



Photo by MAM

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The Photographic Spirit

Inspiring Photo Lives and Images

By David Joseph Marcou



Migrant Mother Photo-Portrait,
Nipomo, California, ca. 1935, by Dorothea Lange,
Courtesy of US Library of Congress.

***The Photographic Spirit: Inspiring Photo Lives and Images* –**

Researched, Written, and Revised by David Joseph Marcou – Copyright©2011-2013+, David Joseph Marcou.

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Dedicated to the Memory of Margaret Donndelinger, Bert Hardy, James Cameron, and DJM-Ancessor/17th-Century Explorer Louis Joliet, With Thanks to All Photographers, Archivists, Curators, Technicians, Subjects, Caregivers, Publishers and Readers Who Inspire Us, And to Our Extended Family and Friends, Especially My Parents, and MAM and His Wife, for Sharing Good Photos and Many Stories About Good Photos and Their Photographers.

“If we would only remember the needs of our past, perhaps we could anticipate those of our future.” – Gordon Parks.

“That is why I believe that art is so much more significant than either economics or philosophy. It is the direct measure of man's spiritual vision.” – Herbert Read.

Preface by David J. Marcou*: “What Matters Most in Good Photography Is the Human Spirit” –

Carson, the butler in Masterpiece Theater's “Downton Abbey,” tells Lady Mary -- after Matthew, whom she most wants to marry, walks away from her, and she needs a boost -- “At least, you have spirit. In the end, it's the only thing that matters.”

Something similar can be said about light-writing, or photography, for light-writing depends on the human spirit – via inspirations, among a few key ingredients. And since I was asked in 2010 by the Wisconsin Historical Society, to name my photo-inspirations, and only mentioned a few then, I've expanded the list here, for good reasons.

One of my former teachers (see “Charmed Light”) believes in the Quality of Light. She assigned that topic regularly to her photojournalism students. If a photographer doesn't have light to work with, he or she can't readily show the integral spirit of his or her subject. And to be able to see well with light, and be inspired by another person's seeing via a camera, depends on photo inspirations – or shared vision.

Light (and light-writing) loves to travel – hence, its great speed. Most humans love travel, too. To be influenced by human lives and “travels” is, here, to be influenced by photography, at key times. After I deal here, with the specific lives of selected photographers who have influenced my photography (and writing) and others', too, my concluding essay is dedicated to the spirit of light-writers generally, and their overall influences on many people.

Some of my essays deal with photographers I have never known personally, but whose works have influenced me strongly; other essays deal with photographers I've personally known, and, perhaps, have written about in the past. Now, these two types of essays are not written methodically, but depend more for their meanings on how I personally intuit each photographer's work needs to be described, so their influences on us can be inferred and/or read more fully.

I hope this book shows how light-writing inspires all peoples, even beyond the more-or-less decisive life-moment it first records, via a positive, traveling, somehow fathomable spirit, as we remember our past, know our present, and imagine/intuit our future, and, thus, via light transfixed in visual patterns, and transmitted to us, via: **The Photographic Spirit. – David J. Marcou, February 2011-February 2013.**

***All essays in this book have been researched and written by David Joseph Marcou. MAM and his wife have the main claim to creational-inspiration for this book.**

“Photography's Founding Fathers: Niepce, Daguerre, and Fox-Talbot” –

Niepce –

The chemical and aesthetic approaches to the invention of photography evolved during many centuries, including near the end of the 18th century, when the English proto-photographers Elizabeth Fulhame and Thomas Wedgwood

experimented with chemicals, and in Wedgwood's case especially, attempted (unsuccessfully) to fix camera obscura images. before photography's invention.

Then, in the 1790s, Joseph Nicéphore Niépce began the experiments leading to what he would call "heliographic". It was his goal then, not to investigate nature scientifically or to create multiple designs, but rather to do multiple reproductions of landscape views via the camera obscura, the device to copy nature used by painters previously, for many years.

Although Francois Arago claimed in 1839 that JAC Charles had demonstrated imaging with silver salts to the Parisian scientific public, ca. 1800, Niépce's work proceeded independently of Parisian scientific circles. After year of trials and experiments, Niépce managed to copy an engraving in 1822 and made, in 1824, a *point de vue* – a positive (but difficult to view) image made in the camera obscura. (He had abandoned attempts to reproduce images with silver salts on paper, because he believed more solid and reflective surfaces and chemicals needed to be used.)

Although accounts of his earliest experiments have not survived, Niépce's letters indicate the images he created were formed by the unique use of a thin varnish of the resinous asphalt bitumen of Judea, dissolved in oil of lavender, on bases of stone and glass. He later applied the same process to pewter. In a letter of September 1824, he declared to his brother that this stage signaled his success.

Niépce and Daguerre –

Also in 1824, Louis Jacque Mandé Daguerre borrowed a laboratory to investigate the possibility of fixing images by sunlight. It's believed his earliest experiments involved phosphorous and silver compounds. Not having progressed very far, he learned of the experiments of Niépce. Daguerre initiated first contact, and the two men met in Paris in 1827, after which Niépce traveled to England to visit his brother Charles.

When he arrived in England, Niépce found his brother in very bad health, so they abandoned some of their plans to work on joint projects. Joseph, though, decided to try his luck with the Royal Society, regarding his heliographic process. He was not well-received by the Society itself, due to its "disarray," at the time.

Joseph's work was well-received, though, by an individual member of the Royal Society, Francis Bauer, who made available to the British a photo-plate made by Niépce, the earliest surviving example of a photographic plate made in a camera obscura. "View from the Study Window" is a direct-positive, laterally-reversed image Niépce had made the previous summer, with an exposure of probably 2-3 days.

It was in England, that Niépce was also forced to provide a name for his process, which he determined could be called "heliographic".

By 1829, Niépce had entered into a partnership with Daguerre that would lead directly to the invention and perfection of the daguerreotype in the 1830s. Niépce had made an important step forward, though, via his experiments with silver iodide as a light-sensitive compound, but he died suddenly in 1833 and was succeeded by his son Isidore in the partnership with Daguerre. The further positive steps needed to perfect the daguerreotype process remain generally unknown, but Daguerre's own crucial discovery of mercury vapor as a means of developing the latent images, and salt as a fixer, likely took place, ca. 1835.

In any case, the Curator of Photographs for the American National Portrait Gallery, Ann Shumard, has said no photographic technique developed throughout history can rival the detail of a daguerreotype, which one 19th-century writer called "the mirror with a memory." In fact, when Daguerre first introduced the images to the public, critics were incredulous, believing instead that they had to be remarkably fine engravings. Daguerre responded by showing them the pictures with a magnifying glass, so the doubters could see details invisible to the naked eye. (p. 43, "The President's Photographer: Fifty Years inside the Oval Office," by John Bredar with a Foreword by Pete Souza, Reagan and Obama Official White House Photographer.)

Fox-Talbot –

At Lacock, England, Henry Fox-Talbot had been conducting his own imaging experiments, which would rival Daguerre's in 1839. Coming to his experiments relatively late, Talbot did achieve his desired results relatively quickly. He began his attempts at photography in 1834, and attained stabilized images fairly soon, but set aside his research for more pressing concerns in optics, biblical studies, and calculus. It is from the summer of 1835, that Talbot's earliest camera obscura negatives survive, made in "miniature cameras". It is in his discovery of an effective negative process (known more fully as the negative-positive calotype process) wherein resides Talbot's great contribution.

Daguerre and Talbot, Talbot and Daguerre, Relative-Equals in the Story of Photographic Invention –

The photographic events of the first half of 1839 were dominated by the public announcements of two inventors, Daguerre and Talbot, and two scientists, Arago and Herschel.

In 1831, Sir John Herschel had demonstrated the formation of a weak image of the spectrum with platinum salts, which Talbot had been present for. Herschel then-unknowingly discovered that hydrosulphites dissolve unreduced salts of silver, the basic principle for photographic fixer, or "hypo", which Herschel would perfect soon after the official announcements of photography's invention made in January 1839 – Daguerre's on January 7th, and Talbot's on January 31st.

The discoveries and inventions around the time of these announcements, signaled the dawn of a new photographic age – the daguerreotype took off as a globally accepted phenomenon, in the early years, but was superseded eventually by Talbot's negative-positive process, which was still, generally, the preferred method of photo-capture, until the digital age.

" Key Early Cameras and My Own Cameras Later" –

Leica and Ermanox were the earliest candid cameras that strongly influenced the emergence and development of the photo-essay. Ermanox was a small, box, candid camera employed by the great German Jewish photographer Erich Salomon, who photographed intimate political and judicial meetings and sessions, and who would die at Auschwitz, during World War II.

Already in 1913, though, Oskar Barnack, an engineer at the Leitz factory in Wetzlar, Germany, built the first Leica 35mm camera. It became the prototype for a whole new outlook on cameras, an outlook influenced greatly by intellectuals, artists, editors, and even more importantly, by photographers. Built originally as an exposure-testing device for motion pictures, Barnack first perfected the Leica's use as a still-camera soon after World War I. Within two decades, professional photojournalists like Henri Cartier-Bresson and Bert Hardy were perfecting their candid camera techniques with Leica 35mm rangefinder cameras.

Two companies founded in the same era, Rollei and Asahi Pentax, would prove even more relevant to my own 35mm work. Rollei is a German manufacturer of optical goods founded in 1920 by Paul Franke and Reinhold Heidecke in Braunschweig, Lower Saxony, which would become the manufacturer of Rolleiflex and Rolleicord cameras. From 1995-1999, it was even owned by the Samsung Group of South Korea.

By the 1970s, Rolleiflex 35mm SLR's were being produced, including its elite version, the Rolleiflex35SLE, a model of which was my first personal camera. I photographed Bert Hardy and his dogs for the British National Portrait Gallery, with one of my two Rolleiflex35SLE's, in 1981. (With my two Rolleiflex35SLE's, I used mainly Kodak, Ilford, and Agfa films.) Also, Rollei was long famous for its twin-lens-reflex cameras, which professionals like Imogen Cunningham used. Today, Rollei also makes digital cameras.

In 1919, Asahi Kogaka Goshi Kaicha was founded in Japan, and first made spectacle lenses. In 1938, it changed its name to Asahi Optical, which by then, made camera/cine lenses. Asahi Optical was banned from the photo trade, at the close of World War II. Ca. 1950, Japan's photo industry re-emerged vigorously, as American GI's sought lenses for their Leica and Contax cameras. Then, in 1952, Asahi introduced its first camera, the Asahiflex. In 1957, Asahi bought rights to Zeiss Ikon lenses and Asahi Pentax (Pentax was named from a combination of Pentaprism and Contax) was initiated, which would become Honeywell Pentax in the United States.

One of Pentax's most durable 35mm cameras was the Pentax K1000, which I've owned several of, including a K1000 I gave away to a little South Korean boy, soon after I'd photographed Mother Teresa with it, and a later K1000 my son, Matt, took his first photos with (in early 1991). Pentax merged with Hoya in 2008, and that merger still stands. In 2006, I bought my first digital SLR camera, the Pentax K110D, after beginning up that road with some point-and-shoot digitals. I've taken many superb photos with both types of digitals, including some of my best photos housed in Smithsonian Archives, like my best views of the 2008 Presidential Campaign. Other cameras my son and I have depended on include Vivitar and Samsung point-and-shoot film cameras, and Sony, Fuji, Canon, and Panasonic point-and-shoot digital cameras (some with Leica lenses).

“Mathew Brady and Crew: Stately Portraits and Shocking Civil War Stills –

The name “Mathew Brady” conjures up images of war-dead and still-living Presidents. And yet, Brady himself did not photograph many of the people he is credited with photographing, especially after his eyesight started to deteriorate by the 1850s. However, his superb direction of photographers in corporate or agency fashion, set the standard for future documentary teams' work, and he became the most famous 19th century American photographer, as a result.

Mathew Brady was born into a poor Irish family near Lake George, NY, in 1823. William Page taught him painting, and Samuel FB Morse and JW Draper taught him daguerreotypy. In 1844, he opened his first studio, in New York. He won many awards, and opened other studios in Washington, D.C., and New York.

Even before the Civil War, he had become famous for photographing famous Americans. In fact, in 1850, he published “The Gallery of Illustrious Americans.” He and top employee Alexander Gardner even attempted to establish the first National Portrait Gallery, in 1849, but it fell through. However, the second attempt was successful, and Brady sold many of his team's best wet-collodion portraits there, including images of Congressmen, Presidents, and other notables.

The setting for a Brady portrait, before the War, included a small, but heavy, cast-iron table, and a device that became known as the “Brady Stand,” which at first supported the arm of a sitter, but later became a neck-rest, because portraits then required very long exposure times.

Brady's team of photographers, with Mathew retaining copyright and credit to all the photographs (he'd established what would become known as a corporate credit line), would make portraits of 19 presidents. His team also photographed Walt Whitman, Edgar Allen Poe, Jefferson Davis, PT Barnum, Dolly Madison, and Mark Twain. Abraham Lincoln seems to have credited Brady's photographs with winning him the Presidency. And the portraits that carried the credit “Photograph by Mathew Brady” include many of the finest portraits of the 19th century, often conferring dignity and status on the sitter.

During the Civil War, Brady actually employed 20 teams of photographers to roam the battlefields, and did a good job of keeping them productive, despite their large, cumbersome glass negatives and covered wagons. It was a dangerous, tricky business, but his teams took at least 7,000 photos of the war, a very large number, considering the logistic difficulties and the technology. Although sometimes very grim, the photographs of the Brady teams definitively covered that war, as no war before them.

The Civil War photos taken by Brady's teams of living soldiers were usually of Union soldiers, but the reverse was true of the dead, who were mainly Confederate soldiers, perhaps because Union leaders didn't want the Confederacy to gain a propaganda advantage over the Union from the Union's own photographers.

In addition to Gardner, who'd set up his own studio in Washington, in 1863, other famous photographers who worked for Brady included Timothy O'Sullivan and George Barnard. O'Sullivan joined Gardner, after the latter set up his own studio, and that team continued their war work, as did Brady's teams. However, it was the Gardner-O'Sullivan team that photographed the hangings of the Lincoln conspirators in 1865.

During the war and right after, Brady hoped to sell off his war photos for large sums of money (in fact, he sold several books during the war showing battlefield views). The public was hungry for his images during the war, but afterward they were sick of images of death and dying. He sold some of the glass negatives, after the war, to pay off creditors,

but received very little of the money he'd dreamed of.

Brady continued to make portraits until the early 1890s, in a small studio in Washington, D.C. Cash-poor and nearly blind, Brady died in the poor ward of Presbyterian Hospital in New York City in 1896. He is buried in the Congressional Section of Arlington National Cemetery, Virginia.

Mathew Brady's early vision of the photography business had been realized successfully for two decades, but after the Civil War, his business faded, like his eyesight. It's unfortunate that more and better records were not kept from the Civil War, etc., because the actual photographers of many of the Brady-credited images have not yet been identified. Although many originally Mathew Brady-held negatives were destroyed, a few thousand still are retained in the National Archive, in Washington, DC.

“Peter Henry Emerson: Sensitive Images of People in Nature” –

The British lyrical naturalist photographer and theorist Peter Henry Emerson was born in Cuba and raised in Delaware and England. He studied medicine and sciences at Cambridge University, and took up photography in 1882. Then, he lectured and wrote on the art of photography, starting in 1885.

Emerson's book “Naturalistic Photography for Students of the Art” (1889) suggested the tenets that would guide his own photography. Though Emerson apparently gave up on his own photography, once or twice in his lifetime, he was a gifted practitioner of its art. I like very much his sensitive photo-studies of boaters and farm folk, with their surroundings beautifully included, too.

However, Emerson's tense relations with George Davison kept him from joining new associations like the Linked Ring Brotherhood. Instead, he remained loyal to the Royal Photographic Society. In 1933, he recorded that he'd written a “true history” of artistic photography, but the manuscript, if it had been written, is lost.

“Eastman's Kodak: The Man and His Company's Pioneering Work” –

George Eastman, American industrialist and photographic inventor, was born in 1854 in Waterville, New York. Eastman may have inherited his keen business sense from his father, who founded the Eastman Commercial College in 1842.

Due to his father's death a few years later, the teenage George left school, and began working his way up the socio-economic ladder by working bookkeeping jobs in small businesses and banks in Rochester, NY, where the family had moved.

George took up photography when he was 23. Confronted by the arduousness involved with the silver nitrate and wet-plate process, the young photographer began to search for simpler processes and equipment, and his intensity of purpose at such things, governed the rest of his life.

Eastman was sometimes accused of patent infringement and monopolization, when he bought out competitors, but he became known as an employer who treated his employees decently.

In 1880, his improvements in the recently created gelatin emulsions led Eastman to found the Eastman Dry Plate Company. Soon, the Eastman-Walker roll holder was being used in standard view cameras. In 1881, Eastman American film was first offered. It was a roll stripping film in which the processed gelatin emulsion was removed from paper backing and transferred to a glass or thick gelatin support for printing.

The No. 1 Kodak camera of Eastman's used American Film; by 1889, that camera and subsequent models used Eastman celluloid roll film, making picture-taking cheaper and more popular among everyday people. The Kodak was the first successful roll-film camera. The motto for it became, “You press the button, we do the rest.”

George Eastman chose the name Kodak from a list of possibilities, because it was short, memorable, and would be pronounced the same in almost all languages. Many Eastman products have been changed, in name, to Kodak

products, over the years.

It turned out, though, that a patent for the Kodak's original roll-film had been applied for by Rev. Hannibal Goodwin in 1887, and Eastman Company lost a \$2 million judgment in court in 1914, with the money being paid to AnSCO Company, which by then had purchased Goodwin's rights.

In addition to complete creations of their own, Eastman Company also made many photo-related inventions (by others) work properly. The Edison Kinetoscope of 1899 used the first celluloid motion-picture film in America, and it came from Eastman Kodak. In 1923, Kodak also introduced 16mm reversal film on daylight-loading spools for amateur movie-making.

Many other successful films and cameras were introduced by Kodak, too, including the Brownie Box Camera, which was introduced in 1900, making picture-taking cheaper, and easier for children, too. The original model cost \$1 and took six pictures, 2-1/4 inches square on paper film at 10 cents a roll, or on celluloid film at 15 cents a roll. Development, printing, and mounting cost 40 cents. The Brownie had been named for the character illustrations created by Palmer Cox, in children's books.

Two types of films popular throughout the second half of the 20th century were Kodachrome (a negative film introduced in 1935) and Ektachrome (a slide film introduced in 1946). The increasing speeds of those films, as the years passed, made them exceedingly desirable and made candid work much easier for the general public. However, eventually digital cameras made candid pictures even easier to take and process. The final roll of Ektachrome was produced in 2010, and shot by Steve McCurry, the Magnum photographer who made the famous "Afghan Girl!" cover-photo for "National Geographic"

George Eastman's philanthropy became almost as famous as his pioneering developments in producing simple-to-use, effective, and economical cameras and films, and the George Eastman House, in Rochester, NY, still is a prestigious repository and showplace for notable photographs, photo-books, and photo equipment. The founder's legacy lives on.

"From Luxembourg and America to the World: Edward Steichen's Photographic Legacy" --

*Note: In December 2003, a truck marked "Wide Load" made its way quietly along Pilgrim Road from Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin, near Milwaukee, to Old Falls Village, a distance of only four miles along County Line Road. James Auer, art critic for the **Milwaukee Journal Sentinel**, did not report that activity until August 23, the next year, but when he did, he let Wisconsinites and whoever else wanted to know, that that truck was carrying something very special. He wrote about: "Its precious but plain-looking cargo: the modest white farmhouse that had once been the home of the Luxembourg-born, Milwaukee-reared photographer, curator and chronicler of battles, Edward Jean Steichen."*

*For many years, the Menomonee Falls Historical Society had worked to bring that farmhouse those four basic miles, so it could be outfitted as a museum memorializing Mr. Steichen and his family. This move was the "only local observance of the 125th anniversary of Mr. Steichen's birth." The only other one this writer knows of was his March 2004 cover-story for Britain's **RPS Journal**. That Royal Photographic Society magazine is the oldest surviving periodical dedicated to photography, now more than 155 years old. That solo cover-story indicates how far into faded memory Mr. Steichen's legacy may have passed, though his works still sell for considerable fortunes, as proved by the sale of his "The Pond—Moonlight" in February 2006 for the highest price ever paid for a photograph at auction until then, \$2.9 Million. To be sure, his achievements for three-quarters of a century should be remembered for as long as artists live and create beautiful, useful works.(1)*

When its very successful gala preview opened at New York's Museum of Modern Art on January 25, 1955, many people had already heard of "The Family of Man's" director, Edward Steichen, whom the sculptor Rodin once called, "the greatest photographer of his time." But few knew Steichen had strong ties to Wisconsin. Despite there being many famous photographers once calling the Badger State home -- including Dickey Chapelle, H.H. Bennett, Eudora Welty (an excellent photographer, though she is better-known as a Southern writer, who attended college in Wisconsin), and social documentarian Lewis Hine -- the "Captain", as MOMA staff called Steichen from his WWII rank, was the most famous and successful of them all.

The Spring 1958 issue of the *Wisconsin Magazine of History* included the abbreviated version of Mr. Steichen's remarks to the Wisconsin Historical Society's annual meeting in Green Lake of June 1957. Steichen began in universal terms, "Man's first knowledge of the world we live in and how it was... is based on images..." Images were always important to that Milwaukee-raised artist, and he found them, created them, and edited them continually. In the end, the images he chose to present to the world most quintessentially were not elitist, though he'd traveled among elites much of his adult life, but rather egalitarian, for "The Family of Man" was nothing if not egalitarian; and that egalitarianism got its real start in the socialist stronghold of Milwaukee, in the 1890s.(2)

Birth and Family's Immigration

Born March 27, 1879, in Bivange, Luxembourg, Eduard Jean (Edward John) Steichen, the oldest child in his family, was baptized Catholic. His father -- Jean-Pierre (John Peter), who was sent to America by wife Marie -- emigrated to Chicago, and the passionate, protective, Catholic-bred Marie (Mary) Kemp Steichen arrived there several months later with little Eduard, to rescue her husband from sickness and poverty. Moving for work to Hancock, Michigan, where Jean-Pierre's health did not improve in the copper mines, and where daughter Lillian Pauline Steichen (also known as Paul/Paula) was born in 1883, the Steichens made do, until Marie started a millinery business and Jean-Pierre spent more time tending his garden, which Eduard sold produce from, door-to-door.(3)

Knowing her son and daughter needed more-educated surroundings to make something of themselves, Marie sent Eduard to the bustling German-American community of Milwaukee, when he was nine, to attend Pio Nono College School. When her son turned 10, Marie had saved enough money to move the entire family to the city that would yield Steichen his first real jobs, and his first cameras.

Joanna Steichen, Edward's widow, who herself died in August 2010, told this writer in a 2003 phone interview that the Steichen family moved to Milwaukee for Eduard's sake, so he could get a better education.(4) Marie "believed from the moment he was conceived that her son would be a genius," Edward's widow said, and Marie did a great deal to ensure his success, while his father was more of a "negative, pessimistic force".(5) Hancock held less than 5,000 residents, while Milwaukee boasted a population of 104,468 inhabitants, by 1890 census figures. Newspapers were printed for every major language group in the bigger city. The Steichen parents read the German papers, and the English-language ones, too, though the latter were difficult at first. Still, Marie read up on political and cultural news.

According to Joanna Steichen, Edward later "talked about how the streetcar conductors spoke German and you couldn't get change or conduct business with them unless you spoke German." Milwaukee reputedly held the largest ratio of immigrants to overall inhabitants of any big city in America then. Many of Milwaukee's residents heard a lot about socialism, and tried to sort out its strengths and weaknesses. Victor Berger became head of the Social Democratic Party there, and even grew enamored of Edward's sister for a time, who, for her part, apparently grew enamored of socialism.

After settling into their first Wisconsin dwelling -- two floors of a building at the corner of North Third and West Walnut Streets -- the Steichens saw new things. As Penelope Niven states in her biography, *Steichen*: "There were modern streetcars; coal-burning hot-air furnaces instead of old wood-stoves; and a telephone exchange, although there were only 3,000 subscribers by 1896. The city was also fashion-conscious, and, therefore, an ideal place for a good milliner to ply her trade."

Young Eduard was also known as Gaejack (pronounced Gay-shawk, meaning Little Jack, a nickname many sons of European men named John went by; his full name means: Edward = happy keeper; John = God's grace; Steichen = a variant from the German word *Stauch*, meaning wide sleeve or head-covering, or distinguished by peculiarity of dress)(6). Niven states this Gaejack was a charmer, who many people sensed would make a name for himself.

Comeuppance, Personally and Artistically

Early during the family's time in Milwaukee, an incident occurred that would shape Edward's life. He recounts it in his *A Life in Photography*:

Once, when I was about ten years old, I came home from school, and as I was entering the door of [my mother's] millinery shop, I turned back and shouted into the street,

'You dirty little [derogatory term for Jew]!'

My mother... took me upstairs to our apartment. There, she talked to me quietly

and earnestly for a long, long time, explaining that all people were alike regardless of race, creed, or color. She talked about the evils of bigotry and intolerance. This was possibly the most important single moment in my growth towards manhood, and it was certainly on that day the seed was sown that, sixty-six years later, grew into an exhibition called "The Family of Man".(7)

Many years later, Steichen's "Family of Man" would not only suggest why and how to unite the human family, but he himself would marry a woman of Jewish background from New York state (an Episcopalian-convert most of her adult life, and a retired psychotherapist) - his third/final wife, Joanna Taub Steichen.(8) He was divorced from his first wife, Clara, the mother of his children, and his second wife, Dana, died after many years with him.

At 12 or 13, Eduard was presented a bicycle by his mother. Realizing Western Union messengers walked their routes then, he took his bike down to their office and proposed he be hired as their first bike messenger. He was -- at the rate of fifteen dollars a month, five dollars more than the normal rate. Hearing of the youngster's success, Western Union's Milwaukee superintendent called the teen into his office. "I wanted a look," he said, "at a boy who has new ideas."

Eduard was often out-of-the-house, while Mary exploited her daughter by making Lillian dress up to model her hat creations. Paul was a conscientious student. She loved books and music, and did not give up on school the way her brother would. Before long, Eduard apparently saw and/or experienced something at Pio Nono that turned him off to organized religion -- but he never documented anything specific about the supposed incident. Mary soon gave up on organized religion herself. Even on her deathbed, she would not have a priest in the room.

John and Mary Steichen often spoke Luxembourgish at home, and they transacted much of their business in Milwaukee in German; their children learned both German and French at an early age, along with English. Joanna Steichen said her husband spoke French with a Midwestern accent.(9)

In early Milwaukee, a group of painters of huge panoramas had a studio near Fifth and Wells, and Niven states their paintings were popular forms of entertainment when the Steichens arrived. The works represented subjects like the Crucifixion or momentous events in U.S. history and traveled as lavish entertainments shown to audiences in concert halls and auditoriums. One of the most famous panoramists was Richard Lorenz (also spelled Lorence), who would teach Eduard drawing and painting.

Niven points out: "The city was unique among new American cities in its marriage of the American dream of economic opportunity and the old European traditions of community and culture." European influences included the city's architecture, the sights and sounds of the streets, and the tastes of its restaurants, beer gardens, and free-lunch saloons, to which kegs of Milwaukee's beers were delivered in beer wagons drawn by rich-looking Belgian horses. Public buildings were designed after classical European buildings, and some wealthier citizens emulated the German Renaissance style in their mansions.

But Joel Smith has written in *Edward Steichen: The Early Years*: "The soul awakening in Steichen's [work] was that of Steichen's own generation of Americans, coming of age after the closing of the frontier and hungry for new horizons."(10) At age nine, Eduard had traced a complex drawing in school, and presented it as his own sketch, which some of his teachers loved. He learned to experiment often -- to learn all the rules, then break them for art's sake.

Mother, Work, and Exposition as Inspirations

Mary was breadwinner and head of the family, but her millinery shop had to be listed under her husband's name, because women could not be officially recognized as heads of businesses then. She was also the children's mentor, protector, and disciplinarian. The great poet, journalist, and Lincoln biographer Carl Sandburg later called Mary, his mother-in-law, "Whitmanic", writing: "Nothing but the limit, nothing but the farthest and highest for her boy and girl. Nothing but the limit for herself, working in the scope of her chances. A rapt enthusiast, giving all, risking all, and no surety of returns." Her family, especially her children, was everything to her, and they felt the same way about "Oma".

At 13, Eduard read about the World's Columbian Exposition, set for Chicago in 1893. Because he was mechanically gifted and the exposition would feature many such wonders, he saved his money to travel there. By late summer 1893, he'd saved enough, and with his mother's blessing and a stock of chocolate, he headed for Chicago alone by train. Though future partner-photographer Alfred Stieglitz was inspired by the precision instrument there, the camera, young Steichen was interested in Electricity Hall. "Dynamoelectronics" was high technology then. (He also, though, may

have half-noticed a photographer or two taking pictures at the Exposition.)

At 15, he left school, and entered a four-year apprenticeship, to learn to be a designer at the American Fine Art Company, a Milwaukee lithographic firm. He lived at home, and worked for nothing the first year as a litho-janitor. In 1895, his second year, he earned two dollars a week as printer's devil, learning how paper, ink, and metal plates produce lithographs. He was given raises the next two years, and his fourth year, helped design posters, show cards, and advertising. After-hours, he drew, and began to teach himself to paint, often going into the countryside with his sketchbook.

Earliest Photographs

At 16, Niven indicates he wandered into a local camera shop, where he was amazed by the array of cameras. Though he himself had been photographed early on, he apparently did not hold a camera in his hands until, after many visits to and questions for the store-owner, the man offered him a "detective" box camera, cheap. He bought it and rushed home to experiment, in his first "personal apprenticeship". It was the era of Kodak's box camera, which used film not plates. Its motto was: "You Press the Button, We Do the Rest." His first camera had a fixed-focus lens and relatively fast shutter speeds, for more candid shots. Only one shot on his first roll turned out, though -- a view of Lillian playing piano.

At the litho firm, designers copied woodcuts from old German magazines and books as they created ads for Milwaukee brewers, flour millers, and pork packers. Steichen had observed that real Wisconsin pigs differed from those in the old woodcuts, and he asked his work supervisor to allow him to take photos that could be used in more realistic commercial drawings, the basis for litho designs. His boss said if he got a camera to do this work, he could present his photos for drawings. Eduard took his used Kodak to the camera store, and traded it in for a Primo Folding View Camera, four by five inches, which used plates not film.

After rigging up a darkroom in the family's cellar, he took a picture of a building. The camera shop owner told him it was overexposed and overdeveloped, but young Steichen persevered. Then, the litho firm's owner saw him painting a picture of bluebirds and buttercups and moved his apprentice to the art department. Steichen honed his drawing skills and learned lettering art. Off-duty, he took pictures of friends and family, plus "phantasy pictures" of misty landscapes. He later wrote, "The haunting, elusive quality of twilight excited in me an emotion that I felt compelled to evoke in the images I was making."

After-hours at 17, he sketched, photographed, and painted, sometimes riding the streetcar to the limit, where he'd hike into Nature. Once, it began to rain while he photographed trees on a wood lot, yielding a diffused view. Another time, he accidentally kicked his tripod, showing motion.

Steichen already was making so many photo-models for litho-designs that the old books of woodblock prints at the American Fine Art Company were being replaced by his photos. He roved the countryside, photographing wheat, and hops grown for the breweries. He also took clear pictures of pigs, which pleased his company's clients, too.

There were few if any photo classes in the city then, and no books to be found easily on photo-technique. Steichen did discover Alfred Stieglitz's groundbreaking photo-magazine in the city library, *Camera Notes*, and read it with interest. There, he saw photographs executed with great skill, and read about photo-aesthetics and technique. It was there he read Fred Holland Day's manifesto, "The camera, properly guided, is capable of art -- real art."

Lillian saw the possibilities of her brother's photos. She assisted in the darkroom. She also wrote. Later, in the April 1903 issue of Alfred Stieglitz's new journal, *Camera Work*, her essay "Of Art in Relation to Life," revealed an egalitarian, William Morris-like premise that the foundation of art is reverence for "the life of man past and present and to come," and that art should not be "merely a handmaid to the luxury of rich and idle people." Morris was leader of the Arts and Crafts Movement in Britain. His Kelmscott Press turned out elegantly designed and written books of poetry and prose, which influenced socialist-leaning people. Morris also designed furniture, wallpaper, type, and he painted.(11)

In 1897, Eduard won a prize for an envelope he designed for the National Education Association. He also designed an ad campaign for a new laxative, Cascarets Candy Cathartic, whose beautiful lady, drawn by Steichen, and motto, "Cascarets: they work while you sleep", would be seen on New York billboards when he visited that city en route to Europe in 1900.

