

«Алексей Бродович и Harper's Bazaar»



*Алексей Бродович в своем кабинете,
1950*

Тенишевское училище



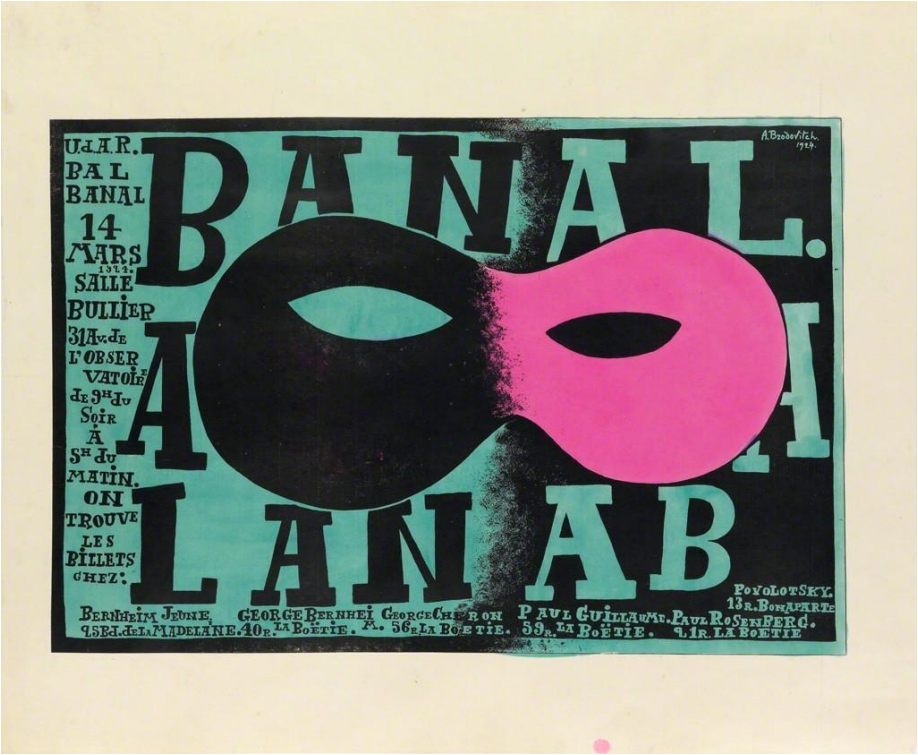
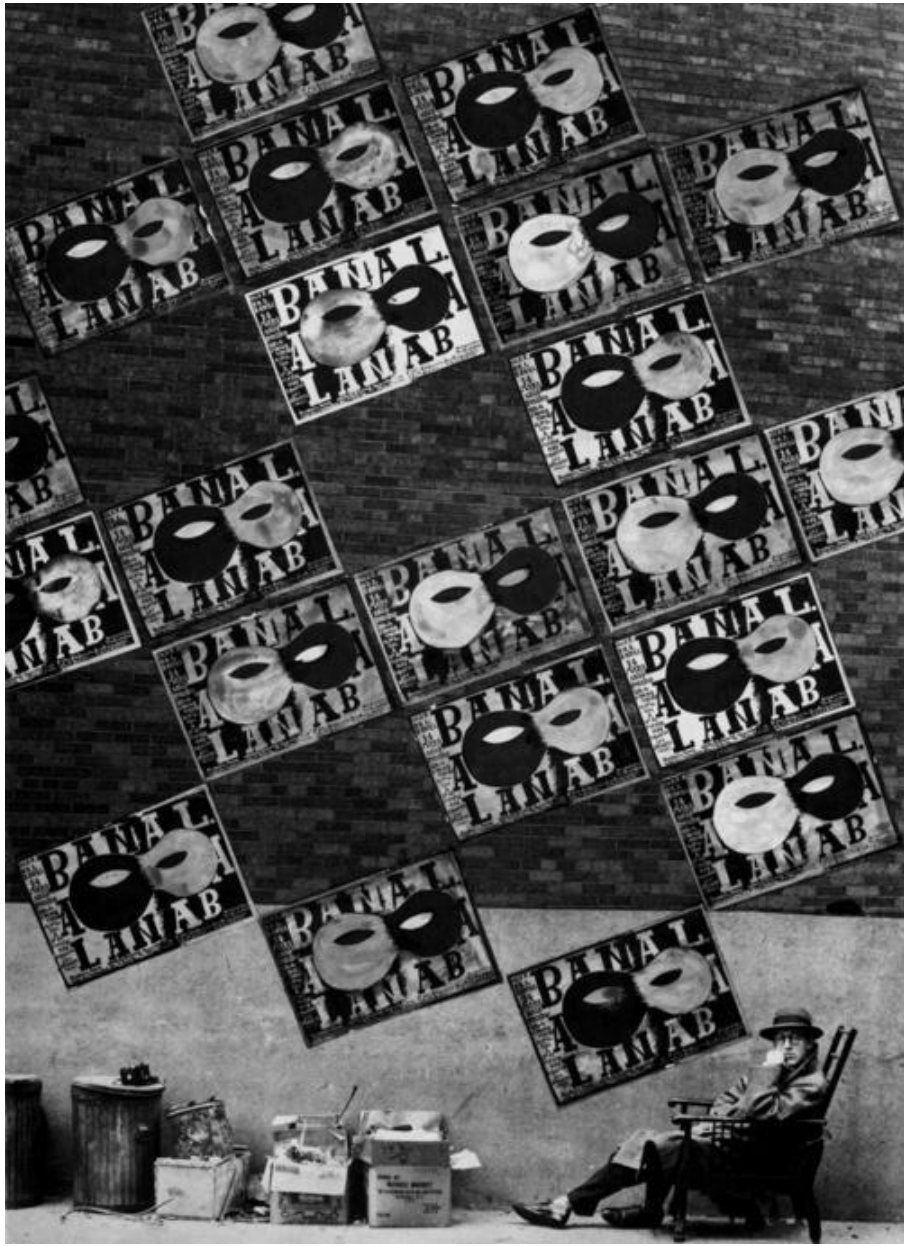
Моховая улица (дома)



