



Ανοικτή Φωτογραφική Ομάδα
Πολιτιστικού Κέντρου Εργαζομένων ΟΤΕ Πάτρας Αχαΐας



André Kertész

μια μικρή παρουσίαση

Πάτρα, 2013 (Γ. Κοπανάς)



Born

Kertész Andor

2 July 1894

[Budapest, Hungary](#)

Died

28 September 1985 (aged 91)

[New York, New York](#), U.S.

Occupation

[Photographer](#)

Religion

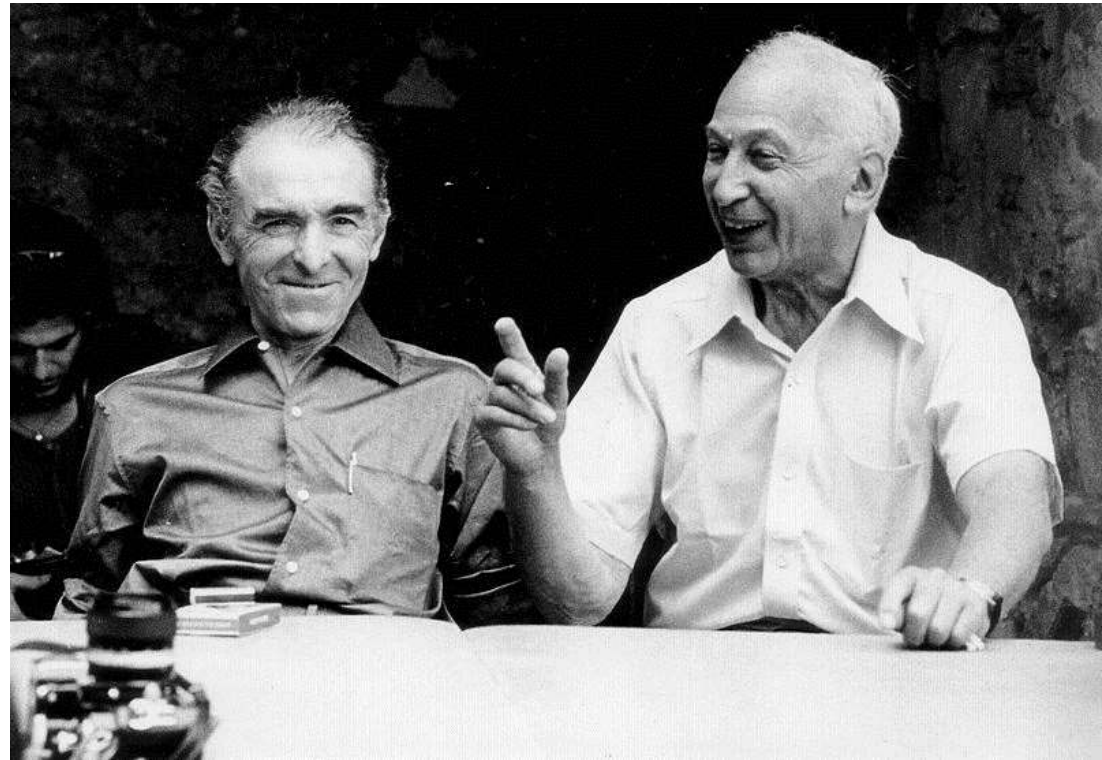
[Jewish](#)

Spouse(s)

Elizabeth Saly

Γεννήθηκε στη Βουδαπέστη το 1894 και ήταν αυτοδίδακτος στη φωτογραφία, με την οποία ασχολήθηκε από νεαρή ηλικία. Το 1925, μετά τον Α' παγκόσμιο πόλεμο, μετανάστευσε στη Γαλλία όπου το έργο του γνώρισε σημαντική αναγνώριση, τόσο από την πλευρά των κριτικών όσο και εμπορικά. Το 1936, εγκαταστάθηκε στην Αμερική και το 1944 πολιτογραφήθηκε Αμερικανός.

Πέθανε στη Νέα Υόρκη το 1985 και θεωρείται σήμερα ένας από τους σημαντικότερους φωτογράφους του 20ου αιώνα.



