

Marie Cosindas

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Polaroid Color Photographs



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The photographs of Marie Cosindas are as real and as unlikely as butterflies. Their delicate otherworldliness refers to a place and time not quite identifiable — to a place with the morning-fresh textures and the opalescent light of a private Arcady, and to a time suspended, as in a child's long holiday.

Yet the edge of acute observation saves the pictures from softness, and makes them not merely reveries but discoveries. They are — as Marianne Moore said poems should be — imaginary gardens with real toads in them.

JOHN SZARKOWSKI, *Museum of Modern Art, New York*

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Marie Cosindas has made the camera speak with a new accent. Her images, concrete and of this world, reach us nevertheless from another plane. They are like something remembered, an experience of the eye softened by time. The ephemera of life which flows through her lens is filtered, transformed by her sense of poetry.

In viewing an exhibition of the prints of Miss Cosindas, one surprise follows another, yet each picture bears the unmistakable stamp of the author. The eye is arrested by the originality of her vision, then seduced by the visual charm, the human warmth of the image.

The deeply personal touch, the intimacy which frames her every statement is this poet's birthright. But the rigorous discipline of the trained painter underlies her remarkable articulation of subtle color and design. The School of the Museum of Fine Arts is proud to have shared in the formation and now in the arrival of this new artist who has mastered a new medium.

PERRY T. RATHBONE, *Director, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston*

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The color photographs of Marie Cosindas are unlike any color photographs ever made before. For once, medium, subject matter and practitioner have met in an atmosphere of balanced harmony and have attained a remarkable resolution. The Polacolor miracle is fortunate in having had so early an ideal exponent. Marie Cosindas has brought it to reflect a world of vision which ranges from poetic fantasies of small objects and flowers, portraits and nude figures, to large spaces of landscapes. Even the 4 x 5 inch dimension fortifies and is consistent with all the rest because small things seem to endure longest in time and in our affection, and are most capable of carrying concentrated yet slowly diffused suggestion. Tanagra figurines, the keyboard music of Rameau and Scarlatti, the poems of Robert Herrick and Emily Dickinson are awakened in memory as being related in spirit to these photographs. But each of these compositions has its own single existence and is another indication that Marie Cosindas is one of that small number of great color photographers.

HUGH EDWARDS, *Curator of Photography, The Art Institute of Chicago*

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*Museum of Modern Art, New York*

*April 12 - July 4, 1966*

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*Museum of Fine Arts, Boston*

*November 9 - December 11, 1966*

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*The Art Institute of Chicago*

*January 21 - March 5, 1967*

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