HANK O'NEAL

Portraits 1971–2000

HANK O'NEAL
Portraits 1971–2000

HANK O'NEAL
Portraits 1971–2000

Exhibition curated by Stanley I Grand
Essay by A. D. Coleman
Commentaries by Hank O'Neal

September 5–October 15, 2000
Sordoni Art Gallery, Wilkes University
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

© 2000 Sordoni Art Gallery, Wilkes University.

1,700 copies were printed by Payne Precision Color.

Essay © 2000 by A. D. Coleman. All rights reserved. By permission of the author and Image/World Syndication Services, P.O.B. 040078, Staten Island, New York 10304-0002 USA; T/F (718) 447-3091, imageworld@nearbycafe.com.

Catalogue design: John Beck.
Typeface: Electra.

ISBN 0-942945-20-4

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I first met Hank O'Neal, a.k.a. Rollo Phlecks, in Paris while hurrying along a Left Bank quay on a cold, rainy afternoon. Or rather, it was in an obscure secondhand bookstore off 9th Street near St. Marks Place. Or at a poet's home in the East Village. Or a cowboy bar in Texas. Or a jazz club. He was there doing research for his next book or listening to an artist whose CD he'd produced or photographing celebrities or operating clandestinely for the CIA. No, it was on a cruise ship somewhere in the Caribbean, and he was talking with a legendary horn player. In truth, I really don't know, but with Hank, anything's possible.

Hank was born in Kilgore, Texas, in 1940. After high school, he matriculated at Syracuse University, graduating in 1962. The following year, while working on his master's degree, he was recruited by the CIA. After spending several years in Washington, he moved to New York City where he continued to work for the Agency until 1976, or so I understand. Yet fascinating as these activities must have been—images of a young Robert Redford in *Three Days of the Condor* come to mind—Hank remained insufficiently challenged. In 1970, he became an adjunct instructor at The New School. While continuing his affiliation there, he also became active with the Choreographer's Theater, a modern dance company. Indeed, his interest in music was manifested not only in his activities as a soundman for the dancers, but also in the creation and operation of a number of recording studios. One of his partners then was Marian McPartland, whose *Piano Jazz* is now a regular feature on National Public Radio. Also in 1970, he founded Chiaroscuro Records, an independent jazz label which he continues to head.

Somehow, during these years, he also managed to collaborate on or write a number of books, including *The Eddie Condon Scrapbook of Jazz* (1973) and *A Vision Shared: A Classic Portrait of America and Its People, 1935–1943* (1976). These were followed by *Berenice Abbott: American Photographer* (1982), *"Life is painful, nasty and short—in my case it has only been painful and nasty.": Djuna Barnes, 1978–1981* (1990), and *The Ghosts of Harlem* (1997), among others. He also wrote exhibition catalogues on artists/musicians Paul Bacon, Pee Wee Russell, George Wettling, and Mel Powell; and he provided photogravures for the Limited Editions Club publication of Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men* (1989).

Always close at hand was a camera. Indeed, cameras have played an ongoing role in Hank's life ever since he was thirteen years old when he won a Brownie Hawkeye in a contest. In 1972, he met Berenice Abbott, who subsequently persuaded him to acquire a large-format camera. She also agreed to instruct him in its use: a promise fulfilled in a single half-hour lesson. Walker Evans, whom he met while working on *A Vision Shared*, provided additional insights, as did André Kertész, his friend and Greenwich Village neighbor.

Together, all these various activities have provided him with access to a wide variety of actors, musicians, authors, and celebrities. Many of them are his friends, as is apparent from both the images themselves and the

accompanying commentaries. Despite the sophisticated circles in which he travels, Hank nonetheless maintains a certain "down-home" quality that is expressed in a genuine regard for the individuals he photographs.

It has been a great pleasure working with Hank O'Neal on this exhibition. Serving as both artist and commentator, Hank provides unique perspectives on his photographs. Every picture tells a story, but the story is sometimes quite unexpected.

