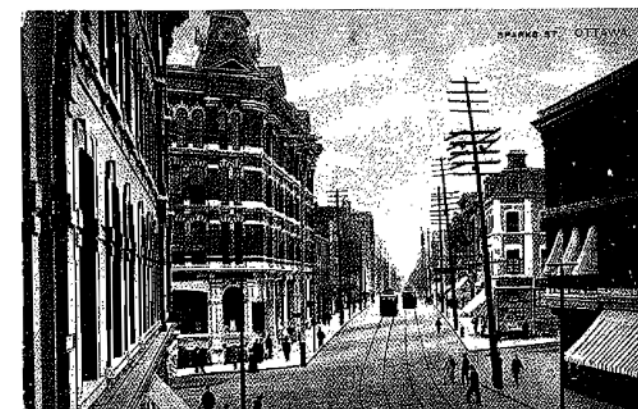


Figure 9. *Sparks St., Ottawa, 1910s*. Postcard. WEA (1994.264.108.380)

[Postcard 1: fig. 7] Now I feel that a picture of this sort has mood and authenticity, simple as it is, and also the time has lent it a poetry that obviously it didn't have. The photographer probably wanted that wagon out of the way [*laughter*] and now it makes the picture. [*laughter*]

[Postcard 2: fig. 8] I really have nothing much to say about these things. They, to me at least, they create a mood and I'm just going to let you have a look at them and whatever comes up that I feel like mentioning I will, but . . .

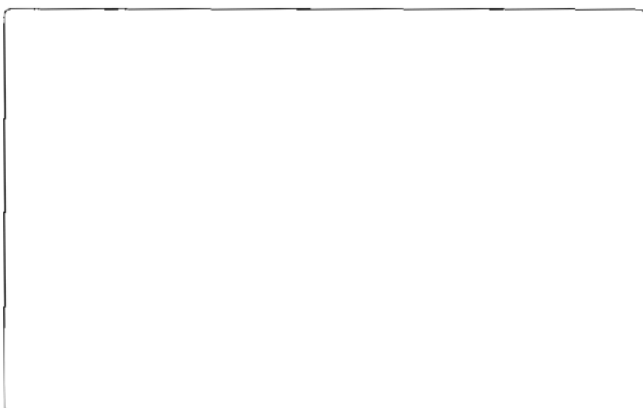
[Postcard 3: fig. 9] Can you imagine anything more a conglomeration of hideous things that come together casting a spell of . . . well I couldn't call it beauty, but of a certain kind of silent poetry in there? Appears to me anyway.

[Postcard 4: fig. 10] Same is true of this. Again, the photographer certainly would [have] loved to have had the street traffic out of that, and it now makes the picture.



Figure 10. *Canal St., Grand Rapids, Mich., 1900s.* Postcard. WEA (1994.264.107.370)

[Postcard 5]¹³ These cards are not easy to come by. You know you can go into shops and buy a lot of old postcards, but I've been awfully careful to buy only the ones that have the quality that I care about.



[no known postcard]

[Postcard 6: fig. 11] As I say, I'm not interested in these in history although they are [inaudible] in this regard. But to find them is a lot of trouble, as I say.

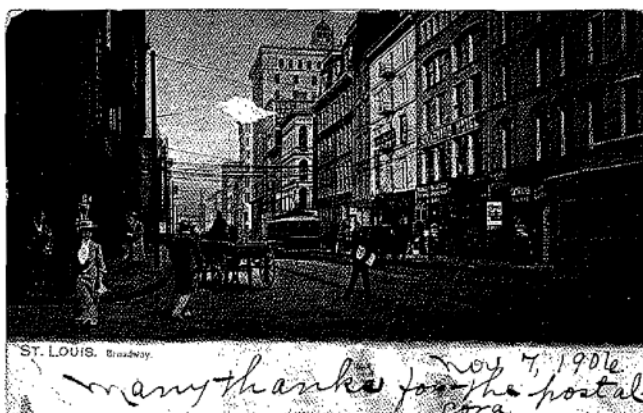


Figure 11. *Broadway, St. Louis, 1900s.* Postcard. WEA (1994.264.107.381)



Figure 12. *State Street, Bridgeport, Conn., 1900s.* Postcard. WEA (1994.264.107.33)

[Postcard 7: fig. 12] You have to spend much too much time going through *junk* to pick out ones that appeal to you that have this style that I care about.



Figure 13. *Fourteenth St., East from Sixth Ave., N.Y. City, 1900s.* Postcard. WEA (1994.264.107.601)

[Postcard 8: fig. 13] There's Horatio Alger, right there. [laughter] That's Fourteenth Street, New York.



Figure 14. *South Fourth Avenue, Mount Vernon, N.Y., 1900s.* Postcard. WEA (1994.264.107.532)

[Postcard 9: fig. 14] That might be a Rousseau somehow, the naïveté of doing that night scene. Of course that's, as I say, photography is the base of that. It's faked up and I purposely wanted to show you a very fake one.

[Postcard 10: fig. 15] That's a beauty I think. See, [an] unpaved street. You can smell that. I don't suppose . . . it's just an accident that it has that spring poetry about it. These photographers are going around making a living doing that.

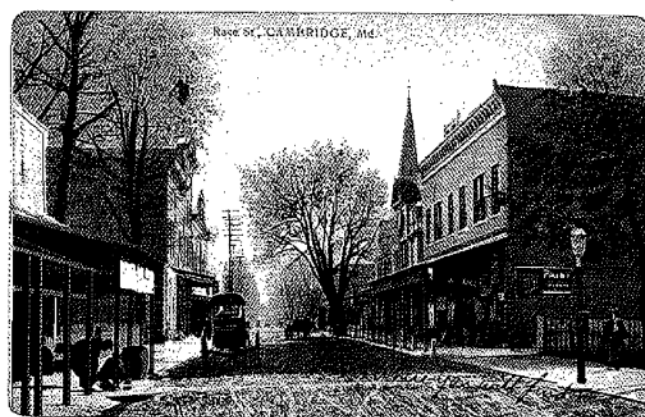
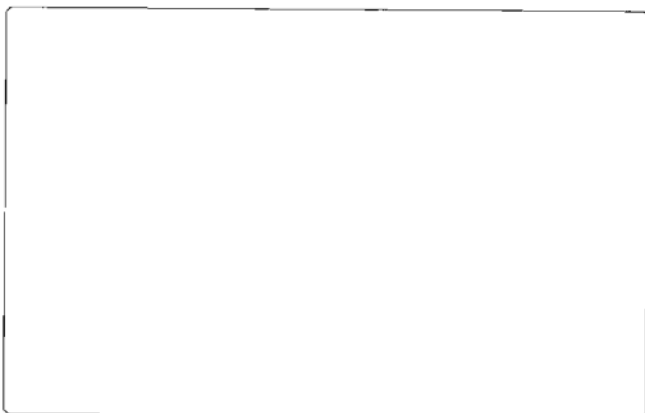


Figure 15. *Race St., Cambridge, Md., 1900s.* Postcard. WEA (1994.264.107.237)

[Postcard 11] That seems to me to be a beauty. Full of the American small town of . . . well I don't know whether I can date all these, that's probably 1906, something like that.



[no known postcard]

[Postcard 12: fig. 16] I think one of the reasons we can look at these unsentimentally is that . . . even I am too young to have been there, just about . . . I mean maybe when I was born that was like that, but . . . if this were my young manhood, I probably would not be able to look at it so purely.



Figure 16. *Rue de la Cour—Court Street, Waterloo, Que., 1910s.* Postcard. WEA (1994.264.108.384)

[Postcard 13] [No comments.]



