



THE POWER OF PHOTOGRAPHY

List of Works with Captions

WEEGEE
Ukraine, 1899–1968
Easter Sunday in Harlem, 1940

To me, pictures are like blintzes — ya gotta get 'em while they're hot.

Weegee

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Weegee — real name Arthur Fellig — is generally known for his gritty, violent urban crime scene work, rushing to get there before the police arrived. But there was a real tender side to him, as evidenced by this image. A moment of joy, community, relief, happiness and hope. Exactly what we are all wishing for now.



MARIO CRAVO NETO
Brazil, 1947–2009
Odé, 1985

My idea from now on is to develop that transition between the inert object and the sacred object. It is simply a religious position in photography that I wish to adopt.

Mario Cravo Neto

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I met Mario Cravo Neto the year this extraordinary image was given to the world. I wanted to meet its creator as I was profoundly moved by it. I found it primal and emotional, though at the time I couldn't quite articulate why. Born in Bahia, Brazil, which was the point of entry for millions of slaves from Africa, Neto's imagery is deeply steeped in the legacy of Yoruba culture and Afro-Brazilian worship and ritual traditions. He often used inanimate objects and animals in conjunction with the human body. They are sculptural in their intensity. Neto was a free spirit and a force of energy to be around in all his creative madness. He left us far too soon and I sincerely miss his friendship and company. A true artist.





LEN PRINCE

USA, b.1953

Ford Model VIII bathing cap, New York City, 1991

I met Len Prince early on in my gallery career. I was impressed by his approach to photography and his attention to detail. A successful New York fashion photographer, Prince has a quiet, sensitive manner that contrasts sharply with the turbulence of the industry he worked in. We collaborated on some special platinum print projects, a medium we both admired. This is one of them. Sometimes art is generated from pure simplicity. A classic profile. A beautiful scalloped bathing cap. *Voilà!* Pure magic.

KURT MARKUS
USA, b.1947
Hooded man, 1998

*What I have done is being in the right place and the right time
to create a photograph that is now.*

Kurt Markus

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To produce a great image is like catching magic in a bottle. Even such an illustrious figure as Edward Steichen showed us that fashion photography can sometimes be high, high art. Kurt Markus shows us the same in this image, which was photographed in Vicksburg, Mississippi in 1988. Its cut-to-chase simplicity and graphic strength are as pure and powerful as it gets.



DAVID BAILEY

UK, b.1938

John Lennon and Paul McCartney

It takes a lot of imagination to be a good photographer. You need less imagination to be a painter because you can invent things. But in photography everything is so ordinary. It takes a lot of looking before you learn to see the extraordinary.

David Bailey

Of course, The Beatles have been much photographed but this has always been my favourite. Taken by the great David Bailey, a fellow East Ender. It's more than about Paul McCartney and John Lennon. It is so much more universal than that. It is about friendship and creativity and shared history.

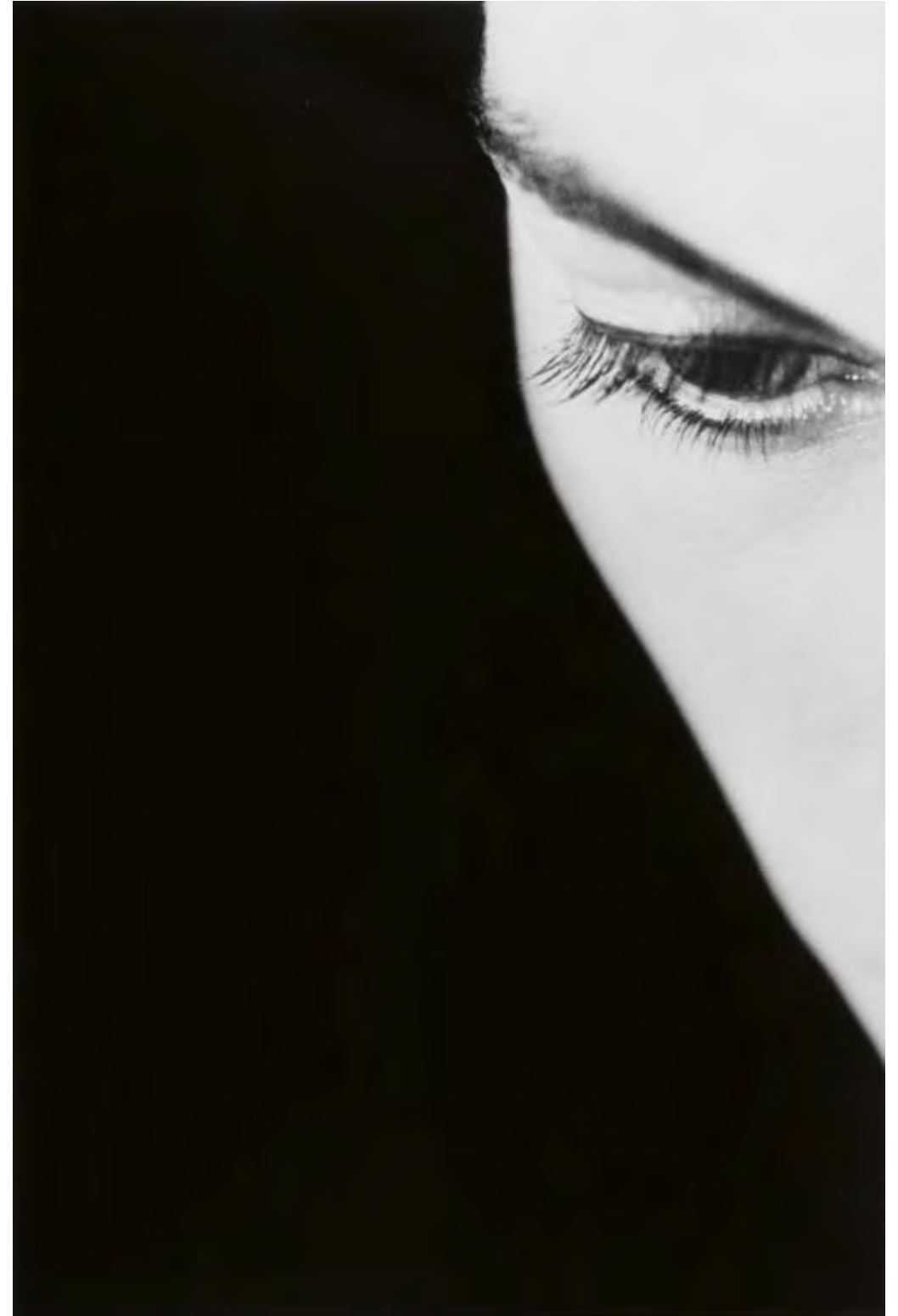


RALPH GIBSON
USA, b.1939
Bastienne's eye, 1987

*The photograph is better than the photographer and the art
is better than the artist.*

Ralph Gibson

Ralph extracts the essence of femininity and allure by focusing on the eye and playing with negative space to produce an image of such beauty and timelessness.



NANCY REXROTH

USA, b.1946

A woman's bed, Logan, Ohio, 1970



The plastic camera will always be discovered by photographers who are in need of poetry in their lives.

Nancy Rexroth

Sometimes a magical body of work seems to appear out of nowhere. Such was the case in the early 1970s, when Nancy Rexroth began photographing the rural Midwestern landscape, children, white-framed houses and domestic interiors of south-eastern Ohio with a plastic toy camera called the Diana. She compiled all the photographs into a self-produced book called *Iowa*, which became a much sought-after cult classic. She created dream-like, poetic images of what she described as “my own private landscape, a state of mind”, which seemed to reference her childhood summer visits to relatives in Iowa.

This amazing body of work convinces me that success in photography is not dependent on using expensive state-of-the-art equipment, lenses etc; it is about sheer talent, vision and heart. This is a tiny, tiny image but the emotion it emits is epic and unbounded.

JOHN GUTMANN

Poland, 1905–1998

Class (Olympic high diving champion Majorie Gestring), 1936

There is only one country in the world to go to, the United States. There is only one state, California, and there is only one city, San Francisco.

John Gutmann

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John Gutmann was born in Germany and was immersed in the cultural and artistic life of Berlin, where he studied painting under the great German expressionist painter Otto Müller. Gutmann moved to San Francisco when Hitler rose to power to escape fascism and start anew in America, like so many other gifted European artists. He took up photography as a way to earn a living and excelled at it.

Gutmann's painting background influenced his photography. He understood innately shapes and points of view, light and dark, and blurred the lines between realism and his own particular style of surrealism.

This image is a prime example of the perfect composition in photography where he captured the immensely gifted competitive springboard diver Marjorie Gestring, right at the moment when she was briefly suspended motionless in mid-air. The next year, at the age of 13, she won a gold medal at the Berlin Summer Olympics; she was the youngest athlete ever to do so. John Gutmann went on to an illustrious career as a photographer and teacher.



PAUL CAPONIGRO
USA, b.1932
Two pears, Cushing, Maine, 1999

We have to make a separation between what the intellect is chattering about and what it is really tapping into. I can't give you the physics of it, how it actually functions; I simply know it works and if I leave it alone and not try to invent a mousetrap to catch it, the more it comes. Feelings will apprehend the spirit more quickly than the mind ever will.

Paul Caponigro

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In the 1990s, Paul Caponigro experienced some serious health and family issues, which curtailed his ability to work. Fortunately for us, he regained his strength and creative impulses, and produced work equal to, if not greater, than some of his earlier accomplishments. This image is one of them. Its sheer physical beauty when one contemplates it quietly on a wall I cannot even begin to articulate. One is speechless and almost in a trance.



LILLIAN BASSMAN

USA, 1917–2012

*Across the restaurant at Le Grand Vefour, Barbara Mullen,
Harper's Bazaar, Paris [Dress by Jacques Fath], 1949*

When I photograph, I project what I'm not. What I would like to be.

Lillian Bassman

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Lillian Bassman had a long and wonderfully creative life. She was a friend, colleague and competitor of the traditional “boys’ club” of fashion photographers, including Penn and Avedon, while also maintaining the balance needed to bring up two children during an era when the majority of mothers did not work outside the home. Her energy and talent were an inspiration throughout her career.

Personally, it was my great honour and privilege to present her first West Coast exhibition at our gallery. What she explained to me during our many discussions was that she felt there was often a notable difference when a woman was photographing a female model, versus when photographed by a man. Gone was the performance element of the model trying to seduce the photographer and in its place was this special “connection”. Bassman’s models are presented to the viewer as “real” and noticeably open, as opposed to the sense of being objectified. She liked to talk with them about their husbands, boyfriends, lovers and children. They opened up to her and this allowed them to relax into their natural beauty in front of her lens. Certain facades were removed, and the images celebrate this genuine intimacy.



MELVIN SOKOLSKY

USA, b.1933

In trees, Paris, 1963



I believe taking a photograph is an unspoken conversation in a shared space where the sitter and the maker reveal their being in a kind of silent dance of escalating trust and affinity. We look at each other, daydream about each other and those dreams never, ever meet, except in the photograph.

Melvin Sokolsky

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Melvin Sokolsky encountered the world of Hieronymous Bosch and in particular his *Garden of Earthly Delights* as a child, and it must have had a lasting influence on him. His imagination always ran rampant and when at the early age of 21 he found the perfect forum for it in the pages of *Harper's Bazaar*, he became one of the title's most successful photographers with his tireless experimentations and skilful craftsmanship. It was nowhere better displayed than in his celebrated 'Bubble' series for the magazine.

One must remember this was an era of pre-digital editing when the "unreal" had to be steeped in reality and dreams were only fulfilled by hard work, dedication, passion and enormous talent.

As one of his favourite models, Dorothy McCowan, commented: "There is no such thing as impossible when Melvin has an idea."

LISA LAW

USA, b.1943

Bob Dylan, The Castle Solarium, Los Angeles, California, 1966

*Maybe once in a lifetime one might be lucky to be in the presence of greatness.
I was blessed by being close enough to Bob that I was able to capture his
essence and share it with others.*

Lisa Law

In the early 1960s, Lisa Law and her husband, Tom (the road manager for Peter, Paul and Mary) purchased a house opposite Frank Lloyd Wright's Ennis House in the Los Feliz neighbourhood of Los Angeles. Nicknamed 'The Castle' because of its enormous size, musicians would rent huge rooms where they could stay and work whilst visiting the hub of the music scene in Southern California. With three storeys, it had a basement, a ballroom, a huge dining room, a solarium and giant bedrooms on all three floors. It became 'the hangout' for such notables as Lenny Bruce, Alan Ginsberg and Andy Warhol. Lisa Law was the in-house Earth Mother and resident photographer.

Bob Dylan rented the master bedroom on the second floor and could be heard working away on his small typewriter, writing some of the most profound songs of the '60s. This image was captured by Law in the Solarium of 'The Castle'. Here is Dylan in all his coolness, mystery and uniqueness. To my eye, this is one of the best portraits ever taken of him.



RUTH BERNHARD
Germany, 1905–2006
Folding, 1962



Light is the pencil that draws the picture I'm trying to create. Where I put the light shows what it was that intrigued me in the first place, what I would like to reveal. The most beautiful object is not beautiful unless the light reveals what is there.

Ruth Bernhard

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I had the great good fortune to collaborate closely with Ruth Bernhard during the last 20 years of her long and productive life. She was like the grandmother I never knew. She was diminutive in size but a giant in her passion for life, art and beauty. We would often go out for dinner when I was visiting her in San Francisco and she would order a plate of liver and onions that was larger than she was. Her prints just glowed. I was at her 100th birthday party and had the great honour of speaking at her memorial service.

I often share her recipe for a long and happy life – which she put down on paper – with artists and friends:

1. Never get used to anything
2. Hold on to the child in you
3. Keep your curiosity alive
4. Trust your intuition
5. Delight in simple things
6. Say “yes” to life with passion
7. Fall madly in love with the world
8. Remember today is the day

There is hardly a day that passes when I don't think of her. Her influence was that strong, both for me and everyone she encountered.

