

"What the Moment Told Me": The Photographs of André Kertész

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In 1912, the year André Kertész began working as a clerk in the Budapest Stock Exchange, he bought his first camera: an ICA box using 4.5 x 6 cm plates. He was eighteen years old and ready to teach himself the mysteries of light. Over the next thirteen years, before moving to Paris, he made hundreds of photographic images of Hungary. A soulful young man dozing in a Budapest coffee shop; a blind violinist fiddling in the middle of an unpaved street; two lovers embracing on a park bench; soldiers lined up on the latrine; a snow-covered street in Esztergom: these are only a few of the most familiar. Almost seventy years later Kertész collected 143 of these images for his elegiac book *Hungarian Memories*.¹ Most frequently remembered for Surrealist photographs of contorted women, or contemplative images of his adopted New York City, Kertész had preserved the underside of *belle-epoque* Hungary in some of the finest photographs of the twentieth century.

Avoiding the wealthy and the middle class, Kertész preferred to focus on the less-privileged, in a seemingly haphazard manner that belied his instinctive sense of composition. As a historical record his photographs are invaluable to the study of a vanished world — they preserve its texture, its density. Although Susan Sontag, in *On Photography*, wisely questioned the relation of photographic images to reality, it is possible to "read" photographs of the past in their own context, a process that Sontag tends to disregard.² Kertész's context, naturally, has many facets, from the fiction of Zsigmond Móricz and the poetry of Endre Ady to music and painting, as well as the dramatic story of the Dual Monarchy's last years. While Kertész's photographs can be looked at in isolation, or in terms of the development of modern photography (and his contribution to it), an appreciation of them is enriched by their context. Kertész was a pioneer, but he did not work alone.³

Yet even "context" is not enough to explain the difference between Kertész's Hungarian photographs and his work outside of his native country. As soon as one looks at the sweep of his work, a gradual shift in tone and a darkening sensibility become apparent. Kertész's Hungarian photographs exude warmth, immediacy, and freshness, qualities that gradually disappear from his

work as more formalist concerns begin to dominate it. While his early subject matter inevitably gave way to new surroundings (first Paris, and then New York where he spent the last forty-nine years of his life), the difference is more than a matter of subjects, although they are part of it. Something else seems to be happening, as if, cut off from his roots, Kertész can record only an alien world that the immigrant observes but does not fully inhabit. He seems to be retreating into formalism, yet an air of melancholy emerges, his emotions gradually withdrawing from the photographic image.

Kertész's long career has often been seen as part of the development of modernism. While the connection is an obvious one, it can be made a good deal more specific. That is that the psychological burden and freedom of emigrating made Kertész particularly open to modernist conventions, and had a profound effect on his work. Kertész was twice removed from his homeland — once from Hungary and once from France. His Hungarian photographs take on a different resonance when this is remembered.

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Kertész's impulse to preserve a dying way of life was not unlike that of his compatriots Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály who recorded the folk music of the remote rural regions where old traditions persisted. This desire to preserve the past reflects a cultural movement in Hungary interested in expressing what was distinctly "Magyar," a movement launched by the celebrations of 1896 to commemorate the first thousand years of Hungarian history.

Andor Kertész was born in 1894 into an assimilated Jewish middle-class family in Budapest. At six, he saw "an illustrated magazine and decided I wanted to do the same with a camera as it had with drawings."⁴ Purchasing his first small camera after receiving his baccalaureate, he used it as "a little notebook, a sketchbook. I photographed things that surrounded me — human things, animals, my house, the shadows, peasants, the life around me. I always photographed what the moment told me."⁵ The glut of photographic images of the past century has made subjects such as these so familiar that it is easy to forget that Kertész was one of the first to record them. What may now look like stock images were once radically new. Self-taught, Kertész had to improvise a darkroom in his parents' house and do his printing at night, while the family slept. He reserved weekends for his camera, clerking at the stock exchange throughout the week.