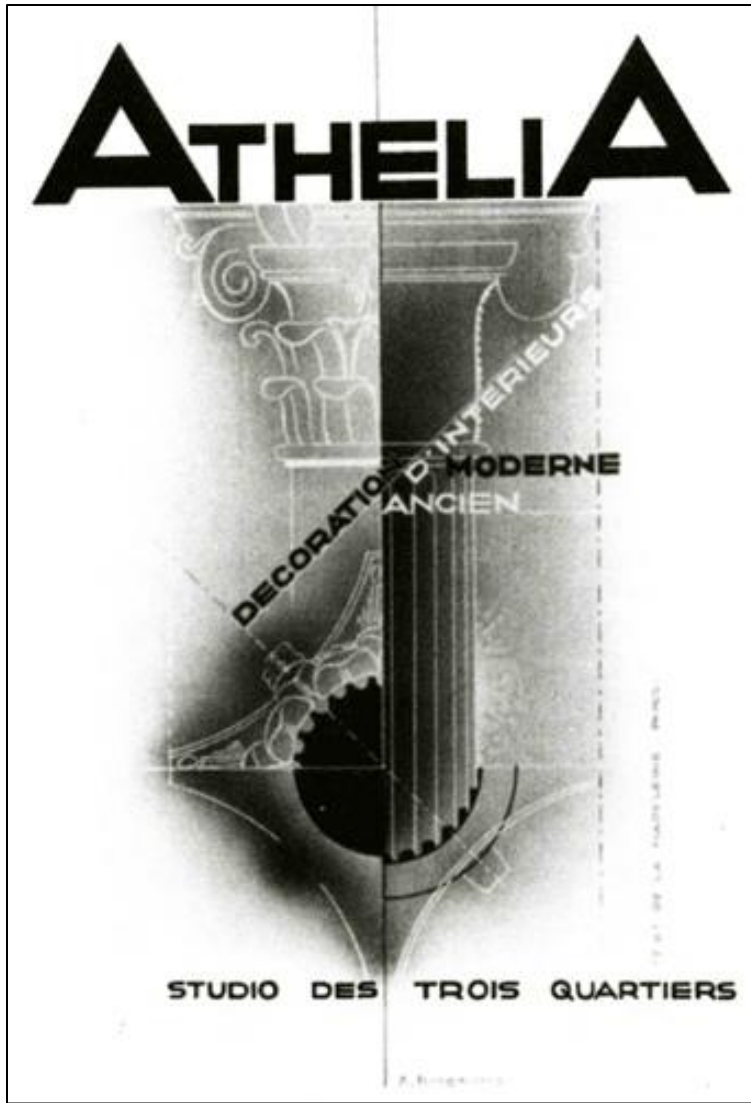


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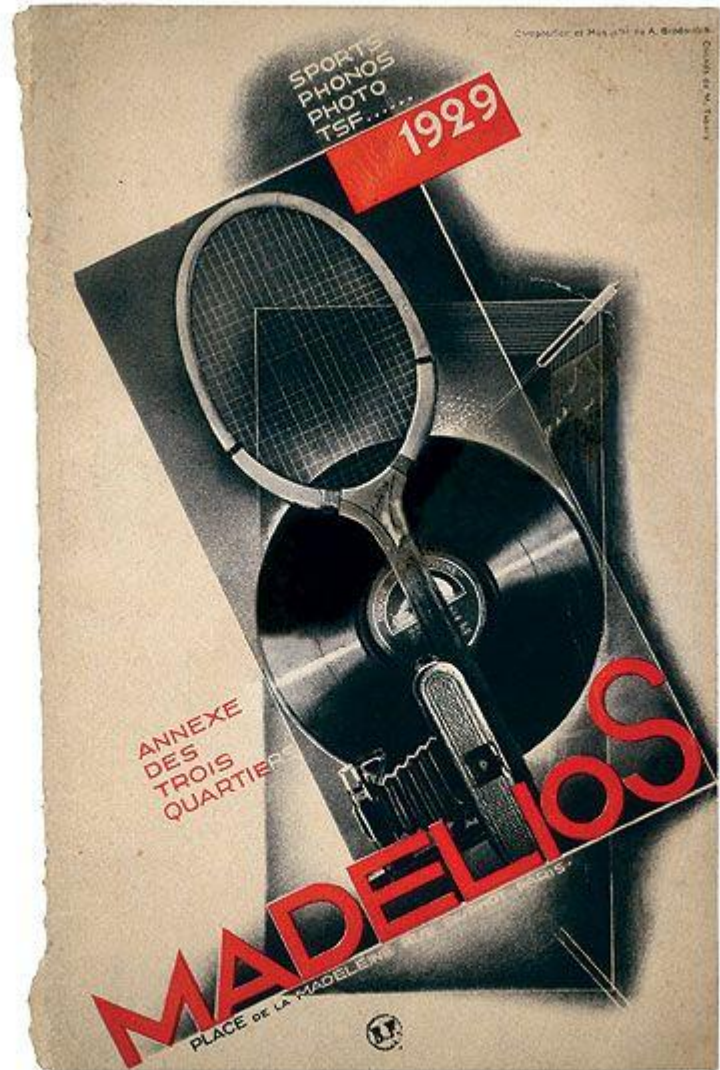