ROMAN VISHNIAC

Russia, 1897–1990

Sara, the only flowers of her youth, Warsaw, Poland, 1939

I was living in Germany in the 1930s and knew that Hitler had made it his mission to exterminate all Jews, especially the children and the women who could bear children in the future. I was unable to save my people, only their memory.

Roman Vishniac

Born and raised in London, I was about 16 when I picked up a copy of Roman Vishniac's book, *A Vanished World*. It was the first photography book I had ever bought. The power of this collection completely overwhelmed me, particularly this image.

Fast forward about five years, after I had scraped together enough money to visit New York, which had been a lifelong dream of mine. I don't know what possessed me or what gave me the courage to do so, but I looked through a telephone directory (remember those?) when I first arrived and saw that Vishniac was listed. I took a deep breath and dialled his number. Vishniac answered the phone and I fumbled my way through the call, explaining that I was so moved by his book and this was my first day in America, and could I, by any chance, come and meet him? He said: "Come round tomorrow. I am very busy but will give you ten minutes."

I went to his apartment on Upper Broadway and ended up staying for about five hours. I must have looked like a skinny waif because his wife spent the entire time feeding me non-stop. Vishniac was so intelligent, so erudite, so inspiring with his stories of how he captured the images of this community that was doomed to perish. I asked him more about Sara, the subject of this photograph, and he explained to me that she had never seen a real flower, so her father painted them for her to try to give her hope that there was a world outside the walls of her home. It is still, to this day, one of the greatest photos I have ever seen.



EARLIE HUDNALL JR.
USA, b.1946
Girl with flag, 3rd Ward, Houston, 1991

I seldom ask someone to pose. I just try to take the situation that's presented to me... Each day that I wake up, I'm just trying to photograph life as I see it. You have to walk around and respect what is about to happen in front of the camera. It's a sacred moment.

Earlie Hudnall Jr.

The occasion here is a Fourth of July parade in Texas during the summer of 1991. Earlie Hudnall Jr. has spent over 40 years quietly and selflessly documenting life in historically black communities in the Houston area with an insight and tenderness unparalleled in social documentary photography. He doesn't force or judge or coerce. He truly understands these communities and is a part of these communities. He knows that these areas include many homes where multi-generational families live, survive and co-exist together. His mentor and teacher, John Biggers, instilled in Hudnall at an early age that "art is life" and that this belief should be the basis of his collective work. This, Hudnall has so eloquently done; as he says: "The camera is only a tool. It is up to the viewer to come to their own conclusion once they look at the picture, based on their experience."



ELLIOTT ERWITT
France, b.1928
Valencia, Spain, 1952

You can find pictures anywhere. It's simply a matter of noticing things and organizing them. You just have to care about what's around you and have a concern with humanity and the human comedy.

Elliott Erwitt

Elliott Erwitt – another all-time favourite human being and photographer of mine. Intelligent, insightful, gracious and human. On temporary leave from army service, Erwitt was sleeping on the couch in an apartment shared by his friend Robert Frank and his wife, and captured this wonderfully joyful moment.



SABINE WEISS
Switzerland, 1924-2021
La 2CV, Paris, 1957

*I just walk around, feel and see things. That way nothing has to happen.
Your vision however becomes more acute. Sometimes, after having wandered
around for a whole day, I return with nothing. On another day there may be
26 new pictures in the box. It all depends on my ability to establish contact
with people or the situations on the spot.*

Sabine Weiss

Sabine Weiss, who passed away recently at the age of 97, was the last living photographer from one of my favourite eras in the history of the medium – the French humanist post-war period, which gave us Boubat, Doisneau and Ronis. Even in her last years she was absolutely spilling over with vigour, vitality and enthusiasm.

I remember being witness to an incredible occasion when she was 91 and being honoured with a large exhibition in Paris. There was a special book-signing event arranged for her, which was originally scheduled for one hour at noon. However, there were such crowds that the queues ran around the block, with hundreds of people waiting to have their copies signed and personalised by her. The book signing lasted over five hours and for the duration Weiss was patient, courteous and focused on each and every individual who was lucky enough to be present that day. She is more than worthy of the adoration.



WOLFGANG SUSCHITZKY
Austria, 1912–2016
Charing Cross Road from No. 84 (Marks & Co.), 1937

Composition is not a matter of rules, it's a matter of taste.

Wolfgang Suschitzky

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This is one of the most autobiographical photographs in my collection. I grew up in the East End of London with a very modest, working-class background. My parents both had left school at the age of 13, and there was not a great deal of exposure to the arts in my upbringing. I yearned to explore the world outside our small apartment and as soon as I was old enough, I spent every Saturday morning taking the Tube “up west” to central London and Charing Cross Road, the location of this image. Here were rows and rows of second-hand bookstores, where I could find used books to feed my voracious curiosity, plus a second-hand jazz record store called Dobells, where I was able to listen to jazz albums for hours on site but didn’t have the money to actually buy them. This was my treasured weekly ritual and Charing Cross Road became my cultural nirvana.

Decades later, I saw this image and was compelled to meet its creator, Wolfgang Suschitzky. On every trip back to London from my adopted home of Los Angeles, I would visit ‘Wolf’ in his tiny, modest apartment. He was a true gentleman from the “old middle European school”. We established our own special ritual during these visits. He would brew me the greatest Viennese coffee and there would always be the most delicious apple strudel to accompany it. We would then talk for hours and look through his archives. Every single visit would uncover something new and remarkable from his work. I felt he was such a talented and under-appreciated artist and one of my professional missions was to promote his photography and help secure the recognition I believed he deserved.

It still is one of my passions, to celebrate Suschitzky and his art. He passed away in 2016, aged 104, and there is truly not a day when I don’t think about him as I am surrounded by his always-captivating work.



TED CRONER
USA, 1922–2005
Taxi, New York at night, 1947

Ted Croner's photographs give a vivid, impressionistic interpretation of New York. He sees the city as something alive and represents it with excitement, vigor and enthusiasm. He ignores technical rules and regulations and makes assets of what most young photographers look upon as liabilities.

Edward Steichen

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Croner was much admired in his time. One of the standout photographers in Alexey Brodovitch's Design Laboratory, he captured New York in all its dynamic energy. I think of him like a great jazz musician or an abstract expressionist painter. Nothing is ever predictable in his images. You never quite know what to expect and are kept on your toes. Steichen included him in two important shows at the Museum of Modern Art. This is generally regarded as his greatest image. You just get caught up in the horizontal blur of the passing vehicle against the cinematic backdrop of lit buildings. He often used multiple exposures, restraining the camera shutter to allow maximum captured movement.

No less an artist than Bob Dylan chose this image to be the cover of his great album *Modern Times*, which *Rolling Stone* declared one of the greatest albums of all time. Croner was a tall bear of a man with a heart of gold. Rock on, Ted.



EDWARD S. CURTIS

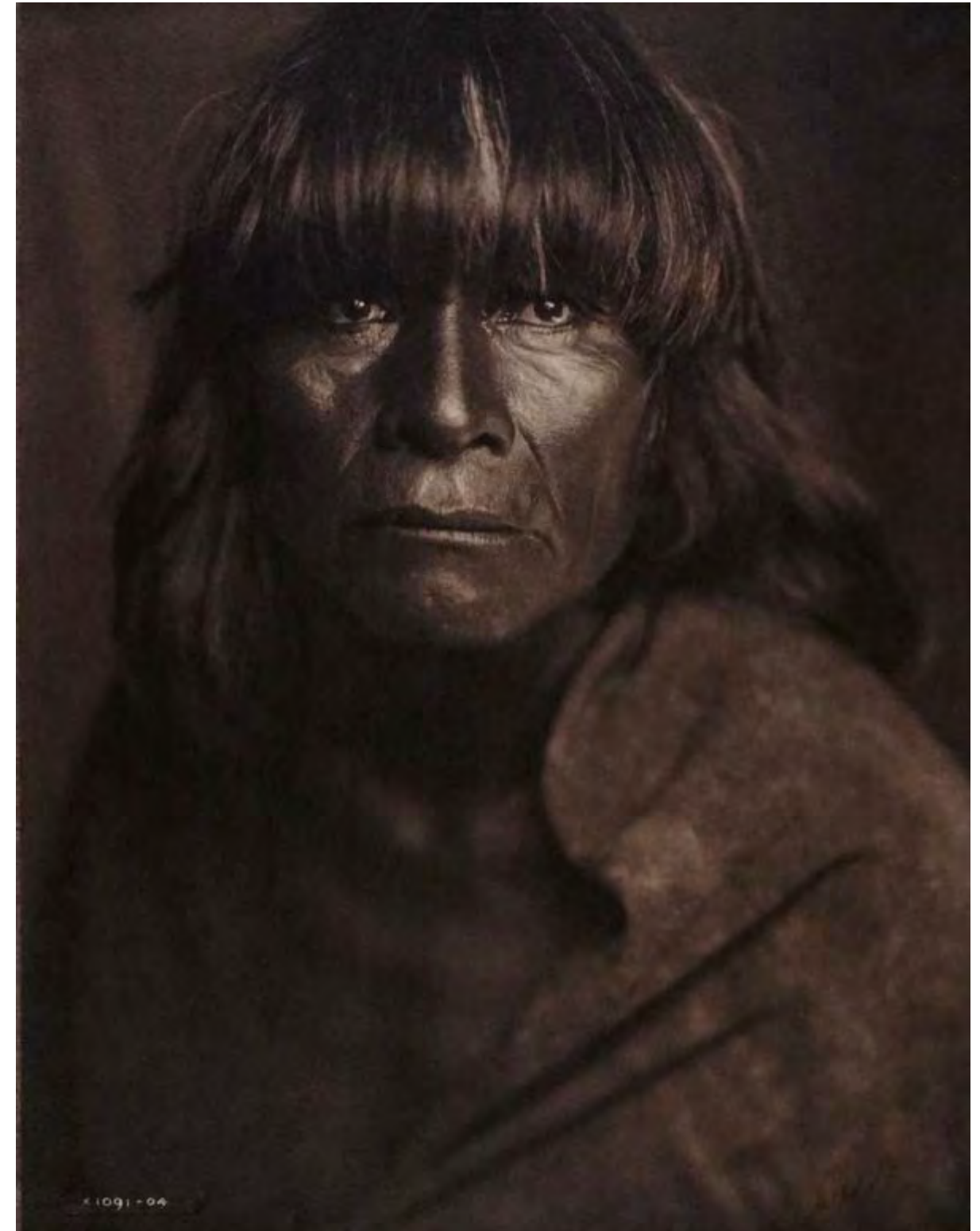
USA, 1868–1952

A Hopi man, 1904

The passing of every old man or woman means the passing of some tradition, some knowledge of sacred rites possessed by no other. Consequently, the information that is to be gathered for the benefit of future generations, respecting the mode of life of one of the great races of mankind, must be collected at once or the opportunity will be lost for all time.

Edward S. Curtis

Edward S. Curtis dedicated and basically sacrificed his life to his dream project of documenting the history of Native American peoples. He created one of the most powerful bodies of work in the history of photography. Nowhere does his artistry manifest itself better than in his portraits, particularly of chiefs and warriors. Here is the strength, dignity and life experience portrayed by this Hopi man. This exquisite print is nothing less than haunting and one of the most beautiful platinum prints of his work I have ever seen. Curtis died virtually penniless and forgotten in Los Angeles in 1952, with a scant obituary in the *New York Times* mentioning rather understatedly that “Mr Curtis was a photographer”. That is somewhat akin to saying that “Rembrandt was a painter”.



DAN BUDNIK

USA, 1933–2020

March on Washington – Martin Luther King Jr. after delivering his “I have a dream” speech, Lincoln Memorial, Washington D.C., 28 August 1963



I need to become completely anonymous if I'm to capture the essence, the root fact about the person and not merely their surface.

Dan Budnik

Many years ago, we mounted a civil rights exhibition in the gallery. It was a subject that completely enveloped me. I knew we needed to have a great MLK image to anchor the exhibition and I subsequently spent months hunting and viewing hundreds of images. When I came across Dan Budnik's understated work and met him, I knew this was the one.

MARTHA HOLMES
USA, 1923–2006
*Jackson Pollock painting in his studio,
Sparta, Long Island, N.Y., 1949*

Painting is self-discovery. Every good artist paints what he/she is.

Jackson Pollock

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I really love exceptional portraits of artists. I can only dream of owning a Modigliani, Seurat, Picasso, O'Keeffe, Cassatt, Agnes Martin etc, but a great artist portrait is the next best thing. Martha Holmes was an important *Life* magazine photographer and this image of Jackson Pollock deservedly made the front cover when it was first published.



NEIL LEIFER

USA, b.1942

Muhammad Ali vs Sonny Liston, 1965

Don't count the days, make the days count.

Muhammad Ali (1942–2016)

*If I were directing a movie and I could tell Ali where to knock him down
and Sonny where to fall, they're exactly where I would put them.*

Neil Leifer

78

There is no doubt that this image is considered by many to be one of the greatest sports photos ever taken. Whenever I look at it, I am swept up in its power, beauty and electricity. It also evokes such welcome memories as I have known Neil Leifer for over 40 years, and he is certainly a fighter too. Leifer is forever pushing, tap-dancing to the next adventure, fuelled by his endless creativity and boundless energy. He is truly inspiring to be around.

I had the great honour of meeting Ali himself when flying from New York to Los Angeles Airport many years ago. As we were getting ready for take-off, the seat next to me remained empty until the very last moment and I had a minute of curiosity over who might sit down in that spot. Fantastically, it was none other than Muhammad Ali. At this point in his life, he was suffering from late-stage neurological disease and he handed me a card that said: "Hello, I'm Muhammad Ali. I cannot talk to you because I have Parkinson's, but nice to meet you. I hope you have a good flight. God Bless." I was completely awe-struck through the entire flight. He possessed such grace, such class and still had so much charisma. Whenever I need an extra shot of adrenaline, I skip the coffee and spend a few moments reflecting on this photograph.