During World War I Kertész served in the Austro-Hungarian army, taking along his cumbersome camera (now a Goertz Tenax with 4.5 x 6 cm plates) and photographing comrades whenever he had the chance. At the front line he took informal, candid photographs, unlike official photographers for the War Department, "who always came with a huge camera on a tripod after the battle was over to make a scenic photograph that would show the destruction."⁶ Kertész preferred intimate moments — his latrine companions, a young soldier writing a

letter home, another flirtatiously touching the hip of a babushkaed peasant woman. After being wounded in 1916 he developed some of his pictures, and his regiment planned to publish them in a small book and give the proceeds to the Red Cross.⁷ (The project never materialized because most of the negatives were destroyed.) Because of his injury, he had to spend almost nine months in a hospital, where he went swimming in the pool daily. Here he discovered the distortions caused by looking through water and began to use them in a series of photographs of male swimmers. When friends asked why he took such photographs, he replied "Why only girl friends? This also exists."⁸ These first body distortions, made in 1917, foreshadow his more famous surrealist female nudes of 1933. Once recovered, he rejoined active service and travelled throughout Central Europe, making photographs along the way. Some of his war photographs appeared in *Borsszem Jankó*, in 1916, and in *Érdekes Újság*, in 1917.

After the war Kertész returned to work at the Budapest stock exchange and continued to make his visual record of Hungary. Yet he did not emphasize urban images. Rather, Kertész often visited the country. "I grew up in Budapest, but I always felt very close to the countryside,"⁹ he wrote in the caption for a photograph of a peasant family in Szigetbecse holding violins and double bass upright, preparing to play a string trio. "I never had to go very far for subjects — they were always on my doorstep. But I can't analyze it. People ask me how I did it. I don't know; the event dictated it."¹⁰ *The event dictated it.* Appealingly romantic, the claim is not entirely true. Kertész went in search of his subjects, although there was nothing mannered about the way he photographed them. Even when taking pictures in Budapest, he tended to concentrate on peasants, blocking and isolating their figures so that the sophisticated city seemed remote, even non-existent. "Waiting for the Ship, Budapest, 1919", for example, shows three peasant women huddled on the docks, talking, with two large and seemingly empty wicker baskets before them. They might be in any of the villages Kertész visited.

Kertész's Hungarian subjects rarely spill beyond their frames. "Boy sleeping over the daily paper in a coffee shop" (1912) is more than the photographic record of a handsome young man leaning on his right hand, his eyes shut, his mouth open; the image is a psychological statement about someone in suspension, as if Kertész were anticipating the dream space of Surrealism. The young man is lost in a state somewhere between a finite and an infinite landscape, neither a dream nor a nightmare, but another world — sleep space. The power of the image comes partly from Kertész's ability to photograph two kinds of space. First, the formal composition of the photograph — its spatial arrangement — isolates the figure in an "X" shape almost in the centre of a square, and the coffee shop is suggested mainly by the trapezoid of newspaper spread out before him and the triangle of newspapers hanging on a wall-rack behind and above him, as if to balance the white-and-grey trapezoid that may have put him to sleep in the first place. Second, the spatial duality established by the subject's face, in half shadow, suggests the sleep space beyond the world of waking, a

space within another space. A trace of eros marks the young man's features, along with a languid melancholy that seems tinged with Kertész's good humour — the young man will, of course, awake and return to the cares of the day. Given the fact that Kertész was only eighteen when he took this photograph, it can be seen as a self-portrait of sorts. But like any serious portraitist he probed the character of his subject — the young man is gentle, dreamy, almost vulnerable, with the unselfconsciousness of youth.