We are grateful to A. D. Coleman for his insightful essay, which combines his vocation and avocation—his knowledge of contemporary photography and a love of jazz—with a sympathetic appreciation of the human qualities that make creative activities possible. Thanks to Jennifer Alise Stroup who, despite her many editorial duties at *Madison* magazine, found time to copyedit this catalogue; to Ken Wahl for his assistance in black-and-white printing; and to Ken Leiberman for his help in color printing. The contributions of Andrew J. Sordoni, III, benefactor and friend, cannot be overestimated. Shelley Shier, Hank's wife and business partner, has provided unflagging support. Nancy L. Grand has participated actively in all aspects of this exhibition and, indeed, has seen it through to completion. As catalogue designer and redactor, John Beck's contributions to this and the other catalogues produced during my tenure as Gallery Director deserve recognition and my thanks. Finally, I would like to thank several colleagues at Wilkes University—Christopher Breiseth, Patricia Heaman, Robert Heaman, J. Michael Lennon, and James Merryman—the members of the Advisory Commission, and the Friends of the Sordoni Art Gallery for their support and friendship.

Stanley I Grand

IN THE STUDIO AT THE TIME
The Portraiture of Hank O'Neal

by A. D. Coleman

Seems to me it's time to retire the term "Renaissance man." Aside from its unfortunate and limiting gender specificity and the unavailability of any useful feminine equivalent, it's a term that speaks of a distant historical period in which it seemed possible for an industrious individual to become informed about almost everything of real importance from that particular nexus of cultures then available to the educated mind.

Centuries ago, in another country, you could believe in this possibility. Today, with the true birthing of a new century—and a new millennium—we've come much further than Renaissance men (and their counterparts, those unacknowledged "Renaissance women," of whom there were more than a few) could have imagined. Standing as we do on their shoulders, we have a clearer view than they did of the vast extent of what we don't yet know and of just how much we won't ever have time to learn ourselves, no matter how hard we try.

Moreover, while we may aspire to synthesis, convergence, some ultimate "theory of everything," no sooner does any form of art or field of scientific inquiry emerge than, as if by mitosis, it begins to subdivide and balkanize itself relentlessly. The resulting tendency toward specialization has become a hallmark—indeed, on some levels, a syndrome—of our time.

What, then, should we call those among us who, like Hank O'Neal, insist on involving themselves in multiple disciplines and varied forms of endeavor and find ways of tying them all together? A friend and colleague of mine, Richard Kostelanetz, uses the word "polymath" to describe such restless multimedia experimentalists as László Moholy-Nagy, Man Ray, John Cage, Laurie Anderson. Unlike "Renaissance man," which suggests an encompassing of all extant disciplines, "polymath" denotes a concern with and pursuit of many knowledges—a more open-ended yet, at the same time, more modest claim, perhaps better suited to our interdisciplinary epoch.[1]

So let's define Hank O'Neal as a polymath. He's made his mark on our era primarily in two fields, music and photography, serving both of them first and foremost in the comparatively humble role of facilitator and presenter of the work of others. Not himself a musician,[2] he has since 1968 produced hundreds of recording sessions—not to mention concerts and festivals and music-oriented ocean cruises. These concentrate, for the most part, on seasoned musicians from the swing to bop eras, those who first came before the public eye

between 1930 and 1960, their careers loosely bookended by the Fletcher Henderson and Benny Goodman orchestras on one side and by Miles Davis's "birth of the cool" ensembles on the other.

