



HOYNINGEN-HUENÉ, PARIS

He has another inborn talent, and that is his feeling for space. Rivers of ink have been set flowing in the battle of "space". These streams have grown pale and swollen to a waterfall of deafening proportions and the result is no more than—a watery fall. "Space" has remained unconquered. It is perhaps possible to discover "space" and to worry out laws about it, but one cannot worry out the feeling for space, neither can one learn it. It must be inborn. Observe how Hoyningen-Huené's figures stand, how they group themselves! How all is as it should be! How does he do it, how is it they are always right? That is his secret, something which he cannot betray, because for him it is also a secret. He simply has the instinct for the right thing. Formerly there were Court photographers. Now there are house photographers. (But not just "so" either—it is no easy matter to be a house-photographer!) Hoyningen-Huené is "Vogue"'s house photographer, employed exclusively by Condé-Nast as fashion photographer. He is the premier and leading man at his post. (Alas! How many already set out to copy his work!)

One of his particular charms is the freshness, a lively and youthful, powerful freshness which characterises his work. And yet all is balanced and the product of a sure hand. There is something infallible in his pictures. (But nothing of the ripeness so fatal for the photographer!) The freshness of his pictures lends them a cool charm. Just now we are disposed to take pleasure in old pictures of grandmother's and great-grandmother's day, and so perhaps generations to come will regard many of Hoyningen-Huené's pictures as "classic" work.

Trans. by E. T. Scheffauer