STEVE SCHAPIRO
USA, 1934–2022
Rosa Parks, The Selma March, 1965

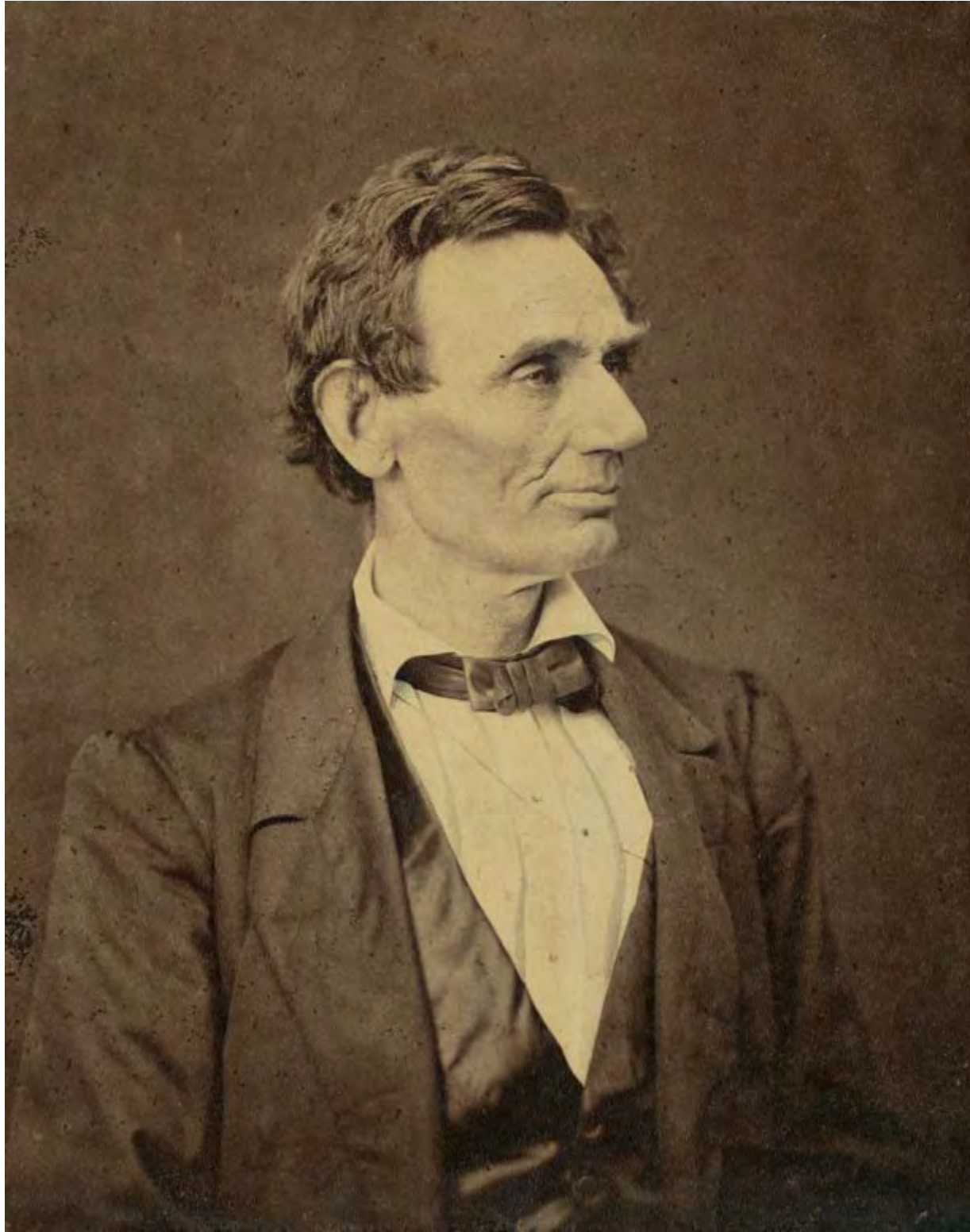
There are moments in our history which are significant turning points and I am thankful to have been able to document one of them.

Steve Schapiro

80

December 1st, 1955, Montgomery, Alabama. After a long day's work as a seamstress, Rosa Parks was on her way home, riding her usual bus, when she rejected bus driver James F. Blake's order to relinquish her seat in the "coloured" section to a white passenger after the "whites only" seats had been filled. For refusing to vacate her seat, she was arrested and charged with civil disobedience. This single act changed the course of history. Parks became a role model for courage in the face of racial injustice, fuelling a revolution for freedom that spread across the globe. As she eloquently said: "I would like to be remembered as a person who wanted to be free, so other people would also be free."





ALEXANDER HESLER
Canada, 1823–1895
Portrait of Abraham Lincoln, 3 June 1860

Those who deny freedom to others, deserve it not for themselves.
Abraham Lincoln

Alexander Hesler, a noted commercial photographer based in Chicago, arranged two portrait sessions with Lincoln in 1858 and 1860. The images from their first session displayed the presidential candidate with disordered and messy hair. During the subsequent election campaign, the Republican National Committee grew concerned that Lincoln might appear unkempt compared to his opponent, Stephen A. Douglas. Hesler, therefore, produced this more dapper and well-groomed representation of the candidate at the second sitting. The artist, George B. Ayres, purchased Hesler's studio in 1867, a move that saved its contents from being destroyed when the gallery burned down in the Chicago fire of 1871. This has always been my favourite portrait of Lincoln and has been a source of inspiration and hope, especially now.

ANSEL ADAMS

USA, 1902–1984

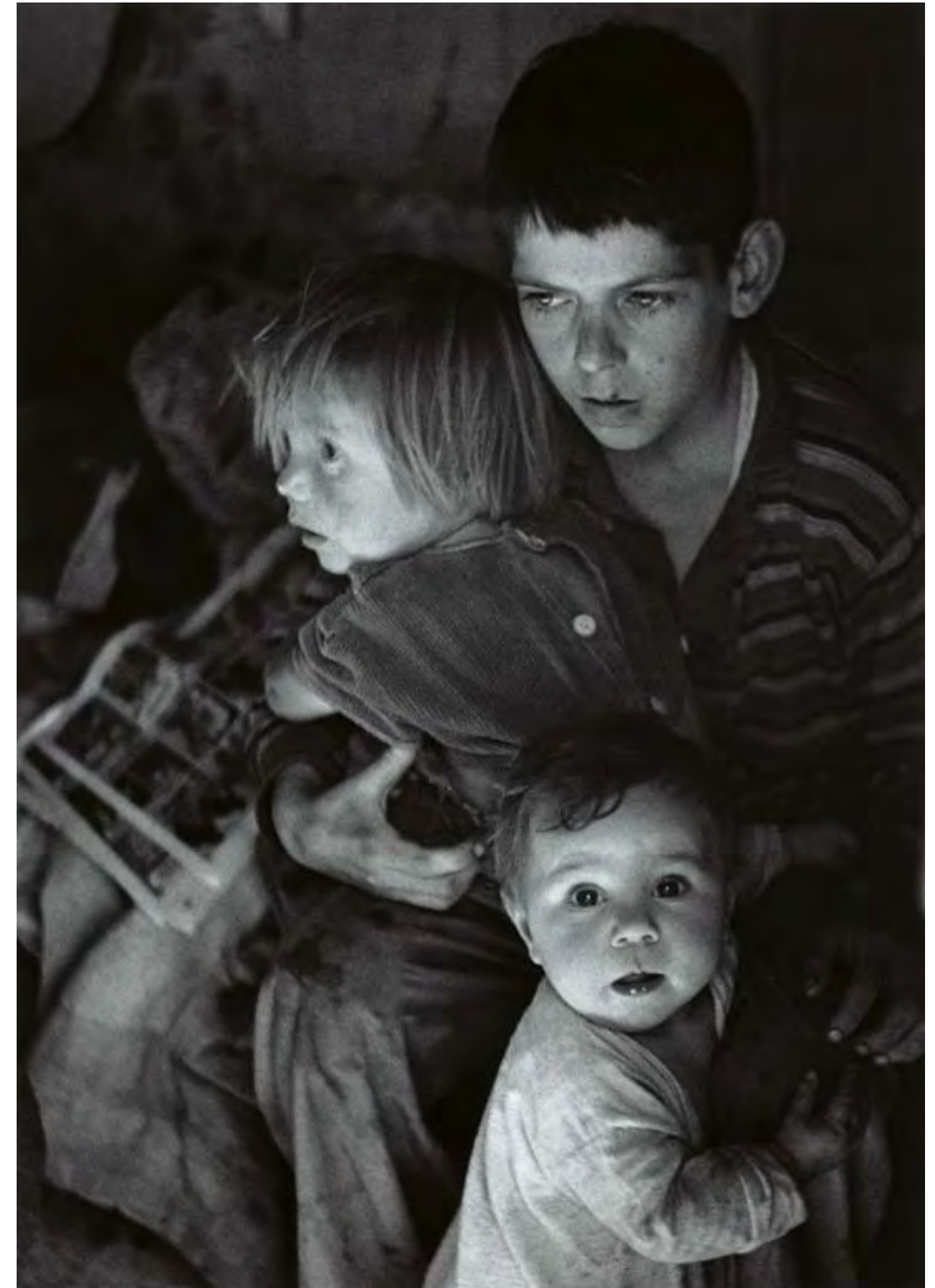
Trailer camp children, Richmond, California, circa 1944

The most valid art of all ages is that which seeks to comprehend and express the world and its manifold wonders and beauties and to revel in the glorious potentials of the human spirit.

Ansel Adams

88

Ansel Adams is justly celebrated for his epic depictions of majestic landscapes, but this rare, little-discussed and haunting image of displaced children shows his profound empathy for humanity. Certainly on a par with his close colleague Dorothea Lange's 'Migrant Mother' but certainly no less powerful.



JÜRGEN SCHADEBERG

Germany, 1931–2020

The midnight kids, Sophiatown, South Africa, 1954

The good photographer unconsciously studies people, movements, attitudes, expressions. He watches and waits for the significant. I do not like pictures where the subject is reacting to you, the photographer. The best pictures result when the subjects react to each other. The photographer is a witness, not a participant.

Jürgen Schadeberg

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Born in wartime Germany, Schadeberg emigrated to South Africa in 1950, where he joined the staff of *Drum Magazine*, one of the most important publications in the country. He had a rich and fulfilling life, yet it was not without its struggles and hardships. He was most famously known for his classic photographs of Nelson Mandela but also produced a vast body of work revealing the effects of apartheid on South African black communities.

Empathy was part of his DNA, as manifested in this image. In 1955, Schadeberg documented the forcible eviction of black families from Sophiatown, a racially mixed suburb of Johannesburg famous for its vibrant live music scene.

This image evokes for me the joyous dynamism of a community whose spirit cannot be broken even in the face of unceasing oppression. The music and grace ring through as a lyrical and profound reality that nothing can totally extinguish hope and pride.



BARRY SCHNEIER
USA, b.1950
"For You", Harvard Square Theater, 1974

I saw rock and roll future and its name is Bruce Springsteen.

Jon Landau

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May 9th, 1974 was a pivotal moment in the career of Bruce Springsteen when he performed as an opening act for Bonnie Raitt at the Harvard Square Theater. Springsteen had been struggling with disappointing initial sales for his two previously released albums and Columbia Records was about to drop him as an artist, but his trademark live show magic was on full display that night. *Rolling Stone* music critic Jon Landau was in the audience and after the performance he penned the immortal lines that turned everything around for the emerging icon: "I saw rock and roll future and its name is Bruce Springsteen." This is one of my all-time favourite music images, but is also so much more than that. It is a testament to passion, dedication, determination and focus – all the essential elements for true artistry.



WILLIAM HEICK
USA, 1916–2012
Hats, Father's Day picnic, 1948

There's nothing more contagious than the dignity of a father.

Amit Ray

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In my opinion, one of the best photojournalist images ever, this poignant and compelling scene was captured in Seattle on Father's Day, 1948. These men are out of work and on their way to a celebratory picnic in their honour, hosted by some kind souls who treated them to a day of food, recreation and relaxation. As they wait to get on a bus that will take them to the park for their picnic, we are almost able to step into the group. Patiently gathered in their dignified hats and suits, they are joined in brotherhood with other men who may be down on their luck but are looking forward to a simple occasion that will allow them to forget their troubles for an afternoon. As a parent myself, I think about the complexities of economic worry, self-esteem and the wish to be a good provider for others. This photo brings u





KRISTOFFER ALBRECHT

Finland, b.1961

Small apples, 1984

I was visiting our great friend and artist Pentti Sammallahti in Helsinki and I casually said to him: “Perhaps there is another great photographer in Finland I should meet?” He made a telephone call and the next day we drove for over three hours in the freezing cold through what seemed like endless forests to meet his most favoured student and protégé, Kristoffer Albrecht. We spent a delightful few hours together and as we were talking and eating, out of the corner of my eye I saw this gem of an image hanging on a discreet wall. I had to get up to look at it more closely. Then, like a powerful Ali punch, I was knocked out by its power and physical beauty. A tender and loving portrait of his wife, it still engages me every time I look at it.

IMOGEN CUNNINGHAM
USA, 1883–1976
Edward Weston and Margrethe Mather, 1922

The thing that is fascinating about portraiture is that nobody is alike. One must be able to gain an understanding at short notice and close range of the beauties of character, intellect and spirit so as to be able to draw the best qualities and make them show in the outer aspect of the sitter.

Imogen Cunningham

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Something magical sometimes happens when one great photographer captures the essence of another great photographer, or in this case two, in front of their lens. Imogen Cunningham was one of the most important pioneering 20th-century photographers, as was Edward Weston and his less recognised colleague Margrethe Mather.

Edward Weston first met Margrethe Mather in 1913 at his studio in Glendale, California and not long after their first meeting they became romantically involved. Over the course of their ten-year relationship, she acted as muse and model for his work and he for hers. As Weston acknowledged, Margrethe was the “first important person in my life”, saying about their time together, “it was a mad but beautiful life and love”.

In this image, Cunningham subtly captures a portrait of a relationship in all its passion and volatility





BERENICE ABBOTT
USA, 1898–1991
Frank Lloyd Wright, 1954

Photography helps people to see.