Bal Banal poster on the streets of Paris, 1924 ~ Alexey Brodovitch



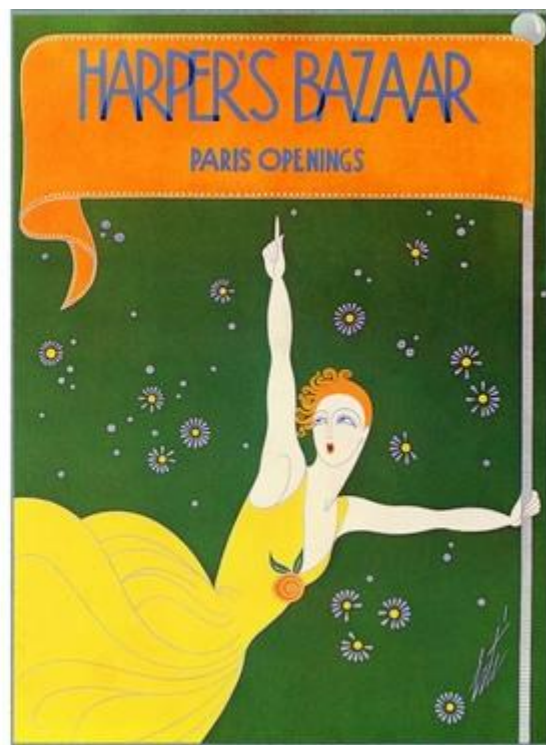
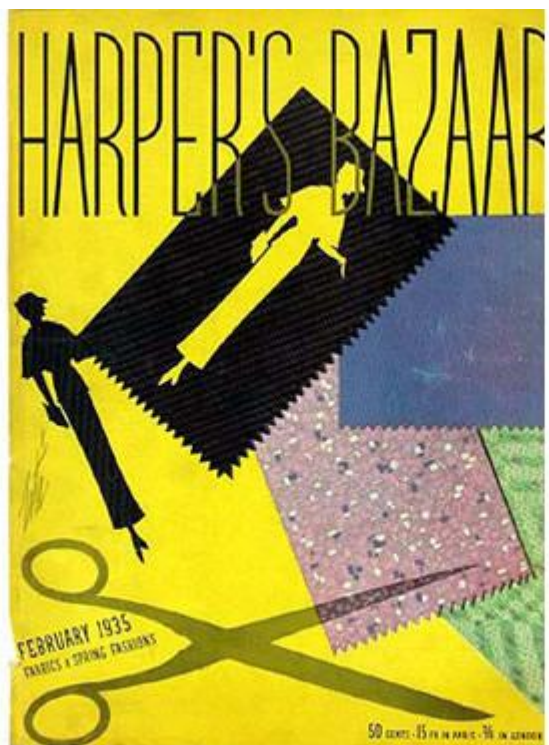
Alexey Brodovitch, catalog cover for Athelia 1929, Paris.