Chiaroscuro, O'Neal's own label—founded in 1970, originally generating LPs and nowadays producing CDs—has evolved into an astonishing, ever-deepening archive of the mature work of many of the key players who virtually invented these musical forms and carried their development forward, along with a distinctive roster of younger artists. More than half of the musicians inducted to date into The American Jazz Hall of Fame have recorded for this label. In sponsoring, amassing, and making publicly available this connoisseur's wine cellar of classic jazz, O'Neal has recorded these artists respectfully, knowledgeably, and lovingly—under optimum conditions and with extraordinary concern for and fidelity to their individual genius, often placing them in combinations never before attempted.[3]

This devoted and—especially for the musicians involved—clearly often inspiring documentation serves the medium of jazz past, present, and future by returning to the spotlight mid- and late-career virtuosi who've found themselves shunted aside in the major labels' enduring search for novelty. Beyond that, it amasses a repository of invention and elaboration of styles and ideas on which generations of musicians will draw henceforth. And, of course, it provides a steady flow of superb music to an eager audience. As such, it serves as a fitting tribute to the man O'Neal claims as a longtime friend and mentor, the legendary John Hammond, who discovered (among others) Billie Holiday, Count Basie, Bob Dylan, and Bruce Springsteen.

In the 1960s, the approaches to jazz that most attracted O'Neal (which Chiaroscuro and his other jazz projects continue to emphasize) came to be known as "mainstream"—to distinguish them from traditional jazz, previously known as Dixieland, whose original inventors and performers were by then dying out, and also to separate them from "third stream" or "new thing" jazz, the then-radical investigations of Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, Charles Mingus, and others.

Small surprise, given this passion for mainstream jazz, that the photography with which O'Neal has aligned himself comes from the heart of that medium's modernist phase—roughly coterminous with mainstream jazz, corresponding to it in significant ways, even overlapping it on some creative and conceptual levels. Certainly these two media—both of which truly came of age in the twentieth century—profoundly shaped their times and the cultures in which they emerged and took root. In notable fashion they shaped each other as well. (The list of photographers who speak at length and eloquently about the relationship of jazz to their imagery and thinking is endless.)

In photography, O'Neal earned his reputation as a researcher, historian, and biographer. Best known for his study of the Farm Security Administration (FSA) photographers[4] and a critical biography of the late Berenice Abbott[5] (whom he considers his mentor in photography and who, like John Hammond, also turned into a close personal friend), he's as dedicated an investigator of the decades in which photography became the central visual medium of the twentieth century as he is of the emergence of jazz—and, more broadly, of aleatory, improvisational music—as the defining musical tendency of that same period.

I used the term "facilitator" earlier to describe O'Neal's main professional activities because he's directed them, in a most self-effacing way, at furthering the creative output of others. Yet the panoply of skills involved in his various projects, when examined closely, proves daunting: mastery of recording technologies, graphic design, project coordination, small-group diplomacy, archival research, historianship of two notoriously difficult-to-track media, and writing. Not to mention the craft of photography itself.

Like many individuals in many fields, O'Neal developed and sustained over the years a serious avocational interest in photography.[6] Several of his subjects here—including the poet Allen Ginsberg, the

bassist Milt Hinton, and (if O'Neal is to be believed) the trumpeter and composer Dizzy Gillespie—did the same.[7] Yet O'Neal turned himself into something more than merely a capable, prolific, and persistent snapshooter. Though he never chose to earn his living with his cameras, or to declare himself a working artist in the medium, O'Neal's photographic skills are certainly of professional caliber: He's adept at all formats, from handheld camera to 8x10 view camera, works with equal ease in both black and white and color, and does his own black-and-white printing in his own custom darkroom.

O'Neal recalls that he "had a Brownie Hawkeye [a simple, kid-friendly Bakelite equivalent of the box camera] when I was twelve or thirteen, and a fixed-focus 35mm camera as a late teenager, but I never had a camera I could focus until after college, and even then it was a fairly primitive affair." He considers himself to have truly begun his photographic work in 1969, when he acquired his first serious camera, a single-lens reflex Pentax with interchangeable lenses. Shortly thereafter, he built himself a darkroom, in which the late Liza Stelle—daughter of guitarist-bandleader Eddie Condon and an accomplished (if little-known) photographer in her own right—used to work. (A rare portrait of Stelle, made on the porch of Berenice Abbott's Maine home, appears in this exhibition.)