[no known postcard]

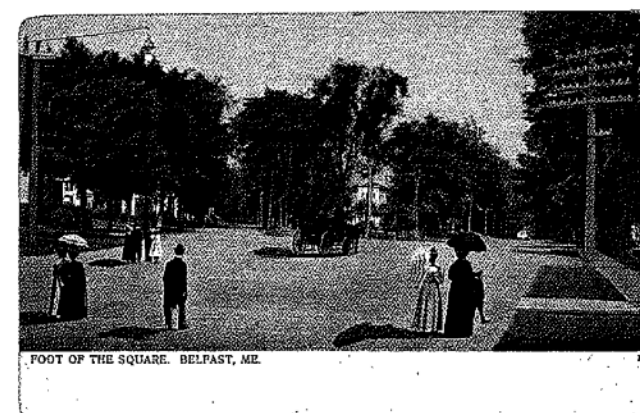
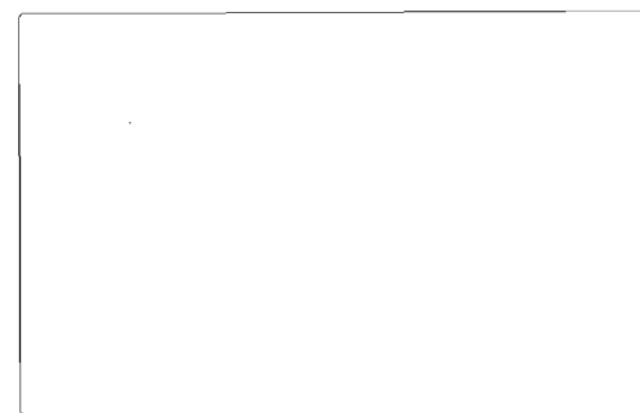


Figure 17. *Foot of the Square, Belfast, Me., 1900s.* Postcard. WEA (1994.264.107.203)

[Postcard 14: fig. 17] Oh here is an interesting thing. This is again photography, but these figures have been put in. The editor decided there wasn't enough in there and so . . . I'm charmed by the fact that . . . I'm convinced that those two people, even though they may be photography, were pasted into that picture. The people on the right, I mean.



[no known postcard]

[Postcard 15] Now again, I don't have this because I love the old railroads—although I do—but I think this is so honest and so revealing of hardworking everyday America that I wanted to show it to you as a document.

[Postcard 16: fig. 18] Santa Fe . . . another railroad thing that has a nice quality to it in my mind.

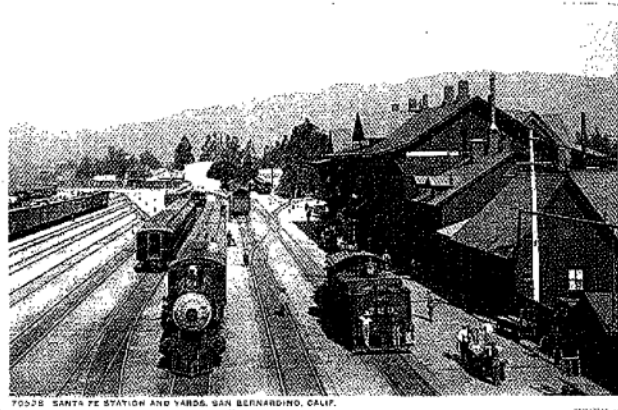


Figure 18. Santa Fe Station and Yards, San Bernardino, Calif., 1910s. Postcard. WEA (1994.264.1.2)

[Postcard 17: fig. 19] Kansas City, just exactly the way it should be. [laughter]

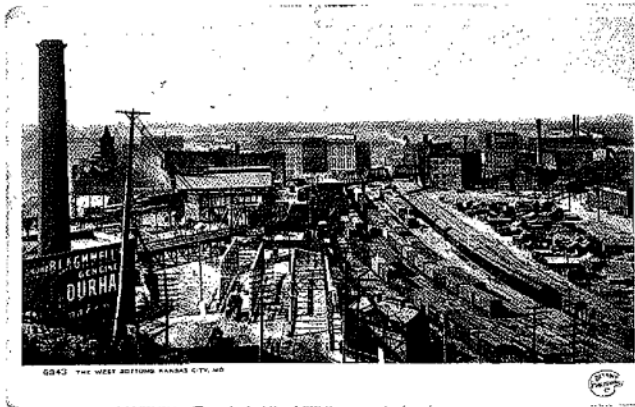


Figure 19. The West Bottoms, Kansas City, Mo., 1900s. Postcard. WEA (1994.264.36.22)

[Postcard 18: fig. 20] There is a nice bit of hand retouching . . . which is . . . I must say that is amusing, but I love it anyway. I weakened to show you that one because it's not as severe or serious. But it does have an atmosphere about it that I care a great deal about.

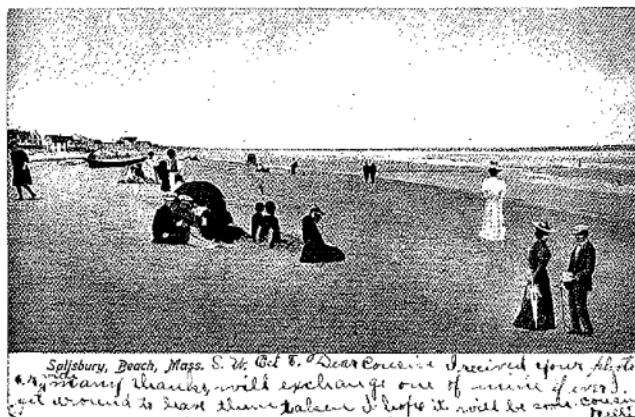


Figure 20. Salisbury, Beach, Mass., 1900s. Postcard. WEA (1994.264.18.99)



Figure 21. Friends Meeting House, Philadelphia, Pa., 1900s. Postcard. WEA (1994.264.98.29)



Figure 22. "Where All Men are Equal.", 1900s. Postcard. WEA (1994.264.109.27)



Figure 23. Post Office at Searsburg, Vt., On One of the Drives from Child's Tavern, Wilmington, Vt., 1910s. Postcard. WEA (1994.264.69.50)

[Postcard 19: fig. 21] This is a very pure one. Now that is *straight* photography. How it got colored, I don't know. I think they were printed in Germany, most of these¹⁴. But there, the atmosphere of that Sunday morning, the Friends Meeting in—you can see it better than I can—Philadelphia. Couldn't be purer or truer. I'm placed right there when I look at that picture. Well, more than that, I have a feeling of . . . well the human pleasure and beauty of being. Not that I go to church with the Friends, but I feel there is spirit in that picture.

[Postcard 20: fig. 22] [laughter] Well this is a great one, and this is very pure, too. That's a *document*, and of course it's gained a great deal in time. How the postcard man got in there and made that picture I do not know. But that is *very real*. I'm actually convinced that this fellow didn't even put his hat back just for that. He probably didn't . . . I don't think they knew they were being photographed, or cared.

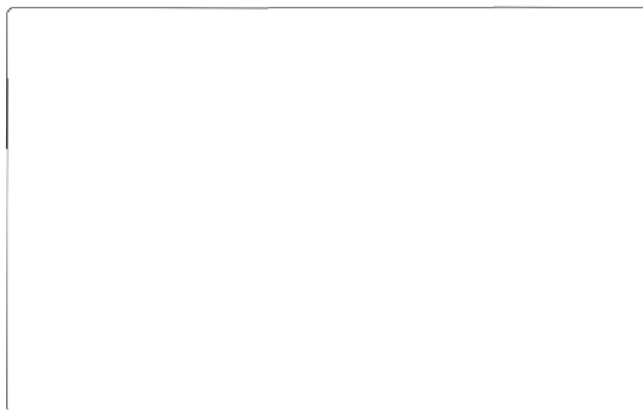
[Postcard 21: fig. 23] Of course that also can be looked upon as social document.

[Postcard 22: fig. 24] Here's another very pure one, too. As a matter of fact, I did learn that the postcard business was made profitable by cheap German color lithography technicians. A photographer would take a black-and-white picture in America. The company would send it over to Germany to be tinted and printed en masse, and then [it would] be brought back here.



Figure 24. [Winter Scene], 1900s. Postcard. WEA (1994.264.46.116)

[Postcard 23] [laughter] Now there's a Rousseau for you, or at least it seems so to me. That's just some traveling postcard photographer who decided he'd press the button at that moment.