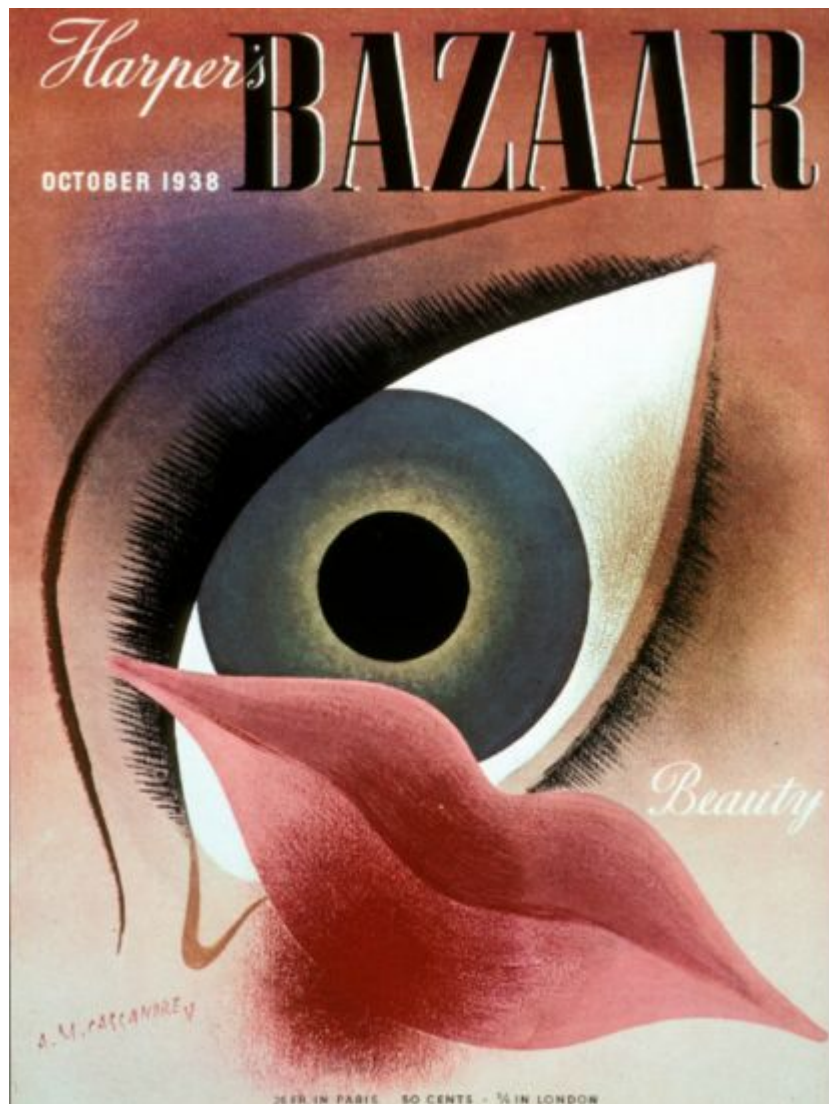
Alexey Brodovitch, cover for Madelios 1929, Paris.



