

**PRINT SALES GALLERY
14 SEP–20 OCT 2018**

**THE
PHOTOGRAPHERS'
GALLERY**



Steam Train Press, Wyoming, 1954 © Elliott Erwitt/ Magnum Photos

PLANES, TRAINS & AUTOMOBILES

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Print Sales presents a group show exploring our enduring fascination with man-made transportation and the journeys they evoke: metaphoric, philosophical and literal.

The images in Planes, Trains and Automobiles span the 20th century, crossing continents, technological developments, urban and rural landscapes and the new rituals and behaviours provoked by these 'travelling machines'.

Yet despite the photogenic allure of the vehicles themselves, the artistic focus here is on the human condition. From departures to arrivals, the station forecourt to the open road, the back seat of the car to the back carriage of a train, the courting couple to the lone figure, the works on display portray love, life, encounters, betrayal and loss through the lens of such international luminaries as **Bruce Davidson**, **Elliott Erwitt**, **Jacques-Henri Lartigue**, **O Winston Link**, **Louis Stettner** and **Sebastião Salgado**.



O Winston Link, NW1103 Hot Shot East Bound at laeger, West Virginia, 1956

BRUCE DAVIDSON

THE
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Brooklyn Gang (couple kissing in backseat), 1956

US Magnum Photographer, **Bruce Davidson** is best known for his candid photographs, which document post-war youth culture with unparalleled directness and seeming spontaneity. His work has come to define a distinctive style of socially conscious photo-documentation, which fuses journalistic enquiry with a deep interest in human connection. He is considered to be one of the first photographers to produce what we now refer to as photo-essays, where a series of linked images trace a theme or offer in-depth visual studies of communities and groups.

The images presented here show how the rapidly evolving modes of transport provided Davidson with new cultural and social environments to continue his interests. From the raw insouciance of a teenage couple kissing in the back seat of a car to the more random 'brief encounter' of pedestrians captured through a taxi window, Davidson presents his subjects with a unique autonomy and agency and offers viewers rare access to hidden lives.



England/Scotland, 1960

Sean O'Hagan on
photography
Photography

Joker in the pack: Bruce Davidson's photographs of a Brooklyn gang

In 1959, the 25-year-old photographer embedded himself with a gang of teenage New Yorkers to create a moving portrait of postwar inner-city youth culture



Sean O'Hagan

Mon 21 Jun 2010 14.52 BST

In 1959, there were about 1,000 gang members in New York City, mainly teenage males from ethnically-defined neighbourhoods in the outer boroughs.



▲ 'Beautiful Cathy was always there, always sad' ... the Brooklyn Gang. Photograph: Bruce Davidson/Steidl

In the spring of that year, Bruce Davidson read a newspaper article about outbreaks of street fighting in Prospect Park and travelled across the Brooklyn Bridge from Manhattan in search of a gang to photograph.

"I met a group of teenagers called the Jokers," he wrote in the afterword to his seminal book of insider reportage, *Brooklyn Gang*. "I was 25 and they were about 16. I could easily have been taken for one of them."

The previous year, Davidson had become a member of Magnum, having shown his work to his hero, the agency's co-founder, Henri Cartier-Bresson. In 1958, he had similarly immersed himself in the world of a travelling circus for a series called *The Dwarf*, in which he photographed a performer with whom he formed a close friendship. "My way of working," he later said, "is to enter an unknown world, explore it over a period of time, and learn from it."

With the Jokers, the boundary between detached observation and immersion in the subject matter became even more blurred. "In time they allowed me to witness their fear, depression and anger," he wrote. "I soon realised that I, too, was feeling their pain. In staying close to them, I uncovered my own feelings of failure, frustration and rage."

Alongside Ed van der Elsken's 1956 work *Love On the Left Bank*, an altogether more staged kind of social document, *Brooklyn Gang* stands as one of the first in-depth photographic records of rebellious postwar youth culture. The book is now hard to find and prohibitively expensive to all but the serious collector, but the *Brooklyn Gang* series is included in the first book of the epic

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THE GUARDIAN, 21 JUN 2010

The
Guardian

three-volume Davidson retrospective, *Outside Inside*, just published by Steidl.