Unselfconsciousness is a feature of Kertész's Hungarian work, and frequently of the people he chose to photograph — beggars, Gypsy children, a blind fiddler. Unhappy with his office job, Kertész may have identified with these marginal figures and their sense of dislocation. His family did not encourage his desire for a career in photography, fearing that he would end up like any of the numerous small Budapest photographers making studio portraits — this was, after all, a time when photography had a lower status than the other visual arts. Instead, his mother encouraged his minor interest in bee-keeping, for Kertész had loved the countryside since childhood, when his family spent summers in Szigetbecse, on the *puszta*, and at Tiszaszalka on the Tisza River. In July 1921 Kertész spent six weeks in a village near Buda, learning about bee-keeping. Fortunately he never pursued the subject, but it was during this time that he took his photograph of the blind violinist, one of the masterworks of European photography.

At first glance "Afony" (July 19, 1921) — which Kertész described as "A blind musician... who wandered from village to village with his boy. He made a living playing for alms"¹¹ — seems to be a sociological comment. But closer examination shows that it is much more than photojournalism. The photograph, in fact, is a statement about making art. The face of the violinist suggests that his music has transported him from the unpaved street where he plays to himself, transcending his ordinary world yet still a part of it. This reflection on the process of creation observes the boundary between art and life (the violinist's child companion is clearly on the look-out for alms) while the musician inhabits another world. Here again, space is relative, not absolute. In this early study Kertész managed to make the invisible visible — the artist's need to create, and the space that creation makes. He photographed the violinist's essence. Years later Kertész wrote of this subject: "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."¹² There is something almost consoling about this image, as is true of all great works of art. One critic, Sandra S. Phillips, has remarked that the figure has "the timeless authority of Homer."¹³ (It is no accident that Kertész felt drawn to another blind musician later in his life, in New York.)

Kertész had not yet given himself up to the experiments that would follow in Paris, where painting and photography seemed to merge. In Hungary he insisted on the strict separation of the two, affirming the integrity of photojournalism. Yet he was not interested in mimesis but, rather, in exploring the

external world through the camera. Like all early modernists, he had to recognize the separation between external reality and the work of art, even as he presented the anecdotal with a modernist's sense of fragmentation. His own emotions, his own responses, were always central to his photography. "My work," he wrote, "is inspired by my life. I express myself through my photographs. Everything that surrounds me provokes my feeling."¹⁴ An instinctive artist (perhaps a function of being self-taught), Kertész emphasized how he found his subjects: "I always photographed what the moment told me."¹⁵ Yet he lived in search of the moment, and organized his weekend travels in aid of the search. "You do not have to imagine things; reality gives you all you need."¹⁶ His angle on "reality," however, was unique, and Kertész knew it: "It has been said that my photos 'seem to come more out of a dream than out of reality.' I have an inexplicable association with the things I see. This is the reality."¹⁷ Loathe to give away his secrets, Kertész understood that his work was based on an "inexplicable association." When he did speculate on the nature of this association, he recognized the unusual character of his Hungarian work: "The only one I knew to make pictures like mine was a kind of calendar photographer. He arranged his scenes. But I captured mine. My youth in Hungary is full of sweet and warm memories. I have kept the memory alive in my photographs. I am a sentimentalist — born that way, happy that way. Maybe out of place in today's reality."¹⁸ A sentimentalist, but never a sentimental artist, Kertész was able to photograph an added dimension of the world around him because he felt that dimension, one world contained within another. His work is visually exciting precisely because he knew how to reveal the unseen.

An art of contingencies, photography requires a habit of readiness. Photographers must always be watching for the moment when light and subject meet; they have to act in a matter of seconds, making a decision based on an emotional response. In photography, Kertész has written, "two seconds are a thousand years."¹⁹ For a good photograph to result, all elements must cohere, yet this is far from a matter of mere coincidence: Kertész was always mindful of what he was looking for. "Of course a picture can lie," he wrote, "but only if you yourself are not honest or if you don't have enough control over your subject. Then it is the camera working, not you."²⁰ In Hungary he trained himself to be in control of his camera.