[no known postcard]

[Postcard 24: fig. 25] [laughter] Now that, as a matter of fact . . . that *is* funny. [laughter] And what would Freud say about that? I mean, the symbolism there is [prolonged laughter] . . . As you know, Freud actually claimed that in his scientific belief of dreams, that that was *the* sexual symbol for that woman, and there she is, waiting for it

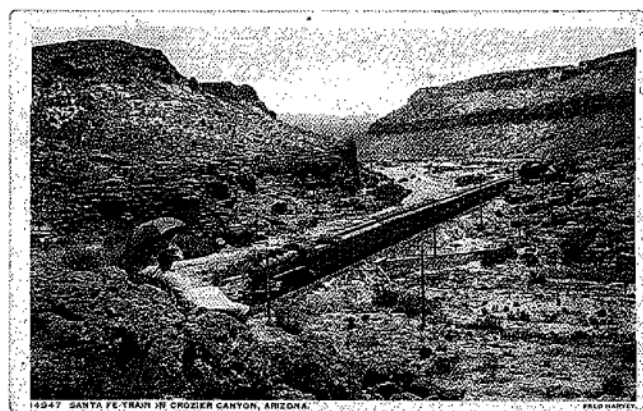


Figure 25. Santa Fe Train in Crozier Canyon, Arizona, 1900s. Postcard. WEA (1994.264.36.6)

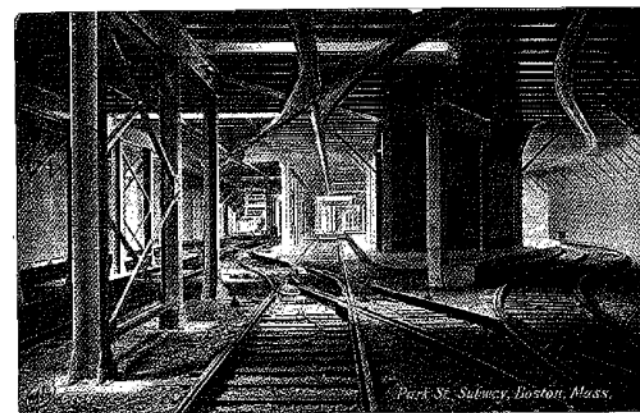


Figure 26. Park St., Subway, Boston, Mass., 1900s. Postcard. WEA (1994.264.77.10)



Figure 27. Holland Vehicular Tunnel, New York City, 1920s. Postcard. WEA (1994.264.77.30)

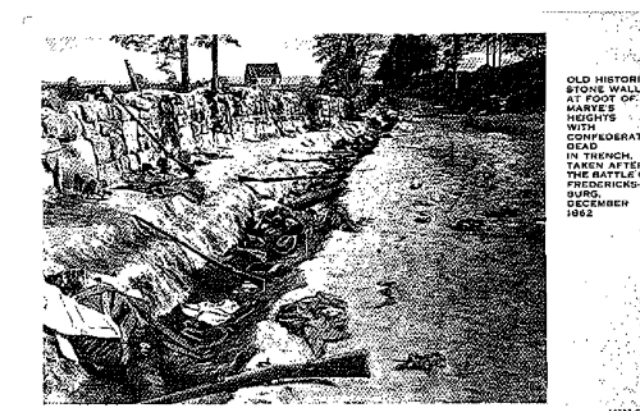


Figure 28. Old Historic Stone Wall at Foot of Marye's Heights with Confederate Dead in Trench, Taken After the Battle of Fredericksburg, December 1862, 1910s. Postcard. WEA (1994.264.47.21)

[Postcard 25: fig. 26] There's a curiosity, I must say. I can't read it . . . Boston Subway, but what an abstraction of what it is.

[Postcard 26: fig. 27] Now this, as a matter of fact, is not very old. I bought that as a new card myself, I was so interested in it. That's [the] Holland Tunnel in 1930 some odd years, and I bought that right in...that was right in the business. That's not, to me, an old postcard. But it's a great example of what time does. Well, I did like it when I bought it, but I didn't realize that those Fords would look so much more interesting in their odd way . . . Well, I could hardly dare use the word lyric about those things, and yet there is, that's why I put that in there. It's the only card that I ever bought right off the stand *new*—among this collection that I'm showing you. Now, by the way, you don't [today] find any cards that you'd want to buy, although if you were very prescient you *might* get some things that would be good in another thirty, forty years. Not worth the trouble, really.

[Postcard 27: fig. 28] There is a Brady. Or a Gardner. There's a document for you. He came up just after this battle and that's the sort of thing he was doing. That's why his work is so priceless right now.

“The real thing that I’m talking about has purity and a certain severity, rigor, simplicity, directness, clarity, and it is without artistic pretension in a self-conscious sense of the word. That’s the base of it: they’re hard and firm.”

— Evans, *idem*, 106

Mais auto-descrições de Evans em referência a Baudelaire.

(a)

“It is Baudelaire who is the influence on me.”

had about it a ludicrous, almost comic side, I thought. A "photographer" was a figure held in great disdain. Later I used that defiantly. But then, I suppose, I thought photographing was a minor thing to be doing. And I guess I thought I ought to be writing. In Paris, I had been trying to write. But in writing I felt blocked—mostly by high standards. Writing's a very daring thing to do. I'd done a lot of reading, and I knew what writing was. But shy young men are seldom daring.

Who were your favorite authors? Did they influence your photography?

Flaubert,⁷ I suppose, mostly by method. And Baudelaire⁸ in spirit. Yes, they certainly did influence me, in every way.

Well, your photographs are known for showing an indigenous American esthetic that doesn't even know it is an esthetic—an archetypal classicism of the ordinary. It's almost as if Flaubert had a camera.

I wasn't very conscious of it then, but I know now that Flaubert's esthetic is absolutely mine. Flaubert's method I think I incorporated almost unconsciously, but anyway used in two ways: his realism and naturalism both, and his objectivity of treatment; the non-appearance of author, the non-subjectivity. That is literally applicable to the way I want to use a camera and do. But spiritually, however, it is Baudelaire who is *the* influence on me. Even though I haven't really studied Baudelaire very much I consider him the father of modern literature, the whole

modern movement, such as it is. Baudelaire influenced me and everybody else too. Now that I think about it, mine was the first generation that went to Europe and got a European perspective and technique and came back and applied it to America. Who could be more wonderful masters than Baudelaire and Flaubert? That had really been lacking. Of course everyone went to Europe differently. I don't think Scott Fitzgerald⁹ got anything much out of Europe, but Hemingway¹⁰ did. For one thing, Fitzgerald didn't pay any attention to the French language. Hemingway became a sort of master of languages; he could speak and *think* French and Italian and Spanish.

When you began to photograph, how were you affected by the cultural atmosphere and the photography you found in New York when you returned?

I found myself operating direct from the French esthetic and psychological approach to the world. I applied that to the problem of rendering what I saw. I think I operated in reaction to mediocrity and phoniness. In the late twenties the battle against gentility in the arts and in behavior was still on. Everybody a little bit advanced was busy misbehaving in order to shock gentility. Mencken was still leading the attack. William Dean Howells was gone. The attack was a branch of "épater le bourgeois." A kind of esthetic and literary revolution was taking place. Anybody wandering in became a part of that. I did, I'm sure. It's hard to believe now, but we had barnacles of Victorianism hanging around that wouldn't scrape off. I was brought up with Victorian English standards of behavior.

(b)

“ARTISTA, HOMEM DO MUNDO, HOMEM DAS
MULTIDÕES” etc.

C.G. é autodidacta, não se considera exactamente um “artista”,
prefere estar no mundo a estar com outros artistas ou dentro
do museu. Rejeita o mundo da arte.

Compare-se com estas auto-descrições de Walker Evans.

PHOTOGRAPHY

WALKER EVANS

THE EMERGENCE, in some force, of serious, non-commercial still photography as an art is comparatively recent. It may plausibly be dated from the 1930s (not counting the work of a few previous, isolated individuals).

Modern photographers who are artists are an unusual breed. They work with the conviction, glee, pain, and daring of all artists in all time. Their belief in the power of images is limitless. The younger ones, at least, dream of making photographs like poems—reaching for tone, and the spell of evocation; for resonance and panache, rhythm and glissando, no less. They intend to print serenity or shock, intensity, or the very shape of love.

More soberly, the seasoned serious photographer knows that his work can and must contain four basic qualities—basic to the special medium of camera, lens, chemical, and paper: (1) absolute fidelity to the medium itself; that is, full and frank and pure utilization of the camera as the great, the incredible instrument of symbolic actuality that it is; (2) complete realization of natural, uncontrived lighting; (3) rightness of in-camera view-finding, or framing (the operator's correct, and crucial definition of his picture borders); (4) general but unobtrusive technical mastery.

So much for material matters. Immaterial qualities, from the realms of the subjective, include: perception and penetration; authority and its cousin, assurance; originality of vision, or image innovation; exploration; invention. In addition, photography seems to be the most literary of the graphic arts. It will have—on occasion, and in effect—qualities of eloquence, wit, grace, and economy; style, of course; structure and coherence; paradox and play and oxymoron. If photography tends to the literary, conversely certain writers are noticeably photographic from time to time—for instance James, and Joyce, and particularly Nabokov. Here is Nabokov: “. . . Vasili Ivanovich would look at the configurations of some entirely insignificant objects—a smear on the platform, a cherry stone, a cigarette butt—and would say to himself that never, never would he remember these three little things here in that particular interrelation, this pattern, which he could now see with such deathless

Photography

precision . . .” Nabokov might be describing a photograph in a current exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. Master writers often teach how to see; master painters sometimes teach *what* to see.

