

# Marcel Giró

Fotografies / *Fotografias*

> english text



# Holding your breath

Toni Ricart Giró

My uncle Marcel Giró gave me three pieces of advice concerning photography.

The first tip was that when in the darkroom you should shut your eyes to have a more sensitive sense of touch, even when in darkness. This especially when actually developing the film, in the days of analogical photography. You had to be in total darkness to remove the film from the spool and feed it slowly and carefully between tiny runners inside a plastic spiral, taking care not to have the film jam in the runners. If it did the developer might not reach the total surface of the film and photographs could be lost. If you shut your eyes it did indeed seem as if your fingers became more nimble and this extremely delicate operation would be easier. Even today, when I want to better appreciate a texture, I close my eyes.

The second tip was when photographing landscapes you should avoid having the skyline in the centre of the picture. It is better to give more space either to the sky or to earth, or the image will lack intentionality, lack interest.

And the third tip was that at the precise moment of taking the photograph, whatever the speed of the shutter, you should hold your breath so as not to move the camera. Since then I always hold my breath when taking photographs, even when the camera is mounted on a tripod. I like to think that apart from avoiding any movement of the camera, holding my breath helps me to be specially conscious of the moment, giving it a degree of solemnity as the picture is taken, raising it to the category of a unique, different and unrepeatable act.

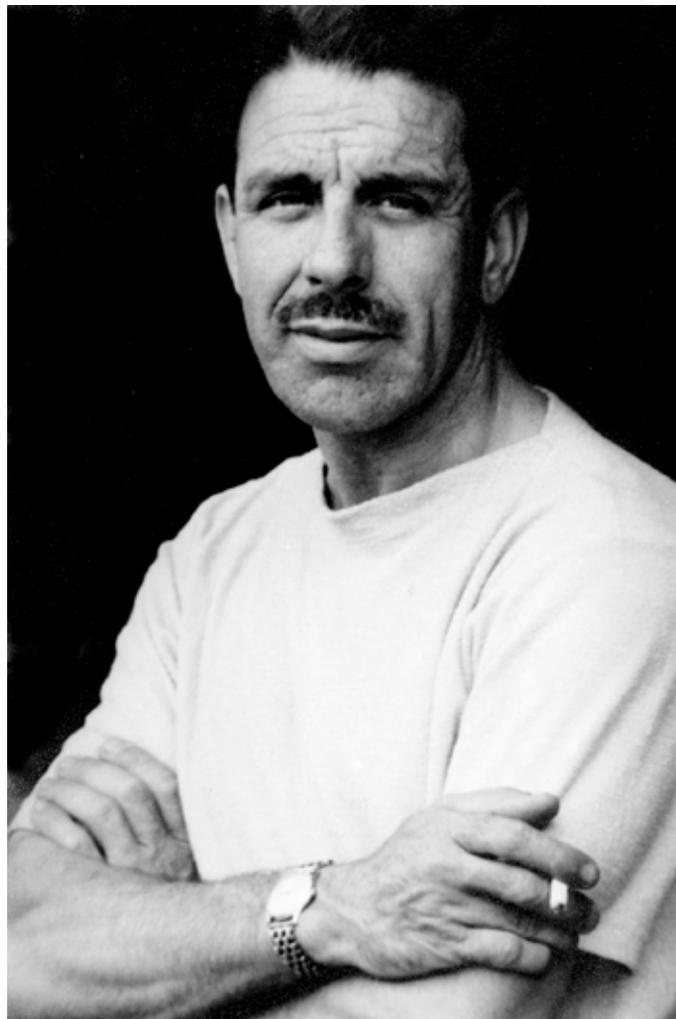
I was thinking precisely of this when I was walking through a wood in the south of England this summer, taking photographs of the interplay of light and shade under the trees. I was thinking precisely of this when my cell phone rang and they told me that my uncle Marcel had died. He was 98 years old.

For me Marcel was always a reference point for artistic guidance. He had very firm criteria and his opinion in this field was valued and respected by many people. He said whether a photograph or a painting was good or not, and backed up his judgement with convincing arguments.