Unlike the Hungarian pictorialists whose work filled popular magazines, or the "calendar photographer" he remembered, Kertész insisted on the real rather than the staged. Yet it is clear from his early photographs that he was not beyond staging moments. In one night scene, "Budapest, 1914," a solitary man stands before a pool of light on a cobblestone street, an image that evokes the lonely world of Gyula Krúdy's short stories. In fact Kertész used one of his brothers for a model, and he had to stand still for eight to ten minutes — "the film wasn't so sensitive then,"²¹ he recalled. Is this realism? Maybe. The photograph is not spontaneous, yet it appears to be completely natural, as if Kertész had taken a quick snapshot. Other images from these years are also

obviously posed (for example, "Nude in Abony, July 23, 1921" and "Szigetbecse, September 26, 1926," a portrait of a peasant woman breast-feeding her baby) and seem rather stiff. Perhaps part of the success of Kertész's sleeping youth or blind fiddler comes from the fact that these subjects were unaware they were being photographed. Of course this gave Kertész more freedom. He may have chosen marginal people as his favoured subjects, seeing in them his own feelings about the world, but he did not meet them on exactly equal ground: the camera that stood between them conferred power on him whether he wanted it or not. His subtle use of this power, and his refusal to exploit it, account for the charm of his early work.

In 1923 Kertész sent four pictures to a photo exhibition in Budapest, and learned that the jury wanted to give him the silver medal. Asked to print in bromoil, a process that made photographs look like drawings, Kertész refused, and the offer of a medal was withdrawn. "That was all right with me," he remembered years later. "I have always known that photography can only be photography and is not meant to imitate painting."²² At first this may seem surprising for a young man who dreamed of living in Paris, then the centre of modern art. Kertész, however, always insisted on the integrity of photography, and remained years ahead of his time in his perception of the value of his art.

Kertész's Hungarian work seems untouched by the *avant-garde* art that developed alongside of it. The *fin-de-siècle* had seen a great flowering of art and architecture in Budapest, but no one would guess this from most of Kertész's photographs. The Nagybánya painters and, later, painters like the Eight, were in their prime years, exhibiting regularly in Budapest, where a genuine Hungarian *avant-garde* style was developing. As well, Kertész would have read the modernists Ady and Móricz in the pages of *Érdekes Újság*, which continued to publish his own work. Yet as Oliver A.I. Botar has pointed out, Kertész's circle of friends included Vilmos Aba-Novák and István Szőnyi, painters of the Szolnok School who were "committed to painting Hungarian landscapes, townscapes, and rural genre scenes."²³ Kertész remained separate from the *avant-garde*, struggling by himself to photograph his world as directly as possible while learning the technical secrets of his various cameras. Remembering this time years later, he said, "We had an absolutely special spirit in Hungary, especially in Budapest."²⁴ The words suggest that Kertész knew he belonged to a larger movement, although he had been content to embody it in his own way.

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After wearing down his mother's objections, Kertész finally applied for a visa to live in France, and left Budapest for Paris in 1925. At once he joined the Hungarian community there and was probably glad for their help, since he knew little French. He gravitated to the Café du Dôme in the heart of Montparnasse, to the Hungarian table with architect Ernő Goldfinger, painters and sculptors such as Lajos Tihanyi, József Csáky (whose Cubist sculptures he particularly

admired), Dénes Förstner, and Etienne (István) Beöthy, the writer Sándor Kémeri, Noemie Ferenczy, ceramicist Margit Kovács, and photographer Ilka Révai. He also befriended a Transylvanian-Hungarian named Gyula Halász, and showed him how to take photographs as a way to make money, sharing his knowledge of night photography, a subject that Halász, later known as Brassai, came to be associated with.