Berenice Abbott

Berenice Abbott was one of the great 20th-century photographers. Her initial ambition was to become a sculptor but after being Man Ray's apprentice and protégé, she discovered her defining passion – photography. After many years in Europe, Abbott returned to New York, where she was commissioned to document the changing architectural landscape of the city, culminating in her publication *Changing New York*.

This portrait is a lesser-known gem in her body of work that I first came across by accident almost 25 years ago. In a way, it seemed like destiny for Abbott to meet such a seminal architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, who was staying in the Plaza Hotel. The photo was taken on the eve of the opening for his masterpiece, the Guggenheim Museum. As Wright once said: "The longer I live, the more beautiful life becomes."



SEBASTIÃO SALGADO

Brazil, b.1944

Ashaninka, State of Acre, Brazil, 2016

I work alone. Humans are incredible because when you come alone, they will receive you, they accept you, they protect you, they give you all the things you need and they teach you all things you must know.

Sebastião Salgado

My longest and most intense professional collaboration has been with Sebastião Salgado. We first started working together over 30 years ago, when Henri Cartier-Bresson and his wife Martine Franck first introduced us. It has been an amazing journey as I have watched him develop his epic photo projects with such passion and dedication, and execute them to the highest professional and ethical standards. This journey has been shared with his equally amazing wife and artistic partner Lélia Wanick. I have never seen two people so professionally in sync. They have been such an inspiration to me and continue to be a big, big part of my life.

I sincerely believe Salgado is the greatest living photographer and his position in the history of this medium is unassailable. With the founding of their remarkable non-profit rainforest project “Instituto Terra” and the planting of four million trees to date, to say he and his wife are both forces of nature is a vast understatement.

This beautiful and haunting image is part of their stunning project, “Amazonia”.

YOUSUF KARSH
Turkey, 1908–2002
Winston Churchill, 1941

Within every man and woman a secret is hidden and as a photographer it is my task to reveal it if I can. The revelation, if it comes at all, will come in a small fraction of a second with an unconscious gesture, a gleam of the eye, a brief lifting of the mask that all humans wear to conceal their innermost selves from the world. In that fleeting interval of opportunity, the photographer must act or lose his or her prize.

Yousuf Karsh

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This is probably one of the greatest 20th-century portraits ever taken. It captures the true magic of photography where subject matter and artistic talent collaborate unexpectedly to create a moment in history that endures forever and inspires each new generation.

This portrait launched Karsh's international career. The story of how it came to be has become legendary. Churchill was visiting the Parliament in Ottawa, Canada to gain support for his war efforts. He gave a stirring speech and was keen to get back home to London as soon as he could to save the free world. The Canadian prime minister was keen to have a photo taken of the great man to commemorate the occasion. Churchill was unaware of this. Karsh was engaged to take the portrait and he set up his lights in the Speaker's chamber. In Karsh's words, this is what happened next:

"I switched on my lights and immediately Churchill was taken by surprise. He said: 'What is going on?' And I said: 'Sir, I hope I will be fortunate enough to make a worthy photograph of this historic occasion.' He banged at the nearest table he could. He said: 'Why was I not told?' His associates and entourage laughed and that did not help matters at all. He was given a fresh cigar and he was chewing at it rather seriously and resenting the whole situation. Ultimately, he said: 'You may take one.' I immediately went to him with an ashtray, and I said: 'If you please, sir.' He would not hear of removing the cigar from his mouth. Immediately, I went back to my camera to make sure everything was ready. And without any premeditation but with infinite respect, I took the cigar from his lips. By the time I get back the four feet I was from the camera, he looked so belligerent he could have devoured me. Immediately with a great smile, he said: 'You may take another one.' And this time, he straightened up. He looked very benevolent, very benign. I took a second one. He walked towards me and shook my hand and said: 'You can even make a roaring lion stand still to be photographed'".

Such is how photo portrait history was made.



COLIN JONES

UK, 1936–2021

Newcastle, Banwell, Scotswood, 1963



Don't be influenced by others. Shoot what you like.

Colin Jones

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The film and musical *Billy Elliott* could have been based on Colin Jones' life. Jones came from a tough and turbulent working-class background. He found a source of stability when he enrolled in the Royal Ballet training school and was then invited into the Royal Ballet proper, travelling the world as a dancer with the distinguished and respected company. During this time, he also discovered photography and found that he had a natural talent for it, eventually working for *The Observer* newspaper as a valued photojournalist in 1962. He was a gifted storyteller, particularly attracted to the lives of working-class communities in northern England. He knew he was living through a time of great change, and that many of these communities might not survive the impending onslaught of modernisation.

This image is completely without judgement and instead possesses a deep sense of humanity, capturing a moment of universal joy. The scene could have come straight out of a novel by D.H. Lawrence or George Orwell, or even from one of those wonderful English movies of the 1960s that were a hallmark of my generation's coming of age, such as *Room at the Top*, *This Sporting Life*, *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner* or *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*.

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

France, 1908–2004

Queen Charlotte's Ball, 1959

You just have to live and life will give you pictures.

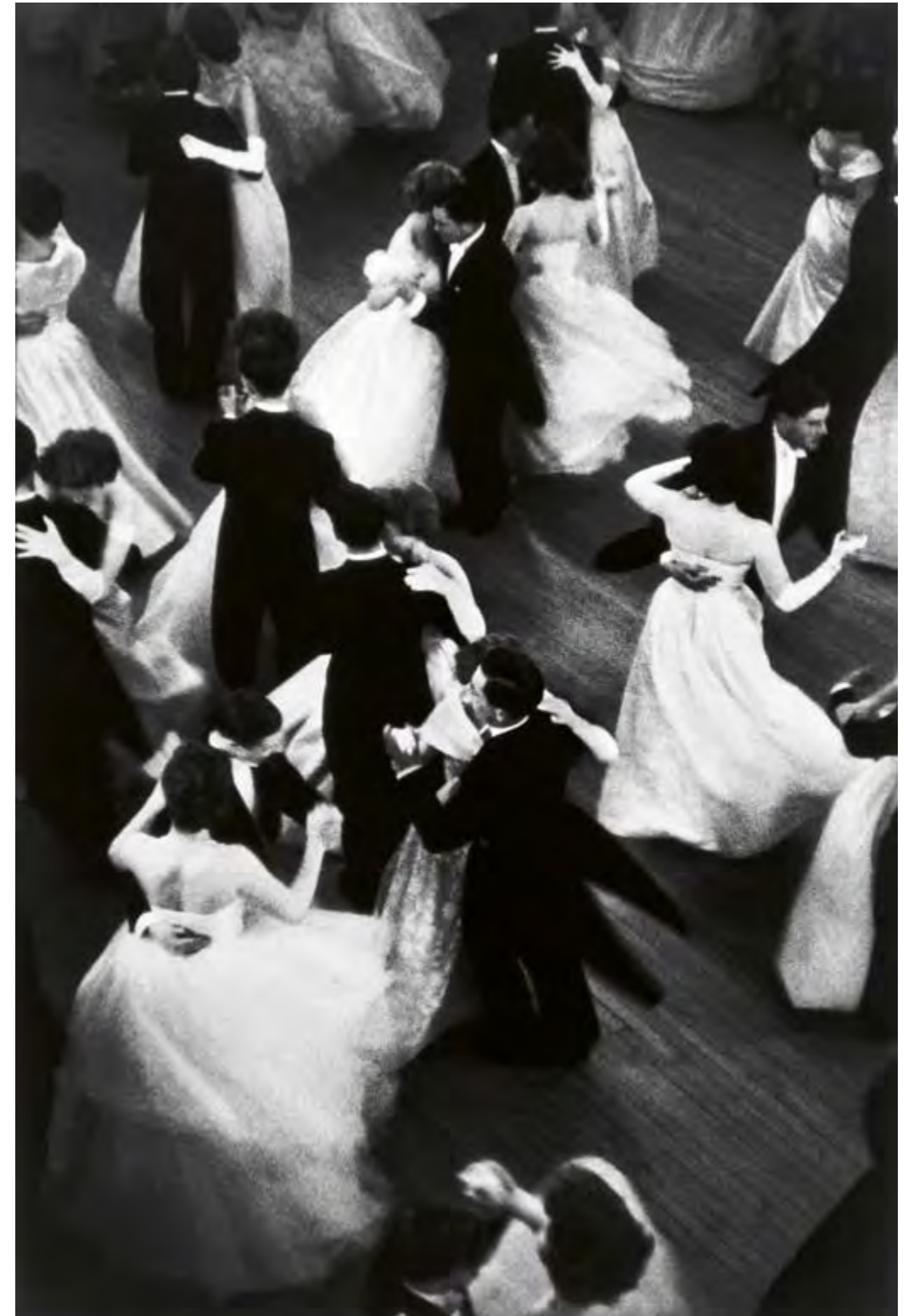
Henri Cartier-Bresson

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I cannot think of anyone in the history of photography who lived a larger life than Henri Cartier-Bresson. There was hardly any corner of the earth to which he did not travel to document its inhabitants and the political events of the day. Even the word “epic” does not adequately cover his far-ranging subject matter.

I came across this image and its variant by accident one day whilst visiting him in Paris. I was immediately attracted to its dream-like quality. You just get swept up in the flow of the couples dancing, the sense of movement and romance in the air. I asked him why he had not previously made collector prints of the image. “Well Peter, no one ever asked,” he replied. He graciously agreed to make some prints for us and during our long and wonderful collaboration, it subsequently became our most requested image.

Queen Charlotte's was a hospital in London and the ball was originally founded in 1780 by George III as a birthday celebration in honour of his wife Charlotte, and as a fundraiser for the hospital. Over the years, it became a highlight of the social calendar that only the English upper classes knew how to orchestrate, and a “hot” ticket. Cartier-Bresson had been invited as he was visiting London at the time, and had reluctantly agreed to attend. He told me he was bored by the whole society thing and was about to leave when he noticed some stairs climbing up to the rafters. He climbed up there, leaned over the railing and, *voilà*, captured the moment before his lens. I guess if you are alert and open, you find great subject matter in the most unexpected places.



FRED LYON

USA, b.1924

Foggy night, Land's End, San Francisco, CA, 1953

Photography is not a profession. It is a compulsion.

Fred Lyon

120

It's not often I see a single image that drives me to seek out and meet the creator behind it. But such was the case with this extraordinary image. It immediately struck me as one of the most romantic, tender, mysterious, almost "film noir" images I had ever seen. Brassai, eat your heart out. How come I had never heard of its maker? Then I remembered a good photo-publishing colleague had mentioned his name to me a few years back. I must have been rushing from one art fair to another and I had never followed up. Shame on me. I guess things sometimes slip through the cracks. But I believe in fate and that when things are meant to be, they are meant to be.

Well, off I finally went to San Francisco to meet Lyon in his studio and I soon realised I had entered an Aladdin's Cave. I think he was just a spring chicken of 85 at the time, but his enthusiasm and energy were contagious. That's not to mention his intelligence, wit and charm. Wow, I thought; he was Cary Grant with a camera! But it was the quality of his work that bowled me over. Great image after great image evoking a lost era of style and sophistication, heart and beauty that is unlikely to come back. And that special San Francisco light. No one has an archive of such superb work inspired by this unique city. Fred Lyon is not just a humble, truly great and important photographer but a very special, one-of-a-kind, gracious human being. A rare breed.



WILLIAM KLEIN
USA, b.1928
Club Allegro Fortissimo, Paris, 1990

I asked them to pose a bit like fashion models. They were afraid that I'd be making fun of them. But when they saw the photograph, they thought they looked beautiful. I think they look beautiful myself and sexy.

William Klein

124

Shot in a Russian steam bath in Paris, Klein imbues his image with tenderness, strength, warmth and an alluring invitation that seduces the audience as we step into the vibrancy of the scene. Celebrating community and strength, there is a quiet power to the focused elements of this photograph. All of our senses are grateful for the invitation to spend a few moments surrounded by these radiant women. This is an image I enjoy returning to again and again. Definitely b



JEFFREY CONLEY
USA, b.1969
Figure and waterfall, Iceland, 2018

Photography is, for me, a kind of meditation that widens my perception of the existing and evolving world around us. I seek refuge and simplicity in my photographs and find a personal resolution and fulfilment that I sincerely hope others experience as well.

Jeffrey Conley

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Of course, everyone today is a photographer, or can be, because of the ease of entry to the medium, which in fact has both its blessings and curses. It's like all of us have access to the same letters of the alphabet, but very few of us can use these same letters and write like Shakespeare or Jane Austen.

I first met Jeffrey Conley several years ago and was impressed by the quality of his work and his determination to pursue one of the most difficult of objectives: the creative life. I keenly watched his progress and the refinement of his craft. He is that rare species, an artist following in the tradition of the great American landscape photographers such as Watkins, Haynes, O'Sullivan, Fiske, Muybridge, Jackson and Ansel Adams, but one who also displays a distinctly original voice. His images are an extension of his personality: sensitive, stoic, patient and respectful, combined with a child-like sense of wonderment.

I look at this image and am in awe of how large nature is and how small we are in comparison and importance.



GIANNI BERENGO GARDIN
Italy, b.1930
Gran Bretagna, Great Britain, 1977

Great images do not need a commentary or a context to elucidate them. As a matter of fact, it is the greatness of the images themselves that gives a meaning to the context.

Gianni Berengo Gardin

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Gianni Berengo Gardin's words above are so true. It is hard to articulate why this image has such power for me, and for many others too, as it has been one of his most significant and popular works of his long and illustrious career. Maybe because it was shot in England, the land of my birth. Maybe because this is the first car I ever owned, a Morris Minor. But it surely plays into so many other subconscious "facts" of which I am not even aware.

Berengo Gardin's images are quiet but resonate such emotion. He observes, reflects and is touched by what he sees. This couple are perhaps seeking refuge from cold and windy weather, as is often the case in this climate. We are not privy to what they are saying to each other, if they are indeed talking at all. But I feel I am with them in whatever moments they are sharing as we all may be sharing our own moments together in a different time and place.