Mysterious are the ways of art history. There *is* a ground-swell, if not a wave, of arresting still photography at this time, and it may perhaps be traced to the life work of one man: Alfred Stieglitz. Stieglitz was important enough and strong enough to engender a whole field of reaction against himself, as well as a school inspired by and following him. As example of the former, Stieglitz's veritably screaming aestheticism, his personal artiness, veered many younger camera artists to the straight documentary style; to the documentary approach for itself alone, not for journalism. Stieglitz's significance may have lain in his resounding, crafty fight for recognition, as much as it lay in his *oeuvre*. Recognition for fine photography as art. We may now overlook the seeming naiveté of the Stieglitz ego; it wasn't naive at the time, it was a brand of humorless post-Victorian bohemianism. We may enjoy the very tangible fruits of his victories: camera work placed in major art museums, in the hands of discriminating private collectors, and on sale at respectable prices in established galleries. In short, Stieglitz's art was not entirely paradigmatic, but his position was.

As we are all rather tired of hearing, the photographer who knows he is an artist is a very special individual. He really is. After a certain point in his formative years, he learns to do his looking outside of art museums: his place is in the street, the village, and the ordinary countryside. For *his* eye, the raw feast: much-used shops, bedrooms, and yards, far from the halls of full-dress architecture, landscaped splendor, or the more obviously scenic nature. The deepest and purest photographers now tend to be self-taught; at least they have not as a rule been near any formal photography courses. Any kind of informal access to an established master is the best early training of all.

Whether he is an artist or not, the photographer is a joyous sensualist, for the simple reason that the eye traffics in feelings, not in thoughts. This man is in effect voyeur by nature; he is also reporter, tinkerer, and spy. What keeps him going is pure absorption, incurable childishness, and healthy defiance of Puritanism-Calvinism. The life of his guild is combined scramble and love's labor lost.

The meaning of quality in photography's best pictures lies written in the language of vision. That language is learned by chance, not system;

"That's the stuff, that's the thing to do." It charged me up. I don't look at much contemporary photography and I don't want to. I've watched Lee Friedlander²³ and Robert Frank²⁴ and Diane Arbus²⁵ come up, though. I'm quite conscious of them; they're good. And there are many others, I suppose.

An observable quality of your photographs is that whether they were taken in 1930 or 1970 they're essentially timeless. They don't date. Your recent photographs of street gutters and graffiti are, like your earlier photographs, each a world entire. Have your interests changed with the passing of time?

I find that my interests are amplified somewhat, but I haven't dropped and I don't think I've outgrown any of my original interests. You see I learned awfully fast without teachers. I was very lucky. I just came upon my true line without going down bypaths or blind alleys or dead ends. I did do some wrong things when I first started to use a camera, but very quickly and very early on I learned the true straight path for me, the path of getting away from "arty" work, the obviously beautiful. When you are young you are open to influences, and you go to them, you go to museums. Then the street becomes your museum; the museum itself is bad for you. You don't want your work to spring from art; you want it to commence from life, and that's in the street now. I'm no longer comfortable in a museum. I don't want to go to them, don't want to be "taught" anything, don't want to see "accomplished" art. I'm interested in what's called vernacular. For example, finished, I mean educated, architecture doesn't interest me, but I love

to find American vernacular. Museums have a wonderful function, but there comes a time when the artist had better stay out of them, I think.

In your photographs there is often an extraordinary clarity, a quality of classicism, substance precisely defined by light and texture. Do you achieve that by instinct too, or do you have to work for it?

Well, you have to work for it, but I'm not interested in it technically, or not even interested in photography really—only in that I can make it do what I want, for example, as you just said, for its classicism and clarity. If I can bring it to that, I will; but for its own sake, no. Photography, I said before, really doesn't interest me, the technique of it either. I do know that I want to be able to do something with it, though.

You don't believe that in order to do something with it, the new improved equipment is of help?

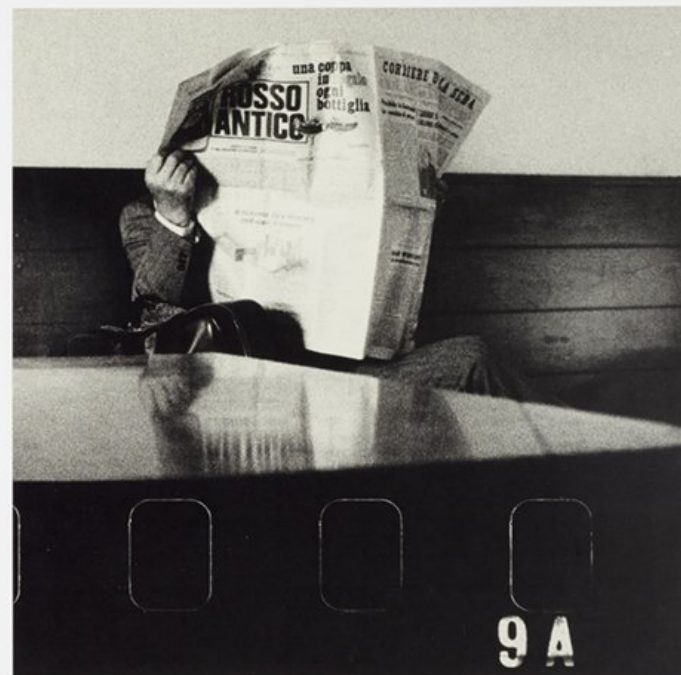
No, not at all. But you do have to be able to make the camera do what you want it to do, instinctively and competently. That is a technical problem. You want to put this technical problem where it belongs, as something to serve you. Not as itself, a piece of technical mastery and virtuosity. For example, both Ansel Adams and Paul Strand are really great technicians. They sometimes show they're too great. They do the perfect thing with the camera, and you say ohh and ahh, how perfect. Then you don't get their content clearly enough, however. As



1074



(Stonyore + Squire)
6/10/79 1979 1979 1979













AF: Your discourse on perspective as a description of the res publica might seem to lead to the Italian piazza, but unlike photographers of your generation such as Ghirri, Mimmo Jodice, and Olivo Barbieri, you spent little time in historical cities, paying more attention instead to uncertain places with little structure. Why?

GG: Because I am interested in interstices. The res publica is also and above all outside the center. In medieval tradition, as Pierantoni points out, the Madonna is positioned at the center of the painting, Saint Joseph stands next to her, further to the side are minor saints, and even further away are the little angels who fly about. The further away one moves from the center, the less power one senses. I seemed to have more freedom working at the margins, like the little angels. The very fact of working with photography, instead of with the “fine arts,” has given me the possibility of working in a free zone, with less embarrassment and more confidence, in an area where the academy and the art system have less power.

— Guido Guide, *Aperture*, Winter 2015, 56-57

(c)

Outro exemplo. Tal como o Constantin Guys do ensaio de Baudelaire pode ser visto como uma projecção do autor (como explica de Man), veja-se como Evans se autodescreve em constante referência a Atget. O Atget de Evans é uma auto-projecção moldada no C.G. de Baudelaire.

III

O ARTISTA, HOMEM DO MUNDO, HOMEM DAS MULTIDÕES E CRIANÇA

Uma 'alma brilhante' que
se projecta nas imagens

Falarei hoje publicamente de um homem singular, de uma originalidade tão poderosa e tão decidida que se basta a si mesma e nem sequer pede aprovação. Nenhum dos seus desenhos é assinado, se se chamar assinatura àquelas poucas letras, fáceis de imitar, que representam um nome, e que tantos outros estampam ostensivamente por baixo dos seus mais descuidados *croquis*. Mas todas as suas obras estão assinadas pela sua alma brilhante, e os amadores que as viram e apreciaram irão reconhecê-las facilmente pela descrição que delas pretendo fazer. Grande amante da multidão e do incógnito, o senhor C. G.¹¹² leva a originalidade ao nível da modéstia. O senhor Thackeray, que, como se sabe, é um grande curioso das coisas da arte, e que desenha ele próprio as *ilustrações* dos seus romances, falou um dia do senhor G. num jornalinho de Londres. E ele zangou-se por causa disso, que considerou um ultraje ao seu pudor. Ainda recentemente, quando soube que eu me propunha fazer uma apreciação do seu espírito e do seu talento, me suplicou muito imperiosamente que suprimisse o seu nome e falasse das suas obras apenas como obras de um anónimo. Obedecerei humildemente a este extravagante desejo. Fingiremos acreditar, o leitor e eu, que o senhor G. não existe, e iremos tratar dos seus desenhos e aquarelas, pelos quais ele professa um desdém de patricio, como o fariam os sábios que tivessem de avaliar preciosos documentos históricos for-

¹¹² Trata-se de Constantin Guys (ver Notas Finais, pág. 339).