As his circle of friends grew to include Mondrian, Leger, and László Moholy-Nagy, Kertész saw the most *avant-garde* art of the day. These were the years of his surrealist experiments with distortion, which had their roots in his swimming-pool photographs made during the war. The model in his famous "Satiric Dancer, Paris, 1926," was a young Hungarian woman named Magda Förstner, and the photograph was taken in the studio of his sculptor friend, Beöthy. Did Kertész feel particularly free to experiment because he shared a common language with his model? We'll probably never know, but the question is still worth asking. It is not a large leap from Magda Förstner to the photographs Kertész took in the early 1930s with distorting mirrors he bought in a flea market. Sandra S. Phillips, however, has noted that Kertész's move to abstraction was not unlike Moholy-Nagy's, which also occurred only after he left Hungary.

One can merely speculate about why such changes took place. The heady combination of personal freedom in a new city, which happened to be the world's art capital, along with Kertész's own intense, melancholy, but out-going nature, must have made him particularly open to an atmosphere of experimentation. It was during a visit to Mondrian's studio in 1926 that Kertész took his well-known photograph of a table with a vase and artificial flower near the stairwell. Regarding Mondrian, he wrote: "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."²⁵

During these years Kertész's many photographs of friends — both portraits and casual gatherings — are a link to the faces that stare out from his Hungarian photographs. Budapest beggars have been replaced with the *clochards* of Paris, but these images are more picturesque than similar ones taken back home, as if Kertész's mind and heart were elsewhere. Yet he recorded friends and colleagues with the same kind of sympathy and spontaneity that he once brought to peasant women and Gypsies. Like immigrants before him, Kertész took the measure of his new surroundings and saw what they asked of him. He could be entirely modern too.

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In 1936 Kertész and his Hungarian wife of three years, Elizabeth Sali (born Erzsébet Salomon), moved to New York City, where he planned to spend a year photographing the United States. Initially Elizabeth did not want to make the trip, and even told Kertész jokingly, "I'll divorce you."²⁶

What followed is an almost familiar story of European émigrés in America during the years before the Second World War. Offered a contract with a prominent picture agency, Keystone Studios, by fellow-Hungarian Erney (Ernő) Prince, Kertész settled into the Beaux Arts Hotel, the first of his Manhattan addresses. These were difficult years for him. Yet it is easy to forget that photography as an art was new to the museum world in the 1930s. In 1936, when Kertész was en route to America, Beaumont Newhall, the photography curator at the Museum of Modern Art, was preparing the museum's first photography exhibition, "Photography 1839-1937." Five images by Kertész were used (including a nude study cropped by Newhall to eliminate the model's pubic hair). In Budapest his photographs had received almost immediate recognition, but in New York Kertész had to struggle as a free-lance photojournalist whose work seemed largely irrelevant to American taste. His photographs were exhibited in several galleries and even published in *Look*, where they were credited to Prince. "My sort of photography was not understood," he later recalled. "I made an interesting New York book. I took the layout to a publisher. 'You are too human, Kertész, sorry,' was the answer, 'make it more brutal.'"²⁷ At *Life* magazine he was told "You are talking too much with your pictures. We only need documents," and Kertész felt "cheated. I was trapped."²⁸

Because of the war he was forced to remain in America where, classified as an enemy alien, he was even prohibited from making photographs outdoors. Eventually his photographs were published in magazines such as *Collier's*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Town and Country*, and *Vogue*, but he never found easy acceptance. After becoming an American citizen in 1944, he began working for Conde Nast Publications, and signed an exclusive contract with them in 1949, supplying mainly interior photographs for *Town and Country*. In 1946 the Art Institute of Chicago mounted a one-man show of Kertész's photographs, but he had to wait another twenty-eight years for his next solo exhibition.