Early Mentors and New Inspirations

By 18, Steichen, Carl Bjorncrantz, and other friends, some of whom were graphic arts tradesmen, formed the Milwaukee Art Students' League. Steichen was its first president, in a building owned by Milwaukee's Ethical Culture Society. Artists like Robert Schade and Richard Lorenz came to the group's studio and taught. Lorenz was Steichen's first real art teacher, who promoted the literal. Still, Eduard surmised that photographic art must transmute reality, to be truly art. (Niven states that Lorenz didn't think much of photography, though it was literal -- painting being the greater medium to him.)

Steichen read about The Philadelphia Photographic Salon's first annual show in the Nov. 5, 1898 *Harper's Weekly*. He determined to make the second year's event. One of his two pictures shown there was a self-portrait; the other came from a league event. The mother of a student had a beautiful estate, Gordon Place, on the Milwaukee River, and she turned over one of its houses to the league for the summer. Steichen wrote:

Early on the day of our housewarming, I had set up my camera to photograph the sunlight coming in the doorway. Suddenly, one of the girl students appeared in the door, and I asked her to stay there while I made the picture... After trying it in and out of focus several times, I decided it gave a better feeling of light when it was out of focus... So I deliberately made the picture out of focus.(12)

Steichen's standards became more exacting. Getting a large raise as soon as he'd completed his four-year apprenticeship, plus earning money outside the firm with his camera, Steichen looked ahead. On Sundays and holidays, he wandered city parks, photographing laborers at their union picnics or members of singing societies. For twenty-five to fifty cents each, he sold and delivered snapshots to his subjects. With a friend, he even set up a photo-portrait studio.

Eduard also painted busts and heads of beautiful women and Native Americans, selling them in department stores. His posters even began appearing in his mother's hat shop. One of her son's early photos, made in 1899, shows 16-year-old Lillian posed in front of a tree trunk, wearing a straw hat covered with roses. When his sister graduated public school with highest honors, Eduard gave her a bouquet of lilies and a green velvet box. Inside he'd pasted a watercolor of trees and violets beside a pool with inscription.

As his teenage years passed, Steichen read more about painting and photography at the public library. In a city paper, he read about the French sculptor Rodin, whom Steichen determined to meet.

New York, Meeting Stieglitz, Europe, and Back to New York

At 21, he'd saved enough and made his move; en route to France, Eduard (who now changed his name to Edward) stopped in New York City, to introduce himself to legendary photographer Alfred Stieglitz. After they talked at the New York Camera Club, they decided they'd meet again, which would be a crucial alliance. Steichen wrote in his autobiography, "As I left, [Stieglitz] went with me to the elevator, and as the door closed, he said, 'Well, I suppose now that you're going to Paris, you'll forget about photography and devote yourself entirely to painting.' As the elevator went down, I shouted up to him, 'I will always stick to photography!'"

Steichen's most famous photo-portrait is probably his view of Rodin, which he took on that first artistic tour of Europe, with Rodin mimicking his famed "Thinker" sculpture, soon followed, back in America, by Steichen's semi-scowling view of leading financier J.P. Morgan in 1903 – these two photo-portraits being his earliest notable portraits. When Steichen returned to America, and moved into a New York City apartment, it became the famed "291" studio and gallery, at 291-293 Fifth Avenue, where Wisconsin-born artist Georgia O'Keeffe would hold her first solo exhibition. O'Keeffe later married Stieglitz.

Subsequent Career and Fame

With few mentors then in Milwaukee, Steichen had needed to make a break from the Wisconsin upbringing he'd thrived on early. He'd become a man of the world -- helping introduce modern art to New York and America at 291 (for on his first tour of Europe, he soon became a notable collector of modern European masters); helping photography find a greater role as art; leading U.S. military photographic units in two world wars; serving as chief photographer for *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* (which may be why a recent PBS documentary about Annie Leibovitz called her "the modern Steichen") – Edward photographed Wisconsin-tied celebrities for those magazines, including Lunt and Fontanne, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Orson Welles; and directing the Photography Department of the Museum of

Modern Art in New York, where his "Family of Man" first appeared. And yet, he never completely forgot his roots. For many years after he'd left Wisconsin, he'd revisit the state. He spent time with his parents, after they moved from Milwaukee to their farm in Menomonee Falls, and then to their abodes in Illinois and Michigan. And Edward sent them money to buy their homes, just as his mother had sent him money early on, when he lived apart from them.

From Steichen's connections to poet Carl Sandburg -- his brother-in-law, good friend, and co-author, who lived in Wisconsin from 1907-12 and married Lillian in 1908(13) -- and Tom Maloney, a close friend, co-author(14), and job-recommender to the MOMA in 1947, who was a native Wisconsinite and was longtime publisher of *U.S. Camera Annual*, where Steichen had influence, these connections also show Badger State elements. But trumpeting "local" elements in The "Family of Man" would have been alien to its egalitarian, universal mission -- which contained only three photos by Steichen.

Still, his successor in 1962 as director of the MOMA Photo Department was Ashland, WI-native and UW-Madison graduate, John Szarkowski.(15) And the assistant curator of "The Family of Man", Wayne Miller, who served under Steichen in World War II, also had ties to the Badger State. From 1928-40, Miller's parents owned a summer resort in Hayward, WI. Miller recalls: "I was up there summer-times, and I helped take care of the guests, with guiding and things." Miller's father was a physician in Chicago, who is shown in "The Family of Man", delivering Wayne's son, on Sept. 19, 1946, in Chicago, on the photographer's 28th birthday. Asked if any "Family of Man" photos were taken in Wisconsin, Miller replied, "The photo of Mary Steichen holding a loaf of bread may have been taken in the Madison area, but I can't say for sure." The caption? "U.S.A. Edward Steichen 1921."(16)

Edward Steichen's Legacy

Today, the UW-Milwaukee has a courtyard named Steichen Court, a decent tribute to the man who helped make photography in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, America, and the World, more of an art form. Its dedication on May 8, 1988, also marked the close of a comprehensive exhibition of his work at UW-Milwaukee's Vogel Hall Galleries, "Steichen/109", named that, since that show had opened on March 27, 1988, Steichen's 109th birth anniversary.(17) That tribute may seem minor compared to his military honors and Presidential Medal of Freedom, which President Johnson bestowed upon him in late 1963; but for a man who believed in the full circle, neither a permanent "Family of Man" exhibition in Luxembourg nor his honors in Wisconsin are insignificant, including his Doctor of Fine Arts Degree from UW-Madison in 1957.(18)

And a year after the Menomonee Falls Historical Society moved the Steichen farmhouse to Old Falls Village, where it stands today as an Edward Steichen Museum, the *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel's* photo-staff, in their annual special project, imitated the styles of four master photographers: Eddie Adams, Richard Avedon, Henri Cartier-Bresson, and native son Edward Jean Steichen.(19)

Carl Sandburg wrote in the Prologue to *The Family of Man*:

There is only one man in the world

And his name is All Men.

There is only one woman in the world

And her name is All Women.

There is only one child in the world

And the child's name is All Children.(20)

Steichen's faith in America sprang early from Michigan and soon after, especially from Wisconsin, staging grounds for an artistic egalitarian, where, as Joanna Steichen told this writer, "His love of Nature and Beauty in the things he photographed, [became] profoundly religious experiences to him." Not formally religious, Steichen learned what Beauty, Equality, and Freedom meant in Wisconsin, and carried that learning forward. Two world wars couldn't destroy it.

When he died on March 25, 1973, just-shy of his 94th birthday, the world marked the passing of the "Captain" with respect and admiration. Alden Whitman wrote in the front page *New York Times* obituary that Mr. Steichen was "the country's most celebrated and highest-paid photographer," a "craftsman of genius who transformed his medium into an art," a "humanist" who "gave his century a new vision."(21)

Edward Jean Steichen was also a gardener, whose delphiniums from his Connecticut farm were the first live floral

display in MOMA. His mother had taught him many things, but he learned gardening from his father, "Opa", who had called Edward that "long, lean, lazy lout of a poor, pitiful photographer". The son fathered two free-thinking daughters -- Mary Steichen Calderone and Kate Steichen. His roots ran deep, but Wisconsin and America figured prominently in them. Steichen's spirit lives on, here and around the world, in his rich, varied, humanistically artistic legacy.(22)

STEICHEN ARTICLE ENDNOTES:

- (1)"Steichen's Legacy: Life Looked Grander from His View Behind a Camera", by James Auer, *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*, August 23, 2004; "Edward Steichen HonFRPS: Renaissance Man," by David J. Marcou, RPS Journal Cover-Story, March 2004, PP.72-75;
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edward_Steichen.
- (2)"Photography: Witness and Recorder of History," by Edward Steichen, *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, Spring 1958, Vol. 41, No. 3, PP. 159-67; Author's Phone Interviews of La Crosse Public Library Reference Staff, June and July 2003.
- (3)[Unless otherwise indicated, all material relating to Steichen's Wisconsin years comes from:] Steichen: A Biography, by Penelope Niven, New York: Clarkson N. Potter/Publishers for Random House, 1997.
- (4)Author's Phone Interview with Joanna Steichen, 7-2-03.
- (5)Author's Phone Interview with Joanna Steichen, 7-15-03.
- (6)Author's Phone Interviews of La Crosse Public Library Reference Staff, June and July 2003.
- (7)*A Life in Photography*, by Edward Steichen, New York: Bonanza Books For Crown Publishers, Inc., 1984, Unnumbered Page.
- (8)Author's Phone Interview with Joanna Steichen, 7-15-03.
- (9)*Steichen's Legacy: Photographs, 1895-1973*, Edited and with Text by Joanna Steichen, New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2000, PP. xi-xxxii; Author's Phone Interviews of Milwaukee Public Library Reference Staff, 7-22-03
- (10)*Edward Steichen: The Early Years*, by Joel Smith, Princeton University Press in Association with The Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1999, P. 11.
- (11)Web Address: <http://www.morrisociety.org/>
- (12)*A Life in Photography*, Unnumbered Page.
- (13)Web Address: <http://www.wla.lib.wi.us/committees/lac/notable/1985notable.htm>
- (14)Author's Personal Interviews with Mary Funk, Tom Maloney's Sister, May and July 2003; *U.S. Navy War Photographs: Pearl Harbor to Tokyo Harbor*, by the U.S. Navy, Edward Steichen, and Tom Maloney, 1980.
- (15)Author's Phone Interview with John Szarkowski, 7-26-03.
- (16)Author's Phone Interview with Wayne Miller, 8-3-03; *The Family of Man*, Edited by Edward Steichen with a Prologue by Carl Sandburg, New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1955, PP. 23 & 88.
- (17)Author's Phone Interviews of Milwaukee Public Library Reference Staff, 7-22-03.
- (18)Author's Phone Interview with UW-Milwaukee Professor Fred Berman, 8-3-03.
- (19)"In Their Images," by Photo-Staff, *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*, 12-7-04.
- (20)*The Family of Man*, Prologue.
- (21)*Steichen the Photographer*, Texts by Carl Sandburg, Alexander Liberman, Edward Steichen, and Rene d' Harnoncourt. Biographical Outline by Grace M. Mayer, New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1961; "Edward Steichen Is Dead at 93," by Alden Whitman, *New York Times*, 3-27-1973, P. 1
- (22)*Steichen's Legacy*; Author's E-Mail Correspondence with Joanna Steichen, July 2003.

"Andre Kertesz: A Very Decent Hungarian-born American Photographer" –

One of my favorite pastimes since 1979 has been in acquiring and reading photo-books. Long ago, I decided that, although I hadn't come to it until I was 29, I am a "born photographer". I'm not saying it didn't take a bit of practice and trial-and-error, especially for the first few months or so, but I've felt for a long time that operating a still camera is what I most have been meant to do as my true work. Also, light-writing is a form of writing, and I've been a writer since I could first put words together.

A very decent photographer born in Hungary, who became an American citizen, was Andre Kertesz. Mr. Kertesz often said he was a "born photographer". I own a neat, little photo-book of his called "On Reading," which shows people reading in all sorts of interesting settings. The elderly woman on the cover, in profile, is sitting, covered, in her bed, reading.

My favorite photo from Mr. Kertesz's book shows three little boys in ragged garb, sitting on a stoop against a wall, reading. The boy in the middle is holding the book, and on each side of him is another boy, looking in at the pages, intently, in Esztergom, Hungary, in 1915, during World War I. Kertesz was a soldier then, and took some pictures of soldiers, too, but this three-boys-reading photo says love of books and reading as much as any I've ever seen by another photographer, for the boys look like they've lived every day of their lives in a rough-and-tumble world that is not always fair to those who come up through it.

I took a nice photo of three children reading, in 1990-91. In the photo Robyn Skifton, one of my nieces, is in the center, with her cousins Paul Frederick and Matt, my son, on either side of her, looking intently at the book. The trio were reading on Grandma Rose Marcou's sun-porch, and they were in the 3-to-5-year-old range then. I've taken many pictures of people reading over the years, but this is my favorite picture of children reading, among my own photos.

My favorite Kertesz photo of all, though, is a picture of a little boy – he may have been a refugee, I don't know for sure – holding a small puppy. It's one of the sweetest photos of a boy and his dog I've ever seen. I've liked that photo since I first saw it, 30-plus years ago.

Even though Mr. Kertesz may have been a born photographer, his gift for the surreal images among his other photos, may have been learned, to a degree, during his 11-year sojourn in Paris (1925-36), in the heady atmosphere of Montparnasse. He was something of an artistic leader then, too, for he encouraged Brassai to take up the medium and photograph the nocturnal world. Brassai would do a famous photo-essay for pioneering picture-editor Stefan Lorant, about Paris's night-life, for which Lorant employed black margins around the photos, in one of his magazines.

Julien Levy described Kertesz as "the prolific leader in the new documentary school of photography", and Henri Cartier-Bresson later said he inspired the younger generation of French and emigre photographers with a style that linked "the eye, the hand and the heart". In fact, the older master's lyrical and poetic modernism would influence much of European humanist photography.

Although Kertesz worked with other cameras, too, it was his work with the Leica 35mm camera that suited him best. He also worked with photo-effects, including lenses that distorted the flowers and nudes he is famous for photographing.

Andre Kertesz remained an editorial photographer, even after his move to New York, in 1936. He went there when the Keystone agency hired him to do studio work, and he stayed the rest of his life. But his forte would always be street photography, with his "circumstantial magic" in the decisive moment, before even Cartier-Bresson practiced it. But his reputation flagged, during this time, because he no longer had ready outlets for his personal work in America.

Much of Kertesz's best work in this country was personal – including his famous series of pictures from his apartment window of Washington Square. It wasn't until he quit his job in 1962, and soon rediscovered his "lost" Hungarian and Paris negatives of 1912, that his reputation revived. The Kertesz Family's philanthropy still shows up today, especially on PBS, where many arts programs are sponsored by Kertesz Family donations.

But it is for his own fine, sensitive, and magical photography that Andre Kertesz will be remembered longest, for he was a great practitioner of documentary and artistic photography, and a very decent man for his entire life.

“Robert and Cornell Capa: Two Talented Brothers' Story of Death and Life” –

The story of the Brothers Capa, two of the most talented photojournalists of the 20th century, began in Budapest, Hungary in 1913, when Andre Friedmann first came into the world.. After attending school there for eight years, Friedmann was exiled due to his political activism, and moved to Berlin, where he studied political science for two years.

Andre left Nazi Germany in 1933 and moved to Paris, where he worked on his photography, sharing darkroom space with Henri Cartier-Bresson and David “Chim” Seymour. In 1936, he changed his name to Robert Capa, and initiated his freelance photo-career, by documenting political movements and wars.

Robert covered the Republican forces during the Spanish Civil War, beginning in 1936. His non-combat photos are often as dramatic as his combat photos; but he often also successfully portrayed the Republican forces as heroic, showing his socialist inclinations. His girlfriend, Gerda Taro, also took dramatic photos, but she was soon killed. The negatives Capa tried to protect, but that became “lost” for the coming years in the famous “Mexican Suitcase”, were rediscovered in recent years, and are being studied for authorship, and will be printed, by the International Center of Photography (ICP) in New York City, which Robert's brother, Cornell, founded in 1974.

During the Spanish Civil War, Robert made his most famous photograph, “Death of a Loyalist Soldier”, which still draws debate, as to whether he set up the shot or not. In 1938, he was feted in “Picture Post” magazine as “The Greatest War Photographer in the World.” That year, he also covered the Sino-Japanese War in China.

The “Picture Post” honor was proven during World War II, on the beaches of Normandy, despite a darkroom assistant's nearly destroying all Robert's negatives from D-Day. But a few of those images survived, though slightly damaged. Capa's photo of a soldier diving through the water and onto the beach, during the attack's launch, suggests the deadly mayhem Allied troops went through on the beaches of Normandy then.

After WWII, Robert founded Magnum Photos, a cooperative picture agency, along with Cartier-Bresson, Seymour, George Rodger, and Bill Vandivert. From 1948-50, Robert documented the founding of Israel.

In 1947, Robert received the US Medal of Freedom, and (posthumously) the French Crois de Guerre with Palm, in 1954. While photographing on special assignment for “Life” magazine in 1954, Robert Capa was killed by a land mine in Thai-Binh, Indochina.

Back to Budapest, where in 1918, Robert's younger brother, Cornell, was born. In addition to a stellar career as a photojournalist himself, Cornell also kept up the flame for his brother's good name, one of the key reasons he founded the ICP.

Even before that founding, though, Cornell had founded the Fund for Concerned Photography, which mounted its first exhibition in 1967. Over the years, Concerned Photography has drawn many adherents, including photographers who document war and substandard living conditions.

Before his death in 2009, Cornell Capa travelled widely for Magnum and ICP. His many books include: “Israel: The Reality” (1959); “Farewell to Eden” (1964; text by Matthew Huxley); and “Margin of Life: Population and Poverty in the Americas” (1974; text by J. Mayone Stycos).

The Capa Brothers served the world of photography as well as any brothers ever have, and their story is one of dedication, sacrifice, and heroism in defense of their ideals. Their legacy lives on.

“Lewis Wickes Hine: Straight Eye. Dedicated Reformer” –

Lewis Wickes Hine was born in Oshkosh, WI in 1874. After his upbringing there, which included attending the State Normal School (where he studied drawing and sculpture) and doing some factory work, Hine attended the University of Chicago for one year, studying Sociology.

In 1901, around the time Edward Steichen was first gathering images and art in Europe for introduction to America, self-taught photographer Hine moved to New York, where his friend Frank A. Manny, Superintendent of the Ethical Culture School, hired him to teach Nature Study and Geography. He also became official photographer for the School.

In 1904, Hine began a documentary project to photograph immigrants arriving and being processed on Ellis Island. For five years there, he photographed families, individuals, and facilities, using magnesium powder flash.

Soon after meeting Arthur Kellogg, editor of the reformist journal "Charity and the Commons," Hine was hired as a freelance photographer for the National Child Labor Committee (NCLC). He began photographing (often covertly) children working in mines, factories, and sweatshops of the Northeast, Southeast, and mid-Atlantic states.

The NCLC and many other outlets published his works, including lecturers, who used his works as stereopticon slides to accompany lectures. During this time, Hine earned his Master's Degree in Sociology from Columbia University (1907).

Hine then photographed slum conditions in Washington, D.C., plus conditions in various industries, and street trades in Connecticut. By the start of World War I, he'd achieved great fame as a photographer, social worker, and reformer, because the Teddy Roosevelt/Progressive Era was just passing, but still had clout, and his photos fit the reformist zeal at work in America.

Traveling constantly, documenting conditions and workers via photos and writings, Hine considered his activities a form of evidence for the present and history for the future.

In 1918, Hine joined the American Red Cross. Sent to Europe, he photographed the living conditions of French and Belgian civilians hit hard by the war. Upon returning to New York, Hine made his European photos available to "The Survey" magazine, in the hope of publicizing the severe damages he'd witnessed.

With less regular jobs from 1922 to 1929, Hine did some commercial work and also experimented with art photography. Still, in 1926, he returned to Ellis Island, to make a new series of photos of immigrants, focusing mainly on working people and craftsmen.

In 1930, Hine photographed the construction of the Empire State Building; a selection of these photos appeared two years later in a book intended for adolescents, "Men at Work", which was a testament not only to Hine's extraordinary eye, but also to his physical courage, in going up high so precariously.

In 1931, he received a commission from the Red Cross, to photograph drought-ridden rural communities in Arkansas and Kentucky. A portfolio of his mill worker photos, entitled "Through the Loom", from 1933, was exhibited at the World's Fair, and TVA officials noticed. They commissioned Hine to photograph the construction of two dam sites.

Hine, however, tried in vain to obtain work for Roy Stryker's FSA photography project. His financial situation had worsened, and he was unable to get big grants. But in 1938, Berenice Abbott and Elizabeth McCausland became interested in his works, and arranged for several articles and retrospective exhibitions, before Hine's death in 1940.

The human and humane accomplishments involved in Lewis Hine's photo-documentation projects were enormous, especially his documentation of child labor, which produced photos often as evocative as provocative. Seeing young children employed at such difficult, long-day tasks as coal-mining and looming, can make a viewer's heart either break or be charged to reform similar conditions globally, even today.

In the early part of the 20th century, Straight Photography was praised for its focus on sharp-lined, formal means. But as Alan Trachtenberg has written, "To be 'straight' for Hine meant more than purity of photographic means; it meant also a responsibility to the truth of his vision."

(My favorite photo by Hine is a simple view in profile of a sturdy young Newsboy in Hartford, Connecticut, in March, 1909. That street portrait reminds me that my first real job was as a Newsboy, or Paperboy, in La Crosse. I learned a

lot about the world as a Paperboy, though I was only 10 years old when I first delivered papers, for the Milwaukee paper in La Crosse, and when I was 12, the “La Crosse Tribune”. I loved the freedom of being in charge of my paper routes, collecting payments each week, after delivering papers all week, while riding long distances on my bike to do those jobs, in every kind of weather. I felt like a strong little man then, though I could have been smashed by a speeding car, struck by lightning, in an accident in bitterly cold weather that would have frozen me to death, robbed by young punks, or bitten badly by the Shiftlar's dairy farm's very unfriendly dog. I'd guess it was my memory of all the dangerous things I had to do on my Paperboy jobs that prevented me from allowing my son to have his own paper route, when he came of age – that and the fact he spent weekends with me, and was with his mother weekdays, and would have had to travel some, without a car to get him from my place, for the route. However, I did teach Matt skills he later used professionally – when he was three years old, how to use a camera and computer keyboard. Perhaps I remembered what W. E. Smith had said about photography: “You can't photograph if you're not in love.”(p. 77, “Let Truth Be the Prejudice,” by W. Eugene Smith: His Life and Photographs.) I knew my son would love photography in his own way, and that he would be in love with a woman or two someday, too, like I have been. Matt's first paying job as a photographer was when he was eight years old, and Chief of Police Ed Kondracki paid Matt for a photo my son took of the Chief, carrying the Olympic Torch in La Crosse, in the run-up to Atlanta's 1996 Summer Olympics. And when Matt was 13, I paid him a decent sum to type the 100,000 words of text for the first volume of “Spirit of America”, which also included 325 photos. Matt also worked as a computer repairman in high school, while he still lived with me. He'd moved in with me, when he was 13.)

“The Farm Security Administration (FSA)/Office of War Information (OWI) Photographers” –

More than 180,000 photographs were produced from 1935-43 under the direction of Roy Stryker, first for the FSA, and later for the OWI. Those photos represent the first major body of work that can be termed “documentary photography”.

Originally called the RA (Resettlement Administration), the FSA began not as a photographic project, but as a bigger New Deal agency begun in 1935 to help solve the economic problems of the rural poor during the Depression. The RA's first director, Rexford Tugwell, hired Stryker in 1935 to create a “Historical Section” to provide photos for use as promotional illustrations of the FSA's work.

During its life, the Historical Section employed 44 photographers, though the majority of the photos in the FSA portfolio was created by 15 men and women documentarians. Headquarters was in Washington, DC, and the field where photos were taken covered the entire then-48 states plus Puerto Rico.

As a teacher beforehand at Columbia University, Stryker had valued photography for its power to persuade and educate. The first photographers he hired – Walker Evans (who would go on to photograph the book “Let Us Now Praise Famous Men” with writer James Agee), Carl Mydans (who later photographed Gen. MacArthur's famous return to the Philippines, MacArthur signing the WWII peace treaty with Japan on the “USS Missouri”, and many battles during the Korean War), and Ben Shahn (a famous painter and muralist, who took some photos in Ohio for the FSA that became a book written by my former Popular Culture Teacher at the University of Iowa, John Raeburn – “Ben Shahn's American Scene”, which includes one particularly telling FSA photo, of a little girl all-dirty from play, who sits on a tire in a yard, wondering about the future) – taught him the importance of visual integrity and artistic quality in documentary images.

Stryker's photographic staff were among the finest of their generation. Dorothea Lange created memorable images of migrant workers in the American West. Arthur Rothstein, whose first job there was to set up the Historical Section's darkroom, became one of its most productive, and controversial, photographers. (Rothstein's photo of a steer's skull in the South Dakota Badlands kicked up a big storm in itself, when FDR's conservative critics used it as a symbol for the “faked propaganda” they thought was being produced by the FSA photographers, because Rothstein had moved the skull a few feet to take his picture, so it sat in a dried-up riverbed, thus proving the damage of drought and erosion.)

New recruits John Vachon, Russell Lee, Marion Post Wolcott, Jack Delano, John Collier, Jr., Gordon Parks, Edwin and Louise Rosskam, Arnold Eagle, and Esther Bubley were among other photographers who began distinguished careers under the FSA/OWI.

The influence of the FSA/OWI photographers on modern photography, including my own work, is significant. Walker Evans's exhibition of his FSA images at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, in 1938, helped define "documentary photography" as an art form. The assembly of a large FSA picture library provided the example of a coherent body and file of photos for magazines like "Life" and "Look" to emulate.

Despite the tried-and-true use of black-and-white film for most of the Historical Section's work, its photographers were among the first government photographers to use 35mm color transparency film on a large scale.

The fundamental focus on real people who retained dignity in the face of immense hardship, along with the instinctive recognition of the importance of the photographic aesthetic, continues to inspire other photographers around the world.

Despite early claims that the FSA/OWI photographs were "propaganda", due to alleged distortion and manipulation, that body of photos achieved iconic status as a unique photographic and historical legacy.

"Photographic Equality: Dorothea Lange, Her Migrant Mother, and the Nisei Internees" --

"The cars of the migrant people crawled out of the side roads onto the great cross-country highway, and they took the migrant way to the West. In the daylight they scuttled like bugs to the westward, and as the dark caught them, they clustered like bugs near to shelter and to water. And because they were lonely and perplexed, because they had all come from a place of sadness and worry and defeat, and because they were all going to a mysterious place, they huddled together; they talked together, they shared their lives, their food and the things they hoped for in the new country." John Steinbeck, "The Grapes of Wrath", 1939.

Big things often emerge from small packages, and so it was with Dorothea Margareta Nutzhorn's life.

Dorothea was born into a Lutheran family in the Jewish neighborhood of Hoboken, New Jersey, on May 25, 1895. Her father, Henry, an attorney, walked out on her mother, Joan, when Dorothea was 12. To survive, Joan worked in a New York City library, and later for the probation courts.

The child attended primary school, but would have skipped out endlessly, if she could, to walk the neighborhoods of life, and spend time in museums and galleries, viewing the art she so loved. Dorothea preferred visualizing life rather than writing it down, though her best field-notes in the 1930s were to be insight-driven and literate.

Dorothea's ancestry was German, on both sides. Three brothers to her mother had been trained as lithographers in Germany, before they came to America. After Henry Nutzhorn absconded, Joan, Dorothea, and Dorothea's younger brother, Henry Martin, would move in with Joan's mother, Sophie Vottler.

When Joan took the job with the probation courts, it required she visit the homes of those involved. Dorothea sometimes accompanied her mother. The experience would prove invaluable.

Joan kept notes on her home visits, and Dorothea, it seems, read some of these. Walking with a limp wasn't slowing Dorothea down enough to prevent her from wanting to see the world.

The limp derived from her bout with polio at age seven, which left her right leg partially paralyzed and wizened, principally from the knee down. She couldn't flex the front of her foot for the rest of her life.

Dorothea apparently never used trusses or braces, but did wear a right shoe a half size smaller than her left. Later, she spoke of her disability: "No one who hasn't lived the life of a semi-cripple knows how much that means. I think it was perhaps the most important thing that happened to me."

"[It] formed me, guided me, instructed me, helped me, and humiliated me. All those things at once. I've never gotten over it and I am aware of the force and power of it."

It is significant, too, that Dorothea Lange came to prominence during the time when Franklin Delano Roosevelt, an even more severe polio victim, rose to power. Neither would let their disability stand in the way of doing important work.

Still, Dorothea was called "Limpy" by other children, while her mother always said, "Now walk as well as you can!" The daughter grew bitter against her mother, as a result, but learned to bide her time sufficiently and began making her way in New York City. She always wore long dresses or slacks, though, to conceal her disfigurement.

Dorothea's camera would also become part of the things that were second-nature to her. She said: "You put your camera around your neck in the morning, along with putting on your shoes, and there it is, an appendage of the body that shares your life with you."

For high school, Dorothea's mother arranged to send her to Wadleigh, for girls, in Manhattan by stating their residence was in New York City, not New Jersey, where it actually was.

At Wadleigh, Dorothea's progress was helped by a teacher who upgraded her student's paper crucially once, when she'd done abysmally, so she could finish school there.

When Dorothea graduated, Joan asked her what she wanted to be. "I want to be a photographer," she said. [1]

EXPANDING CONTACTS

After graduation, Dorothea studied at a Teachers' College, because her mother said she needed something to fall back on, if becoming a photographer didn't work. However, she longed to take pictures and soon found teaching wasn't for her.

She next studied photography, with Clarence White, a notable pictorialist, portraitist, and chiaroscuro specialist at Columbia College, known for his deft, delicate people photos; and she apprenticed under several photographers, including Arnold Genthe, who had famously photographed the San Francisco Earthquake of 1906, and had later come to New York, where he established his studio. Among Genthe's sitters were Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, as well as John D. Rockefeller and Greta Garbo.

In 1918, Dorothea felt ready to travel, photographing as she went. She and friend Florence Ahlstrom set out on a world-tour, but when they reached San Francisco, their money was stolen and they had to find work immediately.

Dorothea got a job at Marsh & Company, whose business included cheap photo-finishing. Then, in 1919, the divorce between Dorothea's parents went through, and Joan retook her maiden name; Dorothea converted her last name to "Lange", too, utilizing it the rest of her life.

One of the first people Dorothea Lange met at Marsh's was artist Roi Partridge, who was married to photographer Imogen Cunningham. With expanding contacts, Dorothea soon set up her own portrait studio, and her clients included some of the best-connected families in the area.

Cunningham, a close friend of Lange's, would later become part of the famed *f/64* group of photographers, which would begin in 1932, and which got its name from the smallest aperture on a camera, yielding the fullest depth of field. Other members included Ansel Adams and Edward Weston.

Dorothea never joined *f/64*. However, she was a friend of many in the group, including Adams, whom she periodically relied on for his superb print-making from her negatives.

In 1920, Lange married Maynard Dixon, a talented western artist. They had two sons, Daniel and John. However, Dorothea was not a stay-at-home mom, and in a pattern that would repeat itself often over the years, friends and family were enlisted as "foster-parents" for the children.

Maynard and Dorothea pursued their art primarily, with Dorothea sometimes accompanying Dixon on his trips into other western states. Her tight close-up of the face of a Hopi Indian is a notable Lange photo from this period.

The Wall Street crash occurred in October 1929, and by 1932, Lange's studio began faltering badly, due to the depressed economy. Dorothea began venturing onto San Francisco's streets more regularly with her camera. [2]

THE START OF SOMETHING BIG

In 1932, during the depth of the Depression, when 14 million work-eligible Americans were without work, Dorothea became aware of the discrepancy between her formal portraits and what was going on in the streets.

She knew her strength in photography was taking pictures of people and so it was that she began shooting San Francisco street life.

A rich woman called the "White Angel" had set up a bread line nearby, and Dorothea had finally decided to photograph it, taking along her brother for protection. As it turned out, even unemployed people took to her sufficiently, so she could photograph without objection. It was the streets, nevertheless, and there would still be shocks and intrusions occasionally.

On that first day, when she'd made her decision and gone to the White Angel Bread Line, she took one of her best-known photos. It could have been lost forever, though, but for some good fortune.

Dorothea had made 12 exposures on her 3-1/4" X 4-1/4" Graflex, three of them of the bread line. When she got home, she removed her sheet-film from the camera's film holder, handing the holder to her assistant, Roger Sturtevant, for reloading later.