MARIO GIACOMELLI
Italy, 1925–2000
*Felicità raggiunta, si cammina di Eugenio
Montale [The Swing], 1986*

*For me each photo represents a moment, like breathing. Who can say
the breath before is more important than the one after? They are continuous
and follow each other until everything stops.*

Mario Giacomelli

To me, Giacomelli is reminiscent of Bach. When I listen to Bach, I feel he understood the meaning of life in all its stages. Giacomelli images evoke that same response. One of my true regrets is that I never got to meet him. It was arranged that I would travel to his village, Senigallia, in late 1999. Unfortunately, he fell ill, and our meeting was cancelled. Sadly, he passed away the following year. I frequently revisit his images and continue to be moved by them.

This picture was inspired by Eugenio Montale's poem 'Felicità raggiunta, si cammina'. The young girl in the photograph is, in fact, Giacomelli's granddaughter, Katiuscia. Her face, deliberately cloaked in shadow, makes me think about the energy and freedom of youth, but also has a slight melancholy to it. Youth, too, is fleeting, and life's continuum is a constant theme in Giacomelli's work. Katiuscia now runs her grandfather's archive. I know he would be so proud of her.



WYNN BULLOCK

USA, 1902–1975

Navigation without numbers, 1957



When I photograph, what I'm really doing is seeking answers to things.

Wynn Bullock

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When I first saw this image, it stopped me in my tracks. I was overwhelmed by its power. It poses all the big questions in life without explicitly answering them, which gives it a haunting mystery. Shot in the heart of Big Sur in Monterey County, its title, which comes from the book towards the right-hand edge of the image, adds to its strength. Wynn was a master in the darkroom, and the physical print is staggering in its perfection and mood.

WILLIAM CLIFT
USA, b.1944
Georgia O'Keeffe, New Mexico, 1981

Presence is something attained, not given by age.

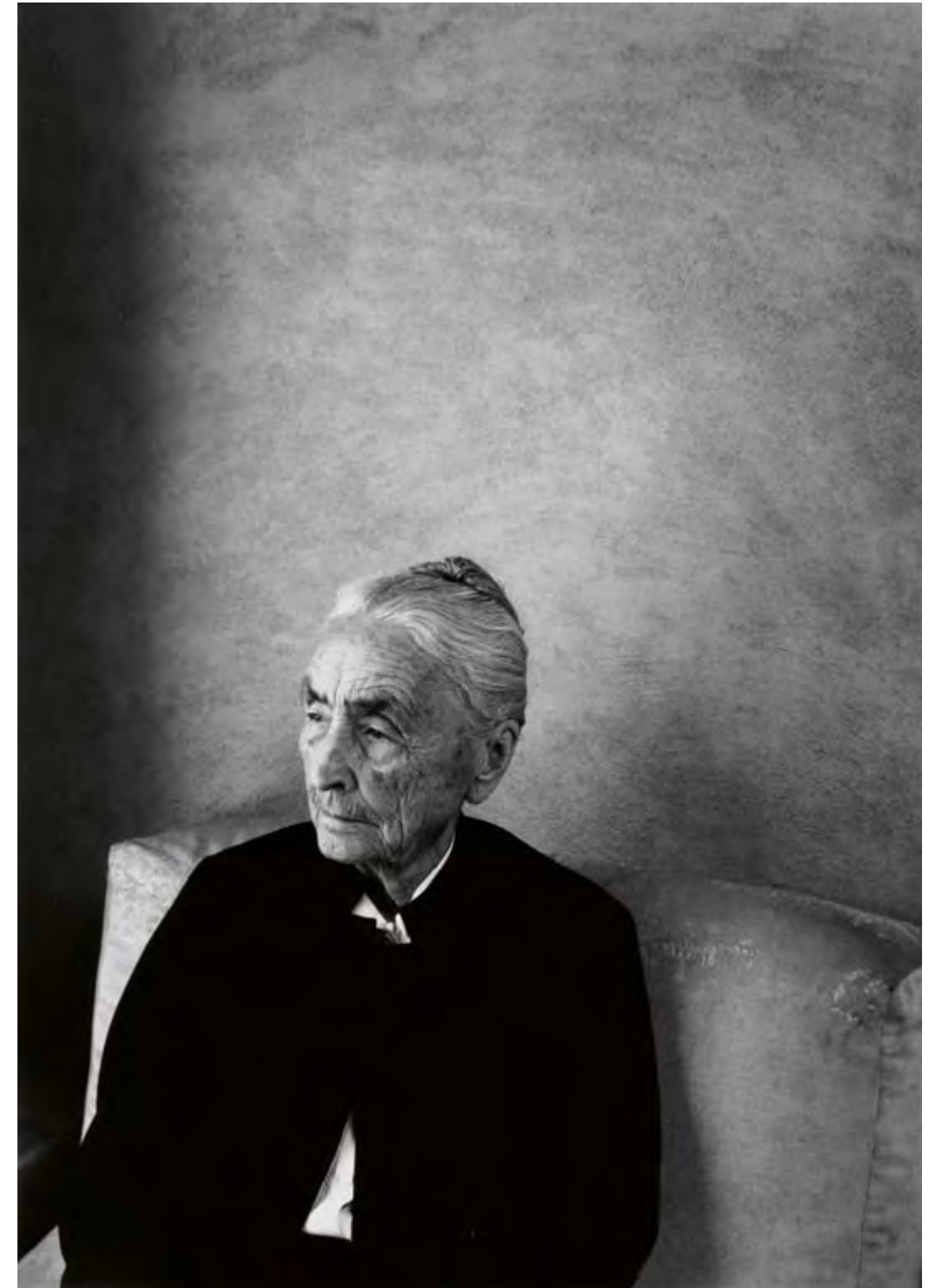
William Clift

I feel there is something unexplored about woman that only a woman can explore.

Georgia O'Keeffe

William Clift is an old-fashioned, humble, somewhat reclusive master craftsman, a perfectionist of the old school. He makes very few prints because of his time-consuming process. It is often a long wait and a complex dance to actually receive one of his rare prints. But the wait is so worth it because when it finally arrives, it is beyond exquisite and is a treasure to behold. He is a slow, intelligent, deliberate and deeply intuitive man. He loves what he does and is in love with his craft. He has spent his life searching for something that touches him.

Georgia O'Keeffe obviously moved him, just as she has fascinated many great photographers. But this is surely one of the most revealing portraits of her I have ever seen. The image is quiet and stoical, and beyond beautiful – much like her work.



RENÉ BURRI
Switzerland, 1933–2014
São Paulo, Brazil (Men on rooftop), 1960

A photograph is a moment. When you press the button it will never come back.

René Burri

140

If you had to cast a globe-trotting, swashbuckling, man-of-the-world, sophisticated, intelligent (but never pompous), larger-than-life, charismatic photojournalist with the most enormous constant smile on his face... then, René Burri would be your man. And I never saw him without his Borsalino hat. You couldn't help but get caught up in his energy and enthusiasm for whatever project he happened to be working on. He was a major contributor to the heyday of the world's greatest magazines, be it *Life*, *Look*, *Stern*, *Paris Match*, *Du* or the *New York Times*. He was a witness to many of the major historical events of the mid 20th century and its enduring personalities, from Picasso to Che Guevara.

He was a force of nature and a wonderful dining companion and raconteur *par excellence*, but also a deeply sensitive and loyal friend. I never tire of looking at this photograph. It is almost the perfectly composed shot, with the juxtaposed graphic elements of the road, the building and the rooftop, and the sublime mix of sunlight and shadow. And then, of course, there is its mystery, which I never cease to revel in.

"Did I know those men were there when I took that photograph? No. I went up there out of curiosity. I remember taking the elevator to the roof. Buildings weren't guarded in these days. They didn't have guardians as they have now. It was a question of getting to the top and knocking on the door. And then saying 'excuse me'. So I walked out on to the terrace and at that moment those guys came from nowhere and I shot five images." – René Burri

If ever I feel a little tired or reluctant to make another trip somewhere to pursue a project, I just think of Rene and, *voilà*, I'm up and running again just like he would be!



RENÉ GROEBLI
Switzerland, b.1927
Eye of love #532, 1952

If I had been a writer, I would probably have gone to the nearest café to write love poems. To me, the photographs just showed my appreciation of her.

René Groebli

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At 94, René Groebli still exudes passion and energy for his chosen medium. His magnum opus *The Eye of Love* still resonates 70 years later. The photos were taken on his honeymoon in Paris with his beloved wife Rita. Groebli managed to capture the emotions, the intimacy and the love for his wife. They are beautiful in their quiet passion.





GEORGES DAMBIER

France, 1925–2011

Marie Helene et le Poisson Rouge, 1957

Georges Dambier's talent was recognised early on by Helene Gordon-Lazareff, the co-founder and creative director of French lifestyle magazine *Elle*. She encouraged his idea to take models out into the streets of Paris and away from the normal stilted shots that emanated from rigid studio settings. With his charm and sense of humour, he elicited wonderful “performances” from the models, as if he were directing a movie. With his great sense of style and design, he was the key photographer to emerge from that glorious era of *Elle*. He made fashion fun and every great model at the time wanted to work with him. After he retired from photography, he left Paris to open a beautiful hotel in the French countryside, where he was equally successful. It was a nice coda to a busy and hectic career.

MARC RIBOUD
France, 1923–2016
Yves Saint-Laurent, Paris, 1964

Fashions fade, style is eternal.

Yves Saint-Laurent

150

Marc Riboud was one of the all-time great 20th-century photojournalists, in the tradition of Cartier-Bresson and Robert Capa, travelling the world in search of ground-breaking stories. But sometimes, as most photographers know, a phenomenal image can be found on your doorstep.

Several years ago, I was visiting Riboud's studio in Paris. While looking through other material to curate an exhibition for my gallery, I accidentally came across this portrait of the renowned French designer Yves Saint-Laurent. I had seen many other photographs of him before as everyone, including Avedon, had shot him, but this particular image struck me as truly special. It became even more meaningful to me when I discovered it had been taken on Saint-Laurent's first day at his own fashion house, having just left Christian Dior.

Riboud brilliantly captured the style, intensity and ambition of the man, who was dressed impeccably, with his working sketches set out before him. I consider this such a positive image of a new beginning, re-invention and hope for the future – timeless elements that will never go out of style.



ARNOLD NEWMAN
USA, 1918–2006
*Otto Frank, father of Anne Frank, Anne Frank
House, Amsterdam, The Netherlands, 1960*

A pre-occupation with abstraction combined with an interest in the documentation of people in their natural surroundings was the basis upon which I built my approach to portraiture.

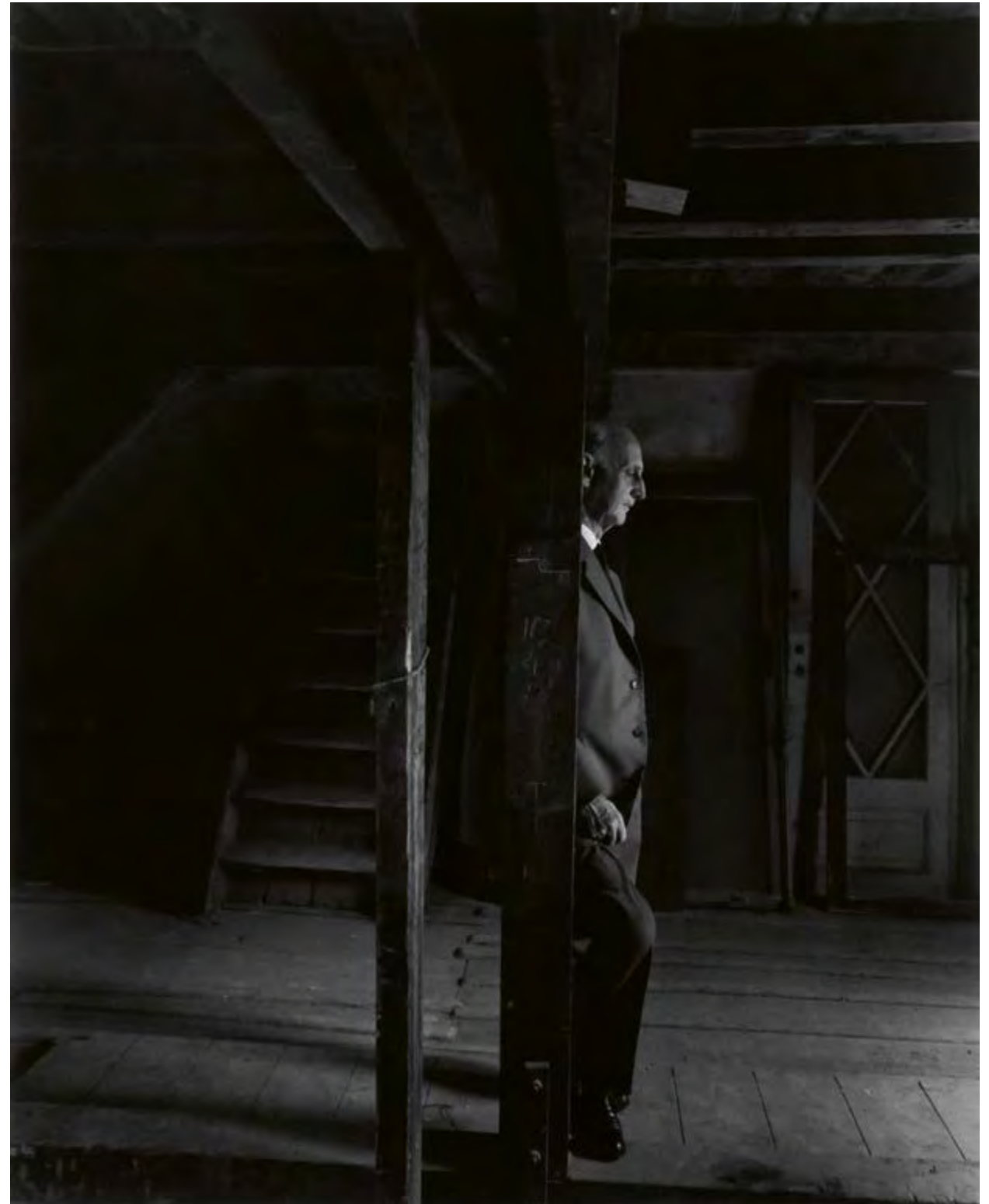
Arnold Newman

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I enjoyed a close relationship with Arnold Newman that spanned many years. He loved to talk, you could even say he was garrulous. And he had such great tales to tell and always offered wise insight into the many artists he had known and whom I admired. Plus, I respected his own work so much. I always looked forward to spending time with him. One day, he called me and told me he had a lecture scheduled in San Diego at the Museum of Photographic Arts, where a large exhibition of his work was planned. He asked if he first came to visit me in Santa Monica, would I drive him down to San Diego and make sure everything went smoothly. I agreed, of course, and for a few days I became his driver, roadie, bodyguard, minder and protector from his multiple fans. I was so happy to oblige, knowing that I would be the recipient of many more stories about his illustrious photographic subjects, and about his life.