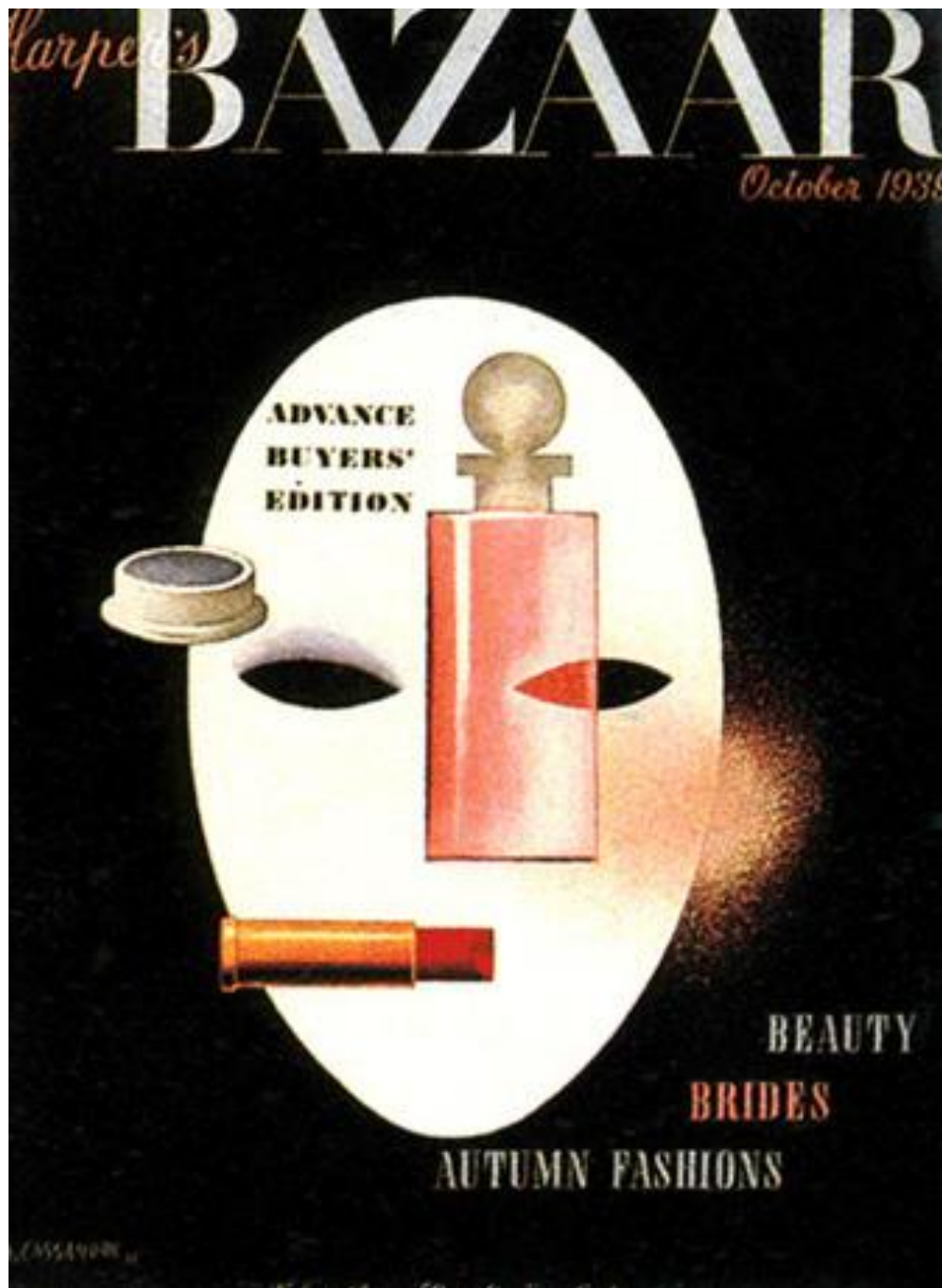
А. Бродович в своем кабинете,



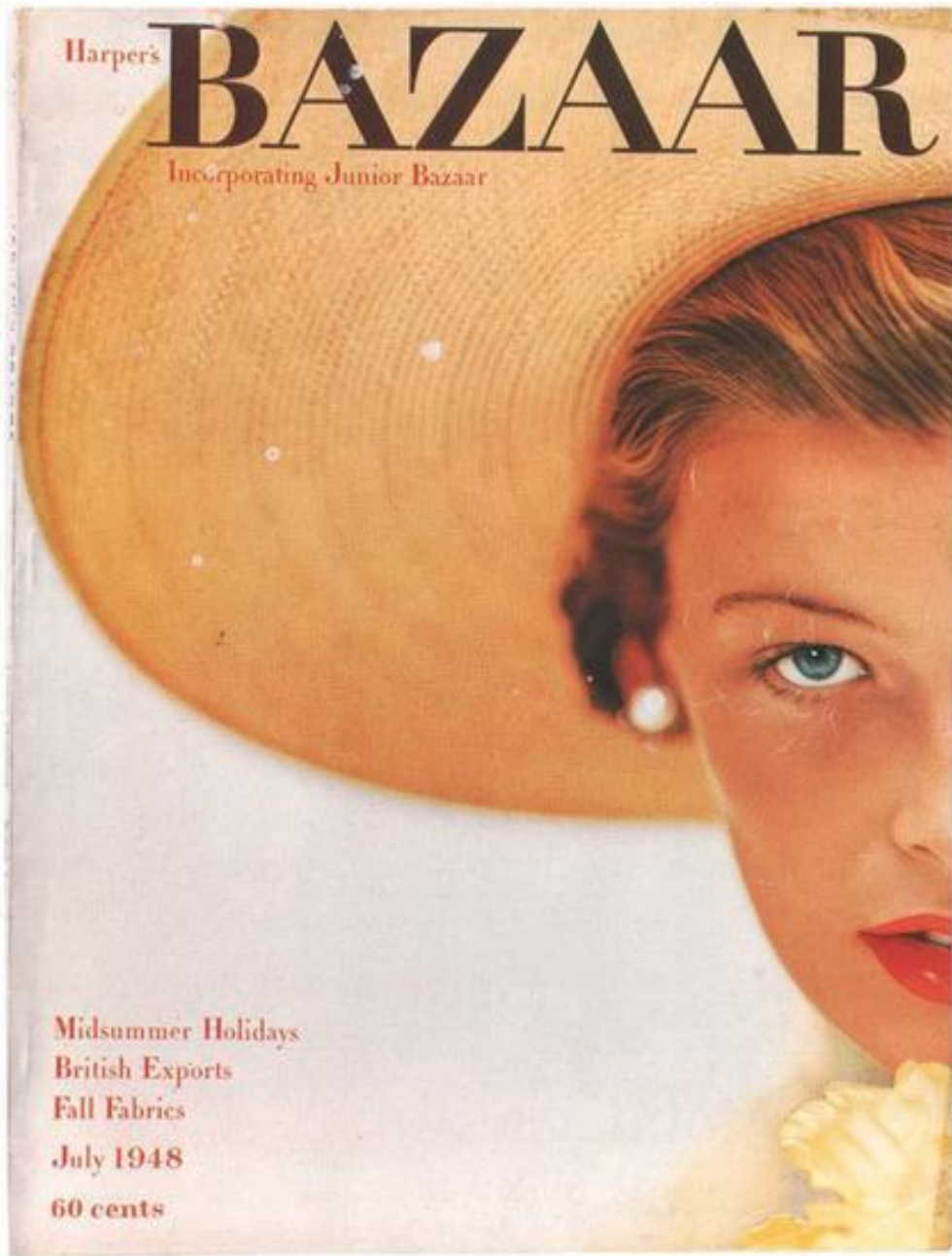
Обложки Harper's Bazaar . Роман Тыртов (ЭРТЕ). Середина 1930-х.



Обложки Harper's Bazaar . А. Бродович. 1938
Г.