The next day, Sturtevant took the holder into the darkroom and, with the light out luckily, reached in and found a film not yet pulled out. He put it in the box and developed it. It was the picture Lange would call "White Angel Bread Line," showing an older man in hat with his cup, leaning against a fence facing the photographer, his back to the other men waiting for food. [3]

"I can only say I knew I was looking at something," Lange said of taking the Bread Line photo. "You know there are moments such as these when time stands still and all you do is hold your breath and hope it will wait for you."

"Sometimes you have an inner sense that you have encompassed the thing generally. You know then that you are not taking anything away from anyone: their privacy, their dignity, their wholeness."

When her portrait customers saw the photo, they asked her what she'd been doing photographing "that". But Dorothea knew taking the photo was the right thing to do. She had not only made a great street portrait, but she'd also provided "the context of the lives of the people in it," according to writer George P. Elliott. In other words, Dorothea Lange had photographed people of interest, composing and using the lighting to tell a human story, in the subject's natural environment. It was the start of something big. [4]

The next year, 1934, Lange met Paul Taylor, an agricultural economist from Iowa, who was educated at UW-Madison and taught at the University of California. She did some work for him, and they soon fell in love. In 1935, she was amicably divorced from Maynard Dixon, as was Taylor from his wife, and the couple married. Taylor had three children from his former marriage, and Lange two, so their new family became a total of seven. [5]

ROYSTRYKER AND THE FSA PHOTOGRAPHERS

One of Paul Taylor's jobs was as part-time consultant to the State Emergency Relief Administration of California. Since photographers were not widely employed in his work, his office manager, Lawrence Hewes, Jr., broke the rules, hiring Lange at \$1,560 a year as a "clerk-stenographer", to use her photos.

Then in mid-1935, Dorothea was hired by Roy Emerson Stryker, who had himself been hired for the vague Historical Section Chief job in the US Resettlement Administration (RA), created by FDR's Executive Order of April 30th, 1935.

That executive order subsumed a number of programs, including one that moved sharecroppers, tenant farmers, and other poor farmers to subsistence farms held in-common.

The Resettlement Administration was subsumed by the Farm Security Administration, in the Department of Agriculture. The Farm Security Administration, or FSA, was to become one of the most important agencies in the employment of photographers then.

Although he himself had hired her, Roy Stryker wasn't immediately impressed by Lange's photos.

Because she was part of the same organization that included talented photographers Walker Evans, John Vachon, Ben Shahn, Russell Lee, Arthur Rothstein, the Rosskhams (Edwin and Louise), Jack Delano, Carl Mydans, Esther Bubley, Marion Post Walcott, and, eventually, Gordon Parks, it took time before the hard-driving Stryker admitted Dorothea "had the most sensitivity and the most rapport with people" of all his photographers.

The photographers assigned to the RA, and later to the FSA, photographed all over the United States, documenting chronic rural problems especially, including land-erosion and poverty. Their photos were sent to publishers, free-of-charge, to suggest how to uplift the poor, including people thrown out of their homes by bank foreclosures, etc., and forced to migrate cross-country, before there was anything like a sophisticated Interstate Highway System. Roads were often unpaved, and towns few and far between.

Lange was assigned mainly to California, though she'd travel tens of thousands of miles, including visits to Washington, D.C. The issue of who should retain her negatives struck closely to Lange, who wanted to utilize prints in California, and save time and the risk of losing images, by having her own printers do the work, and then send prints to Stryker, too. She also feared the deterioration of her films due to bad weather. Stryker balked; a tentative truce

allowed negatives and prints to be sent back and forth, as needed at both ends.

One thing Lange and others feared was Stryker's ill-treatment of negatives. Often he'd punch two holes in negatives he rejected, and as any self-respecting photographer knows, you generally don't destroy negatives.

Dorothea hinted to Stryker they should meet to discuss issues. Stryker said he couldn't travel to California, but would try to answer her letters more promptly. Whether Stryker agreed fully or not, Lange would generally develop her films in Berkeley. She would then make three prints of each photo and forward them and relevant negatives to him. He would then return one print of each photo to her, so she could keep control of her lab. At least Lange would know immediately what her negatives contained.

Another issue was criticism from conservatives that the Roosevelt administration was too left wing, and that, they said, was especially true of FSA photographers, whom they called propagandists. That label didn't bother Lange; she said that when it's done with feeling and has a social purpose, everything is propaganda.

The conservatives suggested liberals were attacking rich land-owners and banks with propaganda, thus adversely affecting American livelihoods.

During the same trip as Arthur Rothstein photographed a Cimerron County farmer and his two sons in Oklahoma, which made the Oklahoma Panhandle the symbol of the Dustbowl, the "Fargo Forum" broke a story that said a photo taken by Rothstein, of a steer's skull in the South Dakota Badlands, had been moved by the photographer onto a dry riverbed, and thus, faked, to prove drought and erosion were destroying American farms. Rothstein suggested he moved the skull only a few feet, and simply to take better pictures, aesthetically, but critics, already outraged by FDR's deficit spending and social welfare programs, quickly latched onto an otherwise non-issue, making it a hot issue instead. [6]

THE

PEA-PICKER'S

CAMP

In February 1936, Stryker wired approval to Lange for a one-month field trip to Southern California. The field trip completed, Dorothea was driving home, the weather cold and miserable.

"It was raining, the camera bags were packed, and I had on the seat beside me in the car the results of my long trip," said Lange. "Sixty-five miles an hour for seven hours would get me home to my family that night, and my eyes were glued to the wet and gleaming highway that stretched out ahead.

"I was on my way and barely saw a crude sign with pointing arrow which flashed by at the side of the road, saying PEA-PICKERS CAMP ... I didn't want to stop, and didn't."

Then, accompanied by the rhythmic beat of the windshield wipers, arose an inner argument: "Dorothea, how about that camp back there? What is the situation back there?"

"Are you going back?"

"Nobody could ask this of you, now could they?..."

"Having convinced myself for 20 miles that I could continue on, I did the opposite. Almost without realizing what I was doing, I made a U-turn on the empty highway. I went back those 20 miles and turned off the highway at that sign, PEA-PICKERS CAMP."

The rest is history. Though the family in the now-famous Migrant Mother sequence looks very much down on their luck, there's also strength in the mother's face, of a much-put-upon, but still resilient sort. After Lange had made six exposures of the mother and her children, her iconic photo would be published worldwide and still is the standard for early photographic portrayals of a single mother.

Almost immediately, the photograph would prompt relief assistance, which didn't directly help the Thompson family – Florence Owens Thompson was the iconic mother, and she and her family departed the area promptly after Lange was there.

Lange was later unsure about what she'd said to the mother to assuage any fear she might have had about the family's being photographed. However, Dorothea did state: "There she sat in that lean-to tent with her children huddled around

her, and so she helped me. There was a sort of equality about it.”

“The pea crop at Nipomo had frozen and there was no work for anybody. But I did not approach the tents and shelters of other stranded pea-pickers. It was not necessary; I knew I had recorded the essence of my assignment.”

Roy Stryker recalled what that photo meant to the FSA program and to the country, nearly 35 years later in an interview with his biographer, Nancy Wood: “When Dorothea took that picture, that was the ultimate. She never surpassed it,” said Stryker. “To me, it was the picture of Farm Security. The others were marvelous but that was special.”

“People would say to me, that migrant woman looks posed and I’d say she does not look posed. That picture is as uninvolved with the camera as any picture I’ve ever seen,” Stryker added.

The first time the “Migrant Mother” photo was published was in *Survey Graphic’s* September 1936 issue. Other photographs from the Nipomo sequence were published in the *San Francisco News* as early as March 10th and 11th, 1936, and resulted in aid being sent to the pea-pickers camp at Nipomo. [7]

The first time “Migrant Mother” was shown in a gallery was at the first exhibit of the Museum of Modern Art’s new Department of Photography, in 1941. Countless publications and exhibits followed.

George P. Elliott’s commentary hits the mark: “Most of Lange’s pictures are of people, and usually the center of interest is a face expressing troubled emotion. Her temptation is to sentimentalize these subjects about whom her feelings are so warm.”

‘But in her frequent successes, she redeems these pictures from sentimentality by the honesty and clarity of her seeing. Her vision leads to our warm understanding ... ‘Migrant Mother’ centres on a manifestly decent woman whose face is ravaged by immediate worry ... She is poor, and we assume that her poverty and the uncertainty of her future cause her worry. But the viewer is less concerned with her poverty as such, and far, far less with feeling guilty about the social conditions that imposed poverty upon her, than ... with understanding the profounder, the humanly universal, results of that poverty.’

“For the picture is a sort of anti-Madonna and Child,” wrote Elliott. “One sees on her lap part of a sleeping, dirty baby; but the mother, who, we feel without reservation, wants to love and cherish her children, is severed from them by her anxiety even as they lean on her.”

Elliott later added, “Not all the wire-pulling and slipper-licking in Babylon will, finally, do a fraction as much to get a picture known and seen as its own power.” “Migrant Mother” has that power. [8]

NOBLER

THAN

INVENTION

Of the five additional exposures Lange made of Florence Thompson at the Pea-Pickers camp in February 1936, one other is worth comment – “The Other Migrant Mother”, in Michael Stones’s term – Lange’s view of Florence breast-feeding her baby, Norma.

Stones retouched it recently, due, he claims, to the tight crop at the top of the original photo, and lack of cropping of the background at right.

A big scratch on the original negative also needed retouching, Stones tells us.

In the original classic “Migrant Mother” view, Lange retouched the image herself to hide the mother’s left thumb, which held onto the tent-pole at right.

Scratches and minor blemishes apart, one can’t help feeling that any good documentary photograph is superior without retouching; and that such alteration is a distraction from the truth of the moment.

Michael Stones argues for a different kind of “truth”. “Because [the] mandate was to show the human side of the Depression,” Stones says, “should not the truths portrayed in the picture include those about Florence herself?” However the answer, according to Geoffrey Dunn, quoting from statements by Florence Thompson’s own daughter Norma, and son Troy, is maybe not.

“Norma, the baby in the pictures, said of her mother that she ‘was a woman who loved to enjoy life, who loved her children. She loved music and she loved to dance. When I look at that photo of mother, it saddens me.’”

“They were tough, tough times, but they were the best times we ever had,” said Troy.”

Norma agreed: “We also had fun.” And that is what is so notably missing from every face in Lange’s Nipomo series – a single smile that signifies fun. (But then, it was a rainy, cold day, and the family was staying in an open lean-to, with their car broken-down.)

Regarding re-touching classic photos, one needs to be aware that critics might seek one’s hide for it, because classics are classics for good reason. And “The Other Migrant Mother” photo is at least a minor classic, as *Lange originally saw and photographed it*. [9]

The argument over the alteration of any of the “Migrant Mother” photographs should, perhaps, be laid to rest with the quotation that Dorothea stuck to her darkroom door in the 1930s, and which remained there throughout her working life.

Derived from a passage in Francis Bacon’s “Novum Organum”, published in 1620, the quotation is, for good reason, repeated often by photographers, and by those who write about photography.

“The contemplation of things as they are, without substitution or imposture, without error or confusion”, wrote the statesman-philosopher, “is in itself a nobler thing than a whole harvest of invention.” [10]

MORE FSA WORK, A BOOK, AND A FELLOWSHIP

Not long before her death in 1965, Dorothea Lange was interviewed for the Smithsonian Oral History Project. Her interviewer, Richard Doud, asked which of her scenes most encapsulated Farm Security.

Once in the 1930s, Lange replied, she had stopped at a gas station where she spotted a forlorn family of American whites from Oklahoma. “We’ve been blown out,” they told her.

“There were the people who got up that day quick and left,” said Lange of the family who had driven west when the dust storms arrived. “They saw they had no crop back there,” she told her interviewer.

“That was the beginning of the first day of the landslide that cut this continent and it’s still going on.”

On photographing people in distress, Dorothea told Doud that it is often just about sticking around and being there. “Not swooping in and swooping out in a cloud of dust.” You sit down, she said, “letting the children look at your camera with their dirty, grimy little hands, and putting their fingers on the lens.”

If you behave in a generous manner, you’re very apt to receive it, said Lange adding, “I have told everything about myself long before I asked any question.” [11]

Photographing for the FSA until 1939, Lange acquired standing with some people in government, though she also made enemies. To be sure, her stellar views of former slaves and black sharecroppers in the Southeast; Mexican immigrants in the Southwest; Filipino lettuce workers in California; Okies and Arkies all along the route Westward; eroded fields on the Great Plains; churches, farms, schools, roads, and businesses in many locales; a distinguished pioneering woman named Queen in a bonnet; and officials, too, drove her stock up, generally. [12]

But some had suggested she would be hired immediately, following her FSA work, but she wasn’t. She wasn’t a straightforward spot-news photographer, and her photos weren’t, generally, what “Life” and “Look” magazines were wanting either, apparently.

Unable to get funding to renew her contract, Stryker let Lange go. Though she’d been temperamental and hard on Washington staff, Stryker still supported Dorothea’s book-project with husband Paul. The book was based on the physical and cultural erosion of America – it was called *An American Exodus*. [13]

However, the decision was made not to make photos the book’s main focus, but rather one of its many elements. To Paul Strand, it seemed clear: “In such a book as this, the photographs must be the foundation materials, provide the basic structure, just as in a documentary film, and that the function of the text must be to heighten and extend their individual and total meaning.”

Strand felt the photos did little more than illustrate the text. Or vice-versa. And there was “a tendency towards negation rather than active interaction between image and word.” There was also dialogue from people in the photos, which complicated artistic unity. The formula hadn’t been tried much previously, and it fell flat for Strand.

Then, in March 1941, Lange was granted a Guggenheim Fellowship. Soon after the announcement of her grant, the

conservative Associated Farmers organization attacked the foundation for selecting the wife of “liberal Dr. Paul Taylor”, with whom she had collaborated on “a grapes of wrath” book.

Lange was the first woman to receive a photo grant from the Guggenheim, and there would not be another for 18 years, when Helen Levitt won one. Several others followed soon after Levitt.

To begin the grant-coverage, Dorothea went on a two-month field trip, and photographed the Hutterites of South Dakota and the Amana Colony in Iowa.

She’d also intended to photograph the Mormons of Utah, but asked for a two-month leave of absence, because she felt exhausted and not doing her best work. On top of that, her brother, Henry Martin, was arrested for defrauding a California state-unemployment-insurance fund. Henry spent six months in jail and seven years on probation. They were different types of people, but Dorothea always felt she was her “brother’s keeper”, and was fond of him.

In any case, before the completion of the grant-coverage, on December 7th, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. Dorothea’s plans were at least temporarily changed. [14]

WORK FOR THE WAR RELOCATION AUTHORITY

On February 19th, 1942, President Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066, allowing military commanders to establish military zones in the United States wherever they thought necessary, and to remove anyone they wanted from those areas, regardless of race, nationality, or age.

General Dwight Eisenhower’s brother Milton was the civilian put in charge, and on March 1st, Lt. General John L. DeWitt, head of the Western Defense Command, announced that all persons of Japanese ancestry would have to leave the Pacific Coast military area.

Originally, the plan was to move them, via a resurrected Homestead Act, to subsistence farms in the interior that they would own. However, that scheme was replaced by an internment plan.

Two-thirds of the 120,000 men, women, and children affected, were full US citizens. The United States was also at war with Germany and Italy, but only a handful of Americans of German and Italian ancestry were being penned up in concentration camps. This largest single-group, forced migration in American history seemed based solely on race.

On War Relocation Authority’s staff was an information officer who’d shifted over from the Social Security Board Dorothea’s husband Paul Taylor had worked for. When WRA decided it wanted to document its work photographically, the information man had Dorothea added to his staff.

Why the WRA hired someone to photograph the evacuation and internment is a mystery, but some staffer may have wanted to point up a government scandal, since at least a few Americans were already criticizing the internments.

Although the executive order stunned West Coast Japanese-Americans, they went about their evacuation dutifully, locking their stores and houses, and dressing in their Sunday best, as they boarded buses that would take them to the camps.

Some Americans thought the Japanese-Americans were national security threats, but they also hadn’t liked the economic competition from the Nisei (first generation of Japanese-Americans).

The Nisei were hard-workers and efficient-savers. When they’d got the news of the order, many were desperate to prove their loyalty; they bought war bonds, donated blood, made bandages, and tried to join the armed forces (nearly all were turned away); but when the Army said the West Coast might be bombed or invaded by Japan, hysteria struck non-Nisei residents.

Assembly centers were set up in whatever spaces were temporarily available. Paul Taylor -- who acknowledged there was a rational basis for fears of Japanese-American disloyalty, given they were not yet assimilated and many retained a strong affinity with the land of their forebears -- tried to remind Americans that the evacuees “were not convicted, were not found guilty of anything, that they were entitled to every consideration under American principle and fair play.” [15]

However, early in April, Dorothea Lange began her WRA work. Her assignment was Northern California, where she photographed at the Manzanar Relocation Camp (as would Ansel Adams in 1943); other photographers covered

Southern California. Lange photographed “the procedure, the process of processing,” and stayed with “the baffled, bewildered people” as they ran from place to place beforehand, trying to find information and help. [16]

Lange said, “Everything they could possibly do for themselves, they did, asking the minimum, making practically no demands.” They even relied on their own doctors for required inoculations rather than Army doctors.

Dorothea’s military supervisor, a Major Beasley, complained regularly about the “negative light” Lange was shining on these events.

One complaint was that one of Lange’s photos showed nursery-men in a relocation camp, working in the latticed sheds used to break the force of the sunlight. Beasley didn’t like the picture because the streaks of light and shadow made it look as if the evacuees were behind bars, or dressed in stripes.

The Japanese-Americans didn’t resent Lange. Take a look at her views of Nisei schoolchildren standing alongside their Caucasian peers, saying the Pledge of Allegiance; or the big banner a Japanese-American grocer put on the front of his store, saying, “I Am An American.” Lange’s Rolleiflex was as unimposing to the Nisei as any camera she’d ever carry was to her subjects. They treated Lange as a friend, and upon their release, many went to visit her.

As in the case of with the migrants a decade earlier, Dorothea Lange was precisely the right photographer for the job. The critic AD Coleman wrote, “She functioned in effect as our national eye of conscience in the internment camps. Her constant concerns – the survival of human dignity under impossible conditions, the confrontation of the system by the individual, and the helpless innocence of children – were perfectly suited to the subject.”

Some of her “most poignant and angry images” were made for the WRA, Coleman added.

Dorothea remembered her WRA work as one of her most intense experiences as a photographer: “On the surface, it looked like a narrow job. There was a sharp beginning to it, a sharp end; everything about it was highly concentrated.”

Actually, though, the WRA work wasn’t narrow at all. “The deeper I got into it, the bigger it became,” said Lange, pointing out that the internment was often cited “as an example of what happens to us if we lose our heads.”

“I think it’s rather encouraging, as a sign of our mental health, that we admit a mistake,” said Lange. “What was of course horrifying was to do this thing completely on the basis of what blood may be coursing through a person’s veins, nothing else.”

Thirty years later, and after her death, Dorothea Lange’s WRA photos were made the core of an exhibition and book called *Executive Order 9066*, which reminded the country of the fragility of American justice.

The show toured Washington, New York, San Francisco, and Tokyo. Of the 63 exhibited images made by a dozen photographers, the largest group was Lange’s, 27 photos. [17]

TO A CABIN

While Dorothea Lange was photographing the evacuation of the Japanese-Americans, she suffered her first duodenal ulcer. She’d eventually also be hit by post-polio pain syndrome, then little understood.

In 1951, Dorothea received her final grant-check from the Guggenheim Foundation, and was back to work by then, after being slowed by her ailments for several years. Soon, she was also consulting with Edward Steichen on the “The Family of Man”, for the Museum of Modern Art in New York, which she contributed a number of photos to.

In her later years, she’d travel overseas, even with her ailments, because one doctor suggested she would die either way; it was up to her whether she wanted to die without experiencing a tour she so much wanted to make.

So husband Paul and she traveled to the Far East (including Java and Korea), the Middle East (including Egypt and Palestine), and Europe (including Ireland), and she photographed these places wonderfully, though she said she couldn’t capture the richness of the Far East on black-and-white film. And yet, she did very well with black-and-white, nevertheless.

Many intended projects kept Dorothea’s mind active, even if they were not all physically happening. However, John Szarkowski, new Director of the Museum of Modern Art’s Photo Department, insisted she do her retrospective exhibition there for him. Szarkowski knew she would say no, if he asked her.

So instead, he commanded her to do it, and she worked on it to the extent she could, until her death aged 70, in October 1965. [18]

She'd been suffering from esophageal cancer, and the exhibition opened three months after she died. It would be, along with the book *To a Cabin*, a warm tribute to her family and to her family's place of emotional and physical calm in California, the crowning achievements at the end of her life. The Lange-Taylor Grants, awarded to photographers of conscience, carry on her legacy today. [19] [20]

A NATION'S EYE OF CONSCIENCE

Dorothea Lange was one of the greatest of photographers. What she overcame was formidable – crippled by polio from an early age, and saddled with a limp thereafter, she still chose to use medium and large-format cameras, rather than the lighter and faster Leica.

Lange was among the greatest, though, not because she traveled farther physically than perhaps all others, though she did travel tens of thousands of miles. Not because she took more stunning news photos than all others, because news work wasn't her style. And assuredly not because she made more money or captured more celebrities than all others, because she made far less money than her work was worth and didn't "do" celebrities.

No, Lange was among the very greatest, because she discovered the "news" about people best by traveling deep into their hearts, and presenting in photos the real currency of documentary photography – how and why people live as they do.

For Dorothea Lange, three elements were key: the natural environment of her subjects, their dignity, and the human story she hoped each photo would help tell.

Today, most of Lange's photos are housed in the Library of Congress's FSA Collection and in the Oakland Museum of California, and are, through the internet, available to all. No doubt, two phases of her career will leave their marks longest: these two phases are symbolized by a comment in a letter, and by an epitaph on a gravestone in Lakewood Memorial Park, Hughson, California.

Milton Eisenhower wrote in a letter to his former boss, Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard, about the internment of Japanese-Americans: "When the war is over and we consider calmly this unprecedented migration of 120,000 people, we as Americans are going to regret the unavoidable injustices that we may have done." [21]

Dorothea Lange was America's eye of conscience for the Nisei interments.

TRANSCENDING THE MEDIUM

The epitaph on the gravestone in Lakewood Memorial Park is to Florence Thompson, the subject of Lange's "Migrant Mother" photo. A woman of Cherokee descent and already a widow when the photo was taken, Thompson bore 10 children and outlived her first husband by 52 years, and her second by nine. Gaining almost nothing from the fame thrust upon her, she lived her final years in a trailer park, dying at aged 80 in 1983, as her daughters called out for medical aid for her cancer and heart problems. [22]

Her children had bought her a home previously, but she'd said she always needed wheels under her, and moved back to a trailer park. Thompson's daughter Katherine, who in the iconic photograph buries her face behind her mother's right shoulder, was to say the image left the family feeling shame, and determined never to be poor again.

On her poverty, Florence Thompson spoke of living under the bridge at Bakersfield, California. In *The Grapes of Wrath*, Steinbeck wrote of people living beneath that very span.

"It was the same story", said Thompson. "Didn't even have a tent then, just a ratty old quilt."

The epitaph on the gravestone begins, "Florence Leona Thompson." It then recognizes, in its way, that a moment captured by a photographer on a cold, wet day in March 1936, at a Pea-Picker's camp in Nipomo, California had achieved what few photos ever achieve.

"Migrant Mother", the epitaph continues. "A Legend of the Strength of American Motherhood."

"Migrant Mother", Dorothea Lange's greatest photograph, had, the epitaph seems to say, transcended its medium to become part of the folklore of an entire nation.

LANGE AT AUCTION

It's a shame more of the money involved in art-collecting Dorothea Lange's greatest photos couldn't have been shared with more of her subjects, but then she photographed tens of thousands of people, and she didn't earn a queen's ransom herself. However, collectors continue to cash in, as a Sotheby's auction on October 11, 2005 indicates.

At that auction, a stack of 32 vintage Lange "Oakie" prints, including "Migrant Mother", made \$296,000. Bill Hendrie, whose family came from Oklahoma, had salvaged the mounted prints from a San Jose Chamber of Commerce dumpster in the 1960s, and held onto them. After his death, his daughter Marian Tankersley sold them via Sotheby's.

The joint-highest grossing item in the sale (with Weston's "The Breast" of 1921) was "White Angel Bread Line." Lange's earliest major Depression-era work, taken in 1933, sold for \$822,400, then a record for a 20th century photograph at auction.

[That October day in 2005, the Sotheby's sale of photographs totalled \\$5.5 million, \\$10.3 million over two days.](#)

IN MEMORY OF:

Photographic Equality: Dorothea Lange, Her Migrant Mother, and the Nisei Internees is dedicated to the memories of Angus McDougall (1916-2009), groundbreaking photojournalist, educator, and director of Pictures of the Year International (POYI); and to Milton Meltzer (1915-2009), prolific author of relevant biographies and histories.

ALSO:

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FOOTNOTES

[1] *Dorothea Lange: A Photographer's Life*, by Milton Meltzer, McGraw-Hill Ltd., USA and Canada, 1978, pp. 3-18.

[2] Meltzer, pp. 22-63.

[3] Meltzer, pp. 70-96; Bob Mulock, an expert on cameras for 50 years, told David Joseph Marcou via phone on August 24, 2009, with Lange's Graflex, sheet-film was probably used in a Grafmatic holder (about 6 sheets per holder) or a front-and-back-type (2 sheets per holder). With the latter, one film could easily be left in the holder.

[4] The miraculously saved "White Angel Bread Line" photo was ground-breaking, in terms of Lange's work and in terms of documentary photographs getting at the truth of street-scenes. From Introductory Essay by George P. Elliott, *Dorothea Lange*, Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1966, p. 9. Although in the realm of naturalistic photography, the Americans Jacob Riis and Lewis Hine, and the Brits John Thomson and Peter Emerson preceded her, Dorothea Lange combined the best elements of all four in an organic way; "White Angel Bread Line" truly was the start of something big. "The Oxford Companion to the Photograph," Edited by Robin Lenman, Oxford University Press, 2005, pp. 539-540; pp. 278-280; pp. 623-624; pp. 193; and p. 351-352.

[5] Meltzer, pp. 70-76.

[6] Meltzer, pp. 92-130; [Oral History Interview of Arthur Rothstein](http://www.iub.edu/~iuam/online_modules/fsa/fsaartists.html) for the Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution, May 25th 1964; http://www.iub.edu/~iuam/online_modules/fsa/fsaartists.html

[7] "Ragged, Hungry, Broke, Harvest Workers Live in Squaller," *San Francisco News*, March 10th, 1936; and "What Does the 'New Deal' Mean to This Mother and Her Children?," *San Francisco News*, March 11th, 1936. In response to Lange's photos being published in the *San Francisco News*, the US Government, within a few days, sent 20,000 pounds of food to assist the approximately 3,000 starving migrant workers at Nipomo: *A true picture of hard times. Photo of poverty sells for a stack of riches*, by Carl Schoettler, *Daily Press* (Virginia), November 12th 2002.

[8] Meltzer, pp 130-136; Elliott, p. 7.

[9] [The Other Migrant Mother by Michael Stones](#); Jeff Bridgers (Library of Congress Prints & Photographs Division) told David Joseph Marcou via phone on August 21, 2009, the issue of artistic license is “up to scholars, artists, and critics.” There are no legal restrictions on retouching FSA photos, which were taken for the US Government and are in public domain. But it’s decent when all such retouch-artists identify their portion of work properly, and also properly credit the photographer and Library of Congress for the original works. [10] The Francis Bacon quote is derived from a passage in *Novum Organum, Aphorisms on the Interpretation of Nature, or the Reign of Man, Book One* of 1620. The modern version was long posted on Dorothea Lange’s darkroom door, [Dorothea Lange: Photographer of the People](#).

[11] [Oral History Interview of Dorothea Lange](#) for the Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution, May 22, 1964.

[12] [Photo of woman named "Queen" wearing old-fashioned bonnet](#) N. Gordonton, North Carolina, July 1939, by Dorothea Lange, Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division.

[13] *An American Exodus: A Record of Human Erosion*, by Dorothea Lange & Paul Schuster Taylor, Reynal & Hitchcock, New York, 1939.

[14] Meltzer, pp. 137-237.

[15] *Impounded: Dorothea Lange and the Censored Images of Japanese American Internment*, edited by Linda Gordon and Gary Y. Okihiro, W.W. Norton & Company, New York and London, 2006, pp 5-39.

[16] [Photographs of the Japanese-American Internment Camp at Manzanar, California, Ansel Adams, 1943](#), Library of Congress, American Memory.

[17] Meltzer, pp. 238-253.

[18] Meltzer, pp. 254-359.

[19] *To a Cabin*, by Dorothea Lange and Margaretta K. Mitchell, Grossman, New York, 1973.

[20] [The Dorothea Lange-Paul Taylor Prize](#).

[21] *Prisoners Without Trial: Japanese Americans in World War II*, by Roger Daniels, Hill and Wang, New York, 1993, p. 57.

[22] On September 17, 1983, UPI reported that Florence Thompson, whose face “became a haunting symbol of the suffering of millions during the Great Depression,” had died aged 80. Mrs. Thompson suffered from cancer and heart problems. Her family appealed for financial help to care for their mother, drawing hundreds of donations totaling \$25,000.

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“Gordon Parks: A Versatile Titan Who Made His Name First as a Photojournalist” –

“Work hard and have faith in yourself.” – Mrs. Parks' best words to her son, Gordon.

It was once said that, if a person was photographed in Washington, D.C. by a Scurlock, the famous family of African-American photo-portraitists whose works are now housed in the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History Archives Center, then the photo-subject had been photographed by the VanDerZees and the Parkses of Washington. James VanDerZee and Gordon Parks have long been thought of as residing near the top of the photographic ladder, with the Scurlocks added in, as well, whether or not you consider them Black Photographers or, simply, Great Photographers.

Gordon Parks was one of the most versatile men imaginable. He not only took remarkable photos and wrote for “Life” magazine, but he also turned out successful novels, memoirs, books of poetry, musical scores, films, and could play the piano very well, too. He experienced a great deal of racism, however, making his way forward, and documented a fair amount of it, in his memoirs, etc.

Born in the small prairie town of Fort Scott, Kansas in 1912, Gordon Parks lost his mother (Sarah nee Ross) when he was 15, and his father, Andrew Jackson Parks, soon sent him to live with Gordon's sister and her husband in the Twin Cities of Minnesota. His brother-in-law kicked him out, though, in thirty below temperatures, and Gordon tried to stay afloat on the streets, traveling all night on streetcars.

Eventually, he asked the wife of Frank Murphy (Madeline), who owned a clothing store, if he could photograph fashions for them. He'd picked up a camera he didn't know how to operate, and though Mrs. Murphy talked her husband into giving him a chance, the pictures came out double-exposed, except for one – his beautifully composed view of a woman seated, wearing a fashion-plate dress.

The wife of boxing champion Joe Louis, Marva, came by the store and happened to see the one print that had turned out. She was impressed enough to ask young Mr. Parks to move to Chicago and do some photography there. He'd work odd jobs, as well as the occasional photo-shoot. He was a professional piano-player, a busboy, a dining-car waiter, and a semi-professional basketball player.

Thankfully, by 1942, he was taking good-enough photos to win a Julius Rosenwald Fellowship to study documentary photography in Washington, DC, under Roy Stryker at the famed “Historical Section” of the Farm Security Administration, where he became one of the staff photographers. Other notable photographers who'd been on that staff included Dorothea Lange, Walker Evans, Arthur Rothstein, and Ben Shahn.

Although Mr. Parks found himself in very good company, he'd trained his eye and heart sufficiently to make his mark as a documentary photographer by the time he had joined the FSA. In the 1930s, he'd studied the works of the FSA photographers and also filmmakers, and he realized that visual communication could work as a language in ways other expressive forms might not. Photography and film were, for him, personal and universal activities that posited a mirror of experience. He soon saw how he could make life better for others via his camera.

Mr. Stryker had said the new man should photograph a documentary subject, and Mr. Parks focused on the FSA cleaning woman, Ella Watson. The first day he photographed her, he posed her holding a mop and broom, in front of an American flag. Calling it his “American Gothic”; Stryker stated that it was a photo-portrait that could get the whole crew thrown out of work, but he told Mr. Parks to do some photos of Ella in her home, with her offspring around, etc. Though the latter photos weren't bad, Stryker knew he had found a photographer when he first saw the types of pictures Mr. Parks turned into prints. Parks's “American Gothic”, inspired by Grant Wood's “American Gothic” painting, is a classic, as is Wood's painting.