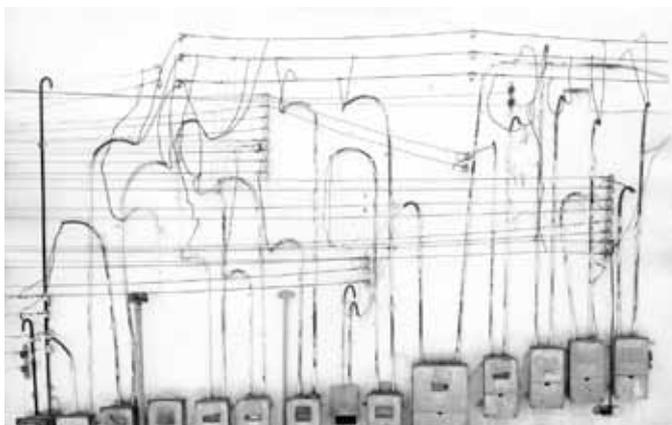
Years ago, when he returned to Catalonia after living in Brazil for more than thirty years, I suggested he should publish a book of his photographs. He told me that he no longer had anything good enough to go in the book, that the entire archive of his work had burned twice and nothing now remained that was worth publication. I let the matter drop, and it was not until after his death that I found myself with an enormous archive of his work in my hands, and once again thought of the book. I couldn't accept the idea of all that material disappearing and just forgetting about it. Which is why I decided to have a selection published, even if this was a little betrayal of Marcel's wishes.

Therefore, apart from some of his best photographs that survived the fires, the ones I have been able to include in this book are among those he considered not good enough to be published. Nonetheless, in each of the long sessions I spent selecting, scanning and cleaning the negatives, I came across wonderful little marvels confirming how worthwhile it would be to bring them together and publish them.

Coming to grips with an archive like this, of more than 4,000 negatives, hundreds of contact sheets and thou-



sands of slides, has allowed me to rediscover and recognise Marcel's exercise of judgement when observing reality, choosing subjects, seeing it in a frame and persevering with an idea until securing the best photograph. I have tried to base myself on these criteria when making my selection of the photographs. Even when cropping I have sought to use his approach to composing the picture. In many cases the cropping is indicated on the contact sheets but in the case of many others I have had to imagine for myself how he would have done this. Very often Marcel cropped 6x6 format negatives when copying them. And as I was getting the book together, perhaps in the early hours of the morning, I would come across a new photograph on the computer screen, and almost seem to hear his voice saying "Cut it here, all this on the left is of no importance, see how much better it is without it".



When deciding how to order the photographs in the book, I had wanted to put them in chronological order, but this was impossible because only four or five of them had dates and titles, among them the celebrated *Luz e Fôrça*, the picture of electricity meters that was chosen and shown at the *Photography in the Fine Arts* exhibition at the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, in 1968.

Speaking of this picture the newsletter of the *Foto Cine Clube Bandeirante* in São Paulo made these comments:

"The Foto Cine Clube Bandeirante, considered to be one of the most important associations of photographers in the world, was honoured to be invited to send 15 photographs by its members to the final selection. Among others, *Luz e Fôrça*, by Marcel Giró, was accepted to appear in the catalogue. Just one, some might say. Yet this "just one" means a great deal when you consider that of the 1,186 photographs looked at only 179 were accepted, and that other contributors to this tough competition were some of the finest and most famous photographers in the world, including R. Avedon, E. Blumenfeld, W.

Bullock, De Biasi, J. Dieuzaide, A. Feininger, T. Frissell, F. Henle, M. Giacomelli, Yousuf Karsh, S. Kitamura, G. Parks, Bert Stern and Brett Weston..."



I have chosen to group the photographs by generic type: *landscapes, portraits, people and places, essays and advertising*. I also saw the need to devote a section to Palmira, Marcel's first wife, given the great quantity of photographs that I found in the archive that are of her. Marcel lived his happiest and most productive years of his career with her. It was she who ensured that the photographs coming out of the Giró studio were perfect. She enjoyed working with the art directors of the advertising agencies, taking care of the smallest details of *atrezzo* in the decor, details of styling with the models, and always giving her opinion on the photography. In this sense, Palmira represented an important force in Marcel's balance of creativity. She was his muse, but also his most exacting critic. It's significant that after Palmira's death, in 1978, Marcel abandoned advertising photography and you could say that with this a period in his artistic career came to a close. At this point he virtually abandoned black and white photography and devoted himself to travel photography (much of it magnificent). At the beginning I thought of dedicating a section to these photographs but finally ruled this out, because they were so different from the rest of his work. It was as if the photographer had given way to the documentalist. The result was some 3,000 6x6 transparencies featuring pictures of all the countries of the world, and these surely deserve to be published separately.

I also hesitated when it came to including a section devoted to advertising photography because I found relatively few pictures, mostly in very poor condition. It's odd how the black and white negatives have stood the passing of time much better than the coloured ones, so often spoiled by fungus. What made me finally decide to include this section was the fact which became increasingly clear

to me, that Marcel pioneered advertising photography in Brazil. As Paulo Chacon, the son of a good friend of Marcel's, has observed:

“For me, Marcel Giró was one of the most important photographers in Brazilian advertising. He was a pioneer in this field. I am convinced that he created a pattern in the photographic language of advertising that many others have followed.”