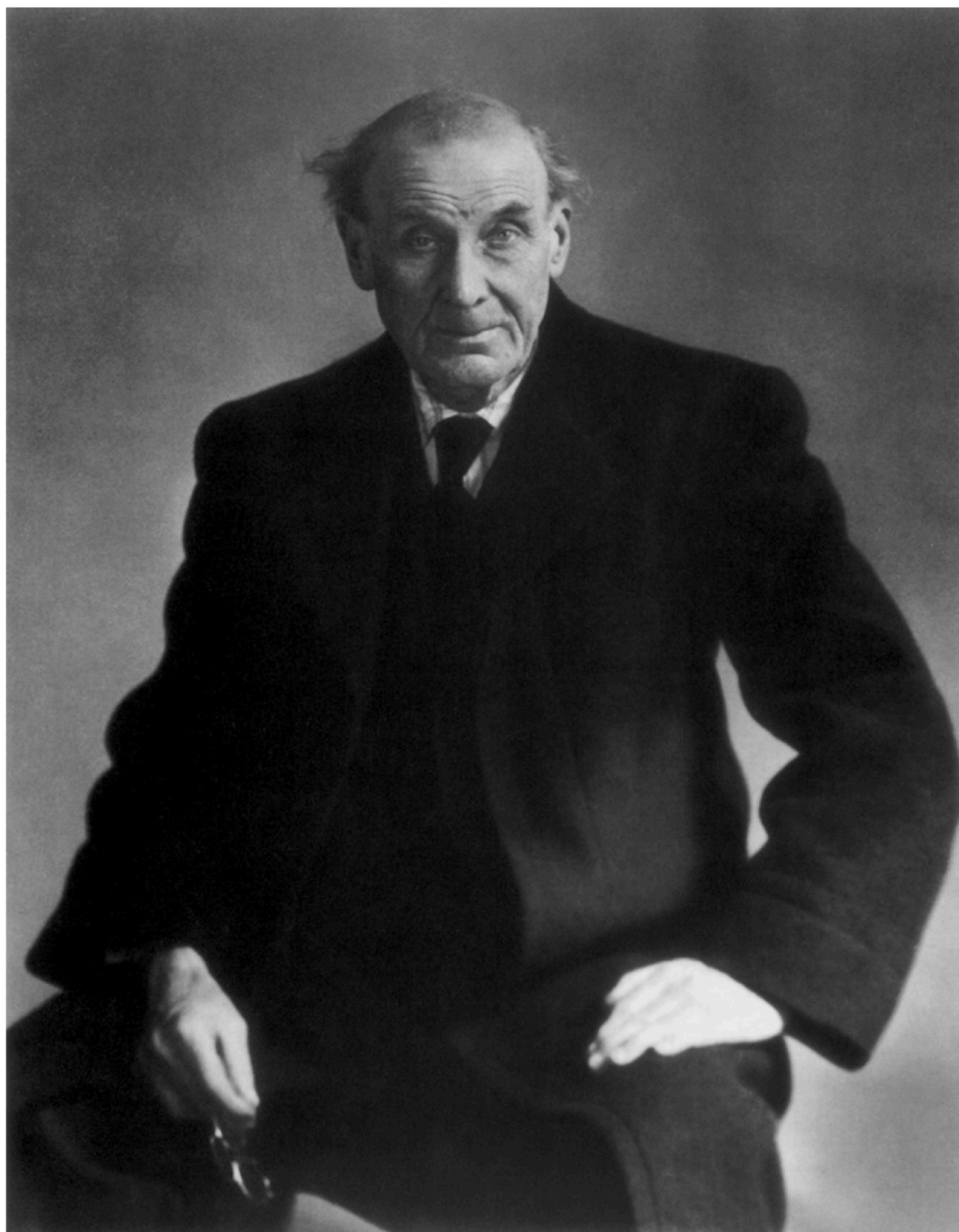
O senhor G. é velho. Jean-Jacques¹¹³, diz-se, começou a escrever aos quarenta e dois anos. Foi talvez por volta dessa idade que o senhor G., obcecado por todas as imagens que lhe enchiam o cérebro, teve a audácia de lançar tinta e cores numa folha branca. A falar verdade, desenhava como um bárbaro, como uma criança, irritando-se contra a inabilidade dos seus dedos e a desobediência da sua ferramenta. Vi um grande número desses rabiscos primitivos, e confesso que a maioria das pessoas conhecedoras da matéria ou que pretendem sê-lo poderiam, sem desonra, não adivinhar o génio latente que morava naqueles tenebrosos esboços. Hoje em dia, o senhor G., que descobriu por si só todas as pequenas manhas do ofício, e que fez, sem conselhos, a sua própria educação, tornou-se um poderoso mestre à sua maneira, e da sua inicial ingenuidade apenas conservou o necessário para acrescentar às suas ricas qualidades um inesperado condimento. Quando depara com uma dessas experiências da sua *tenra idade*, rasga-a ou queima-a com uma divertidíssima vergonha.

longe preferível a qualquer outro. O mesmo jornal publicara também, sempre sem assinatura, numerosas composições do mesmo autor, a partir de bailados e óperas novas. Quando, enfim, me encontrei com ele, vi logo que não estava precisamente diante de um *artista*, mas de

um *homem do mundo*. Peço-lhes que entendam aqui a palavra *artista* num sentido muito restrito, e a expressão *homem do mundo* num sentido muito alargado. *Homem do mundo* quer dizer homem do mundo inteiro, homem que compreende o mundo e as razões misteriosas e legítimas de todos os seus usos; *artista* quer dizer especialista, homem amarrado à sua paleta como o servo à gleba. O senhor G. não gosta que lhe chamem artista. Não terá alguma razão? Ele interessa-se pelo mundo inteiro; ele quer saber, compreender, apreciar tudo o que se passa à superfície do nosso esferóide. O artista vive muito pouco, ou nada, no mundo moral e político. Aquele que habita no bairro Bréda ignora o que se passa no *faubourg* Saint-Germain. Salvo duas ou três exceções que é inútil nomear, há que dizer que os artistas são na sua maioria uns brutos muito habilidosos, uns puros operários braçais, inteligências de aldeia, cérebros de lugarejo isolado. A sua conversa, forçosamente limitada a um círculo muito restrito, depressa se torna insuportável para o *homem do mundo*, para o cidadão espiritual do universo.

Assim, para entendermos a diferença entre o

Eugène Atget como auto-projecção de Evans



Berenice Abbott. *Eugène Atget*. 1927



Eugène Atget. *Vieille boutique, rue des Lyonnais, 10.* (1914)



Eugène Atget. *Parc de Sceaux, avril, 7 h. matin.* (1925)