The racism in the nation's capital then was daunting, and Mr. Parks had to bite his tongue more than he liked, because he was a man who liked to speak his mind, and could speak it well. When the Historical Section became part of the Office of War Information, Mr. Parks was asked to stay. However, he quit eventually, due to further racial discrimination.

At the close of World War II, Roy Stryker asked Mr. Parks to work with him on the Standard Oil of New Jersey documentary project (1945-48). The versatile Parks photographed small town life and industrial areas. Then, he was hired by “Life” magazine, and from 1948-61, he was the first black journalist employed editorially by that magazine.

He continued doing photo-essays for “Life” in the 1960s, as an independent worker. Among his most successful photo-essays for the magazine are: “The Black Muslims” (1963); “The Death of Malcolm X” (1965); “On the Death of Martin Luther King, Jr.” (1968); “The Black Panthers and the Police” (1970); and “Papa Rage: A Visit with Eldridge Cleaver” (1970).

It must not have been easy for Mr. Parks to weather the storms of racial prejudice that continued to assail him and

others like him, but he managed to do stellar work, nevertheless. Mainly his photojournalism is less hard-news-oriented, and more the work of a sensitive, objective observer, who is generally gentle-enough in his compassion.

In the coming years, Mr. Parks also became the first black artist to write, direct, and score a Hollywood film (“The Learning Tree”, 1969), based on his autobiographical novel by that title. He also directed the enormously successful, first-of-its-kind, blaxploitation film, “Shaft” (1971), and the bio pic about the notable blues singer “Leadbelly” (1976).

Before his death in 2006, Gordon Parks composed the music and libretto for the ballet “Martin”, about Martin Luther King, Jr., and wrote a poem called “The Funeral”. He authored and was the subject of many books; he earlier had even done a how-to book, “Camera Portraits: The Techniques and Principles of Documentary Photography” (1948). Among the many beautiful and sensitive photo-portraits he’d made/make were those depicting Malcolm X, Muhammad Ali, and Duke Ellington, as well as his famous portrait of Ethel Shariff in Chicago, 1968, standing in front of an orderly grouping of African-American “sisters” – also, photo-geniuses Edward Steichen and Roy Stryker. Mr. Parks often used smaller-format cameras than most studio photographers did, and worked more quickly, like many photojournalists generally did then.

Gordon Parks also photographed an iconic story for “Life” in 1961, about a very sick and impoverished boy living just outside Rio de Janeiro, in the Favela of Catacumba (meaning “Death”), “a desolate mountainside of misery”, as Mr. Parks put it. The 12-year-old boy’s name was Flavio da Silva. He suffered from the most severe form of asthma, and had the bone structure, height, and weight of a much younger boy.

It happened that Dean Rusk, US Secretary of State under President Kennedy, had just warned the Government that if it didn’t give aid immediately to Latin America’s poor, the entire region would go Communist. Mr. Parks had just been shown the “New York Times” clipping with Rusk’s statement. That same afternoon, Flavio’s story was in a new layout and scheduled for publication on ten pages of “Life”. “Freedom’s Fearful Foe: Poverty” was published in “Life”, on June 16, 1961.

The outpouring of money and good will for Flavio was enormous; a new house for his family was built; and Flavio himself was brought to Denver for treatment. He left there two years later, and wanted to stay with Mr. Parks. However, it couldn’t be arranged apparently, and Flavio returned home, in better condition than he’d been in, in Brazil.

Gordon Parks visited Flavio in 1977, and made a photo-portrait of him. Flavio had grown up, but his hopes had been deflated, as evidenced in his no-nonsense look into the camera. Thirty-five years after his story ran in “Life,” Flavio’s situation was reviewed again by Mr. Parks. Poverty, an ever-present enemy, lingered: Flavio had lost his job of 13 years, and at age 47 now, he had collected only \$400 in severance pay. His father was confined to a mental institution, and couldn’t remember his children’s names. The “Life” house was crumbling from neglect.

Gordon Parks married and divorced three times. He’d later become a companion for the famously wealthy Gloria Vanderbilt. Mr. Parks had four children, one of whom preceded him in death, Gordon Jr., who had directed the notable film “Super Fly”.

Many photo exhibitions and other notable celebrations of his works and life had marked his time on earth, and Gordon Parks was thought very highly of, in later life, despite the harsh discrimination he had faced early on. He’s been spit on, beaten up, and called the “n-word” numerous times. He wrote four autobiographical memoirs, and one of them at least, “Voices in the Mirror”, starts out with nightmares in which he must physically fight off Death, which has already done serious damage to him. The challenges Mr. Parks faced over time, must have taken a toll on him. But he kept turning out superb work, even though life must have been hard on his wives and children, too.

Although he’d never graduated high school, Gordon Parks earned more than 50 Honorary Doctorates and Degrees. And in 1988, President Ronald Reagan awarded him with the National Medal of the Arts. He’d come a long, roundabout way from Fort Scott, Kansas, to the White House. And he’d visited many great, as well as sorrowful, places in-between. Somehow though, it seems if God saves a special place in Heaven for those souls who have overcome nearly every sling and arrow thrown at them, then God saved a special place for Gordon Parks.

In 1963, Mr. Parks returned to Fort Scott, to photograph the area of his birth. One photo he took on that return trip

says it all. The frame is mainly filled with greenery, in the countryside, but in the lower right-central portion of it, like a cut-out, is a light-filled opening, with the silhouette of a young woman, wearing a sweet, 19th century-style dress, as if a school marm, in the distance. She is at right of a tall, but still young boy, and she has her arm over his shoulders. It is as if the young Gordon Parks had found happiness where he had long not expected to find it – in his birthplace, where he still remembered the love of his parents, the value of a hard day's work, and decent play. He'd worked hard and he had always had faith in himself, just like his mother said he should have, before she died, while he was still a teenager.

Rest in peace, Mr. Parks, rest in peace.

“W. Eugene Smith: The Photographer Who Helped Make 'W' Stand for Wonderful”--

A true photographer of conscience, W. Eugene Smith, was born in Wichita, Kansas in 1918, and attended Catholic elementary and high schools there. He took up photography, ca. 1934, before he went away to college, and was published in a few newspapers, under the influence of photojournalist Frank Noel. His earliest inspiration from European photography was Martin Munkacsi, the well-known photographer, who had brought action to the world of “still” fashion photography.

During this period, Smith's father committed suicide. The distortion in newspaper accounts of his father's death, left Eugene with lasting doubts about the role and standards of American journalism. He resolved to pursue photojournalism, but to apply the highest standards to his own practice of it.

Eugene Smith earned a scholarship to study photojournalism at Notre Dame University, in 1936-37. By 1938, he'd left college and was hired as a staff photographer by “Newsweek” magazine in New York. From 1938-39, he worked as a freelancer for the Black Star Agency, and was hired as a staff photographer by “Life” from 1939-41.

Smith soon went off to the Pacific for “Popular Photography” magazine, as a war correspondent. In 1944, he signed on again as a “Life” staffer, but was badly wounded at Okinawa in 1945. After a two-year recuperation, and when he had serious doubts about whether or not he'd be able to photograph well again, the first photo he next took was his most famous – “A Walk to Paradise Garden”, an image of his two children, which was the final photograph in “The Family of Man” exhibition and book.

From 1947 to 1954, Smith rejoined “Life”. There and then, he published many classic stories, including “The Country Doctor”: “Nurse Midwife”; “Spanish Village”; and a profile of Dr. Albert Schweitzer as a medical missionary to lepers in Africa.

Smith had often quarreled over the uses, layouts, captions, and texts relating to his photos, especially at “Life”. He often returned to that magazine, though, as if returning to his own mother or father's home. Still, in 1955, he resigned again from the magazine and joined Magnum Photo Agency. His work then included sports photography, architectural images, and views of Pittsburgh (including an incredible photo of a young black boy, having climbed to the top of a street sign, at Colwell and Pride Streets' intersection, with Pride Street being the emphasis), some of which Stefan Lorant published in his huge, illustrated history of that city, which has gone through many editions.

From 1959 to 1977, Smith freelanced for “Life” and other clients, including the Hitachi Company. His last major story, concerning the mercury poisoning of the fishing village of Minamata, Japan, was completed in the early 1970s and contained several of his most moving images, including the bathing of a deformed young woman (Tomoko Uemura) by her mother, Smith's personal Pieta. Smith died in 1978.

W. Eugene Smith (the W stands for Wonderful, a nickname his editors gave him, for the wonderful photos he brought back with him, according to John Loengard, who edited Smith's work at “Life”) had been the recipient of Guggenheim Fellowships in 1956, 1957, and 1968. He'd been voted one of the world's ten greatest photographers in a “Popular Photography” poll in 1958. And he won many other awards, too, including one from the National Endowment for the Arts. He had one-man shows at most of the top photo-venues in America, and some in Canada, too. And his works are included in “The Family of Man”.

He also taught at various places, including the New School for Social Research and the School of Visual Arts in New York, and at the University of Arizona at Tucson. His Archive is housed at the Center for Creative Photography in Tucson.

If any photographers deserve to be named Photographers of Conscience, W. Eugene Smith's name must be placed near the top of that list. His memory will live on, among photojournalists and poetically compassionate photographers, in many lands.

“Rick Wood: Compassionate Photojournalist”

(This essay draws on the essay about Rick Wood written by Roberta Stevens for “The People Book”, an anthology directed-edited by David Joseph Marcou. David had also done research on Rick Wood's photography for his “British Journal of Photography” picture-story about Rick's 1990s photo-tour of North Korea.)

Rick Wood's work for the Milwaukee Journal Sentinel, for more than 30 years, has been stellar – invoking the best aspects of documentarians like Dorothea Lange, Henri Cartier-Bresson, and WE Smith. He has photographed the Olympics, Super Bowl, Rose Bowl, plus Presidents, top singers and musicians. But just as importantly, he's photographed everyday people, around the world, including the disadvantaged, and done so, lyrically.

The photographer also happened to be in New York City, doing a fashion shoot, when two aircraft filled with passengers were force-flown by radical Muslims into the World Trade Towers on 9-11. His photos of burning buildings and survivors were published; but his newspaper would not publish immediately his photos of people jumping to their deaths to escape the flames up-high. I published one of Rick's “escape-jump” photos in one of the anthologies I've directed (in that case, I co-edited “Light, Shadow, & Spirit” with Steve Kiedrowski).

Born in Terre Haute, Ind., on July 15, 1954, Rick Wood grew up the youngest child and only boy among five children of a sickly mother and alcoholic father. He says, “We never lacked food and shelter, but we had a lot of cornbread and beans for dinner.” To assist with the family's needs, he sold gift rocks to nurses on their way to work, toast to customers exiting local stores, and he took his mother's fresh-baked pies to fire-fighters at their neighborhood station.

Wood is grateful today he was asked to help out at home and in the neighborhood, because his contact with many different kinds of people fueled his interest in travel and has helped him engage people from diverse cultures. Moreover, his family provided a loving Christian home environment, despite the hardships, and Rick is still a Christian today. He says, “Jesus Christ is very real to me.” Rick has great humility, and understands the difficulties faced by the poor and disadvantaged.

When he worked as a camp counselor in his teens, Wood remembers that some blind children had to take part in rope-swinging jumps into the lake, as part of the curriculum. Rick was very touched by how much the blind youths trusted the counselors, listened to them, and followed their instructions.

The young man then attended Indiana University, where he graduated in 1978 with a Journalism degree. At IU, he took pictures for and edited the student newspaper, and was co-editor one year for the IU yearbook.

His first job as a freelance photographer has long been his lucky break, because he still takes pictures regularly for the Milwaukee Journal Sentinel. He has been nominated numerous times for Pulitzer Prizes in Photography and was a Pulitzer Finalist once, and has won many other awards, including the United Nations' World Hunger Award.

Rick Wood has photographed inside the church traditionally believed to have been the birthplace of Jesus, in Bethlehem. And in his photo-portrait of a Brazilian mother and her child, Wood calls to mind very vividly Ms. Lange's iconic “Migrant Mother” photo. The Brazilian mother gave birth to 23 children, only four of whom survived. The others perished due to infantile tetanus.

His Brazilian mother and child photo was republished by Speranza LLC, in “The People Book”. In that anthology, each photographer was paired with a writer who wrote a biographical essay about the photographer and his/her works.

Roberta Stevens wrote the essay there about Rick Wood.

I first asked Wood to take part in our anthologies in 2002, when I saw a photo he'd taken in La Crosse of one of my best friends, Art Hebbberd. The Milwaukee paper had done a picture-story about Art (who was about 88 then) and his varied activities on behalf of helping people. I republished the story and the portrait of Art that Rick had taken, in "America's Heartland Remembers", a before, during, and after study of America's responses regarding events like 9/11.

Rick Wood has taken part in many of our books since then, too; but I've never met him in-person. I hope he visits La Crosse sometime soon, so we can meet and share some photo-journalistic gossip. I have spoken with him many times on the phone, and we've e-mailed back and forth. Also, in 2002 or 2003, I interviewed him and wrote an article about his trip to North Korea in 1995. His photos accompanied my article about him, and that picture-story was published in the British Journal of Photography. I believe the title is "Behind Closed Doors".

Rick Wood has a decent family of his own, and knows my own son is half-Korean by ancestry. Rick has said to me more than once that he hopes, someday, we will be able to walk the road between North and South Korea freely together, and do so as part of our coverage of the peaceful and permanent opening of the borders between the two states.

We have some other things in common, in addition to having offspring and to sharing some Christian beliefs: We both, like many photojournalists who have positive feelings for the disadvantaged, have photographed stories involving children with spina bifida. My picture-story about Patrick Clark in 1980 Columbia, MO, was the first picture-story I ever had published. Rick's picture-story was nominated for a Pulitzer, he said.

Rick Wood likes to photograph events and people naturally, as events happen – preferring "found life" more than staged life. In that respect, we both agree with the famous British photojournalist Jane Bown. She focused on found life, too, and my own online photo-gallery via the Wisconsin Historical Society, is titled "Found Life".

In the end, good photo-portraits are best, when they are gathered from real experiences and events, rather than staged and/or "captured" ones. Spontaneous photo-portraits in real circumstances are my favorite types of photos, though I also enjoy action street and event photography. I believe Rick Wood would say those are his favorite photos, too.

"Roger A. Grant: A Former Professor of Mine and a Wonderful Photographer and Mentor" –

Roger A. Grant taught a UW-La Crosse class in Advanced Photography that I enrolled in, in 1983. (He recently retired, but still does freelance photography and a book every so often.) I believe I received a grade of B for his class, and my final project was a personal selection of photos I had to place on mattes, as photo-essay pics (so I likely had to write an extended caption/story to accompany my pics).

My photo-essay's subject were the nuns of St. Rose Convent, headquarters for the Franciscan Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, who have kept up a constant prayer-vigil (always at least two nuns at-prayer in-chapel) for more than 130 years. I still have a couple of those photos, but not my favorite one from that assignment, a double-portrait of two African nuns in white veils and white, knit sweaters, standing by a electrical fuse-box, if memory serves.

Prof. Grant is a very kind and sensitive man, who takes wonderful photos himself, and shares them with students, even graduated students like me. My favorite photos of his are some of his Amish work, his view of a mountain island seen from across a bay in Ireland, which is the central front-cover photo for my group's anthology, "Spirit of the World", and his view of a squirrel with a Reese's Peanut Butter Cup wrapper in its mitt or mouth. Also, Prof. Grant and his former teaching colleague, Prof. Gary MacDonald, have been excellent photo-subjects of mine, too.

Over the past 30-plus years, Prof. Grant has not only been a source of inspiration for my works, but a mentor and friend who probably has been inspired a bit by my work, too. He's always liked my son, as well, and made Matt feel comfortable when the three of us visited together, while Matt lived with me.

Prof. Grant and his wife, Charlotte, have a grown and married son and daughter, and some grandchildren, too. They

also have had quite a few dogs, including three miniature Dachshunds. The Grants' very nice Christmas photo-postcards often show their entire family, including pets, though one Christmas, they sent me a beautiful photo by the Professor, showing a vaulted entry in a Vienna church. For many years, Prof. Grant has taught photo-classes set in European-destinations, including London, Galway, and Vienna.

If you can't tell yet, the Grants have a healthy sense of humor, and a good eye for formal beauty, which keeps them happy-enough and healthy-enough. The Professor and I talk, once every couple of weeks, usually on the phone, though for some of the books we've collaborated on, he's visited me at my apartment, to review photos and make comments. When he taught, I occasionally visited him at UW-La Crosse, to view his own photos there.

Prof. Grant was born and raised in the Finger Lakes Region of Upstate New York. He attended the Rochester Institute of Technology, studying there with fellow-student David Haberstick, who now manages my photos at the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History Archives Center. Roger Grant then earned his Master's and Doctoral degrees from Michigan State University. His first full-time job in teaching was at UW-La Crosse, and he taught here for 39 years.

Professors Grant and MacDonald used to direct photo workshops at UW-L, and I photographed star Ansel Adams protege John Sexton there once, a nice head-shot (he wore full hair on his head and face, plus glasses). John Sexton and other leading West Coast photographers (including Bruce Barnbaum, Cole Weston, Ray McSavane), as well as Photojournalist/Documentarian Mary Ellen Mark, taught at UW-L workshops, according to Prof. Grant.

Also, while Prof. Grant's son, Aaron, was a member of the La Crosse Boyschoir, his dad served as official photographer and chaperone for their European tours, including the 1989 Christmas tour of Austria and Germany, in which my brother Dan and his son, Nate, also took part. That tour was based in Melk, Austria.

Now that Prof. Grant and I are both in our sixties (I turned 60 in November 2010), we talk about photographers from the past quite a bit, as well as contemporary local talent and extended family. It's usually good talk, which inspires thoughts about doing more books, and to be sure, taking more pictures. Although Prof. Grant wasn't my first college photography teacher (that distinction goes to Jim Southworth, who taught me in two semesters at Western Technical College (Summer 1980 and Summer 1982), I have known Prof. Grant better than any other photo-teacher of mine, trust his comments, and depend on his moral support. Thank you, Prof. Grant, for being a good teacher, mentor, and friend to me, and a good friend to others in my family, as well. And thank you for photographing the world-debut in April 2012 of my Pulitzer-nominated play "Remembering Davy Crockett".

"Harry Callahan: Namesake for 'Dirty Harry'"? –

Harry Morey Callahan (1912-1999) was an American photographer of unique vision, whose works I was first influenced by, in the 1980s. A Clint Eastwood movie character had the name Harry Callahan, too, though he became famous as "Dirty Harry." The photographer may or may not have been the namesake for the detective.

I know I was originally interested in the photographer's works, because his photos' forms were emphasized in stark black and white and/or color, though they were real forms from life – from the streets, and the parks, and the buildings he and his family frequented and lived in. Apparently, Harry Callahan went out on the streets in his neighborhood, every day, to photograph.

Mr. Callahan, who was born in Detroit and formed a photo-friendship ca. 1940 with Todd Webb, often photographed his wife, Eleanor, including showing her nude. I remember those pictures as showing a rather large woman, but one whose form fit the images she was in, as part of purely formal environmental portraits.

Harry Callahan also photographed his daughter, Barbara, who was born in 1950.

Inspired by an Ansel Adams talk in 1941, Harry Callahan took up photography seriously. Due to his being a photo-innovator, he was awarded the National Medal of Arts, in 1996. His works are housed in the Center for Creative Photography at the University of Arizona.

I remember I very much liked viewing Mr. Callahan's strong tones and forms, and his spontaneous photos of people walking by or into buildings, also intrigued me. I don't know what sort of cameras he used, but, if memory serves, his were very focused images, with no grain, and I may have been experimenting with 50ASA Kodak Panatomic film, around the time I was most influenced by Harry Callahan's works. If so, that would have been in the early 1980s.

I've never made nude photos of people, but I do like forms (human or otherwise) to be dramatic enough, when I photograph some one or thing. In February 2012, I visited the National Gallery of Art Exhibition, "Harry Callahan at 100", a posthumous retrospective, and though the images weren't printed overlarge, one knew the eye that took them, was very gifted.

"Henri Cartier-Bresson; Diamonds Are Forever, Metaphorically and Otherwise" --

Circa the year 2000, soon after I'd happened to purchase a monograph of photos by the great French photojournalist Henri Cartier-Bresson, I watched an hour-long Charlie Rose interview with that master photographer on PBS. It was one of the best interviews I'd ever seen, of anyone. Truly splendid. And it made me think back to 1979 or so, when I'd viewed a Cartier-Bresson photo, I believe in the Daily Cardinal newspaper, in Madison, WI, showing a man asleep at the foot of an embankment, amid many tossed newspapers, and under a crowd, at the top, of well-wishers during the Coronation Parade of King George VI of England (he being the same monarch featured in the Oscar-nominated 2010 film, "The King's Speech"). The contrast between the dead-to-the-world dozer and the expectant crowd made the photo work well, as did the tossed papers.

When I saw the TV interview, I immediately thought to write to Cartier-Bresson, which I did, very soon. I sent him a few samples of my own photos, a fresh, crisp \$20 note, and my letter requesting a copy of his sleeping man photo. I apologized for being cash-poor, but wanted to give him something.

A month or two later (the date on the card was ambiguously written as 27 Mars 200001, and if it was already March 2001, the TV interview may actually have occurred in early 2001), I received back my own photos and my \$20 note, along with a photo-postcard, whereon was the sleeping man photo. I was ecstatic to receive this card, with the note "For Mr. David J. Marcou: With my best wishes, Henri Cartier-Bresson (signed)".

In early to mid-2001, I was directing, fund-raising, hiring (designer and printer), and compiling, preparing, sequencing, and editing various writings and photos, for "Spirit of America: Heartland Voices, World Views," which would be published soon after 9/11/01.

My group's book would go on to win the top book award from the September 12th International Guild, which we'd receive in Kansas City, MO, in October 2002, at a conference directed by People to People International CEO Mary J. Eisenhower (Dwight and Mamie's granddaughter), and given by Greg Hilbert, CEO of the Guild and a former Aquinas H.S. classmate of mine (1968). In "Spirit of America," one of the written pieces by me is titled, "Ever Wonder About a Picture? Or, Journalism as Inspiration." I suggest there how my first photojournalism teacher at Mizzou, Veita Jo Hampton, had once suggested that if one photographer could combine the best elements of the works of Cartier-Bresson and W.E. Smith, he or she would be the greatest photojournalist. That was in late 1980, and I would meet and photograph the British legend Bert Hardy, who did combine the best of the other two masters, fairly well, and is still considered the greatest British photojournalist of the WWII era, and perhaps beyond.

Of course, another American or two were true masters, as well. For one, I've always liked Dorothea Lange's works a great deal -- though she used mainly large-format cameras, and didn't do candid work a lot, at least during the Great Depression and soon after, when she made her most famous works -- and I admire the British master of "found life," too, Jane Bown, whose works I've come across only in recent years, though "found life" has been my photography's main theme for more than 30 years. All these photographers' works are included in Edward Steichen's iconic exhibition-catalog, "The Family of Man", except Bown's, who has never worked much to publicize her name outside Britain, though she's been taking photos since before "The Family of Man" was published (1955), and has been the top photojournalist for the Guardian newspaper for many decades.

In any case, Cartier-Bresson's works are stellar -- from candid shots of a Nazi collaborator in just-liberated France meeting hard justice, to boys seen playing through a broken wall in Spain, to Hassidic Jews walking in a perfectly

geometric pattern, to a little boy near two girls as he marches triumphantly toward the camera carrying two huge bottles of wine, to sterling photo-portraits of the mighty and the mundane, to his most famous photo – of a man leaping over a puddle in the yard of a Paris train station (Gare St. Lazare), mainly viewed, in an instant, with a designer's eye for details, patterns, movement, and human life.

Another favorite of mine is his photo, viewed from above, of a bicyclist's speeding by a winding staircase – the photographer's painterly eye (he'd learned painting, before photography) rarely missed a beat, with his “decisive moment” (the title of one of his books, inspired by Cardinal de Retz's statement, “There is nothing in this world that does not have a decisive moment.”) becoming world-famous. The perfect geometry in his bicyclist view has inspired me to do various photos with a bicyclist, as well. I call one of them, “A Bicycle's Geometry”, though it is more American in look. I also took a view of a bicyclist, in Georgetown, Virginia, with a taxi, and walkers helping provide a very nice, European-style geometry to my view. And more recently, I photographed a young woman riding her bicycle on a bridge, with her dog running on a leash beside her. It is less-complicated geometrically than the other bicycle views, but is dramatic for the subtle colors, its closeup view, and the beauty of the young woman and her dog. I lucked out in taking it as I passed them in my car. Her human-mate was behind the woman on his own bike, but I couldn't photograph the three of them well, unless I'd stopped my car at the base of the viaduct, and had waited, to ask them for a posed photo.

Yet another favorite is Cartier-Bresson's BW view of a man looking through a peephole, while another man looks to the side, as if to halfway acknowledge the photographer. That image inspired me to photograph two young female folk dancers with many curls in their hair, whom I photographed from behind, as they peeped into a very colorful tent's opening at Irishfest-La Crosse.

After I'd published my photography article in “Spirit of America”, I sent Cartier-Bresson a complimentary copy of that book; he replied with another photo postcard of his. This one, I seem to recall, showed a wedding couple seated amid a few people on a street. Cartier-Bresson also signed this card, but the note expressing his thanks for “Spirit of America” was this time in French.

Henri Cartier-Bresson, a man who'd come from a family of textile magnates, and who'd escaped German imprisonment more than once during World War II, and who'd helped found the famous Magnum Picture Agency, is still regarded by many as the greatest photojournalist of the 20th century. He died in 2004, and I would have loved to have met and photographed him, the only time I've so far visited France, in 1974, though I didn't own a 35mm camera then, and hardly took pictures then at all.

I'll always treasure his signed cards, plus his photos and books. Another family of Cartiers is famous for its jewelry and watches. It should go without saying that Henri Cartier-Bresson's photos were often as beautiful and valuable as diamonds, and diamonds are forever, metaphorically and otherwise.

“Witnessing History with a Camera: Ralph Morse Gets 'er Done” –

He was a fit, wiry 51-year-old “Life” magazine staffer at the time, but Ralph Morse recalls the day his photos helped make history in July 1969. He'd set up a remote camera alongside the liftoff pad at Cape Canaveral, and was shooting additional photos from a helicopter. The spacecraft lifting off that July 16th was none other than what would be the first successful manned moon-landing launch-vehicle, Apollo 11. Astronauts would walk on the moon for the first time, four days later.

In March that year, because he was “Life's” staffer assigned to the early years of the space program, Morse had photographed the families of the three Apollo 11 astronauts, posed around a model of the moon. Neil Armstrong, Edwin “Buzz” Aldrin, and Michael Collins have been notable people for many years after the first manned moon-landing, though they've been hard to get interviews and photos from, other than what “Life's” Morse and his colleagues got, early on. As the rocket blasted off, Morse's remote-controlled camera caught five frames that would be used as a sequence across a two-page spread in “Life.” It's a very dramatic sequence, because the camera was incredibly close to the rocket.

That notable day in 1969 was not Ralph Morse's only historic picture-taking day. He also got an exclusive for “Life” in 1942, when he photographed the takeoff of a plane at the start of the Doolittle Raids. He was also with US Marines

at Guadalcanal that year.

Former "Life" colleague John Loengard, who photographed and was also a picture editor for that magazine, explained that Morse was a civilian war correspondent in World War II, and got to the places he did, because he was assigned to "Life."

Later, Morse would photograph Gen. Eisenhower famously flashing a Victory Sign at the German surrender ceremony in 1945. And he'd also photograph, iconically, Jackie Robinson stealing home. In addition, he photographed Babe Ruth's final day in a Yankee uniform, though Nat Fein, a Morse colleague, got the most iconic photo that day, with Babe waving to the crowd, No. 3's back to the camera.

Another space program view by Morse, which made a Life cover-photo, is his portrait of light-waves showing the contours of an Air Force GI's head, which was how space-helmet shapes and sizes were determined.

In his 90s, ensconced in Del Ray, Florida, Morse, reflected about the place in history of his images.

"Though they're all important, because we were chronic-izing the era, you're excited at the moment [for getting a good shot], and then you go on to do the next work. History tells you of [each photo's] importance, gradually."

Morse was a staffer for "Life" from 1942 until 1972, when the magazine first closed, and was transferred to "Time" Magazine in 1972, where he worked until 1988. I was introduced to Mr. Morse a few years ago via John Loengard's communication. I'd written about Mr. Loengard for "Smithsonian" Magazine. Both men have taken part in photo-anthologies I've directed and edited.

Photographer Jim McNitt, who worked with Morse on several "Time" assignments in the 1970s, describes him as a fun-loving extrovert, who delighted in mentoring an aspiring photojournalist. "Watching Ralph plan his shots, respond to editors, and deal with reluctant subjects with off-hand humor taught me things I couldn't learn in photo magazines or workshops," said McNitt.

Former Life Editor Georgia Hunt once said, "If LIFE could afford only one photographer, it would be Ralph Morse." Today, Ralph Morse likes to see his own family, but jokingly says he no longer owns a camera, "because if I did, every grandmother would want me to take pictures of their grandchildren."

And when you see his photos, readers can understand why.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ralph_Morse

http://www.gallerym.com/works.cfm?ID_artist=41

<http://www.gettyimages.com/Search/Search.aspx?contractUrl=2&language=en-US&family=editorial&p=morse%2C%20moon&assetType=image&src=quick>

"Mary Ellen Mark: Dedicated Social Documentarian" –

Probably the most famous photographer ever to photograph Mother Teresa is Mary Ellen Mark. Her photo-book about the Calcutta saint-to-be, "Mother Teresa: Her Missions in Calcutta", is the benchmark for photo-books about those missions; it was published in 1985, the same year I photographed Mother Teresa for most of a day, at one of her convent-leprosariums, in Anyang, South Korea. (I later received 18 personal, signed letters from Mother Teresa, and am very glad we corresponded then.)

Ms. Mark is one of the most dedicated social documentary photographers ever to use a still camera. She should be mentioned in the same breath with Lewis Hine, who set the standard for such work.

Mary Ellen Mark was born in Philadelphia in 1940, and educated at Cheltenham High School, where she was head cheerleader, and a good artist; then, at the University of Pennsylvania and that university's Annenberg School of Communications. She studied painting and art history for her BFA degree, and for her Master's degree photojournalism. However, already at age nine, she'd used her own box brownie camera, and realized early that photographing people was to be her life's work.

From 1965-66, she was a Fulbright Scholar in Turkey, and since then, she's received assignments from "Life," "Ms.," "Paris Match," and other news and photo magazines. She's also been a stills photographer for 100 movies, and

published a book recently called "Behind the Scenes", from her movie work.

She's long admired the work of the late W. Eugene Smith, whose sensitive photos of people helped inspire Concerned Photography. In this connection, Ms. Mark is well-known for the immense concentration she brings to bear on her work. For her book "Ward 81" (1979), she lived in a ward at the Oregon State Mental Hospital for several months, to develop rapport with staff and patients.

Ms. Mark has also accomplished projects that include photo-essays about drug addicts in England, homeless youth in Seattle, the lives of women in Northern Ireland, prostitutes in Bombay, and itinerant street performers throughout India. The photographer has returned many times to India for her projects.

She has published 16 photo-books, including "Passport" (1974); "Falkland Road" (1981); "Streetwise" (1985); and "American Odyssey, 1963-1999" (2000). Her photos are generally thought to be slightly away from the mainstream, nearer to the troubled fringes of society, though she does not always go to the extremes Diane Arbus did, and she takes photos of more everyday people and celebrities, as well.

Ms. Mark is married to the film director Martin Bell, and they live in New York City.

I've talked with Ms. Mark and her staff, many times, and hope to collaborate with them on a project of a documentary nature, someday.

"Charmed Light: Veita Jo Hampton -- Poet, Photographer, Teacher, and Friend" --

Light comes in
Leaps from fire
Shoots straightforward
Prompts grass to green
Sheds itself on truth
Floods space with warmth
Blinds with reflection
Reveals hidden details
Darkens silver
Fades colors
Fogs film
Ages paper, cloth, or skin
And goes out.

(The authorship and copyright of this poem, "Light Travels", belong to Veita Jo Hampton.)

Veita Jo Hampton can be the most difficult teacher that ever could be to any student, but also, if you play things right, a fairly honest and rewarding friend. She has criticized us all with a heavy heart, and yet often with a deadly foot, but when she truly praises a student, which is rare, you feel as though all the dark clouds in the world have lifted completely, and you have seen God.

The first time I saw/met Prof. Hampton was when I enrolled in the Basic Press Photo class she taught at the Missouri School of Journalism, Autumn 1980. I was thinking about a double-sequence-option in News-Editorial and Photojournalism, but hadn't made up my mind, because the Photojournalism Sequence not only required a lot of time and hard work, but the student also had to invest a lot of money in camera gear. I did not have a lot of money, and would eventually stick with News-Editorial as my main sequence, though I enrolled in a couple of Photojournalism classes, too, and learned enough to be a good documentary photographer, which today accompanies my fairly decent writing skills.