Much of O'Neal's photographic work has been devoted to documentation of the live recordings and studio sessions he produced for Chiaroscuro, generating images for use on album covers, embedded in liner notes, and in publicity packets—mostly annotative, information-oriented images that he publishes under the byline Rollo Phlecks, a willfully atrocious nom de plume bastardized from Rolleiflex, a classic German-made twin-lens reflex camera that he used for many of those record cover images.[8]

O'Neal makes cityscapes and other kinds of photographs, but I'd venture to suggest that he's a portraitist at heart. His most serious pictures are almost always of human beings, and whether they're informal or posed they tend to be transactional: The subjects are people he's met, often people he's worked with, and, not infrequently, personal friends as well. (The latter distinction verges on the redundant; it's hard to imagine working with this man—an outgoing, gregarious, infectiously enthusiastic, and generous sort—and not becoming his friend.) In most cases his subjects are present with him in the moment of the photograph—aware of him, conscious of the camera, collaborating willingly in the making of an image.

It's that instant of connection to these other strong personalities—almost all of them in the arts and humanities—to which O'Neal attends most closely. His work does not concern itself with formal play or experimental image structure; instead, it prioritizes photography's unique capacity to render the illusion of the presence of another living being and thereby to create the viewer's imaginary sense of direct contact with that spirit. "Each image," he's written, "represents a terrific day in my life, interacting with fascinating people. This is the way these people appeared for a fleeting moment, and for me the moment was terrific."[9]

What I find remarkable about O'Neal's formal portraits—of which this exhibit and catalogue represent only a cross-section—is their air of poise and balance, the gravity with which both subject and photographer have approached the moment of exposure. No less exciting is the sheer range of individuals O'Neal has encountered who've proven central to the culture of the United States in the second half of the twentieth century. Coincidentally, my own interests, both personal and professional, run peculiarly parallel to his: Jazz, writing, and photography have all molded my life in deep ways. For those reasons, I'm particularly intrigued by (and, in the best sense, envious of) the fact that O'Neal has gotten to know and spend time with so many legendary figures whose work I've admired since my adolescence.

Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, William S. Burroughs—writers who transformed poetry and fiction for their generation and those that came after, including my own. Saul Bellow and Isaac Bashevis Singer,

types of the New York Jewish fiction writer in the intellectual, bohemian milieu in which I grew up. The blind Reverend Gary Davis, whose raw, sanctified country gospel and blues rang from my Webcor portable record player on West 70th Street in Manhattan during my teens—alternating with the music of Hinton, Gillespie, Cab Calloway, Mel Powell, Ruby Braff, Gerry Mulligan, Woody Herman, Count Basie, and all the others who've made music at O'Neal's instigation and stood before his lens.[10] As well as Liza Stelle (of whose one New York exhibition in 1971 I appear to have been the only reviewer), Barbara Morgan, André Kertész, Berenice Abbott, Brassaï, and Harry Lunn, the last-named a dealer in and collector of photographs, the others photographers, all of whom (save the reclusive Stelle) I would in fact get to meet after 1968, when I set out on my own voyage in photography. And the others: Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis (the first editor for O'Neal's book on Abbott), Donald Sutherland, Clint Eastwood, Meryl Streep, Fernando Botero, Philip Johnson, William F. Buckley, Jr., Elie Wiesel . . . people who've come to loom large in the consciousness (not to mention the collective unconscious) of our time.[11]

For the most part, these portraits were made with medium- to large-format cameras. Many of them were produced with what O'Neal describes as "an old wooden view camera," requiring an hour's setup time for a portrait session, the use of a single fill light, and exposures lasting one or two seconds.[12] In O'Neal's words, "a serious camera does have an effect on most people"; this equipment is visible and cumbersome enough that, for those on both sides of the lens, the making of a portrait envelops the occasion in a bubble of slow time. Not as slow as the time frame of a painted portrait, of course, as exemplified in O'Neal's study of Raphael Soyer painting a portrait of novelist and essayist Saul Bellow—a portrait, as it were, of a portraitist and his subject. Turns out that the Soyer-Bellow project didn't succeed, so this brief, partial glimpse of the work in progress may be the only historical record of that failed encounter.