For several months Davidson followed the Jokers on their endless wanderings around their Brooklyn turf and beyond. He captured them hanging out in Prospect Park, where outdoor dances were held on weekend summer nights, and lounging on the beach at Coney Island. He snapped the young men as they killed time in a neighbourhood diner called Helen's Candy Store. In his photographs, the Jokers look both tough and innocent, uncertain adolescent kids caught in that hinterland between childhood and – this being New York – premature adulthood.

Davidson's black-and-white images are cool and evocative, imbued with a sense of time and place that is palpable. The gang shared a working-class, Italian-Catholic background, but look like they have walked straight off the set of *West Side Story*. The girls are timelessly hip in tight pants and white tops, with pinned-up piles of jet black or peroxide blonde hair. The male dress style is Italian hipster meets American rockabilly – Sinatra meets Elvis. The threads are sharp, the hairstyles tall and quiffed, and the attitude, as caught by Davidson's camera, is either defiant or aloof to the point of disinterested.

Behind the cool facade, though, lay a world of trouble that began to engulf the Jokers as Davidson trailed them. When *Brooklyn Gang* was finally reprinted by Twin Palms Press in 1999, it included an extended afterword by a 55-year-old man known as only as Bengie. At 15, Bengie had been one of the youngest members of the Jokers. He recalled his chaotic childhood as the son of alcoholic parents, and the beatings he received at school from priests and nuns. He remembered that the younger Jokers were into “drinking beer, smoking pot, maybe popping a pill here and there”, and how the heroin came later, via older gang members. He reminisces over Lefty, “the first of the gang to die”, a line later lifted by Morrissey, the great magpie of youth culture, for his song of the same name.

“If you see Jimmie, he's like the Fonz, like James Dean—handsome,” Bengie says of Davidson's photographs of one of the older members of the Jokers. “Later, though, the whole family, all six of them – Charlie, Aggie, Katie, Jimmie, the mother and the father – died; wiped out, mostly from drugs.”

The saddest story belongs to Cathy, the blonde and beautiful young girl whom Davidson photographed several times and whose reflection he caught unforgettably in a cigarette machine as she fixed her hair while waiting for the Staten Island ferry. “Cathy was beautiful like Brigitte Bardot,” Bengie remembers. “Cathy always was there, but outside ... Then, some years ago, she put a shotgun in her mouth and blew her head off.”

Brooklyn Gang, then, is a document of inner-city youth culture at a time before the term was even coined. It is also a requiem for a bunch of Italian-American kids who bonded and, for a time, found a kind of community that had been denied them elsewhere – at home, in the church, at school. One of Davidson's photographs, a couple entwined in the back seat of a car, has attained a late iconic status after being used by Bob Dylan on his 2008 album, *Together Through Life*. The blonde-haired girl may even be Cathy.

“Beautiful Cathy was there, always with her honey, Junior,” writes Bengie. “It was very sad to see her die. It was very sad to see her because she was so sad. She was always sad, always fixing her hair.” You can see her that way in Davidson's great photograph of her standing in front of the cigarette machine, forever young, forever alive. •

ELLIOTT ERWITT

THE
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Santa Monica, California, 1955

Born in Paris to Russian émigrés, **Elliott Erwitt** spent his childhood in Milan before moving to the US with his family in 1939. He bought his first camera when he was just 14 and worked in a commercial darkroom before studying photography in Los Angeles and later, New York. There he met contemporaries Edward Steichen and Robert Capa. By the age of 25, he had joined the legendary photographic cooperative Magnum.

Framing his subjects in calculated compositions with a combination of intent and opportunism, Erwitt quickly became recognised as a master of capturing what his friend Henri Cartier-Bresson famously termed the 'decisive moment'. Taking photographs as he saw them arrive in front of him, Erwitt's images of the world in transit relate to his deep belief that "photography is simply a function of noticing things. Nothing more."