Prof. Hampton, in those days, was a large woman, physically and emotionally (I don't know what she looks like today). Though I never heard her curse, if memory serves, she did adumbrate that she wasn't afraid to use the foulest language on a student, if it would help him or her improve their work and themselves. And when she said, "Let's get this dog and pony show rolling," you did, or paid the piper.

The assignments in her class, for those times especially were universally helpful – like People at Work, People at Play, Quality of Light, Three Points of View, People Without People, Environmental Portrait, etc. She said that a good exercise for young photojournalists, was to go out everyday around the block you live on, and photograph people and things you come across there. She also advised her students to always carry a camera, because you never know what or whom you might find in your travels.

For the first assignment, People at Work, I photographed a man in a parking lot, sweeping I believe, very early in the morning or at night, because the only lights were the street-light and, I believe, the head-lights from his vehicle.

For the Three Points of View assignment, I first shot an action photo of a married couple with their little son, emerging from a church service. The son was laying partway on top of a short outdoor wall, while his father, in-between and back to my camera, seemed stuck between going toward his son on his right, and going toward his wife, on his left. There was a Jack-in-the-Box restaurant in the background, and also, above the woman's head was a horizontal-opening wooden hatch-type door, which suggested a jack-in-the-box. However, though I like this photo a great deal, the threesome were gone as fast as they'd come. I headed further downtown, and found an Asian-American family, who let me photograph them from different angles. I no longer have my photos of the latter family, though my closeup of their little daughter standing by a parking meter, I recall as a neat shot.

For the People Without People assignment, I don't remember the photo I submitted for that assignment. I do remember one I didn't take. I walked by Prof. Paul Fisher's office one day, and his office was dark, except for a small light on his desk, with papers lying beneath it. I believe there were also prayer-beads, wrapped around and hanging from the light-stand. It seemed a perfect photo to take, but I thought I might be discovered, and left. In subsequent years, I would have taken the photo, but in J-School, I had to be very careful about those things.

One day, our class did a field trip, and it was nothing more sophisticated than to go one block from class, around that block, and photograph. The fact that there were a church, several businesses, and some residences, too, if memory serves, helped us, too. I remember making an informal portrait of a young man with a push-broom, in front of a store, plus hymnals in a church pew.

For one of my assignments, perhaps the Environmental Portrait, I photographed a Muslim housemate of mine. I believe his name was Ali. He used his prayer beads daily, so for my best photo of him, I asked him to kneel on the small rug in his room, and hold his prayer beads. It was a very nice Environmental Portrait. Ali seemed fairly soft-spoken and self-controlled, whenever he was around the house; but one night, a young man on a bicycle zipped by me, down a hill, and was screaming happily, like he'd just been liberated. Of course, it was Ali.

Another portrait of mine was to show a Person's Character. I'd heard a man nicknamed "Bear" worked at a bar near where I lived. I went to the bar, introduced myself, and asked Bear if he would pose with a sandwich – maybe because it looked like he was pretty-well-fed. He ended up holding open a very large submarine sandwich, and he and it made a good shot together.

I earned a B grade, that semester, in Basic Press Photo, and took many good photos. The biggest part of our grade, though, came from our picture-story, for which I photographed Patrick Clark, a five-year-old boy with spina bifida and a lot of spirit. My first camera had recently broken down, though – my Rolleiflex35SLE, with black body. While it was being repaired in Colorado, I borrowed my friend Leon Hsiao's Nikon, and used ten rolls of Kodak Tri-X film, for the assignment.

My photos showed Patrick at breakfast with his mom and brothers in their trailer-home, Patrick resting on the minibus heading to school, Patrick counting with big number-boards at school, Patrick in physical therapy, and Patrick at a restaurant with his aunt, Gigi Morgan. My favorite shot of him I took as he sat with his hand on his hip, atop a jukebox, in the restaurant. It's been published many places, but it wasn't published with my Columbia Missourian picture-story.

Near the end of that first semester at J-School, I got a little antsy, because several students' picture-stories had already been published, but not mine, so I phoned Prof. Hampton. She suggested it would be published soon, and that I should

contact one of the Photojournalism Editors, Bill Sykes. Bill asked me a couple of questions, then said my picture-story would go into the paper very soon, which it did. I had written an extended caption or brief story for it, to accompany three of my photos, selected by him.

I continued to converse with Prof. Hampton, while I freelanced as a photographer for the *Missourian*. I also was a regular reporter for that paper. Then, I enrolled in the London-Missouri Reporting Program, in Autumn 1981, and though I sent no photos to Prof. Hampton from London, I did send a sheet of negatives to her boss, Prof. Angus McDougall. I'd photographed Rudi Christopher, an Anglo-African teenager with spina bifida, who was a British Paralympic Champion in two events, plus he was a good drummer. Prof. McDougall claimed later he'd never received my negatives; one or two of them had shown Rudi stroking a kayak, on the Thames, by the Parliament Building. (It could be that my most nostalgic photo from that semester, which I believe I took a few frames before, on that Thames Day, was on that page of negatives, too. No copy of that view, a lone print was lost in 1987, is any longer owned by me, I'd guess. It shows two young girls in long coats, with one's hair in long pigtails, walking ahead of me on a set of steps by the river, with adults at the side/s. It was a fairly decent photo.)

I can't recall talking with Prof. Hampton about my time in London, but when I did return to Columbia, MO, I did phone her at 11:30 one night, to help me decide whether I wanted to add the Photojournalism Sequence to my major or not. That made her angry, because of the late hour, and I ended up not formally adding that sequence, though my experiences of photography at Mizzou, have made me focus on photography a great deal, ever since.

In more recent years, Professors Hampton and McDougall have instilled in me key lessons about the layout and design of photo-books. Prof. McDougall passed in 2009, but in recent years, he'd criticized my photo-books for using too many photos in too little space. I then published some photo-books giving more space for the photos. Both professors also contributed one photo to different photo-anthologies I directed/edited.

I've long known Prof. Hampton is a good writer and photographer, but it was only in recent years I learned she is a very skillful poet. Her photo-poem booklet, "Light Travels", has been followed by "Light Travels II," and by her poetry for the photo-poem book nominated for a Pulitzer Prize, "Windows to Vietnam," which she co-authored with Scott Charles Clarkson in 2007. Prof. Hampton is very adept at putting words and photos together, and even did a notable textbook on layout and design with Prof. McDougall; she also edited one or two of the Best of Photojournalism books, for the POYi Competition.

Photos of Prof. Hampton's that especially appeal to me are her view of a row of old, white wooden chairs by a wall and window, a view of a cat by a typewriter, and a double-portrait at a dining room table where her mother (Mrs. Blevins) and her mother-in-law are seated.

The inscription she signed for me in my copy of "Light Travels", means a great deal to me: "For David, BEST WISHES. Enjoy this small sample of photos and poetry, and may you have a rich and happy future --- Veita Jo Hampton."

Thank you, Prof. Hampton. I wish the same for you!

"Robert Frank: An Immigrant Becomes an Iconic American Photographer" –

"When people look at my pictures I want them to feel the way they do when they want to read a line of a poem twice." Robert Frank, LIFE (26 November 1951), p.21

Robert Frank's "The Americans" came into this world, ca. 1958. It has since taken on such iconic status among photojournalists and others, that it is almost impossible to criticize successfully. I do not intend to do so extensively here, though many people did criticize it, when it first was published. I will say that Mr. Frank's photos can be both beautiful and dispiriting at once, which is how some people would define the American culture from which the photos came, though only semi-accurately so.

I sympathize with Mr. Frank's personal background, because he lost both his children, apparently before they gave him grandchildren. His daughter, Andrea, died in a plane crash in 1974; his son, Pablo, died partly due to the effects of

schizophrenia in 1994.

I admire many of Mr. Frank's best photos -- especially some of his work in Britain, and in America, his American tuba piece de resistance, his trolley car with open windows, and his woman and girl in separate tenement windows near an American flag -- because Mr. Frank knows how to take a superb picture, when he wants to.

At his best, Mr. Frank, as still photographer, reminds me of a slightly more existential Walker Evans, his chief mentor and champion. Both men's candid American shots and photos of buildings and signs, helped inspire me to do candid street photography. I still do a lot of that.

Born in that hyper-precise culture that also creates superb time-pieces and loyal Papal Guards, Switzerland, Mr. Frank migrated to America after World War II, and made this place his home. He began by working for various fashion magazines, and became friends with the Beat Generation's top poets and chroniclers, Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, and Greg Corso. Kerouac, in fact, wrote the Introduction for "The Americans."

Mr. Frank gave up still photography, for a few years, and made avante garde films, including an irreverently titled documentary-film about a Rolling Stone tour.

There were many indications, in his still photography, of what was to come in American photojournalism. I'm thinking especially of his desolate small town and rural scenes, his endless highways, and his car accident fatality photos.

Mr. Frank, who has been married twice and a semi-recluse for many years, has been feted with big exhibitions at the National Gallery of Art and the MOMA, among many.

In "The Americans," his "City Fathers" photo, taken in Hoboken, New Jersey, shows at right, a man wearing a top hat with lips pursed for a kiss (to be received from whom, no one seems to know). That man resembles very closely, in my memory, my first ex-wife's second husband, a man who was a Catholic priest when we first met him. Their unusual relationship should have been photographed for a latter-day "Americans," but I doubt Mr. Frank was in the vicinity then, and I wasn't even a photographer myself, to speak of, in those days. Regardless, I'm guessing such a photo would have drawn more than a first glance.

However, "The Americans" did help inspire an anthology of writings and photos I directed-edited, "Spirit of America," which is, so far, a series of three volumes, among the many books I've published.

"Donald McCullin: Extraordinary War Photographer, Rangy Photojournalist" –

I first became fairly-well-acquainted with Donald McCullin's war photography, when I purchased a copy of his book "The Palestinians," which he co-authored with writer Jonathan Dibleby, in 1980. I picked it up in a London bookstore, when I was enrolled in the Missouri-London Reporting program, during the Autumn of 1981.

Since I was a fledgling journalist and photojournalist then, I was very much interested in the book, which I read in full, at some point. I sympathized with the good Palestinians in it, and there were quite a few, including artists, intellectuals, business people, and politicians. Some may have been combatants in the struggles of the period, too. In particular, I was moved to their plight by the evocative and provocative photos in that book, and especially the environmental portrait on the front-cover.

That front-cover portrait shows a young boy in scarf, holding a machine gun, kneeling alongside an elderly man in traditional Arab white garb, who holds a walking stick. The boy seems to be protecting him. The elderly man is probably the boy's grandfather, or, at least, that's an implication in the portrait.

As Christopher Hitchens wrote for the "New Statesman", quoted among the back-cover testimonials: "Jonathan Dibleby... finds Palestinians in their infinite variety... he has disentangled the people from images, whether self-imposed or superimposed. Since he has done the book with Donald McCullin, who is the best photographer we have on this kind of story, there is rarely a description or an anecdote which does not have a vivid illustration to lend some depth. It would be impossible to turn these pages and retain the conviction that 'Palestinian' is just another synonym

for terrorist or desperado. Here they are. Judge for yourselves.”

The situation in the Holy Land today remains complicated, but it is time a peace treaty between Palestinians and Jews there, should be signed – a treaty that has benefits and sacrifices for both sides.

When I was in London, I happened to have seen a play by the then-only professional Palestinian theater troupe, El-Hakawati. Soon after, I also interviewed its director, Francois Abou Salem. The troupe made me understand that there is a great deal of humor to be found in the Holy Land, on both sides of the equation. It also helped prove that decent environmental photo-portraits can be had on “both sides.”

Don McCullin has photographed many wars, including Vietnam. (I have never photographed combat, though I did live in South Korea for two years, working as a journalist, and photographing there. The two Koreas were technically still at war, and will be, I'd guess, until they sensibly sign the treaty they failed to sign when they agreed to a ceasefire, in 1953.) Mr. McCullin has become an “old man of photojournalism”, the way the late Picture Post legend, Bert Hardy, was, when I interviewed and photographed him at his home in Surrey in 1981. The pairing is relevant, because I once saw a photo, in the “Royal Photographic Society (RPS) Journal”, I believe, that showed a seated Bert Hardy holding forth in later years at an RPS fete, probably given for him.

Kneeling beside Bert, and listening carefully to the older master, was none other than Don McCullin, who'd leave war photography later (he'd actually started his career years before, as a social realist photographer in Britain), to photograph his beloved British coastline. Both men had won many top international photo awards, and both men had published stellar books of their photography. Two masters conversing, one acting the small boy, the other his grandfather – that seems appropriate to recall here.

“Steve McCurry: Afghan Girl and Much More” –

Steve McCurry will probably be known forever as the man who made the “Afghan Girl” cover-photo for “National Geographic”. But he has done much more than that photo-portrait, though it is a truly superb image.

Mr. McCurry was born on April 23, 1950, in Philadelphia. In 1968, he studied the history of film cinematography at Penn State University, and received his BA degree cum laude in Theater Arts in 1974. During his college years, he began taking pictures for his student paper, “The Daily Collegian.”

The photojournalist's professional career began with his coverage of the Soviet war in Afghanistan. He disguised himself in native dress and hid his film by sewing it into his clothes. His images were among the first of the conflict and were widely published. His coverage won the Robert Capa Gold Medal for Best Photographic Reporting from Abroad.

McCurry continued to cover global conflicts, including the Iran-Iraq war; Beirut; Cambodia; the Philippines; the Gulf War; and the Allied invasion of Afghanistan. The photographer's work has been featured in many international magazines and he's a regular contributor to “National Geographic”. He has been a member of Magnum Photos since 1986.

\ The photographer's gear now includes a Nikon D700 and a Hasselblad medium-format camera. In an interview, he said, “In the old days, I mainly used prime lenses like a 28mm, a 35mm, and a 50mm, but these days, I am happy with the results of my Nikkor 28-70 zoom lens that I find gives me sharp results.”

“Afghan Girl” shows a previously unidentified Afghan refugee. The image was named “most recognized photograph” in the history of “National Geographic” magazine, and her face became famous as the cover photo on the June 1985 issue. The image has also been widely used on international brochures, posters, and calendars. The identity of the “Afghan Girl” remained unknown for more than 15 years, until the photographer and a “National Geographic” team located the woman, Sharbat Gula, in 2002.

However, there is one photo-portrait by Mr. McCurry that I like even better than “Afghan Girl”, and it could be called “Afghan Boy.” It's a fairly straight-on head and shoulders view of a school-aged boy in Kabul, looking directly into

the camera. I love that photo-portrait, as I'm sure others do, too.

Steve McCurry did a superb book called "The Unguarded Moment," in which he shows many people in frozen action, in their natural environments. The photos are gorgeous, in color, and they have been well-selected for the book and exhibitions. But most of Mr. McCurry's books have contained his photo-portraits.

In "Portraits", Steve McCurry comments on the photos made over 20 years, that went into that book: "For me, the portraits [here] speak a desire for human connection; a desire so strong that people who know they will never see me again open themselves to the camera, all in the hope that at the other end someone else will be watching – someone who will laugh or suffer with them.... these are the faces I cannot forget. Some stare out of places I don't want to remember. All of them represent chance connections in a world of resilience."

Many of the photographer's portraits are splendid, and they are "environmental", in that they are likely all taken in areas the subjects might be in normally. However, they seem so meticulously composed, almost too-composed. Mr. McCurry does not often use instantaneously shot portraits, but rather, as he admits, he'll go back to the same person and/or the same area more than once, to get the shot just-so. It is a slightly different approach than I use, but then Mr. McCurry is working for his living, very successfully at that, and I often make environmental portraits mainly for the enjoyment of good photos. Thus, I can photograph spontaneous situations more often, I'd guess, and have been fortunate to obtain, in quicker-fashion, fairly positive results.

I get many good ideas from Mr. McCurry's and other photographers' portraits, occasionally about how or where to ask someone to sit or stand, and from which angle/s to photograph them, even if they only pose for a couple of seconds for me. Mr. McCurry obtains expressions from his subjects that suggest the inner character of each person. But then, in my way, so do I.

Steve McCurry is portrayed in a TV documentary, titled "The Face of the Human Condition" (2003), by French award-winning filmmaker Denis Delestrac..

Although Mr. McCurry shoots both digital and film, his preference is for transparency film. Eastman Kodak let the photographer shoot the last-ever-produced roll of Kodachrome film, which was processed in July 2010 by Dwayne's Photo in Parsons, Kansas, and will be housed at the George Eastman House in Rochester, New York.

Based in Philadelphia and on Long Island, Steve McCurry offers weekend photo workshops, and extended 2-week digital photo workshops in Asia (most recently, in Nepal, India, and Burma). He is a photojournalist very-much-in-demand, and for many good reasons.

"Alfred 'Eisie' Eisenstaedt: Superb 'Life' Photographer" –

Stefan Lorant, the picture-editing pioneer and genius, who also wrote and designed many illustrated books of American and European history, including the first picture biography of President Lincoln, was the top picture-editor in Germany ca. 1930, before he'd taken over as editor of Britain's "Picture Post" magazine in 1938, and Alfred Eisenstaedt occasionally worked for him, in Germany. "Eisie" considered Lorant truly great, and the feelings were mutual.

Eisie visited Lorant at his home in Massachusetts, many years later. (He may even have photographed Lorant for "Life's" 150th anniversary issue honoring the invention of photography, in 1989, in which issue Lorant and two other legends were cited as Photography Pioneers.) Eisie apparently sat in one of Lorant's apple trees, picking apples for his wife, Kathy. Eisie took a picture of the former editor, who had influence in the early ideas behind "Life", as Eisie would have influence there as a photographer for many decades. The picture was for a story about country writers.

Alfred Eisenstaedt photographed more "Life" front-covers, usually with his German-made Leica 35ers, than any other cameraman, and his most iconic photo was taken in Times Square on V-J Day, 1945. It shows a US sailor bent over a nurse in white uniform, kissing her like there is no tomorrow. Eisie long knew he would always be remembered as the photographer who took that picture, but on the day he took it, he was so busy photographing the celebrations, etc., he didn't obtain names or details, hence the great debate over the years, as to who the couple kissing were.

The photographer was known for being the ultimate professional, He'd photograph celebrities and everyday people with equal aplomb. Among his complete library of great photos are his views of Dr. Joseph Goebbels, famed Nazi, at a League of Nations session in 1933 Geneva; the first meeting of Hitler and Mussolini; Robert Oppenheimer, in his trademark pork-pie hat; British press-magnate Lord Beaverbrook, seated on a stairway; Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie and his Empress in 1955, on the 25th anniversary of his coronation; Albert Einstein, seated becomingly in a study; a notable book-cover photo, showing an adult drum major leading a band of young children, like the Pied Piper; a closeup of Marilyn Monroe, looking into his camera and filling out a sweater fairly well; voluptuous Sophia Loren in "Marriage Italian Style" (due to the skimpy outfit she was wearing, it's been said some "Life" subscribers stopped their subscriptions); five monks walking up a cobblestone street in Siena, Italy; George Bernard Shaw, at home in 1932; Indian Prime Minister Nehru, at a UN General Assembly Session in 1960; a very handsome, youthful Gene Kelly, sitting at the bottom of steps in 1949; and Marlene Dietrich, posing in top hat and tails, with cigarette, gorgeous in front of a stage curtain (the front-cover photo for his masterful photobook, "Remembrances").

My favorite candid photo of Eisie's, other than the VJ-Day kiss, was a favorite of his, a view he made at La Scala, in Milan, Italy, in 1934, showing many levels of the boxes at an opera there. Unbeknownst to the beautiful young woman closest to him, she was the real focus, the boxes were the incredible background, with her semi-absorbed look toward, but not into, his camera. That photo was not published by his employer, at that time. Another more nostalgic view shows the famous clock at old Pennsylvania Station in New York City, in 1943, with a large crowd of people below.

Something about Alfred Eisenstaedt's work says: Pioneer – Professional – Cosmopolitan – Beautiful – Seductively/Subtly Humorous – and Down-to-Earth, all-in-one.

Eisie was married for 23 years to Alma Kathy Kaye Eisenstaedt, from South Africa, but she died in 1972, and they had no children. Perhaps the photographer devoted himself so long and well to his work, because of that sadness or some other difficulty he experienced even earlier. He'd fought in World War I, which may have been very difficult for him. But he was especially buoyed near the end of his life (he was born in 1898 and died in 1995, the same year Bert Hardy died) by the renewed interest in his V-J Day couple. And until near the end, his late wife's sister, Lulu, helped him navigate daily to the Time-Life Building, for he long felt he had work to do there. If there ever is a photo-exhibition in Heaven, the V-J Day photo should be the cover-photo for the exhibition catalog. And it should be covered by "Life" magazine's Heavenly-branch, edited by Stefan Lorant. Rest in peace, Mr. Eisenstaedt and Mr. Lorant, rest in peace, too...

"Jon Tarrant: A Renaissance Man" – An Article by David J. Marcou, Reprinted from "The People Book: Photo-Essays and Montages in Monochrome" (The Photo-Essay Anthology Was Edited by David J. Marcou and Published by Speranza, La Crosse, WI, 2003).

British photographer[-writer] Jon Tarrant says he has his uncle – who came from Canada to visit the family at their Isle of Jersey home when Jon was a boy – to thank for his first 35mm camera. Soon the youngster had begun to experiment with black-and-white printing. "Everybody says that it is a magical experience when you first see an image appear in the developing dish, and I've never argued with that," says Tarrant. "The ability to cross the boundaries of time and recreate the likenesses of people who are long dead is amazing. When I first started printing, crammed into a black-out cupboard in my bedroom, I practiced on old family negatives as well as my own early attempts. Revealed in the dishes were houses I had never visited, cars in which I had ridden but could not remember, and places I had photographed through an excited child's eyes. Photography may well be rooted in physical and chemical science, but to this day I still believe that it is a special kind of magic."

Into Print

It was at Cambridge University while studying Natural Sciences that Tarrant's interest blossomed. He became a photographer for the university's paper, "Stop Press." "Every Saturday, I photographed a couple of the university's sports teams, and during the week was often in the Union Society snapping visiting celebrities and politicians," he recalls. "As well as supplying pictures to 'Stop Press,' I also sent prints to the city's paper, the 'Cambridge Evening News.' My first published picture was taken on a cold winter's night, when I came across a team of firemen pulling a stranded cow out of the river. It was a fairly ordinary picture, but the firemen were officially on strike, yet still turned

out to save the distressed animal.”

The photographer made contacts next with national papers. His images began appearing in the “Daily Mirror” and “Daily Mail” and on TV news – all while he was still at university. With his first national-paper payment (from the “Daily Mirror”, for a picture of HRH Prince Edward), he upgraded his camera from a Chinon CM3 to a Nikon FM. And he has been a Nikon user for 35mm work ever since. Tarrant remembers that once he accidentally dropped a Nikon off a truck. “It got dented, but all I had to do was use a screwdriver to bend the base-plate back out so that it didn’t foul on the camera’s motordrive coupling. I’ve always been impressed by that sort of build quality.”

At Cambridge, Tarrant assembled a collection of autographed prints. “I used to send copies of my photos to the people concerned, and requested that they sign and return one to me in exchange for keeping the second,” he explains. “Among those I have in my collection are former snooker world champion Alex ‘Hurricane’ Higgins, ‘Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy’ author Douglas Adams, and Monty Python stars Terry Jones and Michael Palin. HRH Princess Margaret declined to sign a picture, but I still have a letter from her lady-in-waiting requesting a copy of one of my pictures from the ‘Cambridge Evening News.’”

Big Wide World

After graduation, Tarrant spent three months in Israel and Gaza, working as a photographer for a charity educating Palestinian refugees. He returned with good pictures, but none of the magazines he contacted were interested. “It was a really important experience for me to go and see what one of the world’s oldest trouble spots is really like. The Palestinians were really friendly to me. I was amazed to see that some of the people had color televisions, even though there were open sewers in the streets. I was told that was because the refugees could just pick up their televisions and take them back to their rightful homes when they were allowed to return to their homeland, but the sewers would be left behind. It was all about being defiant – about not accepting that they would always be living in these squalid conditions.”

When Tarrant couldn’t place his Palestinian pictures in the UK press, he changed paths. “I had done well with newspapers while at university, but those pictures were all of celebrities and politicians, and I wanted to do something more about the lives of ordinary people. When I realized that wouldn’t be easy, I got fed up with press photography and went to work as an assistant in the London studio of Terence Reading, who did a lot of advertising and catalogue work. Although I learned a lot from Terry, I quickly realized that I was not suited to still-life photography. So I fell back on my university science degree and applied for a job in the research department of Engelhard Speciality Metals, which had a factory near London.”

For six years, Tarrant worked in metallurgical research, and then worked another year with a computer team on the nuclear reactor Sizewell B. For a time, he hardly picked up a camera, but one day he spotted a photo contest notice in the news and decided to enter. He won; part of his prize was a beautiful rendition of his winning picture. The print was made by Larry Bartlett, the top black-and-white printer working for British newspapers then. Tarrant says: “It was a huge boost to my confidence, and my enthusiasm was rekindled. When I moved house, I got in touch with a local newspaper and started doing regular assignments for little more than expenses, while still holding down my day job in the research department.”

Next, he heard that a publisher wanted someone to write a book on flash photography. He applied and got the commission; this was the start of a fruitful relationship with David Kilpatrick, himself a prolific author and publisher of UK magazines. Through him, Tarrant got in touch with Harry Ricketts at Fountain Press, for whom he would write a book with Larry Bartlett.

Pictures and Words

Within a couple of years, Tarrant was a full-time freelancer doing news work, photographing real people and some celebrities. He was also writing for Kilpatrick’s new magazine, “PhotoPro”, which led the way in the UK when digital imaging first arrived (late eighties). Tarrant was not then a fan of digital, so he did a lot of Kilpatrick’s lighting, film, and darkroom features instead – until he was approached about editing a magazine himself – though the magazines were rivals. Thus, Tarrant became editor of “Professional Photographer” magazine in 1991.

The next two years were “absolutely brilliant”, says Tarrant. “I was still running my own photo business from a studio in south London, and at the same time was writing and collating material for a growing monthly magazine. It was hectic, but I had fantastic access to people and new equipment, and my expertise grew enormously. It was also then that I cemented my relationship with Larry Bartlett. Some time after my amateur success, I had met Larry and discovered that he lived close to me. He was a very approachable person and agreed to print some of my newspaper work to enter in competitions. We had only one success, in the Kodak Press Awards in 1989, but Larry patiently kept doing prints for me. He had hundreds of trophies to his name and worked with all of the UK’s best-known press photographers then, including John Downing, Tom Stoddart and Roger Bamber.

“When I took over at ‘Professional Photographer’, I gave Larry a regular slot in the magazine. It was an idea I’d seen in another magazine years earlier, and one that other photo magazines have since copied. Larry and I became good friends, and between us we put together the book “Black & White Photographic Printing Workshop”. I am very proud of that book; it contains some fantastic pictures and brilliant printing advice. The sad part is that Larry died just before the book was published, so he never saw it. But his expertise lives on, and I don’t think anybody has ever done a better book on the practical techniques of black-and-white darkroom printing.”

Cult of Celebrity

After two years of editing “Professional Photographer”, Tarrant left it and returned to full-time photography. He was then invited to edit “HotShoe International” (a high-end advertising and editorial photo magazine), and he did more non-editorial commissions himself, like certain types of ad work. But he wasn’t happy. “It was well paid and technically rewarding work, but it was not really what I wanted. Neither did I want to stay a press photographer.” While newspapers were becoming more obsessed with every move of even minor celebrities, Tarrant disliked promoting people who had done little to justify their fame.

A few years earlier, he’d met and photographed Professor Stephen Hawking, a famous expert on black holes and cosmology. Tarrant says, “Here was a man who, through illness [amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, or Lou Gehrig’s Disease], had what seemed the most unglamorous barrier between him and the rest of the world, yet who came to symbolize the pinnacle of intellectual achievement. When I started to contrast that with the largely irrelevant world of pop music and movie actors, I began to doubt the very foundations on which national newspaper circulations now rest.”

Freed from editorial demands, Tarrant’s photographic style evolved. He experimented with Polaroid film, not for proofing but as an art in itself, and compiled an exhibition devoted to it. He also began a long-term project; a photo diary of the month of June each year. He developed his eye and acquired a new range of techniques suited to such subjects as nudes.

Back to the Beginning

Most recently, Jon Tarrant was editor of the then-150-year-old “British Journal of Photography”. He says, “Looking through old issues, it has always struck me how serious the magazine used to be and how comparatively lightweight photography has become. As somebody with a strong science background, I find this very sad, but at the same time it has allowed photographers – myself included – to concentrate on what we see through the viewfinder without the distraction of having to worry about whether or not the picture will ‘come out’.”

Tarrant says photography is not a solitary activity. “Anybody who thinks he or she is creating truly unique photographs hasn’t seen enough work by others to know that originality is mainly a myth. But I think it is a shame that one person’s self-publicity can overshadow another’s previous achievement – like Man Ray and the Sabattier Effect. In the end, all that really matters in photography is your own sincerity and the people you photograph – preferably real people. I know this is true because when choosing my favorite pictures for this book I discovered that most of the photos with a lasting appeal for me are of ordinary folk. If you recognize any famous faces among my views here, that’s because I’ve enjoyed photographing them as people, in spite of their celebrity – not because of it.”

(Among Jon Tarrant’s photos in “The People Book” are a view of European Junior Diving Champion Sarah Soo,

about to dive, at Crystal Palace in 1998; a view of Lord Runcie chatting and walking with Lord Carrington, at an Honors Degree Ceremony in 1981 at Cambridge University; and the Sabattier Effect in photos called "Radical Hair" and "Lin's Lips". Also, his photo "Gaza Girl with Baby", from 1982 Palestine, is compelling and intriguing. Finally, Jon Tarrant works on personal projects, these days; he returned from London, a few years' ago, to his boyhood area, the Isle of Jersey, to live and work. While Jon edited the "British Journal of Photography", he published my article "A People Person", about how I photograph everyday people and celebrities.-djm)

"My Parents and Family as Photo Inspirations" –

My mother was the first photographer I ever knew. Rose C. Muskat Marcou used box-cameras with disposable flashbulbs, early on. Although there were many photos of friends and family taken by my mom (and possibly, my dad, David A. Fitzgerald Marcou, too), in our Family Album, the first photo of me, as far as I know, shows my dad holding me, when I was a baby. About three years later, Mom took a nice photo of me and my two next-oldest brothers, Dennis and Dan, wearing nifty overalls on a big green chair (I remember the color of the chair; it's black-and-white in the picture). Dan, the youngest, was posed in front (seated), with Dennis and I sitting behind him.

As the years passed, and our family grew, Tom, Diane, Lynn, and Mary Kate were also included in the photos. Mom's cameras changed their look and utility, with small Kodak 110 cameras coming on, in the 1960s and/or 1970s, and thereafter for many years, along with slightly larger cameras, including 35mm point-and-shoots, and now Mom has a digital camera.

After Tom joined the Air Force, in the mid-1970s or so, it grew to become more than 20 years since we'd had a good family group portrait. There had been a studio portrait made of the nine of us, while I was still in high school, I believe, or maybe I was just starting college then. However, it wasn't until Memorial Day 1997, before MAM took a nice group portrait of the nine of us, by one of the lilac bushes in my parents' back-yard. He did so, with my 35mm K1000 Pentax film camera, and I'd guess that camera had Kodachrome 400 ASA film in it then. The negatives I believe are around my apartment, somewhere.

I often liked Mom's portraits of people, because usually the people in them were smiling, and not looking too unnatural when they were. The family portrait MAM made in 1997 is very nice, because the composition is excellent and everyone has a natural-looking smile on their face.

I taught MAM how to use a camera, starting in early 1991, when he was 3-1/2 years old. Over the years, he's taken a lot of first-rate photos. My siblings and their families also take beautiful photos, including my brother Dan, who documented police work with writings and photos, when he was in charge of training for the La Crosse Police Department. And my brother Tom has always been a good artist, and has a good eye for photos, too. A number of my nieces and nephews are also good photographers, including my brother Dennis's daughter, Jacqui. My sisters are also good artists, and have good eyes for photos, as well. Over the years, the Marcou Family has always been interested in good photos, including the taking of them. I am grateful to be part of a very photogenic and photographic family.

