

Muybridge photographed incessantly.

San Francisco was now the tenth-largest city in the country...

and its residents had developed a taste for culture.



Following the success of the Yosemite views, all art dealers were after his work.



He exhibited recent work at the prestigious Nahl brothers' gallery.

It was there that he met Flora Downs, who was working as a photo retoucher.



She was 18. Muybridge, who despised taking portraits, offered to photograph her.

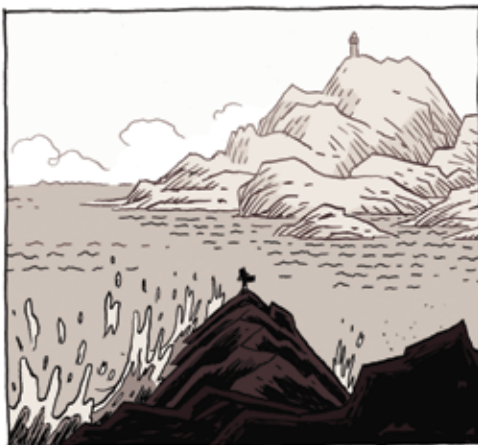
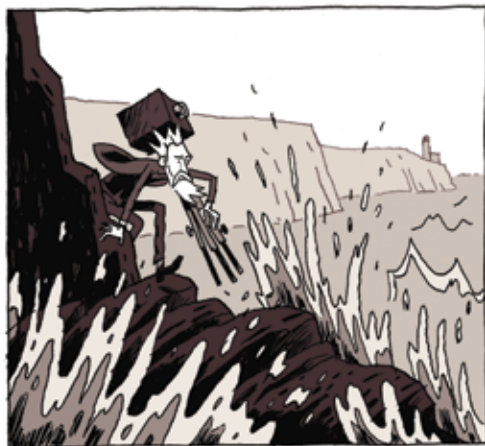


You know, you have a very photogenic profile—has anyone ever mentioned that?





Muybridge, twice her age, often spent more than half the year away from home, travelling for work.





South Farallon Light House. Cal:
South Farallon Island Light, California (1871)



He was handsome and elegant.
A real ladies' man.



It was around this time that Muybridge became acquainted with the former governor of California, Leland Stanford.

...And then it occurred to me, why not do a photographic survey of my marvellous home? Like the one you did of Yosemite.

What do you say?

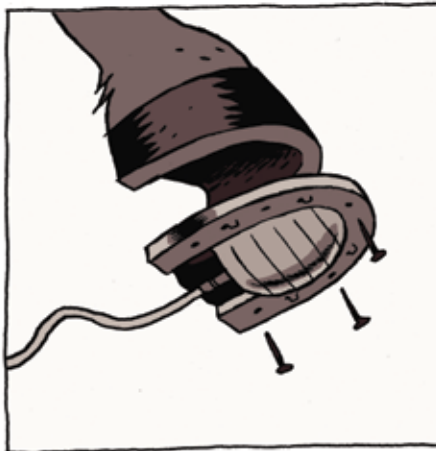
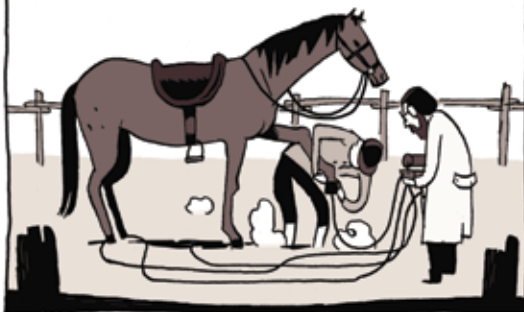
Muybridge wasn't enthusiastic about the project, but Stanford was a one-of-a-kind client. Turning him down was out of the question.

Splendid idea. I'm your man.

Meanwhile, somewhere in France...

Étienne-Jules Marey, a physician, physiologist, and ingenious tinkerer, was conducting a study of horses in motion.

Marey had devised a remarkable contraption to carry out his experiments.



Under each of the horse's hooves, he placed a cushion that expelled air upon making contact with the ground.

Tubes connected the cushions to a stylus that recorded the animal's movements on a cylinder.

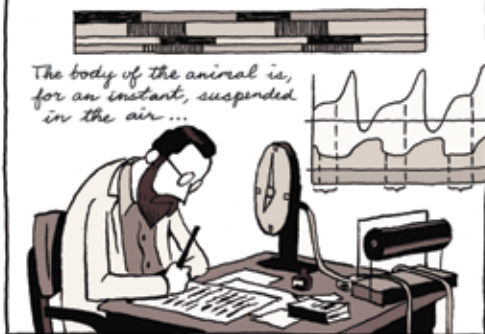
This allowed Marey to track the exact moment when each hoof would touch and leave the ground.



Marey published his findings in an article that was translated into several languages. It caused quite a stir...

especially in the United States, where all horse enthusiasts weighed in on the debate.

The body of the animal is, for an instant, suspended in the air...



Outstanding study, no?

Agreed. This Frenchman is onto something.





Muybridge carried out his assignment, documenting every room of the house.



He occasionally recruited family members for the photos.

Now hold still.



Here we see Jane Stanford—stiff as a board—and Leland Jr., who is blurred.



Clearly, Muybridge did not excel at photographing people.

Mother and son also posed for a portrait. Both would later meet tragic ends.



Voilà, done. I'll be in touch about the making of the album.





Leland Stanford house (1872)



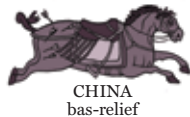
You see, Muybridge, since the beginning of time, humans everywhere have tried to depict galloping horses—on walls, in tapestries and paintings, even in sculpture.



TUNISIA
Roman mosaic
from Sousse



IRAN
Sasanian vase



CHINA
bas-relief



EGYPT
Abu Simbel
relief



CHINA
bas-relief



IRAQ
Assyrian bas-relief
from Nineveh



FRANCE
Bayeux Tapestry



Mounted
Amazon,
silver vase



CHINA
bas-relief

And since the beginning of time, they've been getting it wrong.

Take Géricault, the finest equestrian artist of the last generation...



I refuse to believe that horses hop like frogs!

And even today, the greatest of them all, Ernest Meissonier...



Better, but still not quite right.

Anyway, that's their problem. What interests me is racing.



As you may know, I've developed specialized training methods that have made my horses the best in the country.



If only I had a precise understanding of the mechanics of the gallop, I could do wonders. I'm sure of it.



Le derby de 1821 à Epsom (The 1821 Derby at Epsom)
(1821)
THÉODORE GÉRICAUT



Faugh-A-Ballagh (1845)
G. A. TURNER