The section I have entitled *Essays* gathers together Marcel's most experimental work. They are works where the observation, the gaze set on the most particular aspects of reality, is what prevails, the abstract observation of shapes and experimentation with light and contrast. They are the most representative photos of what came to be known as the *Escola Paulista*, the São Paulo school, founded in the fifties by members of the *Foto Cine Clube Bandeirante* with José Yalenti, Thomaz Farkas, Benedito Junqueira Duarte, Gertrudes Altschul, Eduardo Salvatore, Chico Albuquerque, Geraldo de Barros, Rubens Teixeira Scavone, Ademar Manarini, Willian Brigato, Emil Issa, German Lorca, Moacir Moreira, Alfio Trovato and Gaspar Gasparian, among others.

Iatã Cannabrava, curator of the exhibition *História de vanguarda da imagem* (São Paulo, 2009), explains this as follows:

“The beginnings of the Foto Cine Clube Bandeirante refers to what could be identified as one of the pillars of modern photography in Brazil as it was formed by a network of photography artists endowed with a great spirit of audacity and experimentation centred on the creation of images in black and white.

They set out to find new forms, new languages, new frontiers, photography as a language in itself, which at that time was no little feat...”

Helouise Costa and Renato Rodrigues da Silva, the authors of *A fotografia moderna no Brasil* (Cosac Naify, 2004), make the following complex assessment of Marcel's work:

“The modern experience of the Foto Cine Clube Bandeirante was enriched by the participation of the Catalan photographer Marcel Giró. He became a member of the club in 1950, and he was active there for more than twenty years. Giró wholly took on board photography as a visual exercise, opening up the field of modern sensitivity to an exhaustive investigation of nature and the possibility of showing how abstraction can arise from the commonest

of scenes. His vision is extremely generous.

As reaffirming of the figurative as they are, his photographs also remind us of abstraction. It is not pure form, it is not realism, thus Giró's work gives rise to ambiguity.

What enriches Marcel Giró's work is his playing with the ambiguity between figurativeness and abstraction. The eye of the observer is obliged to run over the photographs anxiously, shifting from the material object to its formal components plastically emphasised and vice versa, and so on successively. In the end — which can also be a new beginning — the photography will remain integral in its irreducible individuality, defying us with a new rational contribution to our gaze...”

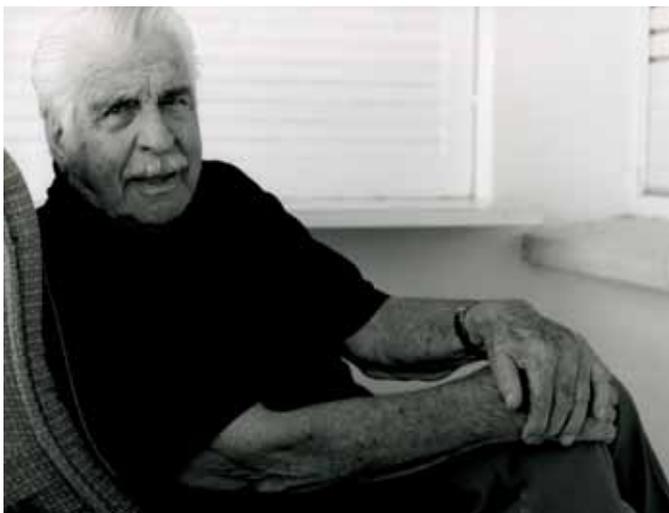
During the same period, Marcel became involved in the FCCB as a teacher of photography classes. A former student, Henrique de Macedo Netto, describes this as follows:

“I started my career as a photographer at the Foto Cine Clube Bandeirante in 1963. Marcel Giró was already a great master of the art at that time. He gave classes to young people like myself and each week he devoted an evening to commenting on our photographs. He helped me very much. A great photographer and a great person. He liked helping young people. I think Brazilian photography began in the fifties with Giró, with Lorca, Farkas, Salvatore, Geraldo de Barros and Albuquerque. I'm glad he had a long life to be able to pass on his genius to several generations.”

One of the most exciting aspects of having done this anthology has been the research, the search for information, facts and opinions about Marcel. I began by searching the Internet. The first thing I found was the quantity of links to *Prelude to tragedy*, the superb documentary on the Spanish Civil War produced by Granada TV in 1983. There are interviews with witnesses from both sides of the civil war, people like Pilar Primo de Rivera, Federica Montseny, Manuel Díez-Alegría, Dolores Ibarruri, among many others. Marcel is there speaking of his experience of the war.