"John Loengard: Master Photojournalist, Portraitist, and Picture Editor" –

The first time I saw John Loengard photos that I recall, was during a slide-show, in a photojournalism class at the Missouri J-School, in Autumn 1980, or Spring 1981. Mr. Loengard's "Shaker" images, from his classic "Life" magazine photo-essay on that subject, were showing, and the emphasis was on People Without People, and Quality of Light. As it turns out, Mr. Loengard did photograph the tiny human remnant of the Shakers still practicing their faith, but I don't think we saw those people in slides that day; we did see some absolutely gorgeous light-shadow effects, and some very beautiful crafts those Shakers had created.

I didn't think much more about those photos, until the early part of the new millennium, when I was also reading about Mr. Loengard's classic "Georgia O'Keeffe" photo-essay for "Life", and saw some of his other superb photos, including his great shot of the Beatles (all four heads), swimming. I'd seen some of the "Life Classics" books, and knew his name as editor for some of them, too. Since I was writing up my long essay comparing "Life" with Britain's "Picture Post" magazine, in the hopes of earning a Distinction from the Royal Photographic Society (I didn't receive the RPS Distinction, but, believe me, I earned it.), I obtained Mr. Loengard's phone number from a La Crosse Public Library

reference librarian, and called him.

Mr. Loengard was very gracious, and answered my questions decently and fully, particularly pertaining to his working with W. Eugene Smith on "Life". He agreed with the consensus that Mr. Smith could be very difficult to work with, but he also let me know the "W" in Smith's name stood for "Wonderful," because Mr. Smith always brought back absolutely wonderful photos

A couple of years passed, during which we stayed in touch. In the February 2008 "Smithsonian" magazine, my article about Mr. Loengard's gripping photo, showing Annie Leibovitz photographing the modern dancer David Parsons, atop eagle gargoyles, on the 61st floor of the Chrysler Building, was published in that magazine's "Indelible Images" section, after I'd interviewed Mr. Loengard and others extensively. Since Mr. Loengard had assigned and edited Ms. Leibovitz's work early on for "Life" and was a good friend of hers, mentioning his name to others, opened a few doors, to say the least.

Mr. Loengard was very grateful to me, and sent me a signed-inscribed copy of his photo-book "As I See It" (the British edition, which had his Leibovitz up-high photo on its front dust-jacket), around the time my article was published. His inscription reads: "For David J. Marcou – Scholar of the Picture Post and chronicler of Addie (a nickname, I'd guess) Leibovitz's adventures on the Chrysler Building, With admiration and respect, John Loengard, January 2008, New York City." I, too, am very grateful.

Though I'd mentioned to him the anthologies I direct-edit, I'd neglected, early on, to ask Mr. Loengard outright to take part. When I finally did, in 2008, he asked to be paid a modest sum to publish one of his photos, and I sent him a check. His photo of Harvard student Luke Pontifell, reading, in 1988, the 1983 Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. essay "JFK Remembered" -- which young Mr. Pontifell had printed 425 copies of, on a small hand press -- found itself published in the front-cover photo-montage of the second volume of "Spirit of America" (Dec. 2008), along with a red-block background inset at the left top of his photo, to which Mr. Loengard had added, in white lettering, "Spirit of America", like the classic "Life" front-title.

The main title for our anthology was published twice on the front-cover, then. It was the same book Annie Leibovitz and Harry Benson also contributed a photo each to, and I was, in addition, able to obtain the 1958 Pulitzer Prize photo for it, by William C. Beall, "Faith and Confidence", which shows a police officer leaning over to talk, in friendly terms, to a small boy, who is looking up at the officer, with great interest, along a parade route. It is THE Norman Rockwell moment, among all the Pulitzer Prize Winning Photos. I photographed the large wall-print of that photo, in a display at Washington's Newseum, in April 2010, and it's so far appeared again, in one or two of my personal photo-books.

Then, in Spring 2009, the third volume of "Spirit of America" was published, a book of photo-portraits. I love Mr. Loengard's photo-portrait of the late "Picture Post" founding editor Stefan Lorant, reading on the interior stairs of his home in Lenox, Massachusetts, in 1982. I first viewed that photo-portrait in "As I See It", and in the third volume of "Spirit of America", it's published on the bottom half of p. 6, starting the first photo-section, underneath Jane Bown's half-page, official 80th birthday portrait of Queen Elizabeth II. Opposite those two gorgeous photo-portraits is a full-page portrait by Roger A. Grant, showing his infant granddaughter, asleep on a large bed.

Then, Mr. Loengard contributed the main cover (front and back) photo for the next anthology I directed-edited, "Spirit of America and the World". It is his view of the snow-covered Aghileen Pinnacles, at Cold Bay, Alaska, in 1970, with a flock of geese flying by, just above the clouds. It had been rainy and dark for three days, and Mr. Loengard told everyone that if there was a five-minute break in the gloom, he would get his photo. Then, he writes, "After three days, the clouds broke for a quarter of an hour. Standing on the shore, using a long lens, I did what needed to be done. Then I packed up and went home, feeling a bit like Babe Ruth, who (it's said) pointed to the bleachers in Chicago in 1932, and hit the next pitch into them."

I've not directed-edited any new group-anthologies since Mr. Loengard provided that main cover-photo to me, so I've not been in touch with him as much recently. But I hope he'll like this essay about him and the book around it, too, very much. Mr. Loengard is one of the most gentle, appealing photo-portraitists who ever employed a camera. His best photo-portraits are absolute masterpieces (he's done many of those), and along with Annie Leibovitz's and Harry

Benson's best photo-portraits, their photo-portraits (and we hope others near-and-dear to us, too) will sell for zillions of dollars someday, and perhaps even before then.

Thank you for signing on for work with me, Mr. Loengard, and many happy returns to you and your extended family!!

“Annie Leibovitz: A Photo-Artist Who Does BIG” –

Annie Leibovitz is one of the world's most famous photographers. She has obtained her fame by starting as a photojournalist who had an eye for the BIG picture, and parlayed her skills into a portrait business in which she sets up pictures extensively, often at large financial expense to herself. In recent years, in fact, she's been in such debt, financially, that she, for a short time, offered the copyright to all her photos in exchange for the payment of her debt. Her debt was eventually restructured, and she still holds the copyright to her photos, at last indication.

Annie Leibovitz was born in Westbury, Connecticut, in 1949, the third child of six children in the family of Samuel and Marilyn Leibovitz. Sam was a Lt. Colonel in the US Air Force, and Marilyn was a dance instructor. As Annie was growing up, the family lived in the Philippines, during the Vietnam War era. Later, Annie spent a year on a kibbutz, in Israel. One set of her great-grandparents were Russian Jews.

In high school, Ms. Leibovitz discovered her interest in writing and making music. When she attended the San Francisco Art Institute for a year, she studied photography, with Henri Cartier-Bresson and Robert Frank being her inspirations. Later, she was greatly influenced by the portraits of Richard Avedon.

Her first photojournalism job came when she was hired in 1970 by the new “Rolling Stone” Magazine. She soon shot entertainers and other celebrities, as chief photographer there, and in 1975, she was the official photographer for the Rolling Stones' American tour. She took part in the sexual and drug comings and goings of the group, but did take some worthwhile photos, too.

When she was assigned to photograph John Lennon, he wanted Yoko Ono to be in the portrait, as well. Annie relented, and the famous John-naked/Yoko-clothed bed-portrait was made. That very famous event took place on Dec. 8, 1980, and John was assassinated by David Chapman, five hours later.

Over time, Ms. Leibovitz has photographed a large number of celebrities, but claims it's not important how famous they are, but rather, what they do, a debatable point, because Ms. Leibovitz has a tendency to shoot for BIG stars and do BIG photos of them. Some photographers like more natural portraits, and consider Ms. Leibovitz's best work to be her straight photojournalism, though it is impossible to deny the aesthetic and political power of some of her stoked-up portraits. Some of her nude portraits offend some viewers, but her nude portrait of actress Demi Moore, when the latter was pregnant, got a lot of publicity, around the world.

In 1991, Ms. Leibovitz became only the second living portraitist and first woman to have a retrospective at the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C. She has exhibited her works in many prestigious galleries, in this country and abroad.

Stepping outside her normal patterns, she went to Sarajevo in the 1990s, to photograph the war, and came back with some excellent photos.

Ms. Leibovitz was for many years the companion of notable writer Susan Sontag, who, among her books, wrote a book called “On Photography,” something of a classic book of photo-commentary. When Ms. Sontag was dying of cancer, her companion photographed her in the hospital, on her deathbed, and also as a corpse.

The photographer herself has published a number of photo-books, including “Women”, “Photographs, 1970-1990”, “Olympic Portraits”, and “A Photographer's Life, 1990-2005”. The latter book combined her best portraits with her best personal, more photo-journalistic photos. The Olympics book was produced from her 1996 Atlanta Summer Olympics Portfolio.

In May 1991, Ms. Leibovitz arranged to photograph the modern dancer David Parsons, both atop eagle gargoyles, on

the 61st floor of New York City's Chrysler Building. John Loengard was assigned to photograph that shoot, for the "New York Times." Vicki Goldberg was the newspaper's writer. The shoot was incredibly dangerous, given there also was a somewhat strong wind blowing that day. The Rochester Institute of Technology videotaped the shoot.

In February 2008, I wrote an article for "Smithsonian" magazine, about the Chrysler gargoyles shoot. My article included the information that Margaret Bourke-White, the great "Life" magazine photographer, used to have a studio-office on that floor, and had been photographed taking pictures from one of the gargoyles. That, partly, had inspired Ms. Leibovitz to do similarly.

Although Ms. Leibovitz would not herself be interviewed by me for my article, I interviewed nearly everyone else of note from the Leibovitz-Loengard-Parsons shoot, including her two assistants working up-high with her that day, and a representative of the Chrysler Building's management.

A few months later, I asked Ms. Leibovitz's agent, Jeffrey Smith, at Contact Press Images, if I could publish one of the photographer's photo-portraits in the second volume of "Spirit of America", which I was directing-editing. I'd seen her portrait of her dad and one brother on the British National Portrait Gallery website. That portrait shows the two men just-come-out-of-the-water from swimming, standing together in front of some evergreen trees. It appears to be a fairly natural and decently fun photo-portrait, which is why I asked to publish it.

Mr. Smith asked what I could offer for it. I told him that the three other famous professional photographers that were contributing a photo, were each being paid \$75, all that our budget for the book could afford. He said Ms. Leibovitz didn't want the money, but did want three copies of the book. After our book was published, I sent him three copies for her, and he confirmed their safe and satisfactory receipt.

Many former "Life" photographers are fond of John Loengard, because he used to assign and edit their photos, and Ms. Leibovitz periodically was given assignments by Mr. Loengard for that magazine. If it had not been the Chrysler shoot I'd written about for "Smithsonian" magazine, I might not have been able to obtain Ms. Leibovitz's photo-portrait for my anthology. Mr. Loengard and Harry Benson also contributed a photo each; and I was able to obtain William C. Beall's "Faith and Confidence" photo, too for that book. Mr. Beall's photo had won the 1958 Pulitzer Prize.

I very much respect all the work and preparation Ms. Leibovitz puts into her photo-portraits and her life. (She has three children, and somehow raises them, as well as doing her travel and photography.) However, as a photographer who has spent a relatively substantial percentage of my income on my photography, with very little income, I know the dangers of debt, and almost always utilize inexpensive equipment and process to get very good and enduring results. That way, I can justify spending what I do, because I generally have money left to pay for my non-photographic expenses, too. To be fairer, though, I do not make my living from my photography, like Ms. Leibovitz has had to, and thankfully, I have so far been able to pay for my photos with money that comes from other, reliable sources.

Finally, it was a rare honor for me to attend and photograph Ms. Leibovitz's "Pilgrimage" Exhibition, at the Smithsonian's American Art Museum/National Portrait Gallery, in February 2012 – an exhibition that featured Ms. Leibovitz's still-life photos of the environments, clothing, and utensils used by leading artists and intellectuals from history, mainly in America, but also in Europe.

"Harry Benson: An American Love Story That Began in Scotland" –

Harry Benson has photographed more "People" magazine covers than anyone (more than 100). He also did quite a few for "Life" magazine and other top publications. He's a two-time former winner of the Magazine Photographer of the Year Award from the Missouri Journalism School's famed POYI Competition. And he's photographed so many famous people, he could do many volumes of books just on that topic. He's also married to a loving wife, Gigi, and has two daughters, as well.

How did Harry Benson get started? By photographing soccer games and the zoo where his father worked in Glasgow. By the time he was a young man, he talked his way into photographing the Beatles' first tour of America. From there, he's covered every US President since Ike; Muhammad Ali (he photographed him with the Beatles, no less); many

other top athletes; Popes; the Queen of England and the Queen Mother; Elvis Presley; Michael Jackson; Bobby Fischer; George Burns; Andre Solshenytin; Elton John; Dolly Parton (her figure stood out, in silhouette); combat zones; Elizabeth Taylor in her hospital bed, before and after brain surgery; disabled US veterans visiting Vietnam for the first time; the Reagans (extensively enough to do a book about them, subtitled, 'An American Love Story'); the Caroline Kennedy wedding; the list is practically endless.

When I asked the Bensons if Harry would take part in the second volume of "Spirit of America", a photo-book I'd directed-edited, they signed on, along with his old "Life" magazine associates, John Loengard and Annie Leibovitz. The Bensons sent me a photo of a US veteran in a wheel chair, shaking hands with his disabled Vietnamese counterpart.

Anyone who's seen the photo Harry took of the famous Beatles' pillow-fight, knows how great (and potentially gleeful) the photographer is with impromptu activities. He also can pose a subject so tenderly and naturally, he reminds you of Bert Hardy, at his best. When he was growing up and first taking pictures, Harry had heard a lot about Bert, and he still admires the Cockney master's works.

The last time I spoke with Gigi, Harry was having problems with his leg, I believe, but was still taking photo-assignments. He'd recently been honored with a lifetime achievements award by the Scottish Parliament. The Queen had previously made him a Commander of the British Empire (CBE).

Harry still loves the people back in Scotland; but he loves America, where he lives, and its people, too. He has made a nice living out of photographing many types of people, and still does it, brilliantly. Cheers, Harry and Gigi, Cheers!!

"Larry Burrows: A Tall, Gaunt-Boned Abraham Lincoln of a Photographer" --

Larry Burrows documented Warfare as well as any War Photographer ever. He was once described, by Beaumont Newhall, as a "tall, gaunt-boned Abraham Lincoln of a man." Born a London Cockney, like Bert Hardy, but 13 years later, young Burrows joined the "Daily Express" as a messenger boy, moved to the Keystone Agency as a darkroom assistant, then went to "Life" magazine as a printer. One rumor said he was working in the "Life" darkroom in London, when Robert Capa's D-Day negatives were almost totally ruined there. Burrows, though, apparently hadn't been the problematic technician.

Mr. Burrows' capacity to match his images with his witty text, including with such unlikely subjects as the novelist CP Snow in a four-poster bed, endeared him to a wide range of editors and readers, including those of "Time", "Life", "Quick", "Stem", and "Paris Match". From 1961 to 1971, he worked out of Hong Kong for "Life", a close-by placement for when the Vietnam War erupted; most of that time, he photographed Vietnam.

The photojournalist accompanied US troops most often, covering helicopter flights, parachute drops, the gore of battle and the evacuation of wounded, showing great courage, in the process. "Life" advertised a cover story with "In Color: Ugly War in Vietnam", and Burrows' color was many shades of mud, khaki, and olive, splashed with scarlet. His most unforgettable image (1966) shows one wounded, black Marine walking earnestly toward another wounded, downed Marine. Both men are wrapped in bandages, and the downed Marine appears to be dying.

Mr. Burrows used to say, "I can't afford the luxury of thinking about what could happen to me." Larry Burrows died, his camera in his hand, when the helicopter he was working from, was shot down at Langvii, South Vietnam.

"Dickey Chapelle Believed in Photojournalism, and Died for It" --

Photojournalist Dickey Chapelle (1919-1965) became one of the first female war correspondents, covering World War II, the Korean conflict, and Vietnam. Born Georgette Meyer in Shorewood, Wisconsin, in 1919, "Dickey" (self-named after her hero, Admiral Richard Byrd) earned a scholarship to study aeronautical design at MIT, after graduating first in her high school class. But wanting to pilot planes, she returned home and began work at a Milwaukee airport.

When her mother learned of her affair with a pilot, Ms. Chapelle was sent to live with her grandparents in Florida.

After working a series of jobs there, Chapelle landed a job with TWA in New York, where she enrolled in a class taught by TWA's publicity photographer, her future husband, Tony Chapelle. She soon began working as a photographer for TWA herself. After 15 years of marriage, she divorced Tony and officially changed her first name to Dickey.

Despite her photos not being great early on, Ms. Chapelle managed to become a war correspondent for "National Geographic", covering Marines in WWII. Known for her tenacity and willingness to do anything for a story, Chapelle was "adopted" into many nations' army units, including rebel groups in Algeria, Cuba, Hungary, and South Vietnam. Chapelle even took up parachuting at age 40 to cover guerilla conflicts in tough terrain. She became the first female reporter to win Pentagon approval to jump with US troops in Vietnam.

Later on, her political passion became more important to her. An outspoken anti-communist, Ms. Chapelle proclaimed her pro-American views. In 1965, Chapelle convinced her editors to send her back to Vietnam. On the morning of Nov. 4, 1965, Dickey Chapelle was killed by a land mine on patrol with a platoon, becoming the first war correspondent killed in Vietnam. Henri Huet's photo of Ms. Chapelle receiving the last rites is one of the most poignant correspondent death photos I've seen published.

"Jane Bown: Found Life, Portraits, and Photojournalism" –

Jane Bown was born in Dorset, England, in 1925 and has been a photographer for "The Observer" and "The Guardian" since 1949. Her portraits of the famous, including her official 80th birthday portrait of Queen Elizabeth II, have received critical acclaim, earning her an exhibition in the National Portrait Gallery in London in 1980.

Ms. Bown was, early on, a chart corrector, who helped plot the D-Day invasion. She studied photography at Guildford College under Ifor Thomas. She began as a child portrait photographer, but got her big break when she received a telegram in 1949 from Mechthild Nawiasky, an "Observer" picture editor, asking her to photograph the philosopher Bertrand Russell.

Jane Bown married Marin Moss, CBE, a fashion retail executive, who died in 2007. In 1985, Ms. Bown was awarded an MBE, and in 1995, she received a CBE.

The photographer has worked mainly in black-and-white, using available light, with a 40-year-old Olympus, 35mm camera. She has photographed Orson Welles, Samuel Beckett, Sir John Betjeman, Woody Allen, Quentin Crisp, John Lennon, Truman Capote, Richard Nixon, Jayne Mansfield, Diana Dors, Henry Cartier-Bresson, Eve Arnold, Evelyn Waugh, Brassai, Margaret Thatcher, and the gangster Charlie Richardson.

A copy of Jane Bown's best view of Queen Elizabeth II, taken as the Queen's official 80th birthday portrait, was obtained by me, and I published it in the second volume of "Spirit of America," a group-photo-anthology I directed-edited in 2008.

Although she makes portraits and action-shots, too, Ms. Bown characterizes her subjects mainly as "found life", because she prefers to gather images rather than direct them. (Though I did not see many of Jane Bown's photos, until the last few years; my interest in "found life" has been with me since taking up photography in 1979.) In that sense, she is a true photojournalist and documentarian. Her extensive output includes series on Hop Pickers, Greenham Common evictions, a Butlin's holiday resort, the British Seaside, and in 2002, Glastonbury Festival. Her exhibitions include "The Gentle Eye" (NPG, 1980-81), "Rock 1963-2003" and "Unknown Bown 1947-1967", (Guardian Newsroom, 2007-8).

In 2007, her work on the Greenham Common evictions was selected by Val Williams and Susan Bright as part of "How We Are: Photographing Britain", the first major survey of photography to be held at Tate Britain.

Publications include "The Gentle Eye" (1980), "Women of Consequence" (1986), "Men of Consequence" (1987), "The Singular Cat" (1988), "Pillars of the Church" (1991), "Observer" (1996), "Faces: The Creative Process Behind Great Portraits" (2000), "Rock 1963-2003" (2003), "Unknown Bown 1947-1967" (2007), and "Exposures" (2009). Collection-archives include Palace of Westminster, London, and the National Portrait Gallery, London.

“Pete Souza: Superb Photojournalist and Very Fortunate Presidential Documentarian” –

First of all, of all the photographers in this book, the one I'd most like to have the job of, is Pete Souza. Mr. Souza is currently the Official White House Photographer for President Barack Obama; he held the same job with President Ronald Reagan. In-between, he was a staff photojournalist for the “Chicago Tribune”, including covering Sen. Barack Obama from 2005-2008. He also taught photojournalism at Ohio University, and has published several photo-books, including two each about his tenures with two Presidents. He also photographed the book “Plebe Summer,” about his documentary work at the US Naval Academy one summer, which I received a complimentary copy of, as a black-and-white printing sample from Walsworth Publishing of Marceline, Missouri, for future books by me and my group.

Born in Portsmouth, Massachusetts in 1954, of Portugese ancestry, Pete Souza earned his Bachelor's degree from Boston University and his Master's degree from Kansas State University, both in communications-related fields. His work since then has won many awards, and he was the primary subject in a recent “National Geographic” TV-special about “The Presidents' Photographers”, which is also the title of his recent book.

Each week, Mr. Souza puts up a wall of 16x20 prints of his best works, taken during the previous week, at the White House. Although there are three other Presidential Photographers for the White House, at present, Mr. Souza photographs the President much of the day, nearly every day. He is the Chief White House Photographer.

Pete Souza takes wonderful photos, and tons of them. His works and those of his fellow White House photographers all go into the Permanent Collection of the National Archives.

“William C. Beall: Pulitzer Winner for 'Faith and Confidence'” –

William Beall was born in Washington, DC, in 1911, and died in 1994.

Mr. Beall's photo of a policeman talking to a little boy at a parade was the most-applauded picture ever to appear in the “Washington Daily News.” FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover declared it “worthy of prize”, and despite what some critics say about J. Edgar, Mr. Beall's photo is The Norman Rockwell Moment among all the Pulitzer-winning photos, over the years.

Mr. Beall started his career at age 16, with a photo agency. At age 22, he was a “Washington Post” photographer. Soon after, he joined the “Washington Daily News”, and was named chief photographer there in 1940.

Beall was a combat photographer with the US Marine Corps in World War II. He earned the Air Medal in 1945 for his coverage of the Battle of Okinawa. His awards also include those from the National Headliners Club, the United Press International News-pictures Contest, and the National Press Photographers Association.

I acquired and published his Pulitzer-winning photo, “Faith and Confidence”, for one of the “Spirit of America” anthologies I've directed-edited (2008). In Spring 2010, I visited the Newseum, in Washington, DC, and photographed his photo on display there. It has since been published in a couple of my more recent books. I love his photo, because it speaks to the more optimistic side of human nature, and does so honestly-enough.

“Photo-Print Technicians, Et. Al., of Greatest Relevance” –

In addition to Jerry Grove and Charles Keeble of Grove Hardy and the Bert Hardy Darkroom, who produced the finest black-and-white darkroom prints I've ever had done, with the Yonhap News Agency Darkroom a close second, Bob Mulock, Deb Abraham, and Ken Bernstein have done the best enlarged prints for me from computer-printers. I'm very grateful to Bob for producing the prints of my photos that both the Wisconsin Historical Society and the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History Archives Center are very fond of. Bob Mulock, who used to own Bob's Moen Photo, worked on prints for me, for 30-plus years, on-and-off. Paul Petras and Deb Abraham worked on prints for me done at May's Photo in La Crosse, for many years, too, and Paul, in particular, has answered fully and accurately many technical computer and photo questions over the years. Ken Bernstein is one of the most recent photo-printers of my work, and he, too, does superb work. And the Yonhap News Agency darkroom staff superbly printed, free-of-

charge, the works for my first photo-exhibition in Seoul, at the Han Madang Gallery and Coffeeshop. It should also be said that Charles Keeble, of the Bert Hardy Darkroom, processed the bromide print of my photo-portrait of Bert Hardy and his dogs, that is in the Photographs Collection of the British National Portrait Gallery. (I'm particularly fond of prints processed on luster/pearl or semi-matte papers, and the Bert Hardy Darkroom printed a large number of black-and-white images for me, for 25 years, on those types of papers.)

In addition, a photo-printer in Columbia, MO, in 1984 or 1989, whose first name was Kim, did some very nice prints for me, once, and he also did several medium-format copy negatives for some images I could no longer find the original negatives to (there were two periods when I lost significant numbers of my images, ca. 1980-85 and summer 1987). Many other photo-printers have helped me, over the years, including in preparation for when I'd taught a black-and-white darkroom course for Western Technical College for 10 years. Jim Southworth, Roger Grant, Veita Jo Hampton, Chancey Lewis, and Hanno Hardt, were very helpful, regarding my classroom preparations. And Rich Knox was very helpful, while I was teaching that darkroom course itself, in helping me prepare chemicals, etc. Finally, I'm grateful to Western, for also hiring me to teach a writing course, at the same time as I taught my photo-darkroom course there, providing me with adult students, who, for many years, have contributed creatively and financially to the anthologies I direct-edit, though I no longer teach at Western.

"Meeting Two British Journalists Who Made History: Hardy and Cameron" --

During my time in the Missouri-London Reporting Program, Autumn 1981, I didn't know for sure I was writing important history, but I knew the topics were very interesting, and the people possibly very famous.

One story by me published then was about the impromptu meeting between the Catholic Cardinal of England, Basil Hume, and 50 IRA protestors. They met in his rectory at Westminster Catholic Cathedral in London, that September, I believe, though I don't have the exact date in my story, and no longer have those notes. The protestors included brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers, of IRA hunger strikers in the Maze Prison of Northern Ireland. They'd protested the day before at 10 Downing Street, which I covered, as well. My story for the "Columbia Missourian", published a couple of weeks later, dealt only with their meeting with the Cardinal, and the five famous demands the hunger strikers were making. (Bobby Sands, the famous hunger striker, had committed suicide a few months before, by not eating his meals at the infamous Maze.)

Also that September, though, Sally Soames, a "Sunday Times" photographer, gave me the address of a black-and-white printing firm of note, Grove Hardy Ltd. The reporting program's moderator, John H. Whale, also worked for the "Sunday Times", and Ms. Soames had heard I was looking for a top printer. I didn't think anymore then about the slip of paper with that address on it -- 2 Burrows Mews off Ufford Street -- because I'd already lined up photo-processing with a couple of different shops -- my black-and-whites were being done by Prem Olson (who also helped me with photos for the article I wrote about the Camden Jazz Festival, that Autumn), and my color images were being done by a shop near the Angel Underground Stop, I believe.

After I'd covered other stories that semester -- including interviewing the top director for the only professional Palestinian theater troupe anywhere then; reporting on the Camden Jazz Festival (featuring the Archie Shepp Quintet with Charlie McGehee on trumpet); interviewing the painter Erica Daborn; reporting on the Almedia Theatre in its infancy; interviewing Rudi Christopher, a Paralympic Champion in two events, despite spina bifida; reporting on a pain relief conference; and researching Asian-Indian immigration; I was looking for one last report to hang my hat on for the semester.

In late November, I was talking with Prem about that situation, and he said he knew of a photographer who had very good stories to tell about his pictures. I asked if he was an excellent photographer, and Prem said, "Well, he's at least a very good photographer." I asked the name of this man, and he said, "Hardy, Bert Hardy."

Now, I didn't put two and two together until Prem had given me contact info and I'd phoned Mr. Hardy. We agreed to

a time and day for our interview, and he instructed me to take the train from Elephant and Castle Station in London to Oxted in Surrey. I then proceeded to ask Ms. Soames more about this Mr. Hardy, of Grove Hardy, it turned out. All she would say is, "He's a very nice man."

On the day designated, I made my way across a Thames Bridge from my shared flat at 13 Willowbridge Road in London's Islington District, to Elephant and Castle Station. I caught the train, and it took exactly 38 minutes to arrive at Oxted. Mr. Hardy was waiting at the station, and he drove me to his farmhouse via Limpfield and the countryside in-between. He mentioned he'd been at his men's club the night before, and they'd discussed the A-bomb. We also talked about the Missouri Pictures of the Year Contest he'd won an award at in 1951.

We disembarked at the farm-gate, and Mrs. Hardy, Sheila, met us there. We went inside, and we continued talking briefly about Mizzou, and the program I was part of via its J-School. I said the program's London moderator was John Whale. They said his name as "Wall", and I corrected them. But a wall has great meaning in Mr. Hardy's story. (Despite writing some superb stories in London, I did not write the minimum 12 stories, so John Whale turned into a wall, with my grades, which resulted in my obtaining a BJ degree rather than an MA degree at Mizzou, in 1984.)

We sat down, and after coffee was served, with a brownie, we discussed Mr. Hardy's career. It turned out, he was the man who provided the capital for the printing firm, and Gerry Grove, an old "Picture Post" printer, ran the day-to-day of it. The Hardys were, by then, professional farmers. It was Mr. Grove who would provide me with the eighteen 8x10 prints I later requested among Mr. Hardy's works, to take with me to the States, to help illustrate my writings about Bert Hardy.

Mr. Hardy had been raised in the Elephant and Castle district of London during the neo-Dickensian 1910s, the oldest child of seven children of Albert Sr. and Blanche Hardy. Bert left school at age 14 to work as a photo delivery boy. Due to his native intelligence and adaptability, he'd rise through the ranks to become chief photographer for "Picture Post." He'd begun freelancing there (without credits) from the fourth issue, in Oct. 1938, and worked there, except for a four-year partial lull while he was a Royal Army Film Unit photographer in World War II, until the magazine's demise in June 1957. Even while he was in the military, he'd still send back occasional photos to the magazine, for publication there.

However, before he entered the military (1942), he spent several nights covering fire-fighters during the height of the Blitz. He took some amazing photos during the Winter of 1940-41, and on Feb. 1, 1941, "Picture Post" gave him the cover-story, "Fire-Fighters!". They also gave him the first photographer-credit ever in that magazine, for "Fire-Fighters!"

Hardy crossed at Normandy, soon after D-Day, and photographed the Liberation of Paris (including his dramatic pics of sniper attacks), the Rhine Crossing (photographing Gen. Dempsey leading British units across that river), the liberation of Belsen (where Anne Frank had died), and the meeting of the three Allied commanders (Eisenhower, Montgomery, and Zhukov). He then headed to Asia, where he became Lord Mountbatten's personal photographer.

After he returned to Britain in 1946, he went almost immediately to India, where he photographed Prime Minister Nehru smelling a rose (a "Picture Post" cover) and the first Indian Constituent Assembly (Parliament). When he returned to London this time, he covered everyday life in Britain, brilliantly, and won a number of Encyclopaedia Britannica photo-sequence awards, including his Glasgow photo-sequence, wherein he took his all-time favorite photo, of two Gorbals boys walking arm-in-arm toward him on the street.

By late 1950, Bert Hardy had covered the Korean War, too, but he told me less about that part of history during our first interview. And the photos of him I wanted to take were scheduled for a couple of days later. I took my train back to London, and kept busy there.

At the appointed day and time, I arrived back at Oxted Station, where I was picked up this time by Mrs. Hardy, I believe. We went to the Hardy farmstead, and we talked further, but only for a short time. Then, an executive from the Rank Company (a xerox and movie-making firm) visited, and I photographed the Hardys talking with him. Before we went back inside (I think this is the sequence), Mr. Rank left, and I photographed Mr. Hardy and his dogs in the open exterior doorway of his house's kitchen. Either that, or I made my portraits of Mr. Hardy before the Rank man arrived.

One of my photo-portraits that day shows Mr. Hardy seated in his favorite chair next to the living room window. Mrs. Hardy said something about his cameras, and I believe Bert went upstairs and retrieved one. I'm not sure if he took my photo, but if he did, it was surreptitiously. He seemed to enjoy holding that camera, though. It was one of his Leicas, and perhaps is worth a small-fortune today.

We spoke more about the Korean War. And before I left that day, the Hardys said there was a man I needed to interview. "A very important man", they said. The Hardys gave me the name of the man's agent, and I phoned him either later that day or the next. I can't recall the agent's name, but the man to be interviewed was a certain James Cameron.

Now, today the name James Cameron conjures up scenes from the movie "Titanic", which was directed by the Canada-born "King of the World" James Cameron. I haven't written generally about that director, but I've written about the African-American activist James Cameron, who founded America's Black Holocaust Museum in Milwaukee. In 1981 Britain, though, the Scottish journalist by that name was famous, and was the only James Cameron I knew. He had not only covered many wars, including the Korean Police Action with Mr. Hardy, but he'd also witnessed the first A-bomb dropped on Bikini Atoll, and became a founding member of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. In addition, he was a former employee of the notable newspaper publisher Lord Beaverbrook, who'd admired Cameron greatly. Cameron was also a friend and confidante of many other celebrities. He was an especially dear friend of Pandit Nehru, and indeed Mr. Cameron's third/final wife, Monee, was an Asian-Indian woman.