Walker Evans. *Stamped Tin Relic*. 1929



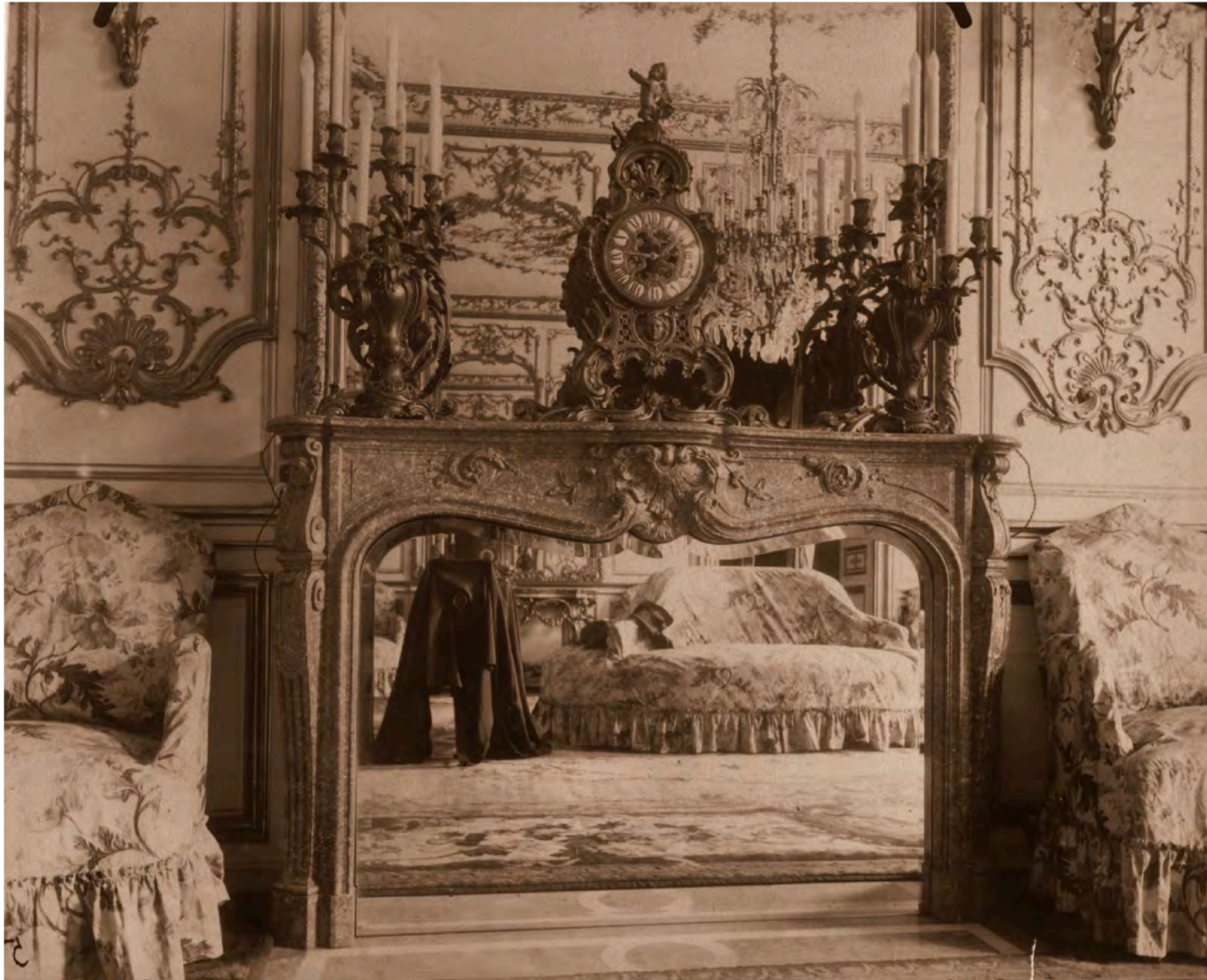
8. *Route, Amiens.* (before 1900)



12. *Joueur d'orgue.* (1898–99)



16. Untitled [ragpicker]. (1899–1900)



21. *Ambassade d'Autriche, 57 rue de Varenne. (1905)*



23. *Maison où mourut Voltaire.* (1909)



26. *Au Tambour*, 63 quai de la Tournelle. (1908)



30. *Intérieur de M^r F., négociant, rue Montaigne. (1910)*

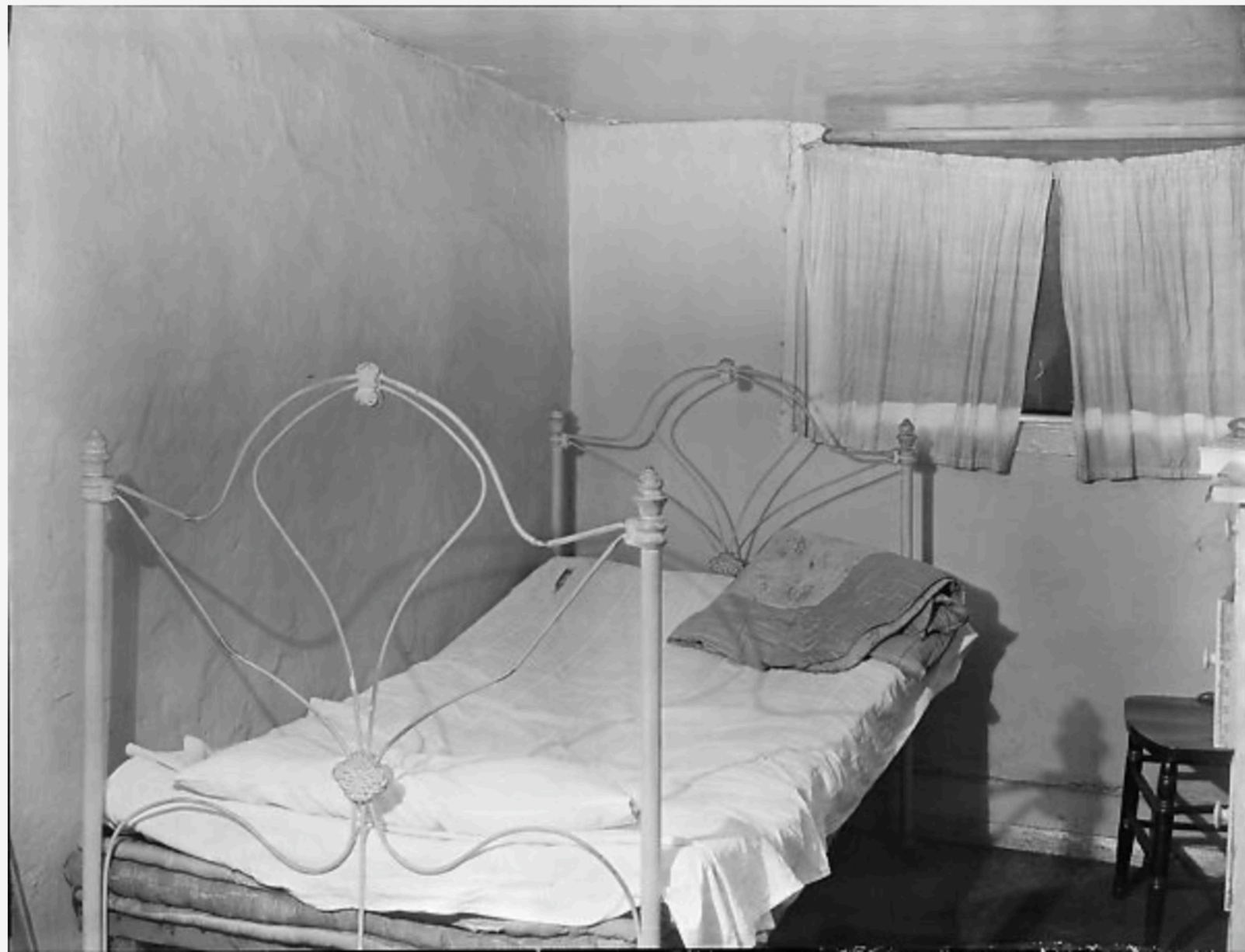


WALKER EVANS (1903–1975)
Southern Farmer's Bed (Burroughs Family Cabin), Hale County, Alabama, 1936
gelatin silver print, printed 1969–1970 by James Dow
dated 'DOW 69-70' and variously numbered in pencil (verso)
image/sheet: 8 x 10 in. (20.4 x 25.5 cm.)



WALKER EVANS (1903–1975)

Bed and Stove, Truro, Massachusetts, 1931 (from the portfolio Walker Evans, 1971)
Gelatin silver print, printed in 1970
6 × 7 3/4 in | 15.2 × 19.7 cm



WALKER EVANS (1903–1975)

Title: [Bedroom In Boarding House on Hudson Street, Residence of John Cheever, New York City]

Artist: Walker Evans (American, St. Louis, Missouri 1903–1975 New Haven, Connecticut)

Date: 1931–33

Medium: Film negative

Dimensions: 6 1/2 x 8 1/2 in.

