

*Publisher Eveleigh Nash, Buckingham Palace
Mall, London*

1953, printed 1977

Gift of Arthur and Yolanda Steinman
1983.69.109.1

Saul Steinberg

1959, printed 1977

Gift of Arthur and Yolanda Steinman
1983.69.109.2

Pablo Picasso, "Voilà"

1958, printed 1977

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1983.69.109.3

*Lola Ruiz Vilato, the Sister of Pablo Picasso,
Barcelona, Spain*

1954, printed 1977

Gift of Arthur and Yolanda Steinman
1983.69.109.4

Eleanor Roosevelt and Adlai Stevenson

1961, printed 1977

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1983.69.109.5

Baroque Staircase, Ministry of Finance, Vienna
1958, printed 1977

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1983.69.109.6

Salon, House of Lev Kassil, Moscow
1965, printed 1977

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Doña Mercedes Formica de Lloset y Marañón, Madrid
1954, printed 1977

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1983.69.109.8

The Bridesmaid, Navalcán, Castille

1955, printed 1977

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Village Conversation, Castille
ca. early 1950s, printed 1977

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Leo Tolstoy's Bedroom, Yasnaya Polyana, USSR
1965, printed 1977

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1983.69.109.11

Country Interior, Woodbury, Connecticut
ca. early 1970s, printed 1977

Gift of Arthur and Yolanda Steinman
1983.69.109.12

Alexander Calder

1964, printed 1977

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1983.69.109.13

Old Silos, New Milford, Connecticut
ca. early 1970s, printed 1975

Gift of Arthur and Yolanda Steinman
1983.69.109.14

Sleigh Horses, Moscow Countryside

1965, printed 1977

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1983.69.109.15

A Llama in Times Square, New York City, USA

1957, printed 1977

Gelatin silver print

Gift of Arthur B. Steinman

2000.50.66

A Portfolio of Photographs by Inge Morath 1977

15 gelatin silver photographs, including a text by Inge Morath
Published by Neikrug Galleries, Inc., New York

“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.”