O'Neal is a perennial raconteur; as he puts it: "There is a story behind each photograph, and together these stories constitute the best thing about [those particular] days in my life."[13] Those tales accompany the images in this exhibit and certainly enhance them. But, unlike the normally mute amateur snapshots in a family album that require written or spoken captioning to bring them alive, these images also work on their own and speak for themselves. To look into the microcosm of O'Neal's patient, attentive portraits is to feel oneself standing before or sitting across the table from these diversely gifted people whose achievements are on the record and embedded in the zeitgeist, without whom the twentieth century would seem surely the poorer and certainly not the same.

Many of O'Neal's subjects are now gone, some of them long since. Others endure, thrive, and will continue to contribute to U.S. and world culture well into the new millennium. Yet I think it does them no disservice to say that, with a few exceptions, even the living and hale among them will most likely be remembered for what they accomplished in the twentieth century rather than the one to come. Their contributions are already historic, their visages in most cases iconic of the century in which they were born. As for O'Neal—well, he seems to prefer to remain behind the scenes, pseudonymous, even anonymous (I've never seen a self-portrait), so he's not likely to achieve the status of recognizable icon. But he's indefatigable and nowhere near done, more than likely to continue to prove himself a polymath whose activities stretch deep into the coming decades.

Though their output serves increasingly as the raw material from which historians do their work, photographers are necessarily chroniclers, not historians; they inevitably engage with and describe the immediate present, no matter how thoughtful a relationship they have to the past. As a frequent researcher into the history of jazz, O'Neal depends regularly on sources outside himself for accounts of events he didn't witness and for other data he can't provide. As for his chosen chroniclers of the music he loves, he notes that he always much prefers those who, in the parlance of the field, were "in the studio at the time"—which, he indicates, "simply means that someone was present when something happened."[14] The studio referred to is the recording studio, so this description identifies those who were actually on the scene when the music was made, who kept their eyes and ears open, heard it all firsthand and—either by witnessing or by bearing witness—can convey their own authentic, convincing, immediate experience and understanding of the event.

Photographers, almost by definition, are usually "in the studio at the time" when their photographs are made. It's difficult (though not impossible) to make photographs by remote control, and—aside, perhaps, from the NASA team—I know of no serious photographers to date who've built substantial bodies of work that way. Yet it's remarkable how many photographs reveal that, present in the flesh or not, those who wielded the cameras involved were not truly paying close heed in the fractional moment of the images' registration, and are therefore absent in spirit from their very own pictures. Hank O'Neal, as you can see, was truly "in the studio at the time" for all his subjects and for all his photographs. Which means you're getting these rich, complex, visual accounts of encounters with remarkable people straight from the horse's mouth.

Staten Island, New York
July 2000

NOTES

1. Kostelanetz himself exemplifies this tendency, having generated not just a vast body of critical writings on almost all forms of avant-garde twentieth-century art but also substantial corpuses of his own experimental work in poetry, fiction, visual literature, audio texts, holography, and numerous other media.

2. "I stopped [playing the piano] when I was about nine. My parents gave up on me and sold the piano. Wise move," O'Neal said once.

3. For a look at the growing catalogue of this significant cultural project, you can visit the Chiaroscuro Website at www.chiaroscurojazz.com.

4. Hank O'Neal, *A Vision Shared: A Classic Portrait of America and Its People, 1935–1943* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1976).

5. Hank O'Neal, *Berenice Abbott: American Photographer* (New York: McGraw-Hill/Artpress, 1982).

6. He's also built up a serious collection of photographs and photography books.

7. Ginsberg's and Hinton's photographs have been widely exhibited and published. But O'Neal has written that, on a 1990 visit to Gillespie's home in Englewood, New Jersey, to make the portrait included here, Gillespie "showed me a cabinet full of fine cameras. I wonder where the pictures went." So do I. Perhaps some industrious researcher will excavate them from the Gillespie archives and bring them out for us to consider.