I went, then, at the appointed time and day, to 3 Eton College Road, the Camerons' residence in London. I was greeted at the door by Mr. Cameron, who asked if I was Mr. Markham. I said, no, Mr. Marcou. Markham had been a name relevant in his early life, pertaining to one of the areas where he lived as a boy. Soon, I was seated in his living room or study (I think the two rooms were adjacent without a wall.) There were large bookcases and two nice chairs for sitting. At some point, maybe at the start, I was served a gin and tonic, which he himself had, too. He smoked a cigarillo, either Hamlet brand or Prince of Denmark.

We talked of many things, including Mr. Hardy's standing as a photographer. I said, "Mr. Hardy is very much like Henri Cartier-Bresson, isn't he?" Mr. Cameron replied, "Ah, but there is only one Cartier-Bresson." As we spoke of Mr. Hardy's association with Mr. Cameron, the latter said, "Well, Bert Hardy was the sort of man you either got along with or you took out and shot." He added that once, when Hardy and Cameron entered the presence of Gen. MacArthur, that notable UN Commander said: "Goddammit – Now what you two doing here?" – or sentiments to that effect.

However, in more public places, James Cameron had some very decent things to say about Bert Hardy. After the two had covered U.N. atrocities at Pusan in early September 1950, a courageous coverage that would be aborted later in London by "Picture Post" publisher Sir Edward Hulton, losing editor Sir Tom Hopkinson his job, the journalistic pair made their way up by sea to the port of Inchon with U.N. troops, for MacArthur's and the Marines' famous counter-attack on the North Koreans. Only two days each year were right for such a sea-land assault, one of them was Sept. 15. Otherwise, there would be miles of muddy flats for the troops to slog through, rather than water, to the famed seawall.

Hardy and Cameron found themselves a spot in the Press craft, but in a twist of fate, the Press sea-land vehicle got out front of the US First Marine Division, the key assault troops at Inchon. Thus, the two British journalists were stuck on

the wrong side of the seawall (though potentially safer), as the light began to fade. As First Marine troops came up to the wall, Hardy knew he needed to work fast, because flash wasn't an option. He says he was the first U.N. man to go over that wall, to begin photographing the assault, and Cameron had no choice. He soon went over, too, with the First Marines.

Although there were photos taken by others when the big craft landed the next day, Bert Hardy got the only good photos of the initial landing assault, at dusk, because he used a 35mm camera, while the other pressman either had large-format still cameras or movie cameras. Despite competing with former Marine and top "Life" photographer David Douglas Duncan, during that war, Duncan wasn't at Inchon, and Hardy earned the award for the top Korean War coverage from the University of Missouri/Encyclopaedia Britannica Pictures of the Year Contest in early 1951 (for his September 15, 1950 photos).

Not only were there bullets and grenades that had gone off all around the seawall, but also rocket-fire from the U.N. ships had softened up the beach (the wrong beach to hit with U.N. rocket-fire!) the Marines landed on. Mr. Cameron wrote a sterling account of how insane that war was, though he also wrote that "God was on the side of the big battalions; they were even that big."

The great writer was also truthful about Mr. Hardy's contributions to their coverage that day, when he later wrote: "One of my enduring memories of that strange occasion is of Bert Hardy on the seawall of Blue Beach, blaspheming among the impossible din, and timing his exposures to the momentary flash of the rockets. That is the difference between the reporter's trade and the cameraman's. His art can never be emotion recalled in tranquility. Ours can – or could be: the emotion is easy; the tranquility more elusive. As for Inchon – for me, the record stands."

A day or two after my Hardy-Cameron interviews, I searched for info and photos relating to them, in the Islington Library, and in the London Central Library, with no luck then. Although subsequent months were very hard on me personally, trying to piece together the Hardy-Cameron saga, with very little help from the J-School I returned to from London in December 1981, I eventually began writing more extensively about that duo. I've penned three book-length manuscripts relating to them, and had those manuscripts in storage for more than a decade, occasionally trying to sell them to publishers. One of those manuscripts is a complete history of "Picture Post", titled "All the Best". It is published online, so far, on the La Crosse History Unbound Website.

I have also had a number of stories and reviews published about the British duo and "Picture Post", over the years. Because Mr. Cameron's agent forbade my bringing a camera to photograph Mr Cameron, I never did take his picture. I had photographed Mr. Hardy, though, and my best view of him with his dogs Lizzie and Kim has been published often. A cropped version, showing only Mr. Hardy, was published in the March 2007 issue of "Smithsonian" magazine, with my report about Mr. Hardy's incredible photo-montage of the Queen's entrance at the Paris Opera in April 1957. And a print of my un-cropped view of the same scene is in the Photographs Collection of the British National Portrait Gallery. I still hold the copyright to my two best Bert Hardy images, the other one being the best one I took of him sitting by his window. But I lost the rest of my Hardy photos from 1981, when my then-wife absconded in 1987 with many of my earliest photos and negatives. Suk-Hee didn't get everything from that period, though, which is why I still have my two best portraits of Mr. Hardy plus a related photo I also took, of his two dogs playing along a road on his farm. And if anyone doubts that I took my photos and photo-portraits of Bert Hardy, et. al., that day on his farm, Mrs. Sheila Hardy, his widow, told me via phone ca. 2005 that she is sure I took my best photo-portrait of Bert and his dogs (now in the British National Portrait Gallery Photographs Collection), because, as Mrs. Hardy put it, "I was there when you did." Mr. Hardy's printing lab even developed my black-and-white film from that shoot, and printed that NPG image.

The list of celebrities Bert Hardy and James Cameron covered could fill many, many pages itself, though they also wonderfully documented everyday people. However, the two men were themselves famous British citizens, and great journalists. And I met and interviewed them both around the time of my 31st birthday (November 25, 1981). I'm still glad I did.

"Another Great Source of Inspiration: The Missouri Group (and Associates)"

The Missouri Group (and Associates) first applies to four University of Missouri Journalism Professors who banded together to co-author books about how to do Good Journalism. All four were teachers of mine: Daryl Moen, George Kennedy, Brian Brooks, and Don Ranly. I also add to that Group, because they're all from the same J-School, the following Photojournalists, who have taken part in anthologies I've directed-edited, like "Spirit of the World": David Rees (a Director of the J-School's Photojournalism Sequence; plus Master's Photojournalism Grads: Jean Chung, Leah Nash, and Jerry Swope. The last I heard, all these Missouri Associates were doing well in Photojournalism. They've contributed many great pictures and words to our books, and I appreciate them, as I appreciate the contributions of the original Missouri Group. I also appreciate the enormous contributions Franklin, St. James, and Aquinas Schools, the Wisconsin Technical School System, the University of Wisconsin System, and the University of Iowa at Iowa City have provided to my General and Journalistic Education, plus the Cathedral, Aquinas, Logan Schools, and the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis, to my son's General and Journalistic Education, as well as his Military Training Schools.

"Oblique Inspirations; Key Photographers I've Come to Appreciate via More Indirect Means" –

There are several photographers who have inspired me more obliquely – generally, either I have not seen more than a few of their images, which have been decent, or they're photographers I've known about a long time, but have been somewhat less-inspired by, in my own picture-taking. However, in a couple of cases, I've written more extensively elsewhere about some of these photographers.

Margaret Bourke-White is probably the most famous female photographer of all-time, though Annie Leibovitz may be giving her a run for her money, these days I have long had a love-hate relationship with the ideas and images of Bourke-White. Yes, the Fort Peck Dam view of hers that graced the front-cover of the first issue of "Life" magazine is awesome, but the photos of people by her that go with that picture, on that issue's inside, do not impress me much. Her interior view of the dancers in a pub, for instance, seems coldly taken and too in-your-face, especially when seen large. And other photos of people I've seen of hers, over the years, have seemed similarly coldly taken. And her through-the-concentration-camp-fence view of soon-to-be-release prisoners almost seems Hollywood-staged, though it may be, in fact, generally spontaneous.

But in recent years, prompted by one of my former American Studies Professor's books (John Raeburn's), I began reviewing others among Bourke-White's people photos, and found them more human, humane, and beautiful. Included among those images by her are her stark view of Gandhi by a spinning wheel, shortly before he was assassinated in 1946; and her view of a bread line comprising black Americans, in front of a huge billboard saying, "World's Highest Standard of Living: There's No Way Like the American Way." And certainly, her physical courage cannot be gainsaid, including having taken photos of New York City from an eagle gargoyles on the 61st floor of the Chrysler Building, which Ms. Leibovitz reprised in 1991.

Bourke-White once said, "I feel that utter truth is essential... and to get that truth may take a lot of searching and long hours." Though she married, Bourke-White did not have children. Perhaps her search for truth was often a lonely one; but her best photos suggest that even author-photographers who once thought they knew a bit about everything, didn't know the whole truth about Margaret Bourke-White: She was one of a great and very brave photojournalist, though she had to sacrifice key elements that could have been part of her life, too, to get to where she got.

Roger Fenton was the first great war photographer, most famous for photographing the Crimean War in the 1850s. He was also a very good landscape and portrait photographer, and was instrumental in the forming of the Royal Photographic Society, also in the 1850s. I have not done the sort of research to say which of his photos is the most endearing or inspirational to me, but I hope to view more of his photos, as time passes.

Julia Margaret Cameron was a 19th century British photo-portraitist who photographed many of the famous Brits of her day. She is famous for photos that are fairly basic in framing, often taking head-shots and upper-body shots. Born in Calcutta in 1815, she married Charles Cameron, a senior British administrator there. In 1845, the couple moved to England with their children, and became part of Britain's artistic and cultural life.

The Cameron family moved to the Isle of Wight in 1860, and Julia began making portraits in 1863, when her children gave her a camera. Her husband was 20 years older than she and was then working in Ceylon, where he owned coffee plantations. Her “first success” was a portrait of 9-year-old Annie Philpot. Though she’s not known for taking stunning photos of women, she did do psychological portraits of various people, including women.

However, she was fond of beauty, especially thinking her maids beautiful. She photographed them, Mary Hillier and Mary Ryan, often. She also made compelling portraits of famous men, including: Alfred Lord Tennyson (her neighbor), Robert Browning, Thomas Carlyle, Charles Darwin, Sir John Herschel, Henry Longfellow, Anthony Trollope, and GF Watts.

I have long thought some of Ms. Cameron’s portraits beautiful and admire some of them; others seem more disturbing, though they may be true to the subject’s character, and thus good portraits. When she died, it is said Ms. Cameron’s last word was “Beauty.”

Alfred Stieglitz was a key point of inspiration for the young Edward Steichen, from Stieglitz’s editing of two truly great, early photo magazines that Steichen cut his teeth on, to Steichen’s first visit with Stieglitz in New York, when the young man was on his way to his ground-breaking tour of France. Stieglitz’s own photos could be austere beautiful and sometimes even gorgeous. “The Steerage” is an iconic view of what immigrants on early ocean-going ships looked like, in those surroundings. A few other photos by him are equally iconic, including his view of New York City’s Flatiron Building, which Steichen and I also photographed. After Steichen returned to New York City to live, near the turn of the last century, he located in an apartment that Stieglitz liked. It became the famous gallery, 291. Stieglitz married the soon-to-be world-famous painter – Sun Prairie, Wisconsin-native George O’Keeffe. He would photograph her nude many times, but eventually they both had affairs and she moved permanently to New Mexico, to paint some of the most iconic images in American Art. Many years later, the “Life” photographer John Loengard photographed Ms. O’Keeffe for a classic photo-essay about her. By that time, Stieglitz, who’d been much older than his wife, had already died.

Ansel Adams, Edward Weston, and John Sexton. Adams and Weston were two very famous American photographers whose works eventually made me think that sheer forms can be important in creating beauty, though I still don’t really try to take Nature photos like they did. However, due to the formal elegance of their photos, many photographers, including me, are at least partly influenced by their works. I don’t take nude photos at all, though, which Weston did plenty of. That said, there is a kind of perfect beauty of Natural Looks and even Godly Spirit in Nature Touching Humanity, in some of their best outdoor works. And neither photographer would have had photos in “The Family of Man” exhibition and book, unless Edward Steichen saw quite a bit of beauty and even utility in, their photos. John Sexton was one of Ansel Adams’s most influential proteges, who still photographs Nature and man-made objects with equal aplomb. He also teaches at his famous workshops. I photographed John Sexton at a UW-La Crosse workshop, ca. 1990, and have published one of my head-and-shoulders portraits of him, in some of my photo-books. Regarding Sexton’s mentor, Ansel Adams, one of his quotations is particularly relevant when viewing photos that have elements beneath the surface to study. Adams said, “A photograph is usually looked at – seldom looked into.”

Eugene Atget was a French photographer born in 1857. He was orphaned at age 4, and brought up by an uncle. After brief work as a sailor and as an actor, he took up painting, then photography (ca. 1880). His approach to his photo-subjects did not vary much, but his photos are highly prized today. He took robust and direct pictures of street-scenes and still-lives, usually without people in them. He’d work early mornings on the streets of Paris, before people were out and about, lending an empty and surreal charm to his photos. Many famous painters knew Atget, and he sold postcards and prints. In 1926, the American photographer and collector Berenice Abbott (who was associated with the avant garde photo-artist Man Ray) took the only known portrait of Atget. Although Abbott received and conserved a fair number of Atget’s negatives, selling them eventually to the MoMA in New York, most of Atget’s negatives are owned today by the French government. His images can be wonderful to behold. His documentary approach was never called “Art” by him, but has been called that by many observers, since his death.

August Sander (1876-1964) was a German documentary photographer known for his objective views of people who often were categorized by class and/or job. After formal training, he settled in as a photographer in Linz, Austria, working in the pictorialist style of the time. In 1910, he returned to Cologne, and produced portraits of rural people, landscapes, and architectural photos. In the early 1920s, he met a group of area artists who persuaded him to redefine

his portraiture as evidence of a vanishing rural society. His intended visual taxonomy of German social types, "People of the 20th Century", involves the photo history of urbanization, from village to metropolis. It covers many types of people, from farmers, artisans, and "average citizens", to economic leaders, intellectual aristocrats, and finally to "last people", or disabled, mentally ill, and dead. In 1929, he published "Face of Our Time", an early selection of those portraits for his taxonomic tome. However, his work was hindered when his son, Erich, was arrested by the Third Reich. In 1938, he did a portfolio entitled, "Persecuted Jews," which he added to his Face book. He also did two portfolios of his architectural work, though he never saw any of his complete portfolios published. Since his death, he's been hailed as a major European documentarian, and his objective views of many types of people are especially compelling..

Jacob Riis and John Thomson were social documentary photographers, a few years before Lewis Hine began his sterling work in America.

Jacob Riis was born in Denmark, but became an American. Hired in 1873 as a police reporter for the "New York Tribune" and later the "Evening Sun", he believed the poor were poor due mainly to their surroundings, which needed to be upgraded. The invention of flash powder in Germany then, helped Riis photograph the squalor in dark tenements. Disgusted with crude woodcuts of his images in newspapers, he published his best images and an accompanying text in "How the Other Half Lives" (a ground-breaking work, in 1890). Soon, the introduction of half-tone reproductions in newspapers lent greater credibility to his photos and texts. Some observers consider Riis and Lewis Hine the twin pillars of early-modern documentary photography.

John Thomson was a Scottish photographer and writer, born in 1837, who became active in Asia, Cyprus, and England. After running his studio in Singapore, then Hong Kong, he moved back to Britain in 1872, and published his China photos. Though he published several books of his foreign photos, his real contributions to the art of social documentary are traced mainly to his book "Street Life in London", which came out in 12 monthly parts. Later, he kept up a studio, but also wrote and lectured, including serving as a photography instructor to the Royal Geographical Society. He is credited also with marrying text and photos better than any other British writer-photographer of his time. I've come to enjoy his sense of movement and life generally, in groups of people on the street, even before candid work was very possible.

Josef Koudelka is a Czech photographer, born in Boskovice in 1938. He studied aeronautical engineering at Prague's Technical University. He became a photographer at the Divaldo Theatre in Prague in 1967. In 1968, he became internationally known for photographing the Russian invasion of Prague, initially as the anonymous "PP". He won the Robert Capa Gold Medal in 1969, and after finding asylum in England in 1970, he joined Magnum Photos in 1971. His show "Gypsies" was seen at the MoMA in New York, and published as a book by Aperture. After focusing on gypsies and nomads, he took on the topic of human destructiveness in the book "The Black Triangle" (1994), about open-cast ore mining in the western Czech Republic. I only remember one photo of his, because I've owned a photo postcard of it, for many years. It shows a seascape, but in the foreground is a seagull, flying towards the camera, and almost into it. I very much like the lyrical quality of that photo.

Edward Curtis Sherriff (1868-1952) was famous for his seminal and monumental work "The North American Indian." More than 2,200 photos of Indians were in that 20-volume set of photo-gravures with text, published between 1907 and 1930. Drawn from more than 40,000 negatives, it covered the Inuit of the North to the Zuni of the South. Native American cultures were perceived as dying out then, and Curtis wanted to record their lives and customs, before they died out. After serving an apprenticeship in St. Paul, Curtis began his own business in Seattle in the late 1880s. By 1895, he'd begun photographing Native Americans. His great project, though, did not begin until 1901, following a trip to Blackfoot Nation, Montana. President Teddy Roosevelt wrote an Introduction for the first volume of his masterwork, and from 1906, the financier JP Morgan contributed financially to it. Despite criticism that he overly romanticized Native American issues, those peoples today generally feel Curtis portrayed them as beautiful and strong, and like his portraits of their ancestors.

Imogen Cunningham and Roi Partridge were wife-husband photographers who lived in the Western United States. Ms. Cunningham's work is now better-known than her husband's, who did less photography than his wife. Their son Rondal is also an excellent photographer. Cunningham was born in Portland and decided to photograph in 1901, inspired by the pictorialist Gertrude Kasebier (whose "Blessed art thou amongst women" is a classic photo). Moving

to Seattle, Ms. Cunningham studied chemistry at the University of Washington, and assisted in the studio of Edward Curtis, famous for his Native American portraits. She continued her studies in Dresden, Germany, then returned to Seattle in 1910. She opened a studio, specializing in soft-focus portraits, and did some nudes of her husband-to-be, raising a scandal. They married in 1915, had children, and moved to the San Francisco-Oakland area. Ms. Cunningham began doing botanical subjects, too. She often used a twin-lens Rolleiflex, including some self-portraits. She was a founding member of Group f64, which Ansel Adams and Edward Weston also joined, based on the smallest camera aperture/sharpest focus then in practice. She published two books during her life; one was "After Ninety" (1979), from her last photos. My favorite is her portrait of her father, with long white hair and white beard. He looks like a Biblical prophet might have, or Methuselah, in it.

Weegee (Born Arthur Fellig, also known as "Weegee the Famous") was an Austria-born American crime photographer in the New York City area, who took photo-portraits of everyday and famous people, and murdered individuals on the street. Also, he staged some of his photography. Weegee often used flash with his photos (and got to where he was going via his police-fire scanner). I tend to like available light photos better, though the drama of the best Weegee photos is vivid. He got on well with many different types of people, from the poor and put-upon, to the administrators of New York's Museum of Modern Art, where selections of his best works have found a permanent home. One Weegee photo I love is his daytime view of a huge crowd looking into his camera at Coney Island. Somehow it reminds me of some of my "Sea of Red" crowd-photos at UW-Madison football games. Another image of his has a more worldly, but still semi-uplifting look – his double portrait of Billie Dauscha and Mabel Sidney, entertainers at Sammy's on the Bowery, during World War II. No matter how gruesome or sometimes even farcical a Weegee photo looks at first blush, there's always something about human life to admire in many of his photos, too.

Richard Quinney is a native Wisconsinite, who, after living and teaching university in other locales (his area being criminology), has returned to the vicinity of his family's farm. His photos are seen on one of only two living solo photographers' featured online photo galleries on the Wisconsin Historical Society Website. (The other such living photographer being your author.) Richard Quinney is famous for photographing the construction of the World Trade Center in New York, half a century ago, and for his books of photos and memoirs, via his press, Borderland Books. I own copies of three of his books, and especially like his reminiscences about his early life on his family's farm, situated in southeastern Wisconsin near the Illinois border.

Joe Rosenthal was a great American photojournalist, whose coverages included the Battle of Iwo Jima, in WWII. His most famous photo, by far, is his view of the raising of the US Flag on Mount Suribachi, Iwo Jima. Though it was a supplemental second raising of the flag there (the first raising was photographed by Lou Lowery, and showed a small flag's raising, unlike the large flag in the Rosenthal view, which apparently was not a staged event, but the result of a military decision that a larger flag would work better there, for the troops' sake), the power of Rosenthal's image not only gripped troops on Iwo Jima sufficiently for them to win that incredibly hard-fought battle versus the Japanese, but that photo has become one of the most iconic views of American History. Joe Rosenthal's photo shows four Marines and a Medical Orderly raising the flag, with the wind rippling it, on a clear-enough day to show the action in clear focus. The image appeared on stamps and war-loan posters, and later inspired Felix de Weldon's large Marine Corps Memorial at Arlington Cemetery, Va. (1954), which my son and I have photographed. Joe Rosenthal's most famous photo has since been borrowed and parodied often, and used in debates to support honoring the flag versus burning it.

Erich Salomon was a pioneering European candid photographer best-known for secretly photographing political summit-meetings and supreme courts in the 1920s and 1930s. He often utilized the miniature box-camera, Erminox. He was probably the first great candid cameraman, or at least the first one who did the most of it successfully, early on. But he was later imprisoned by the Nazis at Auschwitz, and died there, ca. 1944. There is a famous photo showing a politician who has just discovered he is being secretly photographed by Salomon. The politician is pointing dramatically at the photographer. That ES photo reminds me of a candid photo I took of then-Congressional Budget Guru Rep. Paul Ryan (eventual Vice Presidential Candidate), chatting with his staff in his Washington, DC, office in April 2011. I was not supposed to be in his office then, entered one day after knocking softly, and quickly-enough snapped my photo, as The Lincoln from Wisconsin pointed at me. Paul Ryan and his staff seemed a little more accepting perhaps of my being there and photographing him, than the man in the similar Salomon photo.

Eve Arnold was one of the truly masterful photojournalists of our time. Arnold, 99, died in a London nursing home,

having moved to Britain in the 1960s. She worked for the “Sunday Times” of London and “Life” Magazine, among many top publications, and published a number of books. I first became familiar with her photos in the 1980s, when I saw a book of hers from her 1952 presidential campaign portfolio. What struck me in all her work was the sort of bipartisanship I admire, exhibiting a very broad and humane soul. In the 1950s and early 1960s, she photographed Marilyn Monroe with great sensitivity. She also made notable portraits of Queen Elizabeth II, Malcolm X, and John and Angelica Huston, among many. Later came many photo exhibitions and big awards, but she was especially sensitive to the needs of her subjects and other people generally, though she had high work standards. In the very large volume of her works, there’s a gorgeous photo many people have seen — showing a young female militia member in China, lying down in the grass next to her horse’s reclining front shoulders. Arnold made many forays into Asia and elsewhere, including solo treks into the mountains of Tibet and Afghanistan. She will long be remembered as a woman with a great eye and a big heart. (DJM’s Letter to the Editor, “Photographer Left Indelible Images”, published in the “La Crosse Tribune”, Jan. 9, 2012, p. A4)

Helen Levitt and Ruth Orkin. Helen Levitt’s photos comprise mainly dynamic, lyrical images of spontaneous life on the streets of New York City. Beginning in the late 1930s, she photographed in a straightforward style, in black-and-white and color, often returning to the same neighborhoods. Many of her photos focus on children and their games. Also, her films made in collaboration with the writer James Agee have won international acclaim. Levitt was born in New York and inspired by the work of Henri Cartier-Bresson; she did early work in Harlem. In 1938-39, she studied with Walker Evans, who became her friend and mentor, at whose studio she met Agee. Evans, Agee, and Levitt shared a deep desire for direct artistic expressions. She traveled to Mexico in 1941, and later received a one-person show of her photos of children at the MoMA in New York. In 1955, some of Ruth Orkin’s photos appeared in “The Family of Man” exhibition and book, including a humorous sequence of photos, showing small children playing a game of cards. I’d long thought those card-playing photos were taken by Ms. Levitt, for their style and subject matter were so akin to Ms. Levitt’s. Ms. Orkin was also an American photographer, and she is most famous for her street photo, “An American Girl in Italy”, showing a beautiful young woman, ogled by several men on a street corner, which was a somewhat set-up shot. Ms. Orkin lived from 1921-1985, and was married to the filmmaker Morris Engel. Helen Levitt published “A Way of Seeing” in 1965; she’d already received more than one Guggenheim Fellowship, and later became a National Endowment of the Arts Fellow (1976). Ms. Levitt continued to live and work in New York City, until her death in 2009.

Jill Krementz is a portraitist who has photographed many of the most famous writers in the world, but especially famous American writers. She’s published many of her photos in sensible, positive-minded books for adolescents, including books about disabled children. She also did a notable book called “The Writer’s Desk”, comprising some of her best environmental portraits of famous writers, usually taken in their homes. Her photos of writers give an immediate sense of the spaces the writers do their work in, as well as suggest the personalities of the writers. Famous in her own right as a photographer, Ms. Krementz is also the widow of the notable writer Kurt Vonnegut. They have a daughter, Lily. Ms. Krementz recently was on the Curators’ Board of the National Portrait Gallery, in Washington, DC.

Dennis Stock was an American photojournalist and documentary photographer who became most famous for photographing the actor James Dean in Time Square. Born in New York City in 1928, Mr. Stock went on to serve in the US Army from 1947-51, and win the “Life” Young Photographer Contest in 1951. Andreas Feininger took an iconic photo of Mr. Stock using his camera, as a result of that contest. In addition to James Dean, Mr. Stock was also famous for photographing Louis Armstrong, Miles Davis, Audrey Hepburn, Billie Holliday, Sidney Bechet, Gene Krupa, and Duke Ellington. He authored about two dozen photo-strong books. On January 14, 2010, soon after his death, I wrote a “NY Times” blog tribute to Dennis Stock, though I hadn’t known much about his life, until the “Times” obituary. I do know I suggested in my blog tribute that I’d soon take a photo of my own brother, Dennis, a municipal judge in La Crosse, due to being inspired by Mr. Stock’s works. I’ve taken several photos of my brother since January 2010, and I hope among them is at least one image of my brother Dennis by me that fits that description well. Mr. Stock’s works and life should be more widely studied, and hopefully, will be.

Danny Lyon is an American documentary photographer, writer, and filmmaker born in 1942. After graduating from the University of Chicago in 1963, Mr. Lyon took photos in the American South, some of which were included in the book “The Movement,” about the Civil Rights Movement. Then, he joined the Chicago Outlaws motorcycle gang, to document their lives fully. His book “The Bikeriders” was published in 1967. Mr. Lyon then spent 14 months in six

Texas prisons, documenting the inmates, with the cooperation of the Texas Department of Corrections. One of the inmates covered was Billy McCune, a psychotic, whose death sentence in a rape case, was commuted. The book "Conversations with the Dead" resulted from Lyon's prison documentations. Mr. Lyon also did the book "The Destruction of New York", about demolition projects in that city. In 1969, Lyon was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for still photography, and in 1979, a Guggenheim for movie work. Known as a New Journalist for immersing himself in the life of his subjects, Danny Lyon's beautiful crisp, black-and-white photos appeal to me, as being both technically-beautiful and documentarily-rich. I would not choose, though, to photograph so many "darker subjects".

Garry Winogrand and Joel Meyerowitz were good friends before Garry's death. Garry Winogrand was a superb impromptu street photographer who likely didn't look through his viewfinder all that often – not because his photos are poor, but because people seem to keep doing what they naturally are doing whether or not he was there. Meyerowitz is a street photographer, among various genres of his; but perhaps he will best be remembered for documenting the tear-down and build-up of Ground Zero in New York City, after 9/11. He was able to get unrivaled photographic access to that site, which makes other photographers envious. Meanwhile, Winogrand received exhibitions, publications, and a fair amount of press when he was alive, like Meyerowitz continues to do, but there are still about 250,000 unprinted negatives of Winogrand's that some people and/or some organization/s will print eventually.

H. Edward Kim and Tony Chung were photojournalists in South Korea in the latter part of the 20th century. Mr. Kim had worked in America for two decades, before returning to his native land.

H. Edward Kim was born in South Korea, but also studied in America, including at the Missouri School of Journalism. He then worked about 20 years for "National Geographic," including photographing that magazine's first post-War photo-essay about North Korea, in the 1970s. In the 1980s, he moved back to Seoul, and edited "Seoul" magazine a while. He's also published several photo-books, and did much of the text and photos for some of the South Korean government's guidebooks, too. He is a first-rate photojournalist, able to record beautifully not only the basic realities of life in many places, but also human expressions of that life that subtly reach out to people. I met him in Seoul, ca. 1986, when he was about to offer me a part-time job with "Seoul" magazine; but my son was soon-to-be-born, and I wanted him to be born and raised where I grew was born and raised, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Tony Chung was a UPI, then Reuters, news agency photojournalist in South Korea, especially significant with his work in the 1980s and 1990s. In a "National Geographic" photo-essay about South Korea, which I believe appeared in 1988 and was photographed by H. Edward Kim, Tony Chung was photographed taking pictures at a pro-democracy demonstration. There was violence in the photo, and as it turned out, one of the photos Mr. Chung took during that incident, was made into a famous poster in South Korea. I knew Tony Chung from 1985-87, when I was a journalist in Seoul. He gave me advice on how to take better pictures, some of which was good, some not so good; I gave him advice on how to keep out of jail, where he was sent for a time, back then. His father, I was told, was my boss at Yonhap from 1984-85, because he was President of our news agency then.

Peter Magubane is a South African photographer born in 1932. Before apartheid ended in South Africa, Mr. Magubane worked for the "Drum" magazine, then edited by Sir Tom Hopkinson, former editor of Britain's "Picture Post" Magazine. Frequently arrested, jailed, and beaten by police, Magubane took many historic photos, including his views of the Sharpeville Massacre (1960); a notable treason trial (early 1960s), and the Women's March in Pretoria in 1965. Early on, he deployed a tough, Americanized photo and text approach, and was a photographer for "Time" magazine, in the 1980s. Since 1994, he has gone in for more colorful studies for tourist publications, of ethnic rural costumes and rituals. His most gripping photos, though, were taken in the 1960s, and many of them are memorable.

Alexander Rodchenko was a Russian artist and photographer who lived from 1891-1956. He was a notable designer and graphic artist early on, who became proficient at Constructivist photography. He often employed close-ups and low camera angles for his photos, and fell out of favor, eventually, due partly to his radical aesthetics, and partly to his interest in the rapidly changing world around him. In one of his later diary entries, he confessed to have become invisible to society. I own a photo postcard of his, showing two boys in a boat with oars. The unusual angle and rough-look to the photo still does not detract from the fact that these are two boys ave having a bit of fun. I like the photo a great deal.

David Land is the editor of the “RPS (Royal Photographic Society) Journal” in Britain. He is an editor of resoluteness, and some ability. I signed on as a member of the RPS for 2-3 years, and wrote a cover-story about Edward Steichen that was published by Mr. Land in the March 2004 issue of his journal, the 125th anniversary of Mr. Steichen's birth. Then, over the next couple of years, I sent in photos for publication, which were to be published in Mr. Land's journal, he told me, but were not. I also applied for an RPS Distinction, by submitting a substantial thesis, comparing “Life” and “Picture Post” Magazines. I did a lot of good research, including interviews, and wrote everything up well, but was denied the Distinction. Sometimes, a person learns both from success and from failure; hopefully, there are more of the former than the latter, in my life.

Angus McDougall, Sally Stapleton, and Manny Crisostomo, from the Missouri School of Journalism, 1980s.

Angus McDougall was Director of the Photojournalism Sequence at the Missouri J-School, when I attended there from 1980-84. He was also my teacher in the Visual Appreciation class. He was a demanding teacher who turned out first-rate photojournalists and photo-editors. I also relied on him when I returned from London in December 1981, and was wondering about Bert Hardy's Pictures of the Year Award in 1951. He did some checking and then let me know that Bert had won the Korean War award in 1951, and that he was a second-level photographer, not a top-of-the-line one. It took me a lot more research, but I still believe Bert Hardy was a top-of-the-line photographer. However, without the stance by Prof. McDougall, I wouldn't now think Bert Hardy was as great a photojournalist as I do.

Sally Stapleton and I worked on a notable picture-story together in 1981. We covered the reunion of the Cole Brothers Clan in Hermann, MO. I pointed out, in my main-story and sidebar, that not many people celebrate the lives of famous outlaws by holding a family reunion, and Sally took a photo of a woman in sun-glasses at the reunion. Sally went on to direct two Pulitzer Prize-winning efforts in Africa for the Associated Press. She is still a photo-editor, but for a daily newspaper in New England, I believe.