Third Avenue EL, New York City, 1955



Steam Train Press, Wyoming,, 1954

Elliott Erwitt

The intimacy of strangers

As some of his favourite photographs go on show, Elliott Erwitt explains what makes an image stand the test of time

Interview by Leo Benedictus

Sat 7 Jun 2008 00.17 BST

Photography is pretty simple stuff. You just react to what you see, and take many, many pictures. The ratio of successful shots is one in God-knows-how-many. Sometimes you'll get several in one contact sheet, and sometimes it's none for days. But as long as you go on taking pictures, you're likely to get a good one at some point. If you give an orangutan a camera, perhaps he'll come up with some as well.

Most of these images are ones I dug up by looking through my archive, shots I passed over at the time - I may not even have looked at them - and then happened to see again many years later. I don't know what it is that gives some pictures their magic, although the test is whether it really hits you and gives you a strong emotion. The stronger, the better.

For instance, I don't know why my shot of the train in Wyoming (1954) is so popular. I was travelling across the country from New York to Los Angeles and taking a lot of pictures, while driving, out of the windshield. (So I may have crossed on to the other side of the road a little bit.) I don't remember the moment itself, but I like the shot, and I'm pleased that other people do, too. Today it's an image of a bygone era, but at the time it seemed ordinary.

Marilyn Monroe, on the other hand, I was able to take pictures of in an intimate situation rather than a public one. This was in her hotel room in 1956, when I was covering the film she was making at the time, *Some Like It Hot*. She may have been reading a script when I took it. It was just me and her, and she was going about her business. I like the atmosphere, and the fact that it's a famous person being photographed in an ordinary way. And I found her very sympathetic, I must say. She was nice, smart, kind of amusing, and very approachable. Not a bimbo at all.



Marilyn Monroe, 1959

In those simpler days, you could just take pictures of movie stars and show them the way they were, as normal human beings. And if I felt part of any movement at the time, it was just to do that - to be journalistic and photograph what is, rather than what is made up. I was passionate about that. And although the magazines that do these kinds of stories are long gone, the idea is as valid now as it ever was. And I am still perpendicular, so I am still taking pictures. •

JACQUES-HENRI LARTIGUE

THE PHOTOGRAPHERS' GALLERY



Route de Gaillon, 1912

Jacques-Henri Lartigue's subject matter – even from an early age – reflected a determination to document the bourgeoisie and a passion for motor vehicles and racing. Fuelled by a desire to capture the world around him, Lartigue was fascinated by the “chic impression of speed”.

The photographs on display show two races at Gaillon in 1912 – the oldest hill climb course in history since 1899 – and the Grand Prix on the beach at La Baule in 1929. Gaining popularity in the US at the beginning of the 20th Century, car races took place on the beach at low tide. Providing the perfect opportunity for record breakers to achieve new land speeds, the races typified the “Roaring Twenties” and the appetite for life in the fast lane.



Grand Prix automobile, La Baule, 1929

Photography

Snap judgment: how photographer Jacques Henri Lartigue captured the moment

William Boyd

Fri 27 May 2016 12.00 BST

A photographer who happened to catch the spirit of early 20th-century France, or a visionary who turned the snapshot into art? William Boyd celebrates the work of Lartigue

Sometimes institutions can change the history of art. Often by exclusion – one thinks of the Salon des Refusés in Paris in 1863 and how it marked the beginning of the end of Beaux Arts classicism and signalled the birth of impressionism. A prevailing taste is suddenly seen as outmoded or moribund and culture decides to take a 180-degree swerve. Or, alternatively, institutions bring about change by giving the imprimatur of acceptance. The *Sensation* show at the Royal Academy, London, in 1997, for example, legitimised and enshrined the raw iconoclasm and entrepreneurialism of the Young British Artists – the “market” had barged its way into the museum. In the case of photography, the 1974 Irving Penn show and the 1978 Richard Avedon show at the Museum of Modern Art in New York are seen as legendary in the same way. It can be argued that, as a result of these two exhibitions, the old art-versus-commerce schism that had existed in photography since its invention melted away. Penn and Avedon – both regarded as commercial photographers – were admitted into the pantheon of modern art, and 20th century photography changed forever. The professional photographer could now do anything – and all photographers became potential artists.

