

Photo für
Gibbs' Zahnbürsten

Photo advertising
Gibbs' Tooth-Brushes

BRESSON

Bresson is still very young and came to commercial art by way of painting. This explains—in part at least—why he takes his art so damn seriously. Explains his point of view and his methods, his technique and his ends and aims. Explains the way his hand works and his eye and above all, his brain. And explains his self-discipline. For Bresson, one satisfactory photograph represents the work of a couple of weeks. Thought about, experimented with, balanced and

considered all over again. And then comes the touching-up by hand. The way he works, his creative processes, are diametrically opposed to those of the other category of master-photographers, such as Hoyningen-Huené or Harry Meerson. They, bountifully productive, carried on by the freshness of their sensual perceptions, rely upon their quickness of conception, their instinctive sureness in composition, the joyously vital manner in which they catch up all phenomena of reality—they have their hand in. They are Sunday's children. They are full and rounded natures, tamed by their profession, craft, experience and see everything through a camera-lens. Bresson, however, is nothing but a brain, trained to formulate the phenomena apprehended by the senses and to the laws of art. This same brain perpetually under the control of his artistic eye. This eye of his is hyper-sensitive to tonevalues. He is romantically in love with the clarity, transparency, purity of the corporeal. A purity which is spiritualized to a state of inner nobility—clean. The corporeal seems to have been mastered and itself to have become a vehicle of light. De-materialised and full of the sense of space. Sometimes his work seems to resemble a formula, a very symbol of