I also found an interview put out by Catalunya Ràdio in 2006, transcribed below. And I also began discovering a host of references to his work as a photographer in Brazil — from chronicles of exhibitions to students' projects — inspired by Marcel's work. From this point of departure I went on to locate and contact different people connected with Marcel, who sent me a steady stream of information.

I especially want to express my thanks for the enthusiastic help of Paulo Chacon, who became my principal collaborator and friend in São Paulo. I am grateful for the way he involved himself, for his advice and his interest in this project from the very first day. My thanks too, to Gaspar Gasparian (junior), who sought out my first contacts in Brazil. To Esther Giró, who supplied me with the name of Eiti Kato, Marcel's associate at the Estúdio Giró in São Paulo. As a result I was able to find his name and telephone number in an old diary and give this to Paulo Chacon, who finally found him. I thank Eiti Kato, naturally, for his kindness in sending me a 9x12 transparency of *the Last Supper*, a photograph that I had never seen but which I had heard a lot about. To German Lorca, one of the mythical "last of the moderns" of the São Paulo school, who phoned me one evening from Brazil to speak to me about Marcel. To J.R. Duran and Marcio Scavone for reminiscing about those magical days. To Raul Feitosa of the *Foto Cine Clube Bandeirante* for rescuing from the archives documents from the fifties, to Roger Biosca for his corrections to the text, and to Hélène Gélinas, Pep Àvila, and Piti Español for their valuable opinions.



The last time I saw Marcel, a few weeks before his death, he was fading fast. For some time before that he hardly recognised us, and had great difficulty in speaking. He was sitting in a wheel chair and half asleep. I took his hand for a while and when I went to withdraw it, he gripped it very weakly with his, retaining my hand for a little longer. When I left I kissed him and he, looking at me with his blue eyes wide open, mumbled something almost inaudible. It seemed to me that he said "thank you".

Now that his book is finished, holding my breath, I should like to say thank you to you Marcel, for all that you have left us.

La Floresta, March 2012

## Magic days

J.R. Duran

Working with Marcel Giró was very important for me. I can state that, to all intents and purposes, my work these days is based on all that I learned during the three years that I worked in his studio.

When I refer to what I learned from him, I don't just mean all that has to do with the techniques of photography, but also the way to organise a studio, to treat customers and position oneself in a highly competitive market such as photography.



In the group photograph above, I am the one standing, at the opposite end to where Giró is embracing Palmira. Looking at this picture gives me goose flesh. It was a time when everything seemed possible even though you had no idea where to start. Giró was always a support, a point of reference. To say that he was like a father is to use a phrase that's a trifle hackneyed but for me this is the image of a whole man with great inner strength. He seemed a rock, an elm, someone who had already experienced difficult moments and knew how to deal with them.

I went with him, now and then, on his weekend excursions in search of pure photography. With his experimentation, outside his studio and outside of his advertising work. These urban expeditions were veritable lessons in photography and I will never forget what I learnt: the composition, the elegance, the cropping – the basis of my photography at the present time.

I remember perfectly the day that he took the photograph of the girl and the dove. I was his assistant (after months of being the assistant-of-the-assistant-of-the-assistant). The way he portrayed people always impressed me. The energy that he put there at the moment the picture was

taken was magic, surprising. I learnt from him the importance of the position of the hands in a portrait, the elegance of the posture, the moment when the right expression is captured that will give the desired impression.

I am saint John in *the Last Supper*. An advertising commission carried out by Giró with an intensity and pleasure that is a joy to see. The research, the days of adjusting the lighting to equal the Da Vinci painting. Magic days.

I also learned an important thing: to forgive the mistakes of others. One day we were at the top of a tower three metres high, to photograph something from its zenith. Giró asked me to change the lens of the Linhof 4x5 camera and put on a very new 150 mm lens that he had just bought when travelling abroad. What happened was that when I came to put the lens on the camera I accidentally dropped it, and it shattered on the ground into dozens of pieces. I was mortified. Giró said nothing; he could tell from my face how bad I felt at that moment. I shall never forget that moment and now, when some assistant drops a lens — it happens more often than I should like — I tell them this story. I tell them that it could happen once, but the second time I would not have Giró's patience.

And I explain to them what a privilege it was for me to work with someone like Marcel Giró.

## The long shadow of Marcel Giró

### Marcio Scavone

When I was sixteen, my father who was an amateur photographer and a friend of Marcel Giró, took me to the studio in the Av. República do Líbano, where I saw clearly what I wanted to do for the rest of my life. In my adolescent memory it was if you had been apprenticed to a renaissance master in his desolate workshop, where I would learn my trade. And indeed this was so; I was wizard Merlin's apprentice! The word assistant is clothed in dignity and responsibility that I would later understand and try to honour learning to load the film on the old Hasselbad chassis and preparing myself to spend a long time in the hold of that ship.