Both these exhibitions were curated by John Szarkowski, the highly influential director of photography at MoMA from 1962-1991. But there was another exhibition that Szarkowski put on, just after succeeding Edward Steichen in the role as director, that – I would contend – had far more searching effects on photography and how it was perceived. And that was the Jacques Henri Lartigue show in 1963. Lartigue (1894-1986) is such a giant of photography today that it’s almost impossible to imagine the photographic landscape of the 20th century without him.



▲ Cousin Caro and Mr Planteigne Willerville, 1906. Photograph: J.H. Lartigue © Ministère de la Culture - France / A.A.J.H.L.



Yet success and acclaim arrived very late in his life and came about through that exhibition, when Lartigue was almost 70. It wasn’t a large show – in no sense a retrospective – and contained under four-dozen photographs from the very beginning of Lartigue’s career, from before the first world war to the 1920s. The images that New Yorkers first saw in 1963 are now classics – as famous and iconic as any photographic image can be – but it takes something of a thought experiment to imagine the impact they must have had then.

They were seen initially as pictures of a lost world – Proustian madeleines in the form of black-and-white silver-gelatin prints-and-white silver-gelatin prints – but the photographs that Lartigue had been taking in the six decades of his working life had a far more revolutionary effect. Lartigue was “discovered” by the 1963 MoMA show almost as if he were some naïf who had been guilelessly pointing his camera here and there and miraculously capturing aspects of the world he was passing through. But Lartigue was no naïf. Kevin Moore’s excellent monograph, *Jacques Henri Lartigue: The Invention of an Artist* (2004), establishes beyond doubt the sophistication of his photography and the various contemporary photographic traditions he practised in. Lartigue was not *sui generis*, and he absolutely knew what he was doing, but it wasn’t until Szarkowski invited him to show at MoMA that anybody else recognised the fact.



▲ Etretat, 1907. Photograph: J.H. Lartigue © Ministère de la Culture - France / A.A.J.H.L.



It is one thing to work with tireless dedication at an art but it’s quite another thing to do so, decade after decade, without recognition. Consider Vincent van Gogh in this regard. Van Gogh was a highly sophisticated, revolutionary artist whose worth was only acknowledged in his short, difficult life by a very small handful of his peers. In the world of photography one might mention Saul Leiter (1923-2013) and Vivian Maier (1926-2009) as similar solitary artists and late discoveries – one of whom achieved fame very late in life, like Lartigue, and the other, only posthumously.

Leiter is a truly wonderful photographer – I personally think the jury is still out on Maier, and may well stay out for a long time – but neither really compares to Lartigue. I would place him in the Van Gogh division. What Lartigue was doing in his photographs represents a body of work that is not only clever and beguiling but gets to the heart of photography as an art form.

Janet Malcolm, the writer and critic, once wrote: “If you scratch a photograph you find two things: a painting and a photograph.” It’s a penetrating remark about photography insofar as it brings to the foreground its great problem as an art form, and its uniqueness. The problem is this: almost all photographs, all types of photographs, are variations or versions of fine art equivalents. One thinks of the portrait, the landscape, the nude, the still life and so on. That’s what Malcolm means when she says “scratch a photograph ... and you find a painting”. What is it, then, about a photograph that makes it uniquely a photograph and not the poor cousin of a painting? I think there are two answers. One is, to put it very simply, “black and white” – its monochrome nature rather than colour; and the other is to do with the camera itself and the photographic process.

The camera is a stop-time device. That moment when the button is clicked and the image is seized is what makes photography unique and what makes it an art form. The derogation of photography that is mechanical, that anyone with a camera can do it, is its strength and defining feature. Great photographs, the photographs that we remember, that haunt us, all speak to this feature, fundamentally. The camera’s eye blinks. Time is stopped, time is frozen, the milli-second captured. Painting can’t do this. Chronology, mortality, is somehow defeated. You can’t scratch a snapshot and find a painting.