Although Kertész referred to himself as "a sentimentalist," he did not try to recreate a bit of old Hungary in America. He was already a seasoned immigrant. Unlike his first years in Paris, where he belonged to a vital Hungarian community, in New York Kertész settled down to the business of doing business. In studying his work it is also important to stop and think of the subjects he didn't photograph. There are no Hungarian restaurants, pastry shops, butcher shops, churches, clubs, dances, or community activities, often the solace of the new immigrant. Certainly in the years before and after the Second World War there were plenty of these in New York for anyone inclined to photograph them. And Weston J. Naef has noted that, "The Americanization of Kertész was proceeding in a way not unlike that of other aspiring immigrants. He did not, for example, choose to live in New York's Hungarian enclave, situated on Manhattan's commercial Lexington Avenue between 68th and 78th streets."²⁹ Of course Kertész's family had a history of assimilation in Hungary, maintaining little of their Jewish identity, and perhaps he had learned the lesson well. In New York he devoted his free time — and his free emotions — to his own

photography. It is fair to say that he had assimilated himself into the international style of modernism. His world had no need of picturesque immigrants, and neither did he.

After settling in New York, it seems that Kertész lost interest in faces, or found none that moved him as much as the Hungarian faces of his youth. His work became increasingly abstract, his camera angles more unusual. Of course people weren't Kertész's only subject in Hungary. He had also made images of cobblestone streets and dirt roads; rain on the streets, mirror-like puddles, and piles of snow; clouds and shadows. The camera's lens was Kertész's eye on patterns in nature, patterns that reflected the clean geometry of modernism. Now there are few faces to equal those in his early photographs: the artist's brother, Jenő, swimming; children in Esztergom; a Gypsy girl modelling her embroidered scarf; a small-town judge, teacher, minister, and notary; and even an astonishingly tender photograph of his mother's hands, taken in 1919, when she was sixty, about which Kertész wrote for a caption "I have the same hands today."³⁰ America provided few human subjects that stood out in their own right. People merged into their landscapes as the documentary aspect of Kertész's photography completely transformed itself — a considerable achievement because photography nearly always hints at some link with its realist, documentary origins. The power relation between Kertész and his subjects had also changed from his early excursions to the Hungarian countryside. Kertész was now the marginal figure, the immigrant trying to "make it," and he had to be aware of this on the streets of New York.

Kertész continued to take photographs "for myself,"³¹ including a series focusing on Washington Square, the park below his apartment building, which he added to over several decades. His isolation was deeply felt, and one photograph from the late 1950s, "Sixth Avenue, New York City, 1959," suggests the depth of it. On a busy street corner a blind accordionist looks out blankly while a dwarf, who works as a circus clown, drops a coin into the cup held by the musician's female companion. Inevitably the image evokes Kertész's earlier blind violinist. The effect, however, eerily prefigures the work of Diana Arbus — the artist is not transcendent here, but sadly marginal. Kertész wrote of this image: "You have different feelings with each happening — good ones and bad ones: a killer can be an artistic person; wars are fought in beautiful landscapes. But I cannot analyze my work. People often ask, 'How can you do this photograph?' I do not know, the moment came. I know beforehand how it will come out. There are few surprises. You don't see; you *feel* the things."³² Like Mondrian, he had taught himself how to simplify.

In 1962, at the age of sixty-eight, Kertész was finally recognized as one of the pioneer photographers of the century when he was given the chance to stage a one-man exhibition at Long Island University of New York. Retrospectives followed soon at the Venice Biennale (1963), the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris (1963), and the Museum of Modern Art in New York (1964).

It was as if the art world had suddenly happened on a major figure, just as Kertész claimed to find his subjects.

The attention gave Kertész freedom and a degree of financial security he had not known before, and he was able to terminate his contract with Conde Nast. He continued to take photographs in New York, but also in Europe and Japan. And he gave interviews, discussing his work with a new generation fascinated by it. Three years before his death, in 1985, his collection *Hungarian Memories* was published. It was the most lavish of the books that Kertész undertook, and shows his deep attachment to his early Hungarian work. Yet Kertész did not call the book *Hungarian Images*, or something similar, but rather *Hungarian Memories*. The choice is significant because the word "memories" highlights the personal aspect of his work as well as the distance he felt from his youth. "Memories" also suggests nostalgia, even the bittersweet mood of a backward glance. Hungary now belonged to the past. It should be no surprise that Kertész ended his life photographing a small glass bust of a woman that reminded him of his deceased wife, as it reflected the light of the cityscape outside his living-room window. Displacement and alienation had always drawn his eye, and now Kertész became one with them, recording pure light as precisely as possible. The external world no longer captured his attention: pattern was all, and the form and content of photography united.