8. You'll find a selection of those images online at www.jazzspot.com/Photos/morphoto.html.

9. O'Neal text, *24 Portraits 26 Years*, a privately produced booklet for his exhibition at The Witkin Gallery, March 1999.

10. A number of these come from O'Neal's book, *The Ghosts of Harlem* (Paris: Filipacchi, 1997), a collection of portraits of and interviews with forty-one jazz greats.

11. Not surprisingly, more than a few are polymaths themselves: Brassaï, Ginsberg, Eastwood, Buckley, and Wiesel all have had numerous irons in the fire over the course of their careers.

12. O'Neal text, "A Quick Glance at the Past with an Unexpected Result," introduction to *The Ghosts of Harlem*.

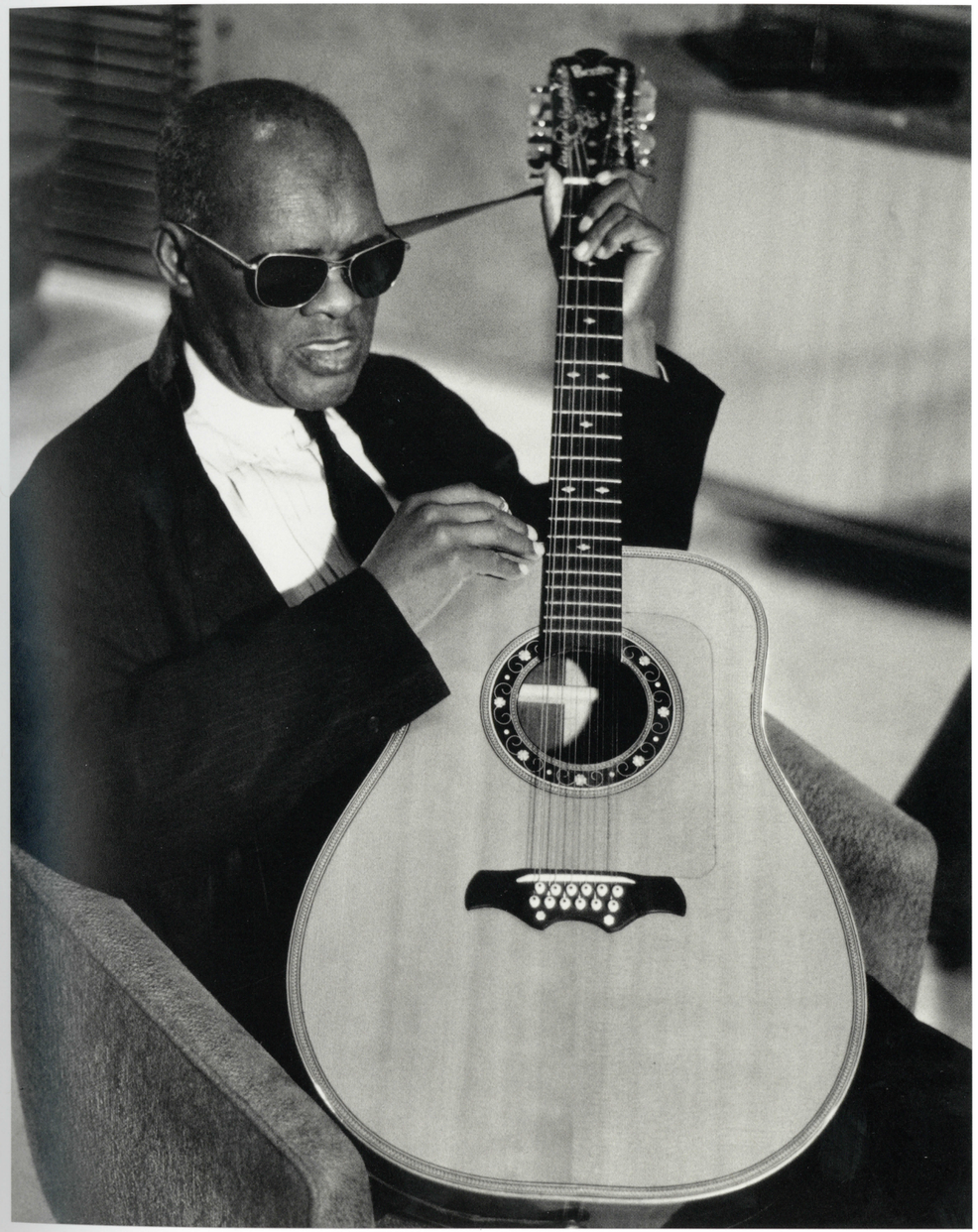
13. O'Neal, *24 Portraits 26 Years*.