The dark room was literally in the basement of that old house. After going through the black curtain, the amber light and the smell of hyposulphite marked the descent into that magic world. The studio, in its prime, was a veritable renaissance workshop, with flying doves and dry ice that wafted mist for special effects to create an infinite backdrop. Giró was the embodiment of the master and his disciples (it was no coincidence that the sacred floor of his studio became the setting for *the Last Supper*). There we photographed everything, from flasks of perfume to cars, from meals to landscapes, from nudes to formal portraits.

Those were heroic years in which advertising photography reigned supreme, even over the agency and the client. Once, my father, who was a writer, thought up the idea of the *beetle* on the moon; Giró went for the idea and immediately sent me to a toy shop to buy a little car. Giró tore out a page from *Life* magazine featuring the first lunar photographs and let me press the button to photograph the diorama of the automobile on the moon. The next day he went to the agency handling the Volkswagen account and sold them the picture, practically going over the heads of their creative department, something that just couldn't happen today.

The idea of photography as a professional exercise presupposes perfectionism, the fact of going beyond the realms of simple mortals, the idea that the "hunter" has to bring the prey home, that it was forbidden to make mistakes — all that I learned from Marcel. He, with his inexhaustible energy, was a very patient master who taught me the "tricks" of smoke and mirrors, under the black cloth, which were to disappear along with the golden years of

studio photography. The ability to envisage, speed and excellence were the three legs of the tripod.

Miles Davis once said that you can tell the musician from the way they take the instrument out of its case. I saw his self-portrait on the tripod and I remember how he took the Hasselblad out of the aging calf-skin case. Giró was a natural, he treated photography like an extension of his life and lived above the studio with Palmira, his adorable wife. He would just come down the stairs and set to work.



My first job as his assistant was in the open air. We took photographs of the Anhembi exhibition park, the biggest in Latin America, while still under construction, from an old piston-engine helicopter. My task was to pass the loaded chassis to the master, who – suspended over the city – received them complete with the nervous sweat of my adolescence.

And there were portraits. The ritual, the posture, the expression, the direction, but especially and always a visual conversation on the days previous to the polaroid test based on that characteristic which was to be the greatest loss of the digital era: the ability to previsualise. To know what was being done and leave the surprise in the dark room to the technical part alone (exposition, focus, colour, etc.) since the rest of it – which in itself is everything – had already been subjected to his implacable gaze.

## An excellent photographer

Eití Kato

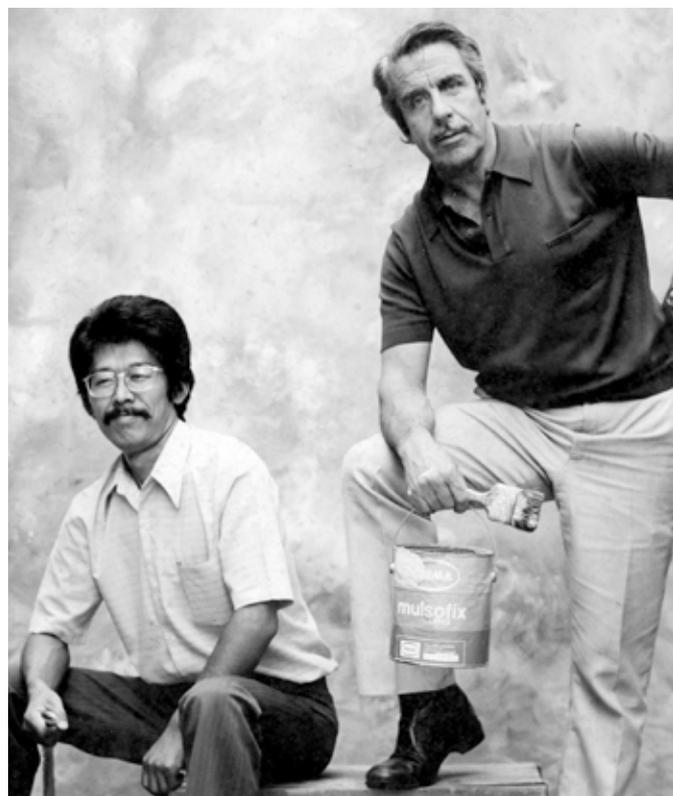
I met Marcel Giró through my elder brother, who was in advertising. Marcel had asked him if he knew anyone who could be his assistant.