NOTES

The illustrations to this study (see the Appendix at the back of this volume) are courtesy of the Jane Corkin Gallery, Toronto, Canada.

¹André Kertész, *Hungarian Memories* (Boston: A New York Graphic Book/Little, Brown and Company, 1982).

²Susan Sontag, *On Photography* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1977).

³The context I have in mind is examined in such books as John Lukacs's *Budapest 1900: A Historical Portrait of a City and Its Culture* (New York: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1988) and Mary Gluck's *Georg Lukacs and His Generation 1900-1918* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1985), as well as by two recent travelling exhibitions of Hungarian art with book-length catalogues: *A Golden Age: Art and Society in Hungary 1896-1914* (Corvina, Budapest/Barbican Art Gallery, London, England/Center for the Fine Arts, Miami, Florida, 1990) and *Standing in the Tempest: Painters of the Hungarian Avant-Garde 1908-1930* (Santa Barbara, California: Santa Barbara Museum of Art, 1991).

⁴André Kertész, *Kertész on Kertész: A Self-Portrait* (London: British Broadcasting Corporation, 1985), p. 15.

⁵*Ibid.*

⁶*Ibid.*, p. 23.

⁷Colin Ford, *André Kertész: An Exhibition of Photographs from the Centre Georges Pompidou Paris* (London: Arts Council of Great Britain, 1979), p. 9.

⁸*Ibid.*, p. 24.

⁹*Ibid.*, p. 36.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, p. 30.

¹¹Kertész, *Hungarian Memories*, p. 30.

¹²Kertész, *Kertész on Kertész*, p. 37.

¹³Sandra S. Phillips, David Travis and Weston J. Naef, *André Kertész of Paris and New York* (New York: Thames and Hudson, Inc., 1985), p. 19.

¹⁴*Kertész on Kertész*, p. 29.

¹⁵*Ibid.*, p. 15.

¹⁶*Ibid.*, p. 105.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, p. 76.

¹⁸*Ibid.*, p. 38.

¹⁹*Ibid.*, p. 80.

²⁰*Ibid.*

²¹*Ibid.*, p. 33.

²²*Ibid.*, p. 32.

²³Oliver A.I. Botar with M. Phileen Tattersall, *Tibor Polya and the Group of Seven: Hungarian Art in Toronto Collections 1900-1949* (Toronto: Justina M. Barnicke Gallery, Hart House, University of Toronto, 1989), p. 2.

²⁴Keith F. Davis, *André Kertész: Vintage Photographs* (New York: Edwynn Houk Gallery, 1985), p. 6.

²⁵*Kertész on Kertész*, p. 53.

²⁶Ford, *op. cit.*, p. 22.

²⁷*Kertész on Kertész*, p. 90.

²⁸*Ibid.*

²⁹Phillips, Travis and Naef, *op. cit.*, p. 109. Naef curiously misses the point with his phrase the "Americanization of Kertész." In fact, the photographer never developed an American fondness for scenic subjects, while it was his European-ness that caused his work to be undervalued, as Kertész admitted.

³⁰Kertész, *Hungarian Memories*, p. 194.

³¹*Ibid.*, p. 96.

³²*Ibid.*, p. 99.

Illustrations to this article: see the Appendix to this volume (pp. 123-25).

1. André Kertész. *Boy Sleeping over Daily Paper*, 1912. Gelatin silver print. Courtesy: Jane Corkin Gallery, Toronto, Canada. ©André Kertész.

2. André Kertész. *Blind Violinist*, 1912. Gelatin silver print. Courtesy: Jane Corkin Gallery, Toronto, Canada. ©André Kertész.