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THE GUARDIAN, 27 MAY 2016

The
Guardian

I believe Lartigue recognised this – though how consciously he knew it is probably impossible to define. But from the very beginning of his photographic life – as “The Boy with the Camera” in the earliest years of the 20th century – the evidence is clearly there that this unique time-stopping ability of photography was what he wanted to celebrate with his pictures. Too many years have elapsed to confirm this, but my feeling is that those first visitors at the MoMA show did revel in the images of ladies in their finery in the chic arrondissements of Paris but, simultaneously, something more profound was going on. Most of Lartigue’s photographs in the MoMA show were snapshots; they captured a split second of a day in history; the briefest moment of time past, caught and held forever.

A close look at one photograph reveals the secrets of the others. It’s 1906 and we are at the seaside resort of Villerville, in Normandy. Half a dozen people are walking on the beach. The ladies in their long dresses and the gentlemen in their suits and hats carry parasols to avoid an unfashionable tan. A bearded man in a white suit walks right to left. He is adjusting the cuff of his right sleeve, his weight is on his left leg, and the heel of his right foot has raised off the ground about to carry him into his next stride. Click. The moment is caught. It’s not the scene that particularly captivates, though it’s captivating enough; what makes this a great photograph are precisely those aspects that only a camera provides and fixes – the hand adjusting a cuff, the position of a shadow sharply cast on the sand, the perfect balance of a man walking, the momentary counter-positioning of the parasols’ fabric domes.

One can analyse the photograph further in terms of its historicity, its composition, even its relationship to certain paintings (hindsight scratching away to reveal hints of a Caillebotte, a Courbet or Manet, for example, following the Janet Malcolm precept). What makes it uniquely a photograph and gives it its transforming frisson, however, is precisely this element of the snapshot, the instantané, as Lartigue would have termed it. This is photography’s unique feature and this is what makes us instinctively, viscerally respond.

Again and again Lartigue achieved this particular effect and, looking at these wonderful photographs, we can register that precise allure, that same recognition. A glider is lifted off the ground by an unexpected gust of wind. A diver is forever suspended in mid-air as he leaps from a diving board. A woman in a fashionable crowd purses her lips in anxiety – or irritation? The wan, big-eyed face of Penelope Tree glances around a room at a reception. A sunbather changes a record on a gramophone. John F Kennedy smiles. Couples dance on a cafe terrace. Entirely different subjects in entirely different seasons and periods of history but all united by the snapshot-effect. Time is frozen; the moment held, and because of that our human interest is acutely, absolutely engaged. Only photography can do this – effortlessly, memorably. Lartigue spent his working life trying to reproduce and enshrine that effect. He took the quotidian, commonplace details of the snapshot and showed how the snapshot could be a work of art. That he succeeded so often is a measure of his enduring greatness as a photographer and artist. •

LOUIS STETTNER

THE
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Six Windows, 1958 from Penn Station

For American photographer **Louis Stettner**, the quiet moments savoured by suburban commuters on trains were ideal moments to capture private states in very public spaces.

Amidst the hustle and bustle of 1950s New York, Stettner noticed that the architectural grandeur of Pennsylvania station seemed to have a calming effect on the people who passed through it. Peering through windows or from subterfuge vantage points, Stettner captured his subjects in quiet reverie, engrossed in newspapers, dozing off, or lost in worlds of their own unaware they were being photographed.

“Penn Station was a pause, where people could get in touch with themselves, and a way that I could get in touch with them.” - Louis Stettner



Girl Playing in Circles, 1954, from Penn Station



Card Players, 1958 from Penn Station



Louis Stettner and the Glories of Penn Station

By Jonathan Blaustein Dec. 7, 2015 [Comment](#)

When Louis Stettner was born in Brooklyn in 1922, photography was less than a century old, and World War I had recently ended. Now 93 and residing in Paris, he has lived long enough to see the recent terrorist attacks unfold in real time through countless photographs disseminated every second via Twitter and Instagram.

Mr. Stettner came of age in a world that moved more slowly and gracefully: Witness his classic 1958 photographs of the original Pennsylvania Station in New York. Yet by 1963, the landmark, famed for its glorious architecture, had been demolished to make room for the less-than-grand Madison Square Garden. Hordes of New Yorkers were heartbroken, but the furor helped fuel a movement for historical preservation in the United States.