Обложка Harper's Bazaar
Октябрь 1939 г.



Обложка Harper's Bazaar, Июль 1948



PARIS 1935

by BEATRICE MATHIEU

In Paris, life is a gamble. Anything might happen. Nobody knows what. In the face of war and rumors of war, Paris disencanters, the great gambler, lone faced on a world going socialist, the most extravagant and remarkable fashions in years. What is going to happen? Is this just a last wild splurge before uniformly sets in? A madness born of fear? A girliness due to the coming infatuation? Or is it the beginning of a new era of dressiness, and are we going to adopt these thrilling fashions to our present hectic level?

You see women crossing the Champs-Élysées, wearing saddle-length dresses whose full hems swing with the wind, and with picture hats whose brims flap down to their shoulders with every passing breeze. The "agents de police" stare, gaping, after them, these clothes are as strange to the streets of Paris as a parade of elephants.

You see "il les to guère" sprawled in big hand-written letters across the sides of buildings, and you hear, on the streets of Montparnasse any evening, young men in military caps and carrying flags, haranguing the crowds to stand together in the new war against national enemies.

The crowd of the Crématoire—the women wearing abbes or Miss Fox, and blouses of lace—rush to the windows every noon to watch the President's Guard march by in gold braided uniforms and plumed helmets.

In Boucheron's windows, at the angle where the rue de la Paix meets the Place Vendôme, there are little chain bracelets with hanging bangles made of miniature carved wood Scotties wearing key collars of diamonds; and across the square, under the porticoes of the Ritz, three men in bowler hats and cutaway coats are standing talking and saying that there will be no war, that no one can afford it.

In Paris, the people themselves have never been so French. The years when Americans crowded the Café de la Paix have disappeared. The night clubs where Argentinians tangoed and flaked diamond bracelets, elbow-deep, are as if they had never been. In the student cafés along the Boulevard you hear practically no Polish, no more Hungarian. The "English Spoken" and "Se Habla Español" signs are disappearing from shop windows.

For the Paris couturier, this is the miracle, the manna in the desert, the rainbow on the sea. For the first time in years, the couturier is really French.

There is nothing international about the new clothes. The Paris 1925 Winter Collection could not have been done anywhere but in Paris, by any but a French people.

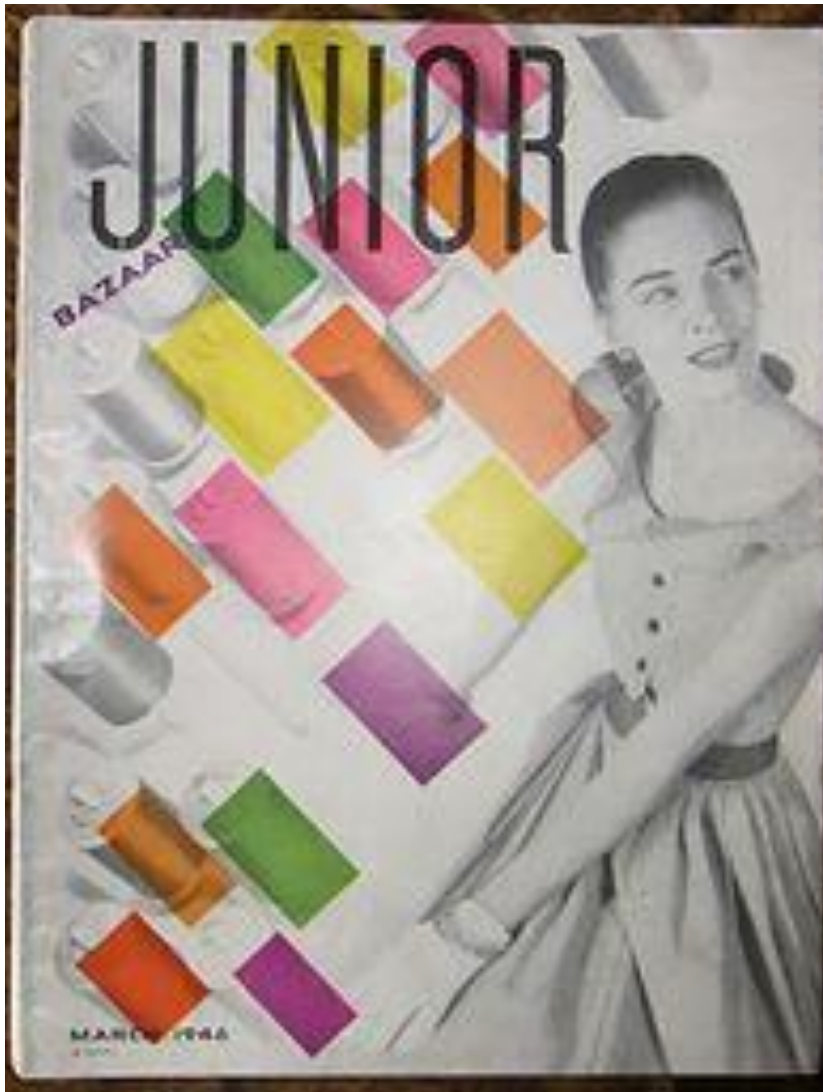
Again the paradise, thoroughly French, made by and for a French people, French clothes have never been of such quality. Never have they exerted such influence on the world at large. It is almost as if it were the beginning of a new epoch. We shall soon be looking back to these few weeks as the launching of the period of the picturesque, the lavish, the extravagant, the beautiful in the world's history of costume.

