



Photo für  
Gibbs Comp.

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light itself. Thus he elevates his pictures to a lyric charged with thought.

This end and this effect is only achieved at the end of a long and difficult path, the result of a patient struggle. The battle itself, however is ennobled into something high and graceful by means of precise intellectual discipline.

This Bresson is a unique case. On this account: the technical aspect of things is for him a matter of course. He puts all his ability, all his industry, all his experience in the service of his intellect, I mean of his "esprit". Bresson permits himself the great luxury of being witty, of having ideas.

How does it happen, one would like to ask, that authors, painters, even architects and musicians have ideas. Only photographers! . . . A collar-button, throwing a long shadow, composed into an empty space—aha, how right that is! But intellect, intellect! . . .

Translated by E. T. Scheffauer