Classification: Negatives

Credit Line: Walker Evans Archive, 1994

Accession Number: 1994.256.572

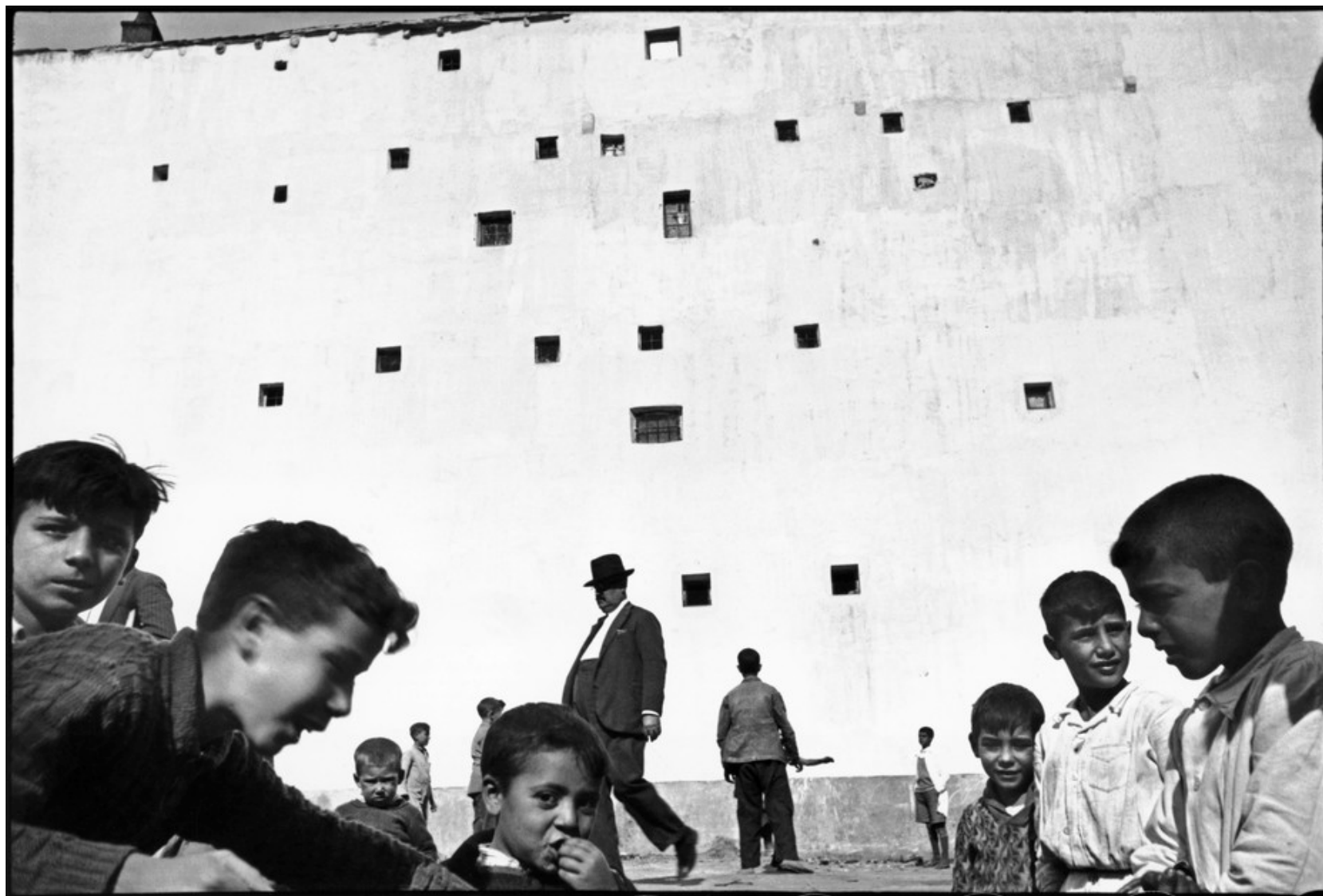
Rights and Reproduction: © Walker Evans Archive, The Metropolitan Museum of Art



Walker Evans
Bedroom Interior, Enfield, New Hampshire, 1972
Gelatin silver print; signed 'Walker Evans' in pencil on the
mount, with Lunn Gallery stamp, titled and annotated 'XXIII 85'
(19.2 x 19.2 cm)



53. *Cour, 41 rue Broca. (1912)*



Henri Cartier-Bresson

O amadurecimento da fotografia enquanto forma artística leva-a a repetir a consciência de si mesma enquanto tradição, que está presente nas outras artes. Já não existe apenas a representação do presente mas a representação do presente mediado pela consciência da anterioridade.



56. *Romanichels, groupe.* (1912)



Walker Evans- Let Us Now Praise Famous Men
Bud Fields and his family, Hale county, Alabama, photograph by Walker Evans, c. 1936-37; from the book Let Us Now Praise Famous Men (1941) by Evans and James Agee. Farm Security Administration/Office of War Information Photograph Collection/Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. (digital file no. 8c52407u)



Walker Evans, Let Us Now Praise Famous Men



86. *Saint-Cloud, étang, 9 h. matin, avril 1926*



100. *Parc de Sceaux, mars, 7 h. matin.* (1925)

and these fields are related. It's there and it's a mystery and it's even partly mystical and that's why it's hard to talk about in a rational, pragmatic society. But art goes on. You can defend it in spite of the fact that the time is full of false art. Art schools are fostering all sorts of junk, but that's another matter. There are always a few instances of the real thing that emerge in unexpected places and you can't stop it; there it is. Even in a puritan, materialistic, middle-class, bourgeois society like America. Because the country is like that, the artist in America is commonly regarded as a sick, neurotic man. (And tends to regard himself that way.) Until recently, true art in America was sick from being neglected. Now of course it's sick the other way: too much is being made of it. The period that's just finishing, of fame and fortune for a few artists, is outrageous. It's outrageous for a few to make hundreds of thousands of dollars while a number of very good artists cannot even make a living. It makes you sick to think about it. The art world is part of our very sick society. Think of what a man of letters is in Paris or in England and what he is here. Here he's either outrageously famous and rich, or treated as less than nothing, never understood, never honestly appreciated. In those countries everyone understands that there are many excellent, poor, almost starving artists, and they are very much respected, just as old age is respected. The unappreciated artist is at once very humble and very arrogant too. He collects and edits the world about him. This is especially important in the psychology of camera work. This is why a man who has faith, intelligence and cultivation will show it in his work. Fine photography is literate, and it should be. It does reflect cultivation if there is

cultivation. This is also why, until recently, photography has had no status, as it's usually practiced by uncultivated people. I always remember telling my classes that the students should seek to have a cultivated life and an education: they'd make better photographs. On the other hand, Eugène Atget was an uneducated man, I think, who was a kind of medium, really. He was like Blake.²⁰ His work sang like lightning through him. He could infuse the street with his own poetry, and I don't think he even was aware of it or could articulate it. What I've just been saying is not entirely true. Since I'm a half-educated and self-educated man, I believe in education. I do note that photography, a despised medium to work in, is full of empty phonies and worthless commercial people. That presents quite a challenge to the man who can take delight in being in a very difficult, disdained medium.

What are the names of some of the photographers, past and present, you particularly admire?

That doesn't much matter. You're drawn to people who share your taste. My favorites are Brady²¹ and Atget. After I discovered myself, I found that they were working in ways that appeal to me and in ways that I would like to work too. I don't look at much contemporary photography. With occasional exceptions. I remember coming across Paul Strand's *Blind Woman*²² when I was very young, and that really bowled me over. I'd already been in that and wanted to do that. It's a very powerful picture. I saw it in the New York Public Library file of "Camera Work," and I remember going out of there overstimulated:

style of living, and one's competitors. Even coworkers in the arts anger and stimulate him. I was stimulated by Stieglitz. When I got around to looking at photography I found him somebody to work against. He was artistic and romantic. It gave me an esthetic to sharpen my own against—a counter-esthetic. But I respect Stieglitz for some things. He put up a very good fight for photography.

In literature or painting, the artist creates in a prolongation of time. Photography is an instant. Your photographs show the monumentality of an instant. What role does accident and what role does intention play? How do they come together? Or is that too mysterious a question to discuss?

In the act of photographing? It's all done instinctively, as far as I can see, not consciously. But after having made it instinctively, unless I feel that the product is a *transcendence* of the thing, of the moment in reality, then I haven't done anything, and I throw it away. Take Atget,¹³ whose work I now know very well. (I didn't know it at all for a while.) In his work you do feel what some people will call *poetry*. I do call it that also, but a better word for it, to me, is, well—when Atget does even a tree root, he *transcends* that thing. And by God somebody else does not. There are millions of photographs made all the time, and they don't transcend anything and they're not anything. In this sense photography's a very difficult art and probably depends on a gift, an unconscious gift sometimes, an extreme talent. Of course there are many extremely gifted and talented people who wouldn't think of operating with a

camera, but when they do, it shows. You know, that runs through all art. What's great about Tolstoi?¹⁴ A paragraph of his describing a young Russian girl is universal and transcendent, while what another author writes on the same subject may amount to nothing much.

In other arts one can speak of technique of hand or of mind, the draftsmanship of the painter, the craft of the author. In photography there is a mechanical instrument and a moment when the eye, having looked through the lens, allows the hand to click a lever. How can all that we've expected of literature and art find a commensurate expression in a medium that is basically a mechanism?