This photograph has always been one of his most powerful images for me. Newman had been on vacation in the Netherlands in 1960 when the editor of *Look* magazine called and implored him to go to the opening of the Anne Frank House and get a portrait of Otto Frank, Anne's father and sole survivor of the family, who had worked so hard to make the museum happen as a tribute to his daughter.

Newman was willing to take time from his vacation to attend the opening, but Otto Frank politely refused to have his portrait taken as the occasion was too emotional for him. Newman gently persisted, using his powers of persuasion, charm and stellar credentials, and Otto Frank reluctantly agreed. But it soon became apparent that it was not working and Newman was not able to get a photo that was acceptable. So he asked Otto Frank if he would accompany him alone to the attic, where the family had hidden in secret during the war before being discovered, arrested and sent to the camps. Together, they climbed the stairs to the attic but it was still not working out for the portrait. Then, the church bells that Anne wrote about in her diaries began to ring out and Otto Frank, overcome with emotion in that moment, leaned against the support beams thinking of his daughter and all that had been lost to him. This was the shot. Afterwards, Arnold Newman told me, the two of them just hugged one another and cried together for several minutes.



LOUIS STETTNER

USA, 1922–2016

Girl playing in light circles, Penn Station, N.Y., 1956

*I photograph the world around me. This is what I feel. The joy, the love,
the pleasure that is in life.*

Louis Stettner

Stettner divided most of his creative life between New York and Paris. Brooklyn made him who he was, but Paris made him into the poet he became. It was a unique honour to visit Stettner in France. He was a true original. Tough and combative on the outside but a gentle soul on the inside, Stettner was a big bear of a man, almost biblical in appearance. The value of this image is increased exponentially by the fact that the original Penn Station is now just a memory. A moving image of a New York past.



MAX YAVNO

USA, 1911–1985

Premiere at Carthay Circle, Los Angeles, California, 1949

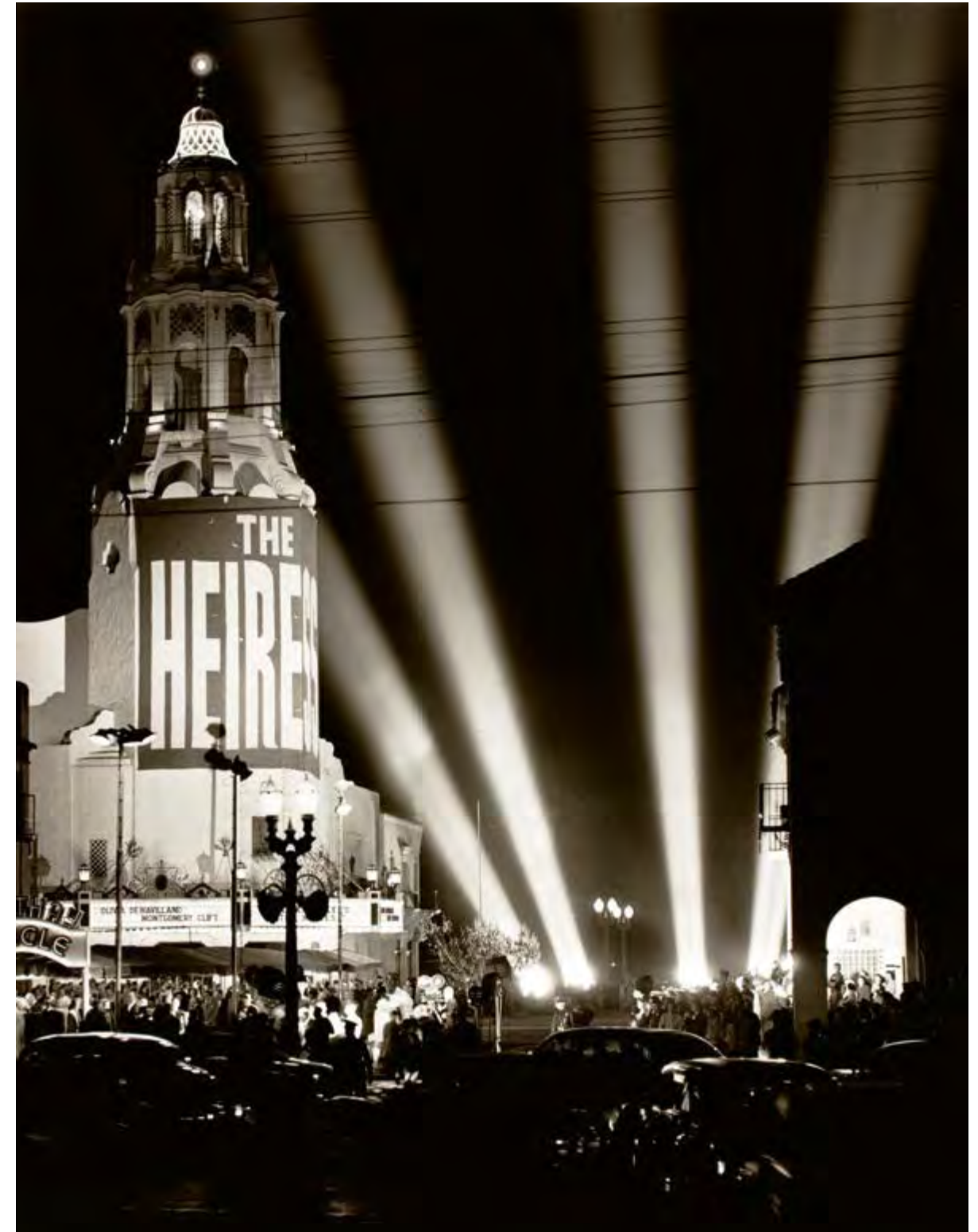
I was very serious about photography and remember thinking, ‘God, if I could only take two or three great photos in my lifetime!’

Max Yavno

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Well, Yavno took more than two or three great photos in his lifetime and this one literally changed my life. It was 1979 and I had recently arrived in Los Angeles from England intent on pursuing my career in film production, which I had started there by producing a couple of small independent films. I was tired of always struggling to make something happen and, like so many dreamers before me, I travelled to the City of Angels to place my name among the stars. About a month after I arrived, I was taken to a small dinner party (I must have looked like I needed a good meal). The host, a commercial photographer, had a collection of what I thought were beautiful images up around his house; I was totally mesmerised. During the course of the dinner, he let it be known that the collection was for sale in order to finance his latest collecting habit: vintage cars. I naively asked: “How much is this one?” as I pointed to the Yavno on the wall. He said \$400. At the time, my total net worth was \$2,000. I was living in a dingy apartment and driving a beat-up Ford Pinto that had dubious working brakes. If I’d been half rational, I would have used the money to replace the brakes. But *l’amour fou*, I had to have this image as it deeply resonated with me, maybe because of my film aspirations at the time. As I always say to my clients, all collecting is autobiographical.

This started me off on my collecting compulsion, which got so intense over the years that after a horrendous experience producing a film for MGM, I decided to abandon my previous career, go “cold turkey” and focus on a way to be surrounded by these magical pieces of paper full time. I have never regretted this decision. It was meant to be.



GEORGE TICE

USA, b.1938

Petit's Mobil Station, Cherry Hill, New Jersey, 1974

It takes the passage of time before an image of a commonplace subject can be assessed. The great difficulty of what I attempt is seeing beyond the moment; the everydayness of life gets in the way of the eternal.

George Tice

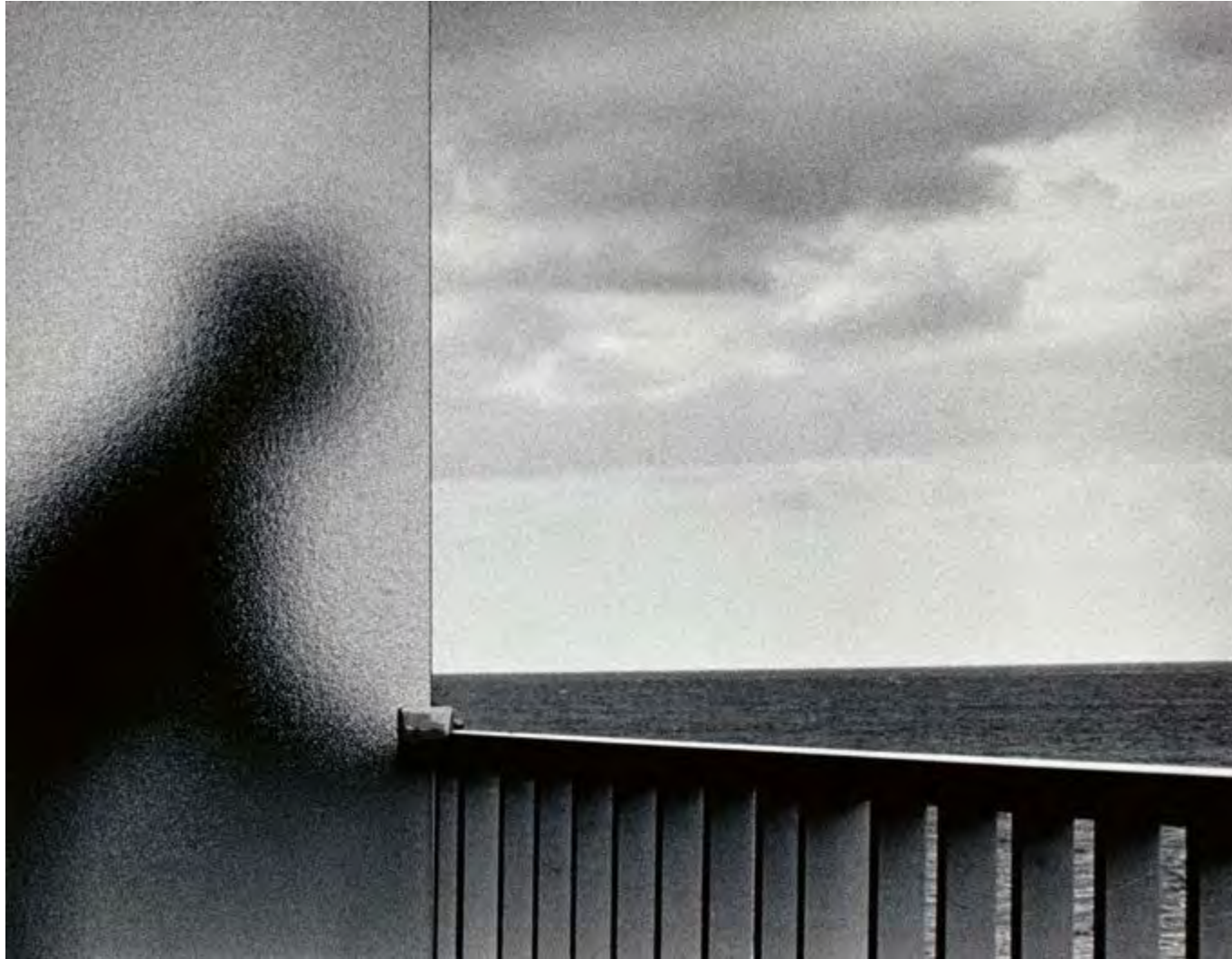
164

George Tice is one of the true greats of American photography and this image is one of the all-time great classic American photographs. I have loved it since I first arrived in America in 1979. The subject may seem commonplace. A gas station in New Jersey, where most of his great images have been shot, but it is compelling and haunting. Tice has not travelled much in his career. He has found a wealth of subject matter right on his doorstep. This image emanates a great feeling of mood, with layers of meaning and even a slight melancholy and sense of loneliness, and works in the same way that Edward Hopper's best paintings affect you. It is in the physical beauty of the print.

George Tice has honed his darkroom skills over six decades and has an intense work ethic like no one else I have seen. How do you get to Carnegie Hall? How do you make a print that just glows and staggers you in its profound beauty? Experience and in a God-given rare talent and eye. This is a great example of the poetics of place. Through Tice's work, I have come to understand America better and appreciate all its myriad small miracles and moments.



ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ
Hungary, 1894–1985
Martinique, 1972



*The most valuable things in a life are a man's memories.
And they are priceless.*

André Kertész

André Kertész took this haunting photograph when he was 78 years old. He was on holiday with his wife Elizabeth in Martinique. The man from the next-door hotel room stepped out onto the shared balcony separated by a common glazed partition. He took the photo of his neighbour looking out towards the sea.

I have always interpreted this image as a self-portrait within a portrait, a personal story within a story. I sense Kertész contemplating his own life, thinking of his past as well as his future. It is primal and eternal. I think it's one of the most moving images in the history of photography and one of Kertész's greatest photographs. It is proof that a truly great artist still maintains that spark of genius, however old he or she may become.

EVE ARNOLD
USA, 1912–2012
Malcolm X, 1961

*Education is our passport to the future, for tomorrow belongs only
to the people who prepare for it today.*

Malcolm X (1925–1965)

If you are careful with people, they will offer you part of themselves.