More than 60 years later, the photographs were published together for the first time as “Penn Station, New York,” a new book by Thames & Hudson, with an introduction by Adam Gopnik. They will also be featured in an exhibition at the Pompidou Center in Paris next summer. He is grateful to know the images resonate with audiences all these years later, as he has devoted his entire life to his pursuit of art.



Penn Station, 1958

Mr. Stettner became interested in photography as a teenager, using a box camera popular at the time. He learned about the craft by visiting the print room in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where the public was allowed to request prints to view.

“All you had to do was call up,” he said in a recent interview. “Here I was, this 15- or 16-year-old boy. I walked in with a nice white shirt and was greeted with great respect.”

Soon after, Mr. Stettner went off to World War II, as a photographer, and traveled

around Paris for several years after the war ended. He found the city intoxicating, with people relieved to resume their lives after years of destruction and chaos. He was embraced by the local photography scene, still small, and made friends with such luminaries as Brassai, Henri Cartier-Bresson, and Robert Doisneau, as well as the Americans Man Ray and Paul Strand. His friends encouraged him to make his work for idealistic, rather than commercial reasons, and his time in Paris energized his creativity.

Having lived so much of his life in these two mythical megacities, New York and Paris, the comparisons were inevitable.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, 7 DEC 2015

The New York Times

“I always felt the difference between New York and Paris is Paris nourishes you by the fact that it’s very beautiful,” he said. “You see living history all around you. The whole flavor of the place is one of harmony and beauty. It raises the human spirit.

“New York does same thing, but it’s more through struggle. Everyone has to be a little bit of a hero. Your spirit is raised through struggle and conflict. It still brings out the best in people, but in a totally different way.”

In fact, it was New York’s buzz and dynamism that led him to photograph in Penn Station. Amid the city’s hustle, Mr. Stettner found the train station — itself modeled on the Beaux-Arts Gare d’Orsay in Paris — a place where he could catch his breath.

“Penn Station was a pause,” he said, “where people could get in touch with themselves, and a way that I could get in touch with them.” No one found his camera threatening as they passed through the way station, and most were thrilled to be photographed.

He was interested in human moments, when people thought they were unobserved. Many photos were taken through train windows, depicting an early generation of suburban commuters reading the newspaper, playing cards, or putting their feet up on the seat in front of them, desperate to shut their eyes for a moment.

With commuting now commonplace, the pictures are particularly relatable today. One photo captures a newspaper headline that reads, “Move to Boost Capital Gets World Bank Nod” — and feels as if it could have been written in 2009.

Although doing the project was a pleasure, Mr. Stettner is saddened that such a dignified public space was destroyed, especially as its current incarnation, stuffed entirely below ground, is so off-putting.

“The whole thing is continually anxiety-ridden,” he said of traveling through the “new” Penn Station. “People rush here and there. They never post where the train is going to go, or which track it is. People bump into each other. There is no space.”

It’s a far cry from the original, which was “like living in an art museum; it gave grace and charm to an ordinary function of going from A to B.”

These days, after years of living in cities, Mr. Stettner has found himself fascinated by nature. For the past three years, he has been photographing in forests in the south of France, near Aix-en-Provence, using an 8×10 camera on a tripod. Perhaps the trees give him the same feeling of exaltation he found, all those years ago, in an oasis of marble, steel and glass?

“There’s a quiet assurance that the world is a wonderful place,” he concluded. “I tell people very often, if you look at a tree and you’re not joyous, it’s not the world’s fault. It’s your fault.”•

O. WINSTON LINK

THE
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NW1103 Hot Shot East Bound at laeger, West Virginia, 1956

O. Winston Link began capturing the final days of steam railroading in the US from 1955. His documentation of the passing 'Golden Age of Steam' exhibits a fascination for the iconography of the railways: the kerosene, the telegraph wires, the overalls and the locomotives themselves.

Assisted by staff from the Norfolk and Western line who ran the steam engines, Link was given the keys to the switchboxes so that he could discover the times of trains and secure the cooperation of their crews. Over a period of five years and several thousand photographs later, Link made two dozen visits to Virginia and covered more than 2,500 miles of track.

In this trademark work, Hot Shot Eastbound, he simultaneously captures his fantasy of an American idyll and the irresistible march towards modernity.