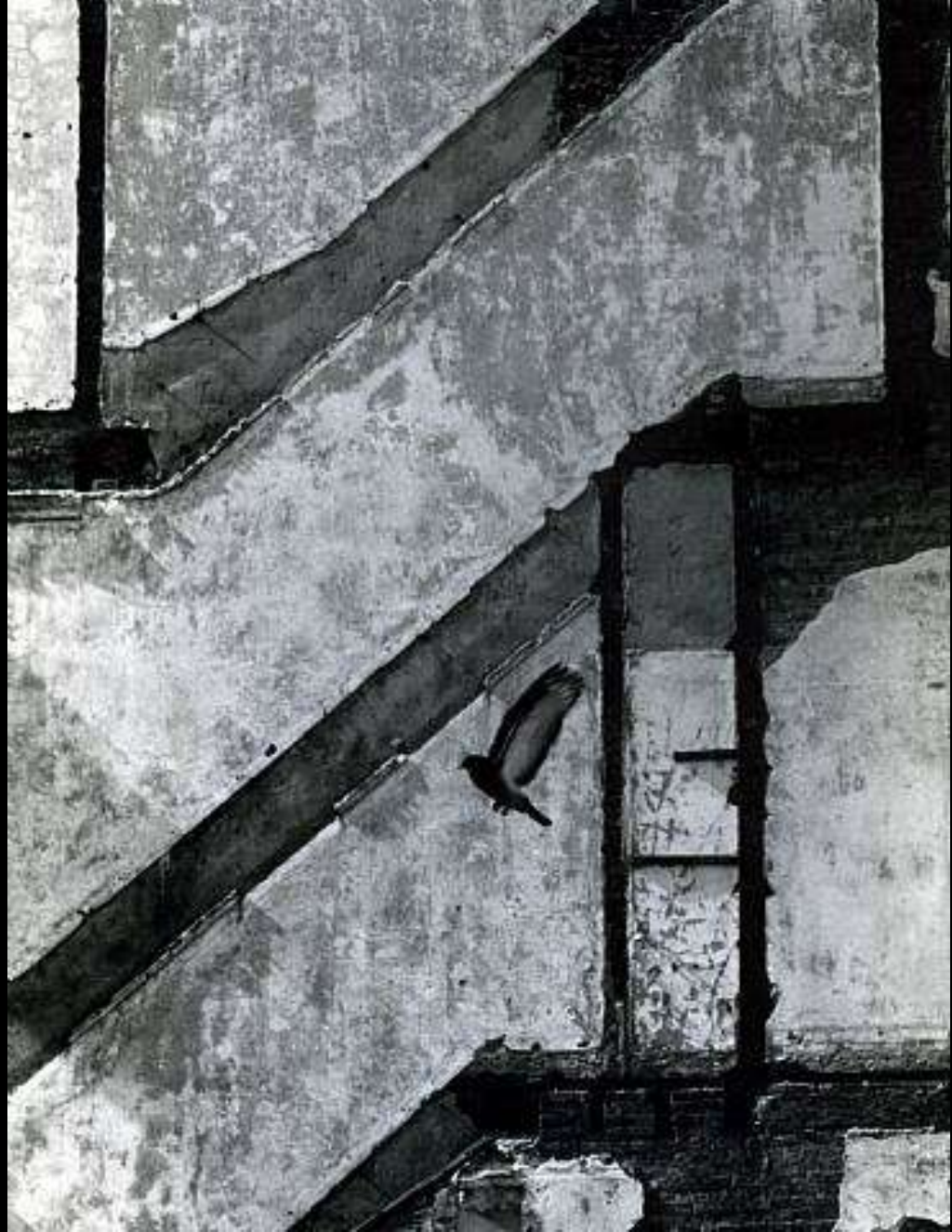
Photographers Robert Doisneau (left) and André Kertész in 1975

The blind musician. Look at the expression on his face. It was absolutely fantastic. If he had been born in Berlin, London or Paris, he might have become a first-rate musician.



André Kertész | The Blind Violinist, Abony, Hungary, 1921

This was taken around 59th Street where they had demolished the houses, and I saw a pigeon flying in and out. The original idea for this photograph dates back to my days in Paris, where I also saw some old run-down houses and wanted to photograph them with a pigeon. But the pigeon never came. Here in New York I sat and waited. Time and time again I went back to the same place, but it was never right. Then one day I saw the lonely pigeon. I took maybe two or three pictures. The moment was here. I had waited maybe thirty years for that instant.