I accepted the offer straightaway, the same day that I went to his home (and studio). That was when I also met his wife, Palmira, and his Alsatian dog Drake. That was in 1962, and I lived with them until 1990.

During the time I was working with him, dozens of people passed through the studio and learned photography from Giró before going on to open their own studio. For example, J.R. Duran and Marcio Scavone. It was a school for many people.

Marcel was an excellent photographer, straight as a die and, above all, he was a good man. He was like a father to me. All that I know about photography I learned from him, and I am very grateful.

Palmira, too, was an excellent woman, and a great incentive for Marcel.



# The story of a man who traded his car for a gun

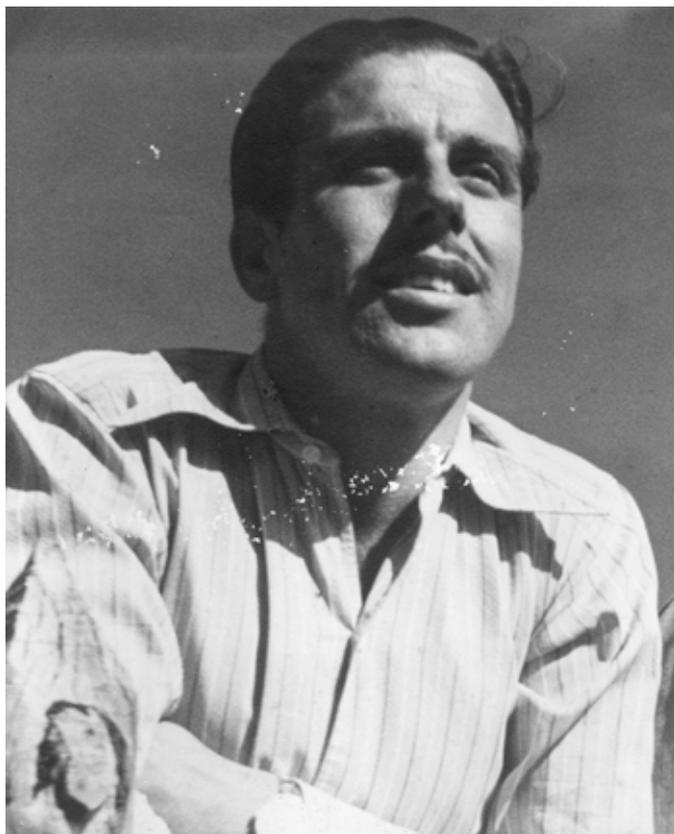
Extracts from an interview with Marcel Giró  
Catalunya Radio, October 2006

**MARCEL GIRÓ** My background's the textile industry. My family owned a company in Badalona with 40 workers and then along came the Civil War, the anarchists took over the factory and I thought "I'm not fighting for this". We had already lost the mill and we'd lost Catalonia. So I said —Good riddance!"— and I made my way on foot through the mountains to Collada de Toses, and from the Collada de Toses across into France.

**Victor Correal** What we're hearing here is the true story of Marcel Giró, a lad from a wealthy family who ran away from the FAI [Iberian Anarchist Federation] and crossed the Pyrenees on foot.

**MG** Perhaps that was rash, but no... everything was in turmoil, in turmoil!...

**VC** Often exile means leaving a wife, children, parents, friends, but Marcel's successful escape on foot from the country also meant he had to give up his beloved sports car.



**MG** That car had raced at San Sebastian, a *Senechau*, registration 33659. I still remember the registration number. In Barcelona I got a gun in exchange for a car, I give you the car, you give me the revolver. Going over the mountains I was ready to do anything, you know, anything. And I got over.

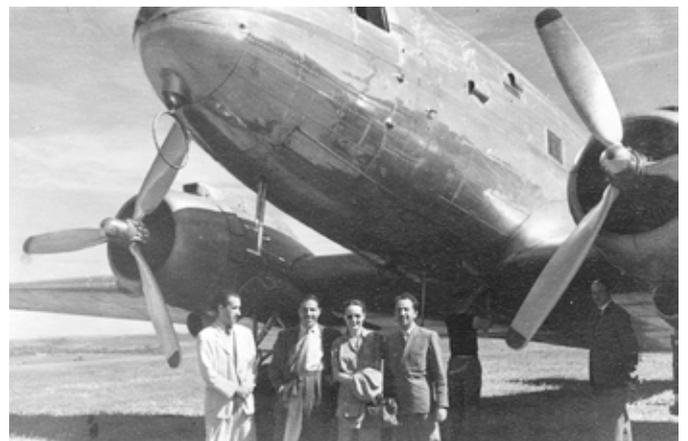
**VC** A racing car for a gun? That's a poor deal!