When Steam Locomotion Ground to a Halt

By Matt McCann Nov. 16, 2012 [Comment](#)

O. Winston Link became famous for photographing a moribund technology, lugging his flash-bulbs and Rolleiflex around the hills of Appalachia in search of steam locomotives.

He had gone to Staunton, Va., in 1955 on a commercial assignment to photograph modern comforts — air-conditioners — when he started shooting the trains of the Norfolk & Western Line. That railroad, which ran through Staunton, was among the last holdouts from the era of steam engines that had propelled America into 20th century ascendancy.

But that era was nearing an end.

When the rail line announced a few months later that it would convert to diesel power, Mr. Link decided to document the last of the steam-powered trains. He took photographs, shot film and made recordings — a sort of one-man steam-era StoryCorps.



O. Winston Link, An electrician, J.W. Dalhouse, cleaning a headlight. Shaffers Crossing Roundhouse, Roanoke, Virginia, 1955

The work inspired by the N&W is collected in a new volume, “O. Winston Link: Life Along the Line,” written by Tony Reevy and published last month by Abrams. It tells Mr. Link’s story and presents his meticulously composed photos, which reveal an engineer’s approach to image-making. Beyond an essential survey of Mr. Link’s photography and innovations, the book provides a succinct taxonomy of the “Iron Horses,” evaluates Mr. Link’s contributions in documentary and artistic contexts and pinpoints his place among his train-enthusiast and documentarian peers. A chapter is also devoted to showing Mr. Link at work, adjusting his elaborate lighting arrangements and testing his multicamera setups. (And, in the multi-

media spirit of Mr. Link’s conception of the project, a CD of some of those audio recordings is included.)

Small-town America appealed to Mr. Link, a Brooklyn native. A commercial photographer by trade, he self-consciously set out to present an idealized America, and although the value of some of these images couldn’t be fully comprehended yet, Mr. Reevy emphasizes in the text, Mr. Link was photographing the end of a prosperous Appalachia — the end of small-town America.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, 16 NOV 2012

The New York Times

Although it is possible that as many as half of Mr. Link's photos were taken during the day, it is the night pictures that cemented his legacy. Picture-taking is largely about capturing instantaneousness, the "decisive moment," but Mr. Link took great pains to arrange his compositions. They could take hours — even days — to set up. The night suited his methods, because the sun, that confounding variable, was always moving.

Photographing at night presented the convoluted machinery of the steam locomotive at its most glorious, the steam plumes showed more dramatically when illuminated by his synchronized Sylvania Blue Dots. The images' artificiality — overly elaborate lighting and strange juxtapositions — are on the brink on the absurd, but stop just short, Andy Grunberg wrote in *The Times*. In a review of a 1983 exhibition, when Mr. Link's work was beginning to get mainstream attention, Mr. Grunberg noted the blurry area Mr. Link's work occupied between documentary and fine art: "his ersatz, tell-it-like-it-is (but-never-was) documentary style," as Mr. Grunberg called it. Mr. Link had to pose N&W workers to get a candid picture of them working.

For those familiar with Mr. Link's work as it is popularly understood, the book's inclusion of color photography from this period may come as a surprise. There exist 400 color images, mostly day shots — it was easier technically to shoot color when there was more light — and a few of the more technically involved shots are presented in the book (Slides 5 and 6).

Mr. Link was unlikely to be daunted by the technological obstacles to color photography, however, as "he was more interested in mastering the scene, not the technology," said Kimberley Parker, director of the O. Winston Link Museum in Roanoke, Va.

Mr. Link died in 2001, apparently driving himself to a hospital after a heart attack. His twilight years were beset by marital strife — his second wife was convicted of stealing and attempting to sell his work, which by then was far more valuable to buyers and collectors outside "rail fan" circles. For somebody who took such pains to portray an idealized world simply and elegantly, it seems cruel that his late-found success ensnared him in intrigue.

But at the time of his death, Mr. Link was involved in plans for that museum dedicated to his train photography, which opened in 2004. The museum is housed — where else — in an old N&W station. •



Winston Link, George Thom and night flash equipment.