André Kertész | Landing Pigeon, New York, 1960

Everything that surrounds you can give you something. Last summer I stayed in my room most of the time and I began playing around with things. Years ago I was given a little primitive Polaroid camera and I didn't like it—it was for snapshots. But one day I took it out. I had discovered, in the window of a shop, a little glass bust, and I was very moved because it resembled my wife—the shoulder and the neck were Elizabeth. For months and months I looked at the bust in the window and I finally bought it. The lady in the shop said, 'It's a beautiful bust, sir.' 'I know,' I said. And I took it home, put it in my window, and began shooting and shooting with the Polaroid camera—in the morning, in the afternoon, in different lights. Something came out of this little incident, this little object. They made a book of all the pictures I took. It is dedicated to my wife. Look how the face of the bust is always changing: a shadow, which is the shadow of the curtain, then a passing cloud.

The sky and its reflection give it the expression. I didn't arrange this thing—it was "there". Photography cannot make nature more beautiful. Nature is the most beautiful thing in the world. You can show the beauty, illustrate it, but it is never the real beauty—very far from it. We don't know how beautiful nature really is. We can only guess. I am always saying the best photographs are those I never took.



André Kertész | New York City, 1979

This picture of Magda was also taken in Beöthy's studio. I said to her, 'Do something with the spirit of the studio corner,' and she started to move on the sofa. She just made a movement. I took only two photographs. No need to shoot a hundred rolls like people do today. People in motion are wonderful to photograph. It means catching the right moment—the moment when something changes into something else. It shows a kind of distortion similar to that in the photograph of the swimmer.



André Kertész | Satyric Dancer, Paris, 1926

My wife and I found the apartment, which I still live in [Kertész passed away in 1985], in 1952. I take many pictures from my balcony. It looks down onto Washington Square.

André Kertész | Washington Square, New York, 1954



In this picture of Montmartre, I was just testing a new lens for a special effect. When I went to America, I left most of my material in Paris, and when I returned I found sixty percent of the glass-plate negatives were broken. This one I saved, but it had a hole in it. I printed it anyways. And accident helped me to produce a beautiful effect.



André Kertész | Broken Plate, Paris, 1929

You do not have to imagine things; reality gives you all you need. I was in Tokyo. It was a rainy day, and I had just bought a new lens. I took some test shots out of the window of my hotel when I saw these people crossing the street—a perfect composition.

Rainy Day, Tokyo, 1968, André Kertész





After I was wounded [in WWI] I was in the hospital for almost nine months. We went swimming in the pool every day, and I realized the distortions in the water. When I photographed them my comrades said, 'You are crazy. Why did you photograph this?' I answered: 'Why only girl friends? This also exists.' So I photographed my first distortion in 1917 – others followed later, especially the nudes in 1933.

Underwater Swimmer Esztergom, 1917, André Kertész

I went to his studio and instinctively tried to capture in my photographs the spirit of his paintings. He simplified, simplified, simplified. The studio with its symmetry dictated the composition. He had a vase with a flower, but the flower was artificial. It was colored by him with the right color to match his studio.



Chez Mondrian, Paris, 1926, André Kertész

Από κείμενο της Γκλόρυς Ροζάκη για τον Kertesz:

Οι φωτογραφίες τού Kertesz είναι σαν το νερό που αναβλύζει αβίαστα από την πηγή. Μοιάζουν αυτονόητες. Πρώτα-πρώτα, έχουν μια φυσικότητα που οφείλεται τόσο στα θέματά τους, που εκτός από ελάχιστες εξαιρέσεις ανήκουν στον οικείο χώρο της καθημερινής ζωής, όσο και στον τρόπο που αυτά φωτογραφίζονται: με σεβασμό και από κάποια απόσταση, χωρίς έμφαση ή δραματοποίηση. Επιπλέον, είναι τόσο σοφά καδραρισμένες (είναι όλα τόσο πολύ εκεί όπου θα έπρεπε να είναι), ώστε εκ πρώτης όψεως είναι σα να μην έχει υπάρξει μέλημα κάδρου, σαν να οφείλονται όλα στην αρμονία τού ίδιου τού κόσμου, ή σαν να μην μπορούσαν να είναι αλλιώς. Ωστόσο, ο κόσμος που βλέπουμε σ' αυτές δεν είναι ο οποιοσδήποτε. Έχει μια όψη ποιητική, άλλοτε αδιόρατα μελαγχολική άλλοτε ανεπαίσθητα παιγνιώδη. Πράγμα που βέβαια μάς υπενθυμίζει ότι πίσω από αυτές υπάρχει ένα βλέμμα, μια παρουσία. Έστω διακριτική, έστω αθώα.

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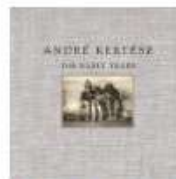
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