

PAWEL BARCHAN

## HARRY O. MEERSON, PARIS

To begin at the beginning: the most important, the decisive thing about Meerson is his natural gifts. Or, to speak more precisely, his nature, which the present epoch has developed and helped to attain its proper powers. Meerson is a splendid representative of post-war youth—its vital and unswerving forthrightness, its premature insight into the realities of life, the self-assuredness and self-confidence of its consciousness of its goal and the wild urge to create. These young people seem to have come into the world already masters of art and life.

This Meerson, too, is something of a precocious genius. He is in his twenty-third year and already his photographs are sought after for all imaginable purposes—he is a master-worker with a physiognomy of his own—a man who has arrived. Already he can look back upon a period of action as a camera man in the film studios. This institution, this nursery of the new generation, was his ABC, his school. Here he found eyes to see, developed his language of form, the character of his method of expression. The artist in him proclaimed itself thus: he absorbed the cinematographic element with all its conventions in order to overcome it and rise to the purely dramatic. He experiences every picture and builds it up dramatically, not only scenes for propaganda purposes, but also his portraits. They are concentrated, full of suppressed



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