SEBASTIÃO SALGADO

THE
PHOTOGRAPHERS'
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Churchgate Station, Bombay, 1995 from *Migrations*

Visiting over 35 countries in six years, **Sebastião Salgado** set out to document the fraught and desperate conditions of mass migration. Capturing the roads people walked, the impermanent camps they built, and the overcrowded city slums that they ended up in, Salgado's work resulted in the seminal series and monograph *Migrations* (Aperture, 2000).

The Western railway with its terminus at Churchgate Station has one of the highest passenger densities of any railway system in the world, making it notoriously overcrowded. This image of the station is perhaps the most iconic to have emerged from Salgado's major project.

"People have always migrated, but something different is happening now. For me, this world-wide population upheaval represents a change of historic significance. We are undergoing a revolution in the way we live, produce, communicate and travel." - Sebastião Salgado

Sebastião Salgado: A God's eye view of the planet - interview

Photographer Sebastião Salgado talks to Sarfraz Manzoor about a life of looking from behind a lens.



A view of the junction of the Colorado and the Little Colorado from the Navajo territory. The Grand Canyon National Park begins after this junction. Salgado took photos of this area in Arizona between April and June, 2010. Photo: Sebastião Salgado/ Amazonas images/nbpictures

Sebastião Salgado, one of the world's greatest living photographers, did not take his first picture until he was 26 years old. By then he had long since left his native Brazil: first for Paris, to study for a doctorate in economics, then London where he was working as a macroeconomist for the International Coffee Organisation. One day, his wife Lélia, an architecture student, brought home a Pentax camera. "The first time I looked through it I knew I had found a new way to relate to things," Salgado tells me.

We are talking in the basement offices of his photographic agency, a former coal warehouse in Paris. "It was so fantastic to be able to freeze a moment and then to have it in my hands. From that moment photography became my life."

Salgado spoke four languages but it was in photography that he found his mother tongue. Throughout the following three years he would take his camera on work assignments to Africa before finally quitting his job to turn professional 40 years ago. Yet while his occupation changed, Salgado's preoccupations did not: for the past four decades he has employed his camera to explore questions of politics, economics and inequality with photographs of ferocious power and beauty. "Photography is not objective," he tells me. "It is deeply subjective – my photography is consistent ideologically and ethically with the person I am." He picks up a scrap of paper. "One photograph takes one 250th of a second to take," he says, writing down the fraction with a pen, "So if I have an exhibition that has 250 pictures, that is just one second! I have just one second to tell a story."

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The Telegraph

Salgado's latest story has been eight years in the making and it has taken him to more than 32 countries and some of the most remote places on the planet. *Genesis*, the title of both an imminent exhibition of his photographs at the Natural History Museum and an accompanying book, is Salgado's mission to capture those parts of the planet least touched by mankind. The title refers not to the Bible but to Salgado's desire to photograph the air, water and fire that gave birth to life.

In person, Salgado, a wiry 69 year-old with a perfectly hairless head, is a humble man – but his work can seem like a God's-eye view of the planet. The pictures in *Genesis* swoop from giant tortoises in the Galápagos Islands to mountain gorillas in Rwanda, skim past Siberian nomads and the ice fields of Antarctica past the ravines of the Grand Canyon and towards the mountains of northern Ethiopia. "You can sit in your house and be a great writer," says Salgado. "But with photography the story is outside the door. You have to go and you have to go far."

Salgado began shooting *Genesis* on film but switched to a digital camera because of what he calls the "disease of airport security" – the damaging effect that X-ray machines can have on traditional camera film. He says the images he now creates are better than those he took on a film camera, but he is wary of the temptations of digital photography. "I don't look at the photographs immediately after I take them," he says. "I photograph like I always did by taking photographs and then printing out contact sheets. Some photographers take thousands of pictures and delete most of them – I delete nothing. It is important that I stay inside the pattern that I have always followed." That may also explain Salgado's decision to photograph only in black and white. He says it is because "greys are not a distraction – if I was to photograph this table, this red book would distract you from everything else in the image. The red takes all the power away." •



Brooks Range, Alaska, 2009 from *Genesis*



Amak Cattle Camp, Southern Sudan, 2006 from *Genesis*