In reality, none of this is new; it only seems so because it has been so long forgotten. We (and the French, as well) have forgotten that the really creative thing is born of the individual, not of machines. 1925 teaches us, already, that fashions are not made in factories, nor even in designing rooms by designers; they are born in the common brain of many individuals—the weaver, who makes thread and color; the designer, who cuts and drapes; the fitter, who struggles to make each woman the lovely picture she longs to be, and even the little apprentice, who sews the seams and gives to each dress a certain touch that is all her own. In this actness of things each individual contributes to the growth, not only of the thing in itself, but of all creative fashion.

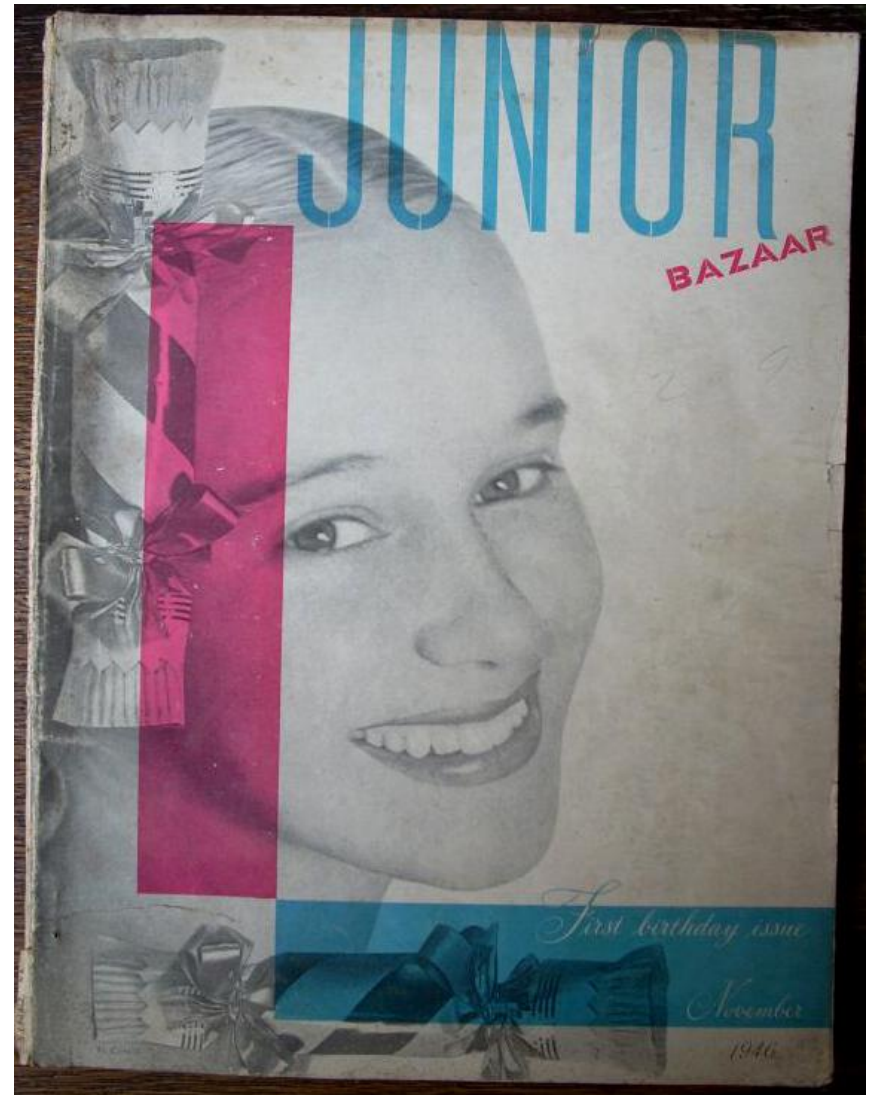
Each little apprentice works on her seams with her hands, but her mind creates the entire dress; every stitch sews, within her, another seed of growth toward the great couturier.

Someone has said of one of the famous Paris couturiers that she is like a priest who must counsel us in, but who must know all vices and understand all penitence. This woman leads no worldly life, she is as the simplest worker in her own sewing room. Yet, in the fitting room, with her clients, she must understand all phases of life. She must know equally well the woman who must triumph on the stage of next week's first night theatre. (Continued on page 120)

Man Ray (автор фотографии) и Алексей Бродович.
Разворот статьи из номера Harper's Bazaar 30-х годов