Well, that's what makes photography so special and interesting and unknown as an art, and that's why so many people don't see anything in it at all. The point is difficult and abstruse. And that's why I say half jokingly that photography's the most difficult of the arts. It does require a certain arrogance to *see* and to *choose*. I feel myself walking on a tightrope instead of on the ground. With the camera, it's all or nothing. You either get what you're after at once, or what you do has to be worthless. I don't think the essence of photography has the hand in it so much. The essence is done very quietly with a flash of the mind, and with a machine. I think too that photography is editing, editing after the taking. After knowing what to take you have to do the editing. The secret of photography is, the camera takes on the character and the personality of the handler. The mind works on the machine—through it, rather.

I am very fond of several I would be glad to name: Robert Frank, Lee Friedlander; Arbus was a great friend of mine and great favorite. There are a few others, and then there is a whole crowd of unknown, almost nameless, very gifted students in the universities now. There is a wave of interest in this; I think this is partly for the reason I worked out in my own mind that it looks like an honest medium. Now that is a very untrustworthy idea; you have to be careful how you kick that around because it infers that many young are in there because they don't know any better or have been taken by a fad or fashion. That isn't quite true, and it isn't fair to the young to say that.

Every artist who feels he has a style is a little wary automatically of strong work in view. I suppose we are all a little insecure. I don't like to look at too much of Atget's work because I am too close to that in style myself. I didn't discover him until I had been going for quite a while; and when I did, I was quite electrified and alarmed.... It's a little residue of insecurity and fear of such magnificent strength and style there. If it happens to border on yours, it makes you wonder how original you are. Of course the world is full of instances of people intellectually and artistically discovering a style by themselves and being unaware of someone doing the same thing. I've had that happen to me several times.

I have a certain street snapshot affinity to Cartier-Bresson, and I was working that way before I knew anything about him, so that squares me with myself

Eugène Atget is to me the supreme lyric documentary photographer. You know most about him. I think he almost never missed. He was a very simple man with a marvelous eye. Knew how to select details—and not just any detail, but the most poetic detail. And he had a great humility in him and simplicity. He, as you know, lugged around a great big 8 × 10 [inch view] camera and ... he got up early in the morning for technical reasons. The result is that you have the spirit of dawn. I didn't mean technical reasons in any humorous sense of the word — although I realize that is a funny slip [laughter] ... but photographic technical reasons. He had to stop traffic and the motion of traffic in his pictures, and he got up so that there weren't any troubles of this sort, and the results are marvelous.

— Walker Evans, transcript of the Lyric Documentary talk at Yale, 1964, p. 108.

Certain men of the past century have been renoticed who stood away from this confusion*. Eugene Atget worked right through a period of utter decadence in photography. He was simply isolated, and his story is a little difficult to understand. Apparently he was oblivious to everything but the necessity of photographing Paris and its environs; but just what vision he carried in him of the monument he was leaving is not clear. It is possible to read into his photographs so many things he may never have formulated to himself. In some of his work he even places himself in a position to be pounced upon by the most orthodox of surrealists. His general note is lyrical understanding of the street, trained observation of it, special feeling for patina, eye for revealing detail, over all of which is thrown a poetry which is not “the poetry of the street” or “the poetry of Paris,” but the projection of Atget’s person.

— Walker Evans, ‘The Reappearance of Photography’, Hound & Horn, October-December, pp. 125-8

Três questões de O Pintor da Vida Moderna.

A HISTORICIDADE DA BELEZA

A beleza do passado é a beleza extraída de um determinado presente. A beleza a ser extraída do presente é sempre já histórica, pois prefigura sua iminente obsolescência e historicidade. Não devemos representar o presente nas roupas da antiguidade. A intemporalidade da beleza repousa em parte na sua contingência, na sua superfície sempre já datada, na especificidade de um dado momento transiente.

Isto não significa uma nostalgia.

Baudelaire não se refere a um modo de nostalgia a respeito do presente, nem a representação do presente é tida em consideração na qualidade de documento de um dado passado. Pelo contrário, interessa-se pela representação do presente enquanto presente, ideia que, como explica de Man, é especialmente problemática.

O interesse de Walker Evans pela representação do presente também é tudo menos nostálgico.

Then photographs can be documentary as well as works of art?

Documentary? That's a very sophisticated and misleading word. And not really clear. You have to have a sophisticated ear to receive that word. The term should be *documentary style*. An example of literal document would be a police photograph of a murder scene. You see, a document has use, whereas art is really useless. Therefore art is never a document, though it certainly can adopt that style. I'm sometimes called a "documentary photographer," but that supposes quite a subtle knowledge of the distinction I've just made, which is rather new. A man operating under that definition could take a certain sly pleasure in the disguise. **Very often I'm doing one thing when I'm thought to be doing another. I've certainly suffered when philistines look at certain works of mine having to do with the past, and remark, "Oh, how nostalgic." I hate that word. That's not the intent at all. To be nostalgic is to be sentimental. To be interested in what you see that is passing out of history, even if it's a trolley car you've found, that's not an act of nostalgia. You could read Proust¹⁷ as "nostalgia," but that's not what Proust had in mind at all.**

People live by mythic images, by icons. Certain of your photographs have become classics, have found their way into what could be called national consciousness. They've found a permanent audience, not immediately as fashion does, but as art does, by a residual process. How did you come upon those images?

As I said, by instinct, like a bird, entirely by instinct. Like a squirrel too, burying and hiding, and divining where the nuts

Walker Evans, *Interview with Leslie Katz*

"That's the stuff, that's the thing to do." It charged me up. I don't look at much contemporary photography and I don't want to. I've watched Lee Friedlander²³ and Robert Frank²⁴ and Diane Arbus²⁵ come up, though. I'm quite conscious of them; they're good. And there are many others, I suppose.

An observable quality of your photographs is that whether they were taken in 1930 or 1970 they're essentially timeless. They don't date. Your recent photographs of street gutters and graffiti are, like your earlier photographs, each a world entire. Have your interests changed with the passing of time?

I find that my interests are amplified somewhat, but I haven't dropped and I don't think I've outgrown any of my original interests. You see I learned awfully fast without teachers. I was very lucky. I just came upon my true line without going down bypaths or blind alleys or dead ends. I did do some wrong things when I first started to use a camera, but very quickly and very early on I learned the true straight path for me, the path of getting away from "arty" work, the obviously beautiful. When you are young you are open to influences, and you go to them, you go to museums. Then the street becomes your museum; the museum itself is bad for you. You don't want your work to spring from art; you want it to commence from life, and that's in the street now. I'm no longer comfortable in a museum. I don't want to go to them, don't want to be "taught" anything, don't want to see "accomplished" art. I'm interested in what's called vernacular. For example, finished, I mean educated, architecture doesn't interest me, but I love

Recorde-se Baudelaire:

...me, se julgam senhores da história da literatura. Felizmente, surgem de tempos a tempos justiceiros, críticos, amadores, curiosos que afirmam que não está tudo em Rafael, que não está tudo em Racine, que os *poetæ minores* têm algo de bom, de sólido e delicioso; e, enfim, que, por tanto se amar a beleza geral, que é expressa pelos poetas e artistas clássicos, não deixa de ser um erro não ligar à beleza particular, à beleza de circunstância e à marca dos costumes.

The latter half of the nineteenth century offers that fantastic figure, the art photographer, really an unsuccessful painter with a bag of mysterious tricks. He is by no means a dead tradition even now, still gathered into clubs to exhibit pictures of misty October lanes, snow scenes, *reflets dans l'eau*, young girls with crystal balls. In these groups arises the loud and very suspicious protest about photography being an art. So there is in one of the anthologies under review a photo of a corpse in a pool of blood because you like nice things.

Suddenly there is a difference between a quaint evocation of the past and an open window looking straight down a stack of decades. The element of time entering into photography provides a departure for as much speculation as an observer cares to make. Actual experiments in time, actual experiments in space exactly suit a post war state of mind. The camera doing both, as well as reflecting swift chance, disarray, wonder, and experiment, it is not surprising that photography has come to a valid flowering the third period of its history.

Baudelaire e Evans estão a pensar na intemporalidade de um passado que será visto no futuro ainda como um presente. É preciso estar-se fascinado pelo fluxo do presente, ser-se capaz de o não ver como uma mera ilustração do museu, da história da arte; é preciso representar o presente (aceitá-lo na sua particularidade) em vez de imitar o passado e as suas convenções. Nostalgia em arte é para ambos um sinónimo de estagnação.