Manny Crisostomo won the 1989 Feature Photography Pulitzer Prize for covering students at Detroit's Southwestern High School. I knew Manny when he took very sensitive and well-composed photos of community activities and people when we both worked for the “Columbia Missourian”, at the Missouri School of Journalism. He also was a Teaching Assistant and helped other TA's students, too, including me, in developing photos. I admire his winning a Pulitzer with his photography very much.

Elliott Erwitz is the Funniest Wit with a Camera I've ever seen. I love many of his photos, and I have loved them for years. A lot of other people appreciate them, too.

Max Desfor and David Douglas Duncan were two great photojournalists who documented the Korean War and other hotspots. Desfor won a Pulitzer Prize, when he photographed the fleeing of a large number of refugees, out of the North Korean capital, Pyongyang, in December 1950, as they climbed like ants atop the bridge over the Taedong River. Desfor worked for the Associated Press, and said about his work. “It's a bit of history... every time.” David Douglas Duncan had been a Marine during WWII, who carried a camera everywhere. He worked for “Life” magazine when he covered the Marines at the Frozen Chosun Reservoir, in 1950 Korea. Known as one of the greatest war photographers ever, he was not present at the Battle of Inchon, the key UN counter-stroke in the Korean War. Bert Hardy and James Cameron were at Inchon. Mr. Duncan wrote to me in 1990, “Bert Hardy and others at ‘Picture Post’ earned everybody's respect, and not just for [their] Inchon shots.” Mr. Duncan moved to France, and did a book or two of his photos of Picasso, as well as other books. He is a courageous and highly skilled professional.

Pulitzer Prize Tragedy: Kevin Carter's Lament and an Earlier Similar Fate. Kevin Carter's Pulitzer-winning photo from 1994 turned out to be the representation of one of the saddest incidents in Pulitzer Prize history. Kevin Carter had photographed a starving child in Sudan, with a vulture on the ground, behind the child. A young man who had fought against apartheid in his native South Africa, Carter was prone to depression, and had a difficult early adulthood. Two months after being awarded the Pulitzer, he committed suicide, because he had not directly helped the child in the photo. Many people had written in to him, to ask what he'd done after taking that picture. In fact, he had cried, while the child apparently got up and walked slowly away. It doesn't pay to photograph brutal suffering, if you can do something more directly to alleviate that suffering. But neither the suffering child (if the child died soon after) nor Kevin Carter should have died when they did. In some ways, Carter's demise reminds us of the suicide of Clover

Hooper Adams, Henry Adams' wife. She was a talented photo-portraitist and photographer in the 19th century, but her husband was not prepared to allow her much latitude in that regard. She had suffered from depression for many years, and when her father died, it broke her will to live, apparently, and she ingested potassium cyanide. A monument depicting Clover Adams is located in Washington, D.C., where her husband and she had moved later in life.

The La Crosse Tribune Photo-Staff has been a great inspiration to me, over the years. With professionals like Steve Noffke, Ron Johnson, Erik Daly, Peter Thompson, and other great photographers turning out superb photos in the pages of the Tribune since I was a small boy, I've seen tens of thousands of photos there that continue to resonate with me. And that staff photographed me more than once for my op-ed essays, etc., and made me look presentable. I am grateful to the "Tribune" photographers, editors, reporters, and staff generally, for the various positive coverages they've done of me and my son's works, and those of our extended family and friends, generally.

Kurt Hutton and Felix Man, Tim Gidal, Bill Brandt, Grace Robertson and Godfrey Thurston Hopkins are five of my favorite "Picture Post" photographers, though I much prefer Bert Hardy's works. (I occasionally like Gerti Deutsch's, Leonard McCombe's, John Chillingworth's, Raymond Kleboe's, David Steen's, and Slim Hewitt's works, too.) The "Picture Post" Archives is part of Getty Images Picture Library, the largest repository of photos, in the world. My contact person with Getty Images is, most often, Matthew Butson, Getty Vice President in London, who does an excellent job.

Kurt Hutton and Felix Man came to England from Germany, to work for "Picture Post", at Stefan Lorant's request. Man's work seems more clinical/and super-objective than Hutton's; I generally like Hutton's soft approach better, especially with women and children during World War II. However, Man's photos for the Stefan Lorant-written photo-essay "Mussolini: What Is He Planning?" for the "Munchner Illustrierte Presse" first, later republished in London's "Weekly Illustrated", are classic, and Man's photos of the mammoth rooms Mussolini worked in, posed II Duce as a smallish man in the ebb and flow of history. Hutton was the only staff photographer who worked for "Picture Post" from Issue One until the Final Issue; Man left the magazine before it's final issues. Hutton took the photo of two leaping cowgirl-dancers on the front-cover of both the First and Final Issues, and he also took a famous photo of a woman with women friends, showing her knickers, as they rode a fair's roller-coaster in 1938. I once obtained and published a decent photo of Mr. Hutton with Bert Hardy, with both men carrying their cameras, and engaged in a conversation they were enjoying.

Tim Gidal was an early "Picture Post" photographer, whose photo-essay on "Billingsgate" I wish I'd seen before I photographed that centuries-old London fish-market, which closed several years ago. Mr. Gidal had worked for Stefan Lorant in Germany with his brother, George, who died young. Tim Gidal did a ground-breaking history, "Modern Photojournalism," which was very helpful in my writing of the first chapters of my history about "Picture Post". We communicated several times, before Mr. Gidal passed. He sent me a memorable photo-postcard of his wife and him walking on a winding pathway.

Bill Brandt was a superb photo-artist, especially with nude-distortions; he had trouble with photojournalism at "Picture Post". He set up shots beautifully, but not action views; rather, semi-static photo-art shots, and iconic portraits. I almost interviewed/photographed him in 1981, but Bert Hardy worked better for me. I do own two Brandt WWII photos and am glad I do. One of them shows the Elephant and Castle Underground, with people asleep in it during the Blitz; the Elephant and Castle District was the birthplace of Bert Hardy. The other BB photo shows a young couple covered up on a mattress in the Underground; I mimicked that view in my spontaneous photo of a young couple covered up on a mattress, waiting overnight across the street from the site of a John McCain rally in 2008. The couple I photographed were Obama supporters, carrying a out a peaceful protest.

Grace Robertson was the daughter of "Picture Post" writer Fyfe Robertson. She worked for "Picture Post" in the 1950s, and did a famous story about sheep-shearing in Wales, plus a photo-essay that was killed at the magazine because it was "too bloody", showing the birth of a baby. Another notable photo-essay of hers covered the pub outings of a group of middle-aged women. Her most memorable photo from that photo-essay shows one woman sitting on another woman's lap on a chair, and singing happily with a laurel wreath in her hair. Ms. Robertson taught school in the 1960s and 1970s, but continued photographing. In the 1980s, she began painting.

Godfrey Thurston Hopkins was a "Picture Post" photographer who married Grace Robertson in the 1950s. They are

still married. Known for his able handling of set-up shots of people and photos of animals, including dogs and cats, Hopkins's most famous photo is a set-up shot of a chauffeur driving a stylish car, with a large French poodle sitting neatly in the seat next to him. Both the driver and the poodle are in profile, looking wonderfully left.

“John Szarkowski: Iconic Figure in Modern American/World Photography” --

The state of Wisconsin has produced several magnificent photographers, over time. Ms. Dickey Chapelle was the first American war correspondent to die in Vietnam, and took photos for many leading publications, including “National Geographic”. H.H. Bennett helped make Wisconsin Dells a famous tourist attraction in the 19th century; The Dells is still a big attraction today. Lewis Hine was born and raised in Oshkosh and became one of the most distinguished social conscience photographers ever. Edward Steichen was once the world's most celebrated photographer. He documented two world wars, was chief portrait photographer at “Vogue” and “Vanity Fair” magazines in the 1920s and 1930s, and as Director of the Museum of Modern Art's Photography Department, curated many notable exhibitions, including “The Family of Man,” perhaps the greatest group photo-exhibition of all time. Eudora Welty, a very famous Southern writer, studied at the University of Wisconsin-Madison; in addition to being a brilliant writer, Ms. Welty was also an excellent photographer.

Another photographic luminary from the Badger State was John Szarkowski, who took over the Directorship of the MoMA's Photography Department from Mr. Steichen in 1962, and developed it into a gold-mine, not only for the MoMA and the photographers it represented, but for photographers and art museums around the world.

Born and raised in Ashland, Wisconsin, John Szarkowski served in the US Army in 1945-46, then earned his degree from the UW-Madison in 1948, where he majored in art history. Encouraged in his own photography by Prof. John Kienitz, Szarkowski looked into the works of Walker Evans and Edward Weston, which he came to admire a great deal. He was also fascinated by the “Kindergarten Chats” of the architect Louis Sullivan, which had been republished in 1947.

After serving as the staff photographer at the Walker Art Museum in Minneapolis, he moved to Buffalo, New York, where he was hired as an instructor of photography, art history, and design in 1951. As a personal project, he photographed Sullivan's 1894-95 Guaranty (now Prudential) Building in that city. His portfolio from the project was included with his successful application to the Guggenheim Fellowship, where the grant he received allowed him to make the photographs for his first book, “The Idea of Louis Sullivan.”

Szarkowski's was a new form of architectural photography, one that paid close attention not only to the “art-facts” of the buildings, but also to their “life-facts”. – i.e., what their users had felt about the buildings, or built around them. Because of Szarkowski, architectural photography became more of a critical medium, not only a descriptive one. His vivid, vigorous prose style in that book, also proved influential. The Guaranty Building “was old and dirty and largely lost among its newer, larger neighbors. Like a diamond in a pile of broken glass, it stopped few passersby.”

Mr. Szarkowski's second book, “The Face of Minnesota” (1958), developed his writing and his photography, proving his skills in many branches of the art, including action photography and color. Already his work had been acquired in 1952 by the MoMA, and in 1961, he received a second Guggenheim Fellowship – to photograph the Quetico Wilderness Area – and held a solo exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago. He turned out to be the ideal successor to Mr. Steichen at the MoMA, and in 1962, he took over the Photo Directorship there.

In the coming decades at the MoMA, Szarkowski took the department and photographic studies, as a whole, to great heights. At the same time, Szarkowski gave up his own photographic career, for many years. He would return to it when he retired from the MoMA in 1991.

His monumental campaign on behalf of photographic greatness began in 1963 and his rediscovery of Jacques-Henri Lartigue, the notable French photographer from the first half of the 20th century. The new Director gave Lartigue his first solo exhibition. That was followed by “The Photographer and the American Landscape”, also in 1963.

“The Photographer's Eye” (1964) focused on the fundamental formal issues facing photographers, while “Andre Kertesz” (1964) offered the first critical appraisal of that major master. Also, in 1964, the Edward Steichen Galleries

and Study Center, where many photographers, historians, critics, and fans have learned about the medium, opened for business.

Going into his Directorship, photography was not generally considered a collectable medium, except for family albums and by a few aficionados and institutions. However, Mr. Szarkowski changed that attitude considerably. As Curator, his exhibitions celebrated masters like Dorothea Lange (1966), Brassai (1968), Cartier-Bresson (1968), Bill Brandt (1969), EJ Bellocq (1970), and Walker Evans (1971), in unprecedented ways.

In addition to publicizing the works of leading masters of the past, Szarkowski also curated exhibitions for photo-artists of his own generation, including the ground-breaking "New Documents," which introduced the works of Diane Arbus, Lee Friedlander, and Garry Winogrand in 1971. The early death (by suicide) of Ms. Arbus prompted the moving memorial exhibition of her work at the MoMA in 1972.

A year later, "Looking at Photographs", accompanied by a long-popular book, showed new audiences how to acquaint themselves with individual photo-images and the traditions to which they belong. "New Japanese Photography" introduced more new talents – including Domon, Fukase, Hoseo, Moriyama, and Tomatsu – to Western audiences.

Then, in 1976, "Photographs by William Eggleston" was accompanied by "William Eggleston's Guide," the first monograph on a color photographer published by any major art museum. Other shows surveyed science photography ("Once Invisible", 1967), news photographs ("From the Picture Press", 1973), and American photography of the 1960s and 1970s ("Mirrors and Windows", 1978).

Even more monumental achievements lay ahead. In the 1980s, Mr. Szarkowski and Maria Morris Hambourg brought out a four-volume study, "The Work of Atget", which set a new standard for high-quality reproductions of that master's works, and for scholarship about his career. The books are based on Berenice Abbott's Atget collection, which was Szarkowski's major coup, among his various acquisitions for the MoMA.

Many other photographers, from many countries and traditions, benefited from acquisition, display, and publication, during Mr. Szarkowski's tenure at the MoMA. He concluded his career there in 1990 with a spectacular survey, "Photography Until Now" (1990), which gave a new reading of photographic history based on technological innovation.

After his retirement from the Modern in 1991, Szarkowski resumed his own career as a photographer, publishing "Mr. Bristol's Barn" in 1997, and his photos of that barn on his own property have strong stylistic connections with the late work of Alfred Stieglitz, which Szarkowski took up in "Alfred Stieglitz at Lake George" (1996).

In even later years, Szarkowski took regular trips with colleagues and friends, using a 4 X 5 camera, in Texas, Nebraska, and Upper Michigan. A major cross-country exhibition took place in 2005-2006, highlighted by the publication of his appealing book, "John Szarkowski: Photographs", with essay by Sandra S. Phillips. His own photos seem to indicate how important he believed forms are to photography, over photographer-intents; but the latter, to me, are important, too.

I talked a few times on the phone with Mr. Szarkowski, before he passed in 2007. I'd needed to interview him for an article or two I was writing about Edward Steichen. He knew intimately that Mr. Steichen had been not only a ground-breaking curator himself, but a first-rate photographer, and he agreed with those sentiments I expressed generally. He was, however, very guarded about giving me quotations I could publish in my articles about Mr. Steichen.

Mr. Szarkowski, however, was very kind to me, in related ways. I offered a large amount of money to obtain a signed copy of his 2005 book. He insisted on taking far less. I'd graduated from the UW-Madison, as he had, and live in La Crosse, where one of his oldest friends still lived, I believe an architect. In any case, he signed and inscribed my copy of his book. I was directing-editing a new photo-essay anthology, "Spirit of Wisconsin," and I guess he wanted to do something on its behalf, too, because he inscribed my copy of his own book, "To David Marcou – With Best Wishes for the Success of Spirit of Wisconsin – John Szarkowski, Feb. 05."

Two of my photo-books are in the MoMA Library now. One of them, "Calling America" (1986), I believe was added

while Mr. Szarkowski was still the Modern's Photo Director The other went in, ca. 1995, "Images", by my son and me.

I learned, in my dealings with Mr. Szarkowski, why his reputation was formidable and well-earned. Moreover, his passion for the medium of photography, his judicious eye, elegance as an exhibition maker, subtlety as a photographer, and eloquence as a writer – all these virtues had an incalculable influence on the understanding of photography, and inspired many people to be better photographers than they might otherwise have been, me included.

In the end, it might be best to respect what John Szarkowski had to say about the best form of critique regarding any group of photographs – by addressing the issue of "what photographs look like [and] why they look that way."

As Mark Haworth-Booth writes in "The Idea of John Szarkowski", *Art on Paper* (Jan.-Feb. 2001): "One could say that he found the medium brick and left it marble, except that he has shown us that photography has been extraordinary material all along." Amen... I couldn't have said that any better myself.

"Postscript: General Bits and Pieces of Inspiring Photo Lives and Images" –

My own serious photo-taking began relatively late (at age 29 in late 1979), after taking a few dozen pictures on an inexpensive Kodak 110 camera, when my first wife and I went on our second honeymoon to Europe in 1974 (she kept all the pictures, though she claims now to have gotten rid of them), though with enough time later, and counting, to get many good things done, after Ann and I divorced. But indirectly, Ann inspired me to buy my first personal camera. We were about ready to break up, or had just done so, and she said one day, "I think I'll buy a camera." I'd taken a total of about 60 pictures in my entire life, until then, but I had seen some neat photos recently, so unbeknownst to her at first, soon after our separation, I bought myself a 35mm camera.

My mother (Rose) wouldn't generally allow us kids to use her camera, which is why I'd only taken about 50 pictures in my first 29 years of life. Mom usually took fairly good photos and informal photo-portraits, but she could also take an occasional lulu – as when her finger would get in the picture or someone's head would be cut off. I'd guess we all have done those things. Over time, though, I've realized Mom treasures the photos she and our family have taken, including those taken by my son, Matt, whom I taught to use a camera starting when he was three-and-a-half years old. (That's also when I started teaching him to use a text-keyboard decently.) A lot of families treasure their family photos, but we have a big family, with many photographers in it who work at taking good pictures.

I named my son for an Evangelist, a military general in Korea, and a great photographer during the US Civil War. My son, who is half-Korean by ancestry, has taken so many great photos, over time, I thank our lucky stars I asked him to take my picture in early 1991, focused the camera for him, and told him what to look for. He took two views of me that day, and I don't look nearly as bad in them as I probably look today.

When I purchased my first 35mm camera (a Rolleiflex35SLE) in Madison, Wisconsin, I took it out on the streets to learn by trial-and-error -- how to use the depth-of-field variations (aperture settings), different film speeds, different shutter-speeds for different movements, color vs. black-and-white, my lens-doubler, etc., etc. In Madison, I didn't make informal portraits much, but I did photograph people in action. I soon came to take informal (the name I refer to environmental portraits with) portraits, when I visited my parents in La Crosse, with my sister Diane and her young son, Tony, living with them. Tony and his cousins made great photo-portrait subjects for me.

In Madison first, though, I'd been trying to decently photograph a stylish elderly man who wore a long tweed coat and cap. One day, I saw him heading past Memorial Library. I quickly ran up behind him, and fired off a shot. I don't think I had time to adjust anything on my camera, so I just fired it in the instant before he disappeared. My photo of him (I believe the one by the Library's book-drop is the only closeup I got of him), shows him walking straight away and towards a diagonal line of light on the exterior wall ahead of him. He was absorbed in thought, apparently, though striding quickly. One of his hands was doing a tweedle-dee against his back. I call the photo "The Thinker, Madison", and it's not bad, though a bit grainy. That photo suggested strongly to me that I could do candid street photography, and I have included that genre among my works, ever since. The photo itself I published in my first book, "Calling America", at the close of it.

I took a brief beginner's class in photography in Madison, I believe with the Madison Camera Club, and remember my photo of a squirrel in the snow at the base of a tree was half-criticized by my instructor. His criticism made little real difference to me, since I knew I was experimenting a lot then. I also photographed the Capitol dome, if memory serves.

I'd bought my first personal camera, because I knew I would be attending Journalism School at Mizzou soon, and had just seen a 35mm shot I liked, which Henri Cartier-Bresson had taken in the 1930s. He had photographed a man sleeping amid tossed newspapers, under an embankment with many people above who were watching the Coronation Parade for King George VI of Britain.

At Mizzou, while I took classes and prepared to go to England, as part of the London-Missouri Reporting Program, I read photo-books, especially one or two by the great British photo-artist Bill Brandt. One photo I noticed of his, and I believe it was part of Edward Steichen's famous group-exhibition, "The Family of Man", shows a woman on her knees scrubbing the floor by an open exterior door.

In England, I had a chance to interview Mr. Brandt, or at least thought I did, but his agent kept saying either Mr. Brandt was not feeling well, or he was on holiday. Eventually, it got to be near the end of my semester there, and I stumbled into, or rather was "pushed" into, an interview and portrait-session with the great "Picture Post" photojournalist Bert Hardy. I would take a somewhat famous photo-portrait of him by an open exterior door with his dogs, which still reminds me a bit of the open door view of the scrubbing woman, kneeling.

Many years later, in the 1990s I believe, the Bill Brandt influence came up again. I requested press-prints of his work from a London Exhibition and received two of his WWII prints, one of them being the Elephant Castle subway, filled with sleeping people, during the Blitz. The other photo showed a very happy-to-be-photographed couple covered but lying on a mattress in the subway-shelter. In 2008, I photographed a similar couple, Obama supporters (with placards), covered up on top of a mattress they'd occupied since the previous night, because they were camping out, as a peaceful protest to the John McCain rally that morning, across the street. Except for the lighter tones of the Obama covers versus the darker tones of the subway covers, the two photos resemble each other a great deal. I've taken many photos that resemble iconic images by other photographers, but I generally don't go out looking to match a classic photo by someone else; there's too much else that goes into good subjects, good compositions, good lighting situations, to worry constantly about imitating someone else. If you see a situation that immediately resembles a photo by someone else, you may feel you have to take the parallel photo, and occasionally I will do that, too. However, no two photo situations are exactly the same, and the photographer must always stake a claim to the territory they find themselves in.

Living in London, in 1981, I first learned of the great mid-century magazine, "Picture Post", which helped me appreciate America's "Life" magazine more, too. "Picture Post" employed many ground-breaking photographers (and writers), many of whom would go on to stellar careers not only at that magazine, but at other media and book outlets. Those photographers included: in addition to Bert Hardy and Bill Brandt -- Kurt Hutton, Felix H. Man, Tim Gidal, Godfrey Thurston Hopkins, Grace Robertson, Raymond Kleboe, John Chillingworth, Slim Hewitt, David Steen, and Gerti Deutsch, Leonard McCombe and George Rodger were also "Picture Post" photographers, and went on to star as photographers for "Life" magazine, too, Rodger also being a co-founder of Magnum Photos. Bob Capa and Werner Bischof, "Picture Post" freelancers, went on to Magnum Photos, too, "Life", and many other publications, though Bischof died young.

Inspired by Bert Hardy, James Cameron, and the Missouri School of Journalism, I went to South Korea's Yonhap News Agency to work in 1984. It was my first full-time job in journalism. I took a lot of good photos in South Korea, 1984-87, and also in Adams County, 1990, when I lived in those places and worked in them as a journalist. I've already talked about some of my British photos. When I first arrived in Seoul, in August 1984, I was told by the Yonhap man who picked me up at the airport, that I shouldn't take photos in South Korea. Naturally, I waited a few days, but then I thought: Who is going to tell me that I can't take photos here, when I'm doing that? People on the street, who have often been hospitable when I photograph them, and/or friends-family of mine, who have generally not minded?

So, I began photographing in Seoul, because I'd been in some of their taxis, and the ID-photos in them were deadly.

No way would those drivers smile for the camera. You'd have thought they were having their mugshot taken, right after they'd murdered their parents or something. In any case, I had two one-person photo-exhibitions in Seoul, and I took a lot of decent photos, in that country. And people like the UPI/Reuters photojournalist Tony Chung inspired me, even though he said one of my London cityscapes was "busy" – it's really a beautiful, if notably intriguing, even humorously so, photo.

When I needed to prepare prints for my first photo-exhibition in Seoul, someone suggested I ask the head of the Yonhap Photo Department to help. I believe his name was Mr. Chae, and he never went out on assignment anymore, because he'd been badly hurt in the Rangoon, Burma bombing, in which the North Koreans tried to assassinate South Korean President Chun Doo-Whan. Mr. Chae consented, and his staff printed some of the very best photos I had taken until then. His darkroom staffers worked with no fancy equipment, using only film, enlarger, paper, hands, and chemicals. It was probably a similar process to what the great Jerry Grove and Charlie Keeble did, in the former commercial darkroom owned by Bert and Sheila Hardy. Both darkrooms were superb with black-and-white printing.

In Adams County, Wisconsin, I was hired to write stories, take/develop photos, edit/lay out pages, by Dick Hannagan, who ran the Adams-Friendship papers. There were two or three people that helped out with the photos, and I learned some things from them and from the regular darkroom technician, too, though she wasn't always there, leaving me to my own darkroom techniques. Mainly, I learned not to tell young women about how cows are checked for pregnancy, when they probably already know and certainly don't want it explained again to them. Also, if you're taking better pictures than the other photographer is, don't always think they want your advice, because sometimes they just want to take their pictures and get them published, especially when you're already getting a lot of your pictures published, due to the assignments you're being given. Dick and Nancy, the bosses there, gave me plenty of work to do, but not getting along with one of the other photographer-reporters may have gotten me fired. It was a small town, and she was from that town.

I have taken photos that remind me, though, of the works of other photographers – like my photo of two suits of armor in front of a Missouri pawnshop, which reminds me of a couple of different photographers' "Two Dummies" photos, though I like mine better, for the additional bits of humor in mine; or like my view of three boys walking towards me on the street, which reminds me of Bert Hardy's Gorbals boys. On the other hand, I've taken many photos I can't recall look like anyone else's, like my early "Porchlight in Columbia, MO," a photo I like very much, for its formal beauty and down-to-earth, perhaps even spooky, daylight humor.

I've taken many photo classes over the years, from good teachers like Jim Southworth, Veita Jo Hampton, Angus McDougall, Manuel Lopez, Roger A. Grant, and Hanno Hardt, but what everything boils down to in life is this: You've got to go out and do as much of it as you can, yourself – trial-and-error, learning from mistakes, and making better pictures, if pictures are what you want to make. The best classes in photography I ever took part in were those in which there was a spirit of adventure, a can-do spirit. That was the case, I know, in the photo (and writing) classes I taught for a decade or so at Western Technical College, where we also published photo-strong books (earlier they'd been writing-strong).

So many good photographers (and writers) took part in the classes I either taught or was a student in, that I can't name everyone by name here. Suffice it to say that you all have been inspirations to me, and I'd guess to others, too. So have all our subjects and readers.

I do try to give all creative and financial contributors to our books, proper name-credits, in those books. If your name isn't mentioned in one of them at least, but you feel it should be, then phone me and ask me to do a new book, with your name in the new one, and I'll see if we can do that.

Meanwhile, there are many photo-masters whose names I've left out of this book, photo-masters I've also been positively influenced by, including the Biever Family, who have been so integral to superb picture-taking with the Green Bay Packers; all the publicists, coaches, athletes, fans, family, and friends who have helped me, and all of us take good pictures of the Green Bay Packers, the UW Badgers, the La Crosse Area teams, and all teams of all types that we support; also Jim Solberg, Mark Smith, and Jerry Bonsack, superb Nature Photographers. And by a lot of personal and family photographers, many of who are not only subjects, but also often sponsors, for the many books I/we do, including the Donndelinger and Stuber Families of La Crosse, Pope Benedict XVI, Queen Elizabeth II,

Cardinal Raymond Burke, Cardinal Timothy Dolan, Abp. Jerome Listecki, Bp. William Callahan, Msgr. Bernard McGarty, Fr. Michael Gorman, Fr. Roger Scheckel, the Franciscan Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, the School Sisters of St. Francis, the Tom and Joy Marcou Family, Roger A. Grant, Dale Barclay, Ursula Chiu, Ann Motivans, Roberta Stevens, Bob Mulock, Paul and A.J. Petras & Family, Mary Stark, Debbie and Paul Abraham, Ken Bernstein, Steve Kiedrowski, Lorie Oldenburg, Sue Knopf, Janet Spreiter, the John and Dee Medinger Family, the Don and LaVonne Zietlow Family; the Dan and Alice Kapanke Family and their La Crosse Loggers Foundation, the Patrick and Joanne Stephens Family and Pat's Irishfest organization, the Art and Mary Hebbard Family, Ed Hill, the La Crosse Tribune, the Madison and Milwaukee papers, "Smithsonian" Magazine, "Korean Culture" Magazine, "British Journal of Photography", Richard Dungan, Roger Chase, Big Arthur, Larry Krause, David Ladwig, Richard Knox, Charles Jonas, the Charles and Christine Freiberg Family, David W. Johns, Mr. and Mrs. Yi Do-Sun and Family, Tony Skifton and Family, the entire David A. and Rose C. Marcou Family, including MAM and his wife, plus Evelyn and Richard Wilhelm, and the Staff of DigiCopy of La Crosse, who have all been particularly good friends of mine/ours related to the book-publishing group and the theatre troupe I've directed. Everyone positively connected with the first group, the American Writers and Photographers Alliance (AWPA), and the theatre troupe, the Mercury Matthews Players, is important to me and my extended family and friends.

Also very important are all the public archives, and their staffs, which house my/our works, including the British National Portrait Gallery (esp. T. Pepper), various Smithsonian Archives, Museums, Galleries, and Libraries (esp. David Habertstich and Doug Liitts), the Wisconsin and Missouri Historical Societies' Archives (esp. WHS's J. Nelson, A. Kraushaar, H. Knies, S. Dorst, and J. Lathrop), the La Crosse Public Library Archives (esp. Library Director Kelly Krieg-Sigman and Senior Archivist/Archives Manager Anita T. Doering), the Library and Archives of Canada (esp. Nancy Belanger), the La Crosse Diocesan Archives (esp. Fr. Robert Altmann), the La Crosse and Juneau Counties' Archives, the Library of Congress, Getty Images (esp. Matthew Butson), the Museum of Modern Art Library, the International Center of Photography Library (esp. Elizabeth Sales), the George Eastman House Library, the PBSNewsHour, CNN, flickr.com, www.dphotographer.co.uk/user/dave764, many university libraries, including UW-Madison, UW-La Crosse, Viterbo University, University of Iowa, UM-Columbia, Oxford, Harvard, and Yale University Libraries, six National Libraries abroad, including the British Library and the National Assembly Library of South Korea. In addition, we're grateful to a museum that we (and our works, including those of my brother Dan, my son Matt, all the Marcous, me, and the entire AWPA) also hope to be part of, when it's fully open, the American Writers' Museum, directed by Malcolm O'Hagan. Without decent permanent repositories for my/our works, I wouldn't feel nearly as good about the prospects for longevity of human interest in my/our works.

In addition, there are tens of thousands of great photographers whose works deserve fuller treatment here, and quite a few of them have influenced me and my extended family positively. I hope other writers will deal more with their contributions, in future, including me. I know my own name and my son's name are not included, so far, in most photo encyclopedias or "comprehensive" photo histories around the world. I feel we deserve to be in at least some of them.

Finally, I hope you've enjoyed reading this book. It expresses quite a few good thoughts, feelings, and facts, and the mention of quite a few photos and photographers I've been inspired by. I hope my works inspire you, dear reader, in this connection, like others have inspired me, so each of you will do your own research, take your own pictures, write about your own pictures and other photographers, too. In the end, it is not only direct-inspirations that matter, but the complete spirit of your works and lives. I hope you have the right spirit, and will have the right spirit for a very long time. And that includes you MAM and your wife and your family-to-be, whom I am semi-quietly proud of these days, because you've said recently that you don't want me to boast about you, but I love you very much, and always will.

David Joseph Marcou, La Crosse, Wisconsin, February 2011, October 2012, and February 2013.



Famous Flatiron Building,
New York City, April 9, 2011,
By David Joseph Marcou.



Heroic Picture Post Photographer Bert Hardy
with His Dogs, Lizzie and Kim, Surrey,
England, Nov. 1981, by David Joseph Marcou
(A Print Donated by DJM is in British National
Portrait Gallery's Photographs Collection).



Man Asleep in Discarded Newspapers
Beneath Crowd on Embankment,
Coronation Parade Route for King
George VI, London, England, ca. 1936,
by Henri Cartier-Bresson,
Courtesy of HC-B.



(Left) Hands and Gaze,
Nobel Peace Laureate
Mother Teresa's
Contemplation,
Anyang, South Korea,
January 1985,
by David Joseph Marcou.

(Right) Crowd Photo-Portrait,
Coney Island, New York, ca. 1950,
by Weegee.



(Left) Gorbals Boys,
Glasgow, Scotland, 1948-49,
by Bert Hardy, Courtesy of
Getty Images.

(Right) The Boys are Back
in Town, Cass Street,
La Crosse, WI, ca. 2009,
by David Joseph Marcou.





(Left) Boy Asleep at Age 3, Adams-Friendship, WI, ca. Sept. 1990, by David Joseph Marcou.



(Right) Migrant Mother Photo-Portrait, Nipomo, California, ca. 1935, by Dorothea Lange, Courtesy of US Library of Congress.



(Left) Twin Toddlers in Twin Stroller, Japan Festival, Washington, DC, April 2010, by David Joseph Marcou.

(Right) Sea of Red (Crowd Wearing Red) at Badgers' Football Game, Camp Randall Memorial Stadium, Madison, WI ca. 2009, by David Joseph Marcou.





80th Birthday Portrait of HM The Queen (Elizabeth II), by Jane Bown, CBE, MBE, Copyright Guardian News and Media Ltd., 2006.



Madonnas and Children, St. Joseph the Workman Cathedral, La Crosse, WI ca. 2005, by David Joseph Marcou.



David A. and Rose C. Marcou Family, with David Joseph Marcou (This Book's Author) at Far Left, Back Yard, Marcou Family Residence, 1720 Prospect Street, La Crosse, WI, Memorial Day, 1997, by MAM.