Alexey Brodovitch - Junior Bazaar, Mar 1946

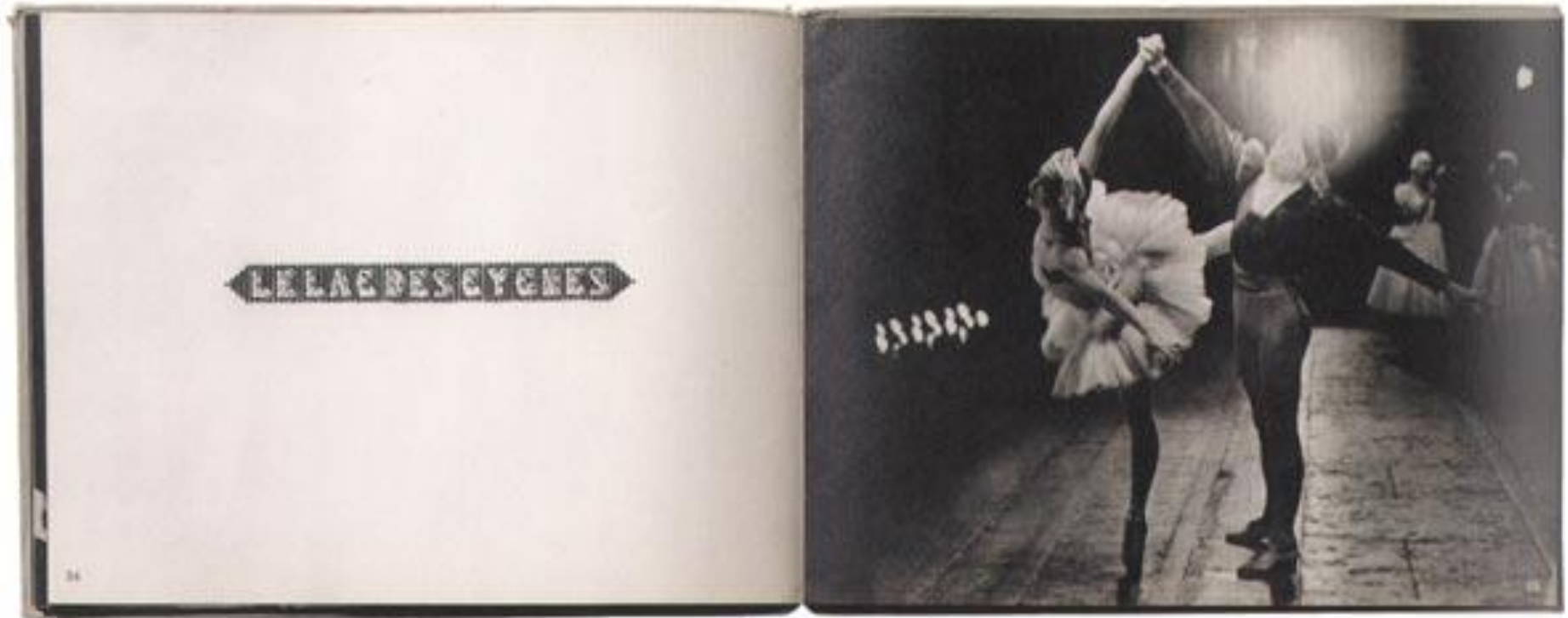


Designed by Alexey Brodovitch and Lillian Bassman. - Junior Bazaar, Ноябрь 1946

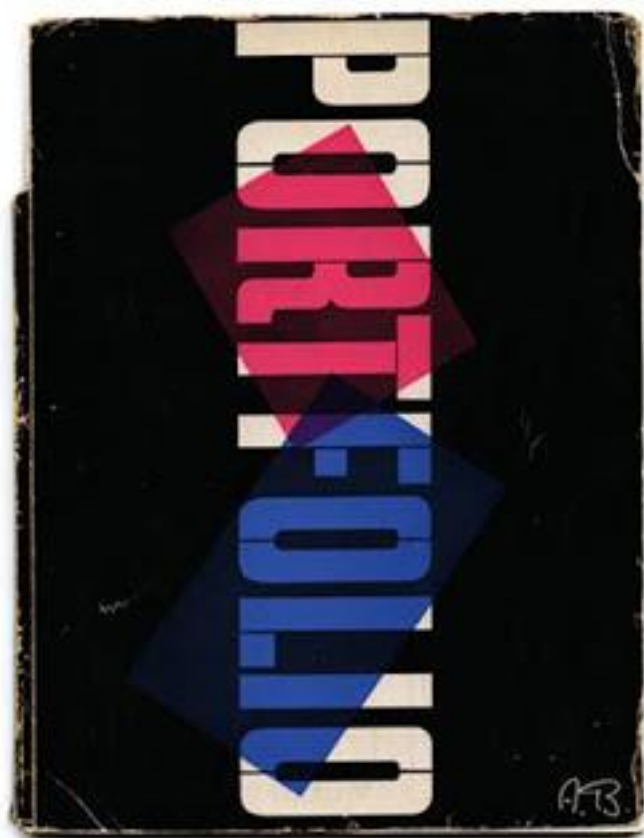


А. Бродович в процессе работы. 1940-е.

Ballet: 104 Photographs by Alexey Brodovitch



Первая публикация: 1945 г.



Обложки журнала
«Портфолио» 1949-50 гг.
А. Бродович