Eve Arnold

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Eve Arnold was the first woman photographer to join the Magnum photo agency. Her drive, determination and prodigious talent enabled her to hold her own and excel at every story she covered. Her documentation of Malcolm X was one of her best. After establishing a unique rapport with the Muslim minister, Arnold was given unparalleled access to photograph him as he fought for civil rights.

Arnold said: “I am always delighted by the manipulation that goes on between subject and photographer when the subject knows about the camera and how it can best be used to his or her advantage. Malcolm was brilliant at this silent collaboration. He knew his needs, his wants, his best points and how to get me to give him what he required.”

On 21 February 1965, Malcolm X was assassinated at the Audubon Ballroom in New York City. He was 40 years old. This is one of the images that have helped define his legacy.



MINOR WHITE
USA, 1908–1976
Ivy, Portland, Oregon, 1964

The spring-tight line between reality and photography has been stretched relentlessly, but it has not been broken. These abstractions of nature have not left the world of appearances; for to do so is to break the camera's strongest point – its authenticity.

Minor White

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Minor White was so much more than just a great, important, 20th-century photographer. He was also a seminal teacher, writer, editor and founder of *Aperture* magazine, as well as a philosopher and mystic. He inspired a whole new generation of photographers as he too was inspired by Alfred Stieglitz's notion of images as metaphors and equivalents of emotions and feelings.





MARTIN ELKORT

USA, 1929–2016

Puppy love, Coney Island Boardwalk, Brooklyn, N.Y., 1950

I surely am pursuing happiness with my camera. When I take pictures of children, I'm not trying to capture their cuteness or emerging beauty. I seek to capture the essence of childhood. I see the child as a chrysalis of a future adult.

Martin Elkort

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I love Elkort's line: "I see the child as a chrysalis of a future adult". He certainly nailed it there. The body language of the two children tells it all. The girl is a little nervous and the boy is nervous too, as can be seen in the way his legs are somewhat twisted like a pretzel despite his apparent confidence and coolness. Coney Island was such a refuge and still is for so many New Yorkers trying to escape the pressures of the city, and in the summer the unbearable heat. Like other areas of the city, a sense of genuine community prevailed in the 1950s, when this image was taken.

SARAH MOON
France, b.1941
L'inconnue, 2011

A fashion photographer I am and remain. I can say that for certain, but I also take photographs without any particular aim in mind. Photographs of everything and nothing, things that look good to me or that don't look good. I wander but wandering is not so different from dancing. Things have come full circle and while there's still time and for as long as I can, I want to see. I want to take photographs and all kinds of dancing are allowed.

Sarah Moon

Sarah Moon, like all great artists, approaches beauty with her own unique blend of creativity and inspiration. Her work takes on a transcendent vision, allowing us into a realm that almost defies description. Beauty becomes something even more powerful thanks to Moon's intimate relationship with her subject matter. Here, she has created an image that is seductive in its ethereal pose, elevated from talented to genius by the simple act of photographing her model from behind. We are as intrigued by what we can't see, the hidden and missing elements, as we are by that which we can. This serene composition reminds me of a John Singer Sargent, a Degas or a Mary Cassatt.



THURSTON HOPKINS
UK, 1913–2014
La Dolce Vita, Knightsbridge, London, 1953

Many photographers are naturally shy people. Hiding behind a camera helps them overcome their shyness.

Thurston Hopkins

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Thurston Hopkins and his wonderful wife and fellow photographer Grace Robertson were always so kind and gracious when I visited them at their cottage in Seaford, near the West Sussex coast. I was honoured to consider them true friends. Whenever I was at the cottage, I would discover wonderful new gems from their archives. It was like a treasure hunt; you never knew what prize of a photograph would turn up.

This photo just makes me so happy. I asked Thurston how it came to be and he explained to me that he was in Knightsbridge, London and decided to pick up some special treats for Grace from the celebrated food hall at Harrods. After loading up on his splurge of delights, he left the store and saw this car parked outside, with the chauffeur and large poodle waiting for their shopper to return. Like all great photographers, he was always prepared for the unexpected gift that life sometimes grants you, and he was ready to receive it with his talented eye, camera in hand. The result is the pure joy of this perfect photograph.



RAYMOND CAUCHETIER

France, 1920–2021

*Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg off set on the
Champs Elysees, À Bout De Souffle (Breathless), 1959*

*I was harshly criticised by the production for taking these kinds of photographs, but I felt
I was witnessing an exceptional moment in the history of cinema, which I had to preserve.*

Raymond Cauchetier

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I spent a large part of my youth in a darkened room watching movies. It was an escape and a longing for a different life, not unlike the child in *Cinema Paradiso*. My two principal hangouts were the Academy Cinema on Oxford Street in London (long gone) and the British Film Institute cinema on the South Bank near Waterloo (still there, thankfully). They became, in a sense, my universities, where I majored in world cinema.

The French New Wave was one of my favourite periods, and Godard, Chabrol, Varda and, especially, Truffaut were my heroes. Fast forward a few decades when I revisited this photograph and set out on a mission to find its creator, Raymond Cauchetier. It took me a very long time to find him as I had no contact information, no email, no actual address, until I eventually located him through the celebrated cinematographer John Bailey, who knew him and helped to set up a meeting. During my next scheduled trip to Paris, Raymond Cauchetier and I made arrangements for my visit, with help from his wonderful wife, Kaoru. Cauchetier still lived in the fifth-floor walk-up where he had been born. The building had no lift, so by the time I arrived at his door I was, pardon the pun, “breathless”.

It was a truly wonderful *rendezvous*. Cauchetier's treasures had been stored in boxes for over 40 years, never really seeing the light of day. What made these images so special was that they were not the usual, run-of-the-mill publicity stills. While Cauchetier had photographed the actual making of the films and the actors both on and off the set, he had directed his own *mise-en-scene* and gave us his own fresh take on what was being revealed before his eyes to be preserved by his camera – a key period of the history of the medium.

As Cauchetier tells it: “I was unable to get an accurate photo of the scene Godard had just shot. So, I asked Belmondo and Seberg to walk to the bottom end of the Champs-Elysees, where the pavement was still deserted, to replay the scene just for me. They very kindly agreed.” And this became his most famous photograph, the image of the seminal film we all fondly remember.



EVELYN HOFER

Germany, 1922–2009

Proprietor of the “Caracoles” restaurant, Barcelona, 1963

In reality, all we photographers photograph is ourselves in the other – all the time.

Evelyn Hofer

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I consider Evelyn Hofer one of the art world’s unsung heroes of portrait photography. A protégé of the great Alexey Brodovitch, Hofer led a very productive life, collaborating with a variety of distinguished writers to provide insightful images to illuminate their texts. She worked with a number of familiar authors and projects, including Mary McCarthy’s *The Stones of Florence*, V.S. Pritchett’s *London Perceived* and *The Presence of Spain* by Jan Morris.

Her own body of work reminds me of August Sander. The well-respected New York art critic Hilton Kramer once famously quipped that Hofer was “the most famous unknown photographer in America”. I adore this image and I can’t help but smile every time I look at it. It’s particularly appealing to the “foodie” in me: gustatory joy and adoration of the moment. I had never been to Barcelona until a few years ago, when I was working with some Spanish photographers and spent a little time discovering all it has to offer. I just fell in love with the city and found it very hard to leave. This photo allows me a quick trip back, and I imagine being asked to sit down at the table and dine in style with the owner of the restaurant, where I am sure the culinary delights would be divin



CORNELL CAPA
Hungary, 1918–2008
*Bolshoi Ballet School, Moscow. Horizontal
image with children, 1958*

Photographers who just take images... whether it be beauty or being decorative etc, is one kind of a thing but when you try to educate people, try to change social conditions, to confront people with what life is all about and try to change their mind or try to influence them, [that] is what a concerned photographer would do.

Cornell Capa

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Capa was an extraordinarily influential mentor who was unknowingly responsible for a huge part of my photographic education. The institution that he founded, ICP, was always my first port of call during my frequent visits to New York. In that beautiful old mansion on Fifth Avenue, I saw shows that fundamentally changed how I felt about the world, a testament to the power of photography. While there are more famous cultural institutions in New York, the ICP always felt like home to me, the place that nurtured my interest and cultivated my range of understanding in the realm of photography. An institution like the ICP doesn't just happen without the guiding hand of a person with great vision and heart. Cornell Capa was the force behind the legacy.

I was extremely honoured when Cornell Capa trusted me to mount an exhibition of his work in my gallery, and to produce a special book for him, as a small token of my appreciation for his inspiration in my life's work. Capa was always so modest and self-effacing about his own achievements as a photographer, dedicating 30 years of his life to his craft. I adore this particular image. To me, it is so much more than just a photograph of a dance class. It is a rare glimpse into a hidden world, taken with acute intelligence at the very height of the Cold War



JUDY GLICKMAN LAUDER
USA, b.1939
Father and child, Safat, Israel, 1992

My photographic journey has been a life-long one, much of my childhood being spent in front of my father's large Graflex camera. Photographic images filled our home and I spent time in the darkroom watching his images magically appear. Over the years I have travelled extensively, cameras in hand following the light, the landscape, the people, the atmosphere and the feeling of a destination. My hope is that one would sense an inner presence in my work.

Judy Glickman Lauder

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Following the Light would be a wonderful title for an autobiography if Lauder ever decided to write one. But I sense she would just be too busy as she is forever embarking on new photographic adventures, and her mind is always full of new ideas for images. I have known very few photographers in my life who come close to her intelligence, warmth, curiosity and most of all her humanity. Whatever she decides to tackle, be it the landscape of her beloved Maine or the almost unfathomable subject matter of the Holocaust, Lauder imbues it with such a unique, fresh insight and intelligence, and above all with her humanity. This image tells such a universal story of the special bond between a father and a child, and the love of family.



GRACIELA ITURBIDE
Mexico, b.1942
Cayo del Cielo, Chalma, 1990



The unconscious obsession that we photographers have is that wherever we go we want to find the theme that we carry inside ourselves.

Graciela Iturbide

Graciela Iturbide tenderly captures the soul of Mexico in her gentle, intimate and highly empathetic works of art. One of Latin America's most renowned photographers, she uses her camera to observe the variety of humanity all around her. In this image, Iturbide quietly assimilates herself into the festive ambiance of a San Miguel Archangel celebration – a woman hoists up her silky white dress as she floats across the frame in a majestically fleeting moment.

Although comprising a simple gesture, Iturbide imbues it with such deep feeling we are mesmerised by its power. Beautifully titled 'Fallen from Heaven', the name of this photograph works on many levels, including the fact that she forgot she had even taken it, only discovering it later in her contact sheets, unexpectedly appearing like a gift from the photo gods that she was graciously and mystically given. Thankfully, it was received by us, an eager audience, to enjoy and revel in a perfect moment.

SAMUEL BOURNE

UK, 1834–1912

Samuel Bourne's wife, Calcutta, circa 1865



The young photographer, in his eager desire to master these very frequently, pays no attention to the artistic properties of his pictures. Such, I freely confess, was the case with myself, so having in some degree mastered the difficulties of manipulation, my ambition spurred me on to attempt to produce pictures which should be as much admired for their artistic qualities as for their excellence viewed in a purely photographic light.

Samuel Bourne

Samuel Bourne is justly regarded as one of the finest landscape and travel photographers of 19th-century India. The Britisher had that great combination of a fine eye for composition allied to a high degree of technical skill. He spent a productive seven years in the country from 1863–1870 but came back to England in 1867 to marry his love, Mary Tolley. They returned to India together and their first child, Constance, was born there. It's rare to find such a personal, tender, loving photograph in such a body of work, but it is also rich in feeling. The family left India on 27 November 1870 on the *SS China*, returning to England via the newly completed Suez Canal. Bourne became a successful cotton mill owner and manufacturer, and had four more children. He never returned to India and died on 24 April 1912 at the age of 78.

MANUEL ÁLVAREZ BRAVO
Mexico, 1902–2002
Que Chiquita es el Mundo, Mexico, 1942

*It is part of my life to take photographs, to develop. It is like eating.
It is a spontaneous thing.*

Manuel Álvarez Bravo

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In my opinion, Álvarez Bravo is more than just a photographer; he is a poet whose pen is his camera. His images are lyrical stanzas that mesmerise and intrigue, even after seeing them a hundred times over. His titles – such as ‘The Day Dreamer’, ‘Daughter of the Dancers’, ‘Bicycles on Sunday’, ‘Good Reputation Sleeping’ and this ethereal beauty, ‘What a Small World’ – are also reminiscent of treasured poems,

I have looked at this image over the course of many, many years and it has haunted me for as long as I can remember. It is layered in story, a tale whose meaning has always eluded me. For me, it is a sign of brilliance. Perhaps, its true meaning is one that could never be fully revealed, even after decades of study, not unlike a great novel that cries out to be read and reread, and then read again.

We see two people pass each other on a deserted city street. The woman seems to be walking slowly, perhaps making an offering, while the man walks in purposeful strides. Though their paths may cross, it appears that their lives do not connect. A fleeting metropolitan encounter, showing us the ambivalence and chance of modern urban life. Perhaps he is leaving on a long journey. Perhaps the white sheets symbolise a far-flung adventure by way of a boat on the water. What if they had indeed met a moment after the image was taken? What if they did connect? How would their lives have merged or intersected? We shall never know...



CHARLES HARBUTT
USA, 1935–2015
Chrysler Building, Park Ave, New York, 1970

[Photography] was the only medium that could even pretend to be in touch with reality.

Charles Harbutt

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I was unaware of Charles Harbutt until I discovered him by chance in a small exhibition of collectors' favourite images in Los Angeles in the early 2000s. His name was unfamiliar but the power of this photograph was immediate, and I was determined to find out more. I contacted him and on my next trip to New York arranged to visit him in his apartment near Washington Square. He was a quiet, down-to-earth man with a wry sense of humour. We looked through some boxes of work together and I was overwhelmed by the gems he was showing me. Charles had a nervous energy about him despite being shy.

He chain-smoked constantly and I had to retire to the balcony from time to time just to escape it. I loved his work but told him half-jokingly that a condition of our collaboration would be a promise to stop smoking as I was concerned for his health.