**MG** You don't regret it, you don't regret it. Your main concern is to save your life... everything looked so black for us, for Catalonia and for freedom. On one side you had Franco, but on the other you had the FAI and you don't know who's worse. Not one or the other.

**VC** But let's make no mistake: to make that journey successfully you didn't just need a gun, you needed a pair of good legs.

**MG** I was a mountaineer, I had been a mountaineer all my life. At that time I was 23 and I stayed in France for twenty months. I was selling anything, stockings smuggled out of Spain, to prostitutes, and after that I was a driver, and then a guard, anything.

**VC** Selling stockings to prostitutes had its attractions, but Marcel knew that to leave these thankless tasks behind him he had to move on.



**MG** So I went to Colombia with two friends.

**VC** Hold on! What friends?

**MG** With two companions that I had got to know in France. There were three of us, one was working and the other two of us assembled a machine to stitch socks. We bought a lathe with the money one of us made. I arrived in Colombia with one dollar in my pocket.

**VC** I can tell you that Marcel would come back to Catalonia with a bit more than that, and not just Marcel but the two other friends who shared his adventures as well. These would end up as the owners of one of the biggest textile firms in Spain. *Punto Blanco* —sound familiar?

**MG** Based on the Colombian business, they set up the company here and I went back to continue in the Americas. They just mushroomed.



**VC** Let's take this step by step. The Colombian business that was so successful for Marcel's colleagues, how did that work out if you only had a dollar between you?

**MG** In Colombia we started working in Bogotá. But then we decided to go to Medellín because of the textile industry there. At first we all slept in one room and, with my knowledge of machinery and with what they knew, we repaired a machine for embroidering socks, which was a fashion at that time. I subsequently left there, because I had married a Catalan who was the party secretary for Esquerra Republicana de Catalunya political party. My wife and I went to Brazil. This was the best country in the world for me, because of the absolute freedom there, and in São Paulo my cousins had a vegetable oil factory on the outskirts. I got there and the press wasn't working and no oil was being produced. The mechanic who had installed the machine had spent two months on it but to no avail. I said to put the machine right they would have to replace a part. My cousin said no, but I insisted: do that or the machine wouldn't work. I even said that if they didn't let me put that right I would catch the next train back to São Paulo. We waited until the night, and when the mechanic went home at six, I set to work to repair the fault. At nine that night we started the press up. More oil came out than we could cope with.

**VC** How ironic! A sock expert who turns out to be excellent at fixing things.

**MG** We went off to bed, and in the morning the machine was still working, and there were two tanks full of oil. The mechanic knew nothing of what had happened. He thought he had fixed it.

**VC** So Marcel earned his daily bread in this industry. But apart from this work he had his own hobbies.

**MG** I went mountaineering and took photographs, but I was an amateur photographer. But then there were elections in Brazil and they wanted to use some abstract photographs that I had for the advertising campaign. I sold these pictures to them, and they paid me 60 pesos. I was earning 5 pesos, and they came and paid me 60 pesos in one go. So to hell with it, and I set out to be a photographer. So it was at that point that I became a professional.

**VC** So this campaign opened the doors for an enterprise that had little to do with what you had done up until then, but then things didn't go at all badly for you.

**MG** I came to be one of the four best photographers in Brazil. So I bought a house and made myself a study in the garden. Things continued until there came a point when there were 14 people working there.

**VC** I see, in Brazil making a mint taking photos?

**MG** At that time photography was very profitable. It was very profitable because this was the start of advertising with photographs. That was so enjoyable. I had a great time with my photography.

**VC** But destiny has a way of evening out your luck, and Marcel was dealt a bitter blow.

**MG** In 1978 my wife died. And when she died I thought, why work so much? So I quit. I stopped working in advertising. I began taking photographs of my travels. I travelled a great deal.

**VC** Probably if he had to go back and do that epic crossing of the Pyrenees again, he would have swapped the car for a camera with lots of megapixels, but he drops a piece of advice to those who live in the age of digital cameras.

**MG** The more the quantity, the less the quality!

# Literature? No-o-o! Photography!

Marcel Giró

The editor of this newsletter came to see me full of enormous enthusiasm and a dreadful resolve (dreadful for one in my situation) and then, later, phoned me again and again asking me to “do” an article to publish in this month’s newsletter. Needless to say, I wanted to satisfy his wishes, but... what can I talk about?

The topic is, necessarily: **Photography**. My forte isn’t precisely literature; and proof of this is that when I was at school, my worst exam results were in that subject. Well, I believe I am like many amateur photographers when asked for an article, on whatever topic, without thought for the consequences that this lack of ability to express oneself with words – or rather with the pen – would have. If, on the other hand, we could use a camera, that would be another thing!