14. O'Neal, "A Quick Glance at the Past with an Unexpected Result."

Reverend Gary Davis (1971)

The Reverend Gary Davis, sometimes called Blind Gary Davis, had made records since the late 1920s and was coming to the end of his career in 1971. I was just beginning two new ones: photographer and recording engineer. I was lucky that year because a man I was working with on a regular basis, the industrialist Sherman M. Fairchild, knew a little about photography and engineering. He had founded Fairchild Camera and Instrument in the late 1920s and developed Fairchild Recording Products since the mid-1930s. I first met Sherman in 1968, and he encouraged me to use the recording studio in his home at 17 East 65th Street.

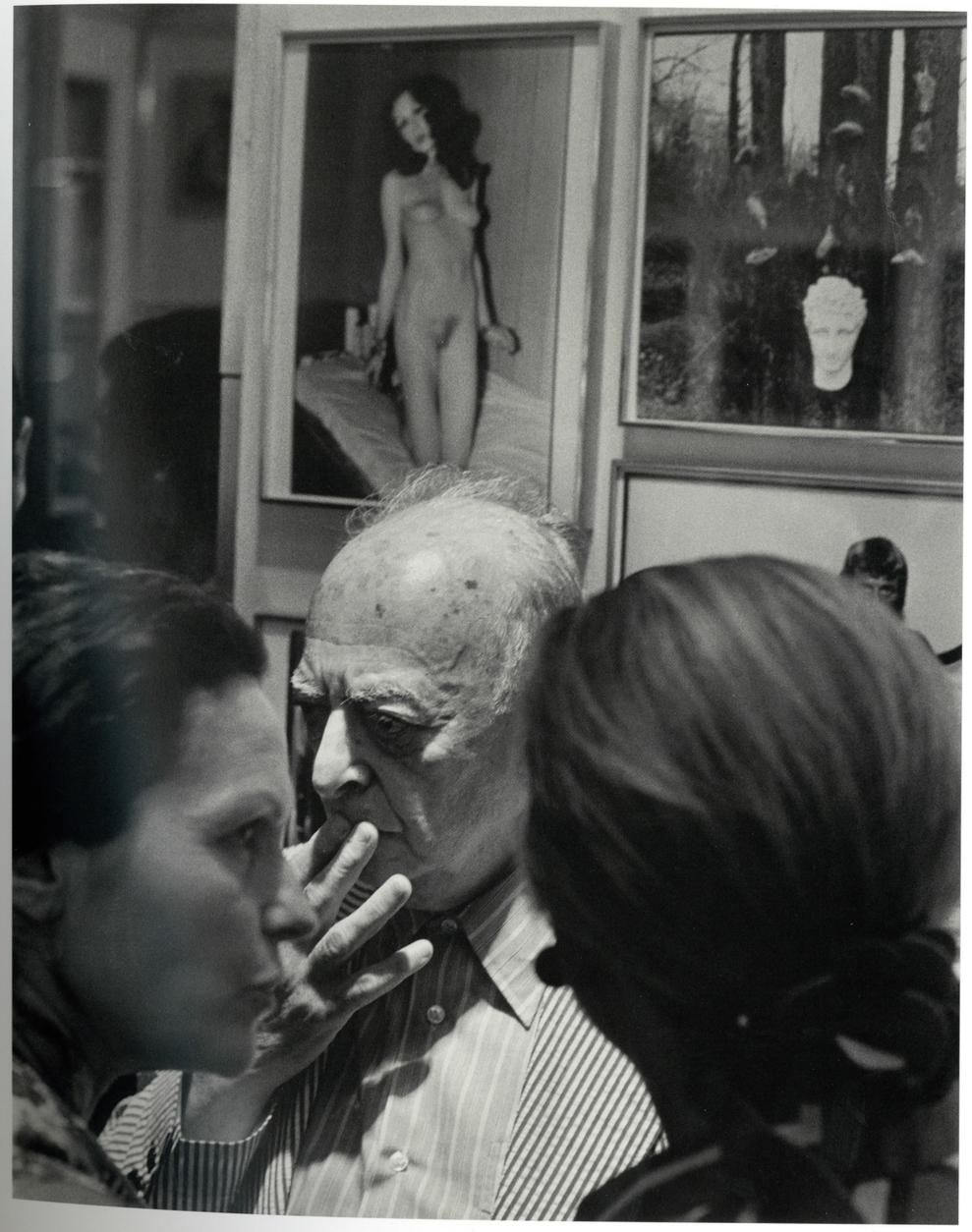
A number of my friends had fine ideas for recording projects, but they were always short on funds. I helped them whenever I could with a free session at Sherman's. Some good records were made, and there were always photo opportunities. My old Pentax was always at the ready, and the day I recorded Reverend Davis for Biograph, I asked him to pose for a portrait between takes. Or maybe it was at the end of the session. It was a long time ago, March 17, 1971. This is my favorite photograph from my last recording at Sherman's. Sherman had been in the hospital for a month and died twelve days later. Reverend Davis didn't last much longer; he died in May 1972.