We enjoyed a wonderful relationship but alas he did not listen to me or anyone else about his habit. His work, though, spoke for itself. This image is a spectacular reflection of urban life in the same vein as a great Edward Hopper painting. The individual placed within it is trying to figure it all out. I was so happy we “collided”.



CARL MYDANS
USA, 1907–2004
On the 6.25 from Grand Central to Stamford,
22 November 1963

*Long after I am gone, I want people to be able to see – especially
to feel – what I have seen and felt.*

Carl Mydans

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Mydans was one of the most respected photographers for *Life* magazine. He honed his skills working for the Farm Security Administration in the 1930s alongside Dorothea Lange, Arthur Rothstein, Ben Shahn, Marion Post Wolcott and Walker Evans. This image of commuters — faces behind newspapers — reading about JFK's assassination creatively captures the emotional intensity of this moment in world history.



BERT HARDY
UK, 1913–1995
Cockney life at Elephant and Castle, 9 January 1949



The ideal picture tells something of the essence of life. It sums up emotion, it holds the feeling of movement, thereby implying the continuity of life. It shows some aspect of humanity, the way that the person who looks at the picture will at once recognise as startlingly true.

Bert Hardy

Hardy was born in London in 1913, the eldest of seven children in a working-class family. He left school at 14 to work as a messenger, collecting and delivering film and prints for a film processing company. Captivated by photography, he combined this with his interest in cycling and began freelancing as a photographer for *The Bicycle* magazine. While at the magazine, he came into contact with the new miniature 35mm cameras. After buying a second-hand Leica, he worked for a photography agency before he was taken on as a staff photographer at the prestigious *Picture Post*, the UK equivalent of *Life* magazine, in 1940.

Because collecting photography is so often autobiographical for me, I love this image as it reminds me of my early days in London, capturing the minutiae of everyday English life. Memories come flooding back and I am especially moved by the stack of teacups on the left-hand side of the image. I am transported back to the emotional fullness of that room, with its light, its domesticity and its empty cups.

STEVE McCURRY

USA, b.1950

The Afghan girl, Sharbat Gula, Pakistan, 1984

Most of my photos are grounded in people. I look for the unguarded moment, the essential soul peeking out, experience etched on a person's face.

Steve McCurry

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This is one of the most recognised images in the history of photography, often referred to as the "Mona Lisa" of photos. Yet, however many times you might have seen it reproduced in books or magazines, when you are actually standing in front of a real, physical print, it is even more powerful and alluring. In 1984, with the Soviet War in Afghanistan raging, refugee camps set up along the Afghan-Pakistan border were quickly filling with displaced people. As the numbers of refugees increased, McCurry was asked by *National Geographic* to explore and document these settlements. In one makeshift classroom in a girls' camp near Peshawar, McCurry captured the image that would come to define a story, a conflict and a people. This is what great social documentary photographers like McCurry strive to achieve throughout their careers: to preserve an image that connects the viewer from the specific to the universal, revealing and reminding us of our common humanity.



SERGIO LARRAIN

Chile, 1931–2012

London Underground, 1959



I can only materialise that world of phantoms when I see something that resonates within me.

Sergio Larrain

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Sergio Larrain is one of those mythical figures in the history of photography. He created a small body of work and then gave it all up to live a simple existence in isolation in his homeland of Chile. He was appreciated, respected and encouraged by no less a giant in the field than Henri Cartier-Bresson, who brought him into the Magnum family. But working on assignments with deadlines and all that precise and structured professionalism that goes along with the job did not suit Larrain's temperament or personality.

Larrain was given a commission by the British Council to document London for four months during the cold winter of 1959. It is one of the most brilliant, poetic bodies of work ever created about this city, or any other for that matter. It has such personal resonance. Tottenham Court Road was my "stop" and the epicentre of my world growing up there. It was the stopping-off point for all the book shops, museums, theatres and jazz record stores I devoured.

I joined the "cult" of Larrain worshippers after seeing this body of work and also his most celebrated series on the Chilean port city of Valparaiso. My appreciation and respect for his work was so intense that I planned to meet him with our mutual friend, the great Magnum photographer René Burri, who agreed to take me to see him. Sadly, that would not come to pass as both Larrain and Burri became sick and the trip was cancelled. What a journey that would have been in the presence of these masters.

BRUCE DAVIDSON

USA, b.1933

Untitled (Stickball scene, Brooklyn gang, N.Y.), 1959

*I've had the privilege of being an outsider allowed on the inside,
searching for beauty, meaning and myself.*

Bruce Davidson

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Bruce Davidson's Sunday morning "stickball" is like an elegant ballet. The cars have just been given their weekly wash and there is that wonderful leisurely feeling after a frantic week, no doubt. It's a classic image capturing a community and spirit that we can only look back on wistfully. So much has changed.



WILLY RONIS
France, 1910–2009
Carrefour Sevres-Babylone, 1948

I never went out without my camera, even to buy bread.

Willy Ronis

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I consider this image to be the best example of that special “Paris Light”, a phenomenon I always enjoy experiencing. It was taken one afternoon in 1948, near the intersection at Sevres-Babylone. Ronis had done his homework. Acquainted with his beloved city like the back of his hand, he knew what time of day offered the best opportunity for generous light, especially his preferred source, back light. The composition is perfection, with the awning on the left side of the frame and the veiled sun in front. As Ronis recounted in his notes:

“I had taken two shots with little enthusiasm and then suddenly this woman appeared out in the open. Jubilation was immediately followed by a twinge of unease, as is always the case in these delicate situations. Had I pressed the shutter at the crucial moment?”

The answer is indisputable. Of course he had.



PENTTI SAMMALLAHTI

Finland, b.1950

Cilento, Italy, 1999

I am happiest when I retire to my tiny, dark cellar that is filled with chemical odours and the red light. I shake a developer tray and listen to the music of the flowing water.

Pentti Sammallahti

Pentti Sammallahti is a little like an endangered species, a traditional, analogue darkroom specialist, a master artisan of individual, hand-crafted printing. Truly unique in his vision, Sammallahti was honoured as a national artist by the Finnish government, which is the equivalent of being granted a “genius” award. The unprecedented 20-year stipend he was awarded gave him unparalleled independence and freedom as a photographer, allowing him to create a large part of his extraordinary body of work, such a rare opportunity in today’s arts environment.

His celebrated talent is gloriously evident in his ‘Cilento’ image, an indisputable contemporary masterpiece. It is hard to find a more elegantly balanced arrangement of lines and surfaces in the history of photography, so deftly centred by the fluid shape of the dog, which stands as a metaphor for the power of nature to transform and humble us in all its beauty.



BRUNO BARBEY
Morocco, 1941–2020
Morocco, 1963

I like images which are very simple in composition. When you shoot in Morocco, you have to be like a fox. Shoot very quickly.

Bruno Barbey

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Barbey was one of the great photojournalists. For over five decades, he was an inveterate traveller who opened my eyes and my heart to many places I wished I had experienced first-hand, but fortunately I can gain a little insight into from his great understanding and respect for the cultures he knew so well on all continents. He was a scholar and a gentleman, and a very gracious host with an enormous heart and sensitivity, as is evidenced in this beautiful image.



ROBERT ADAMS

USA, b.1937

Pawnee National Grassland, Colorado, 1984

I hold on to that word beauty. I refuse to surrender to it. It's the traditional end of art, and tradition is part of this occupation as far as I am concerned.

Robert Adams

Robert Adams is not just an exceptional photographer but an exceptional human being. Not only are his prints physically beautiful and powerful but his writings on photography, and indeed on life and art, are among the most eloquent and profound ever written. He is a source of constant inspiration to me and, I know, to so many others who are involved in this medium.

His work is about the impact of human activity on the last vestiges of wilderness and open space. Often his photographs are devoid of human subjects but they always convey human presence through physical traces of life imposed on the natural landscape. Despite evidence to the contrary, his work conveys a sense of hope that we can still effect change to preserve nature – as the great John Szarkowski eloquently put it in his foreword to Robert Adams' powerful book *The New West*: "Though Robert Adams' book assumes no moral postures, it does have a moral. Its moral is that the landscape is, for us, the place we live. If we have used it badly, we cannot therefore scorn it, without scorning ourselves. If we have abused it, broken its health and erected upon it memorials to our ignorance, it is still our place, and before we can proceed we must learn to love it."





MILTON MILLER
USA, 1830–1899
Untitled (Man with hat), circa 1860s

Milton Miller in his lifetime established himself as a notable portrait photographer. Originating in California he left the states for China where the majority of his work was formed. This exceptional albumen print is a prime example of his special talent. The subject gazes forward at the camera, establishing a powerful connection with the viewer. It has a jarring intensity but Miller shows the remarkable empathy he must have had with his sitter. It seems so modern.



BRETT WESTON
USA, 1911–1993
Holland Canal, 1971

Nature is a great artist, the greatest. I've seen rocks and forms that put Matisse, Picasso and Brancusi to shame. You can't beat Mother Nature.

Brett Weston

You can stare across a room and immediately notice a Brett Weston photograph. It certainly has a distinct look to it, which takes years of intense dedication to a now increasingly rare analogue craft. Weston was famous for going to bed at 8pm and starting his solitary darkroom practice at 3-4am, when he was not *en route* to another location.

He pared his life down to its essential simplicity so he could concentrate on his art, something he learnt from his equally dedicated father, Edward Weston. Though father and son were close throughout their lives, Brett Weston developed his own discrete photographic vision and voice.

Unlike Edward, Brett ventured outside of America in search of new challenges. He travelled extensively in Europe and to Japan, but it was in the Netherlands where he created one of his most celebrated and sought-after images.

This, at first glance, seems like a traditional landscape. Yet, in Brett Weston's hands, with his ability to present a deep space along a misty canal, with the trees lining its banks receding in short rows into the distance, it turns into a dream that envelops the viewer and takes them on this special journey.

ARTHUR LEIPZIG
USA, 1918–2014
Chalk games, New York City, 1950

Of course, the 'good old days' were not all sweetness and light. There was poverty, racism, corruption and violence, then as now, but somehow we all believed in the possible. We believed in hope.

Arthur Leipzig

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Arthur Leipzig shot this image, in Prospect Place, Brooklyn. Leipzig was a product of the Photo League, a group of idealistic photographers who wanted to use the medium of photography to make the world a better place. Concerned with social justice, Photo League members were mostly the adult children of working-class immigrants and, like Leipzig, familiar and empathetic to their young subjects.

His work is full of warmth, emotion and sensitivity.

Leipzig so deftly captured the vitality and energy of New York youth, back when the streets were one of the few places where children could escape their cramped and restricted home lives. He approached New York as if it were theatre, where there was something going on all the time. He wanted to be both part of, and witness to, the action.



CHESTER HIGGINS JR.
USA, b.1946
Maya Angelou, 1970

Maya Angelou had just completed her first memoir I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings when I visited her in 1970. I was captivated by the calm confidence of this emotionally secure woman. In my work, I always seek out the expression of the spirit. And for portraits, questions help establish a bridge. On this day, the bridge turned out to be Maya's experience of living in Ghana. As she wove spell-binding tales, the joy brought on by her recollections disclosed a life lived fully. Her face and hands expressed it all.

Chester Higgins Jr.

My dear friend Chester Higgins Jr has practised his craft for over four decades, with much of his focus documenting the life and culture of the African diaspora. Chester is a master photographer, an artist overflowing with passion and humility, whose life force is completely contagious and so energising to be around.

This photograph is the perfect marriage of artist and subject. Dr Angelou was a true renaissance woman whose long and storied life was intent on exposing the causes of injustice, and through her writing and actions has inspired many new generations of like-minded travellers on the path of activism.

When I recently revisited this image, I felt such a surge of joy and hope for the lessons she has taught us. She helped motivate us all towards change and, with her beautiful voice and magical words, she urged us to listen and to “just do right”. Three words that we must never lose sight of, today and tomorrow.



JOHN SZARKOWSKI
USA, 1925–2007
Tomkins County King (looking west), 2005

Photography is the easiest thing in the world if one is willing to accept pictures that are flaccid, limp, bland, banal, indiscriminately informative and pointless. But if one insists on a photograph that is both complex and vigorous, it is almost impossible.

John Szarkowski

John Szarkowski possessed one of the greatest minds I have ever encountered. Incredibly articulate and intelligent, his early writings, especially his *Looking at Photographs* selected from the New York Museum of Modern Art (MOMA), where he was chief curator of photography from 1962–1991, were instrumental in my developing interest in photography. His words were written with such force, insight and understanding of the medium, and I have yet to come across any work that has had such an impact on my passion for photography.

While rightly considered one of the greatest curators of photography in the history of the medium, he was also a gifted photographer and printer in his own right prior to his distinguished curatorial career. This glorious image was taken on his farm in upstate New York.

Every Monday morning, he would bring in apples from his beloved trees for his staff at MOMA. I had the great honour of hosting the last public exhibition of his work. The week he spent with us in California launching the exhibition still fills me with such beautiful memories of our shared meals and conversations. Sadly, he passed away a few weeks after the exhibition opened. I owe him so much for his continued inspiration and the book you are now reading is in part a gesture of thanks to him for his years of influence on my own photographic journey.





BILL BRANDT
Germany, 1904–1983
Sunday evening, the kissing point, 1936

If there is any method in the way I take pictures, I believe it lies in this. See the subject. Do not force it to be a picture of this, that or any other thing. Stand apart from it. Then something will happen. The subject will reveal itself.

Bill Brandt

I have been studying and been inspired by Bill Brandt’s work for over 40 years. I see something new and fresh each time I encounter it. He was a quiet, humble, reclusive figure. He spoke for the most part in a gentle whisper. You would have to strain to pick up all the words he said, but what words they were.

Brandt certainly understood the English and their various idiosyncrasies. They were one of his major themes and the subject of his first book, *The English At Home*. I know this location very well, next to Hampstead Heath in London. I can’t say I actually lived this scene but close to it. It was a very special place to bring a date to. They used to have free open-air concerts in the summer and you would certainly appear cultured to anyone you escor