At the same time, there are some people – luckily very few – who artistically and photographically speaking leave much to be desired, since at bottom they are vain and totally preoccupied with seeing their name in print, above any article, however immensely vacuous the content.

The results of this approach are patently obvious. Pick up a few magazines and newsletters, leaf through them and you will arrive at a greyish sort of conclusion. And indeed this only gets worse in the discussions, all too often mediocre ones, that will drag on for months. Little by little the enthusiasm that you might feel waiting for your magazine to come out ebbs away until you finally you just leaf through listlessly and superficially on the off chance that there may be an article or photographic reproduction of interest. This is the sad truth of the matter and believe me I should like to be mistaken.

What is the solution then to this problem? Simply: seek the collaboration of talented people and systematically refuse any article that does not speak to problems with current relevance. And if we do not have anyone to hand who would like to help and is **able** to do so, we will have to look for them abroad. Translate articles in good foreign magazines that will be of interest to amateurs, since it is not possible for all those who would like to have access to these magazines, or translate them.

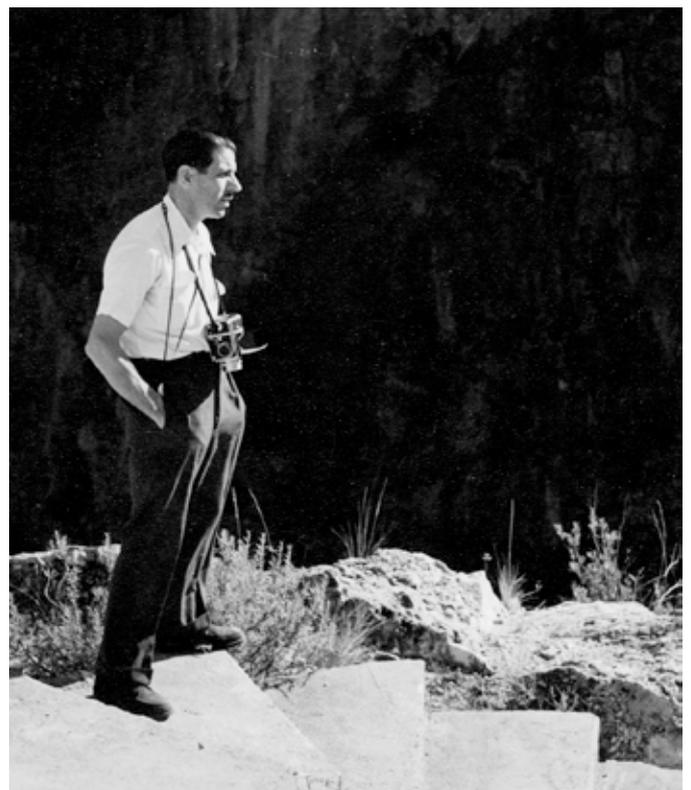
Looking through pages that deal with technical matters that are of minority interest – and a small minority at that – is wearying. What we need to know is what the great photographers of our day are thinking, photographers like Man Ray, Ortiz Echagüe, Steinert, Adams, Steichen, etc. I know what I am now going to say is a sacrilege, but I’m not interested in knowing how a lens is made, much less know the chemical composition of the materials used to make it, and similarly there is nothing interesting about developers which have long been public knowledge. At present, what is needed is to live and experience photography in the purest sense of the word and become familiar with the works.

If the minorities that I mention above want to keep abreast of purely technical developments in the photography **industry**, they can find longer and more detailed accounts than any magazine article in print.

Arguing in public over whether this lens is better than that one I found appallingly ridiculous. These sorts of problems have to be solved by big companies, with all their powerful means, both technical and economic.

We amateurs know and love **Photography** as an **Art**. Let the technicians and the industry do the work on their side, and we, if we can, will strive to **create** real, authentic photography, which is and has to be our aim.

Article published in the FCCB newsletter, 1955





# Marcel Giró

Fotografies / Fotografías



Marcel Giró (1913-2011), fotògraf català establert al Brasil, va ser un dels principals representants del que es va anomenar l'ús de l'abstracció, movement artístic format en els anys 50 per membres del Grup Cluê Raulino i a São Paulo.

Aquest llibre recull una selecció de la seva obra, la seva particular interpretació dels aspectes més singulars de la realitat.

Marcel Giró (1913-2011), fotògraf català establert al Brasil, va ser un dels principals representants de l'ús de l'abstracció, movement artístic format en els anys 50 per membres del Grup Cluê Raulino i a São Paulo.

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## Marcel Giró. Fotografies/Fotografías

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