

A Portfolio of Photographs by Inge Morath, 1977

15 gelatin silver photographs, including a text by Inge Morath
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“I was born in Austria, went to schools in France and Germany. My teen-age life was fragmented by the Second World War. Peace came, and life resumed. Above the general collapse floated the Euphoria of unknown freedoms: to read absolutely everything, look at everything—no more forbidden art, banned books—to move around again and not be in danger. The appetite for it all was voracious. Schooling was finished, jobs were found that permitted the continued discovery and exploitation of these newly found freedoms. Work as a journalist, writing stories. But scenes remembered, scenes hauntingly observed, seemed to demand another way of recording. I came to Paris to the office of the early Magnum Photos, with Robert Capa, David Seymour, Werner Bischoff, Ernst Haas, Henri Cartier-Bresson. First writing for them, and then editing, learning about their images. Then a camera I picked up and used, almost by accident, proved to be what I had so ceaselessly been looking for, the extension of my eye that could record my own vision. I spent some hungry time alone working, trying to prove to myself that I really wanted to be, and could be, a photographer. With first stories published, I set off, mostly alone, insatiably looking at things and people and countries.

Having seen early on much of its abyss, I cherish the richness of life, its power of greening, its tenderness, its small absurdities; the endless forms of nature. I do like to photograph what there is, not change it other than by my feeling for it, and the eye's discovery of the inner order which separates people, objects, landscapes; surrounding each one, niche like, with its own value, its own truth.”