Brassaï (1973)

The date was May 12, 1973. It was a stormy day in New York, and Maggie Condon and I were dashing between raindrops to get to the opening of the Brassaï show at The Witkin Gallery. I had my new Nikon camera with me, along with two copies of a small Brassaï book the Museum of Modern Art had published in 1968.

There was a crush of people at the gallery, mostly photography fans, but probably a few folks trying to get out of the rain or perhaps looking for free wine and cheese. Lee Witkin was, as always, gracious, and introduced us to Brassaï, who signed my book. I took some snapshots of him signing Maggie's book, but we were pushed aside by others who wanted to shake his hand or get an autograph. We wandered about looking at the show, and then I spotted Brassaï in the other room, standing in front of a photograph by Jeffrey Silverthorne. I got as close as possible and managed one snapshot before he moved away. I've always liked this candid picture; the woman in the foreground on the left is Mme. Brassaï.



Barbara Morgan (1977)

My first serious photo book, *A Vision Shared: A Portrait of America and Its People, 1935–1943*, was published in November 1976. Some of the unexpected dividends from its publication were gallery exhibitions, symposiums, and wonderful parties. Barbara Morgan hosted the first gathering, just a moment or two after publication. Most of the living FSA (Farm Service Administration) photographers and many of their friends attended. A few months later, in May 1977, Arthur Rothstein hosted another gathering, and this time sixty or so photographers and their friends showed up, including Barbara Morgan.

The weather was nice and much of the party took place outdoors. Barbara arrived wearing what must have been her favorite party dress and jewelry—I remembered them from the party she'd arranged a few months earlier. She held still for a quick snapshot and then I reminded her about the dress. When she laughed, I snapped again.

Berenice Abbott (1979)

In November 1979, Berenice Abbott and I were hard at work, developing the book that would be published as *Berenice Abbott: American Photographer* in 1982. It was a bright, sunny Sunday afternoon. We were working upstairs at my Christopher Street recording studio when Berenice suddenly announced it was time for her to head back to her home in northern Maine. It was easily a ten-hour drive—even for Berenice, whose average speed was usually somewhat greater than her age—and she didn't want to stop for the night. Berenice was eighty, but the thought of such a trip didn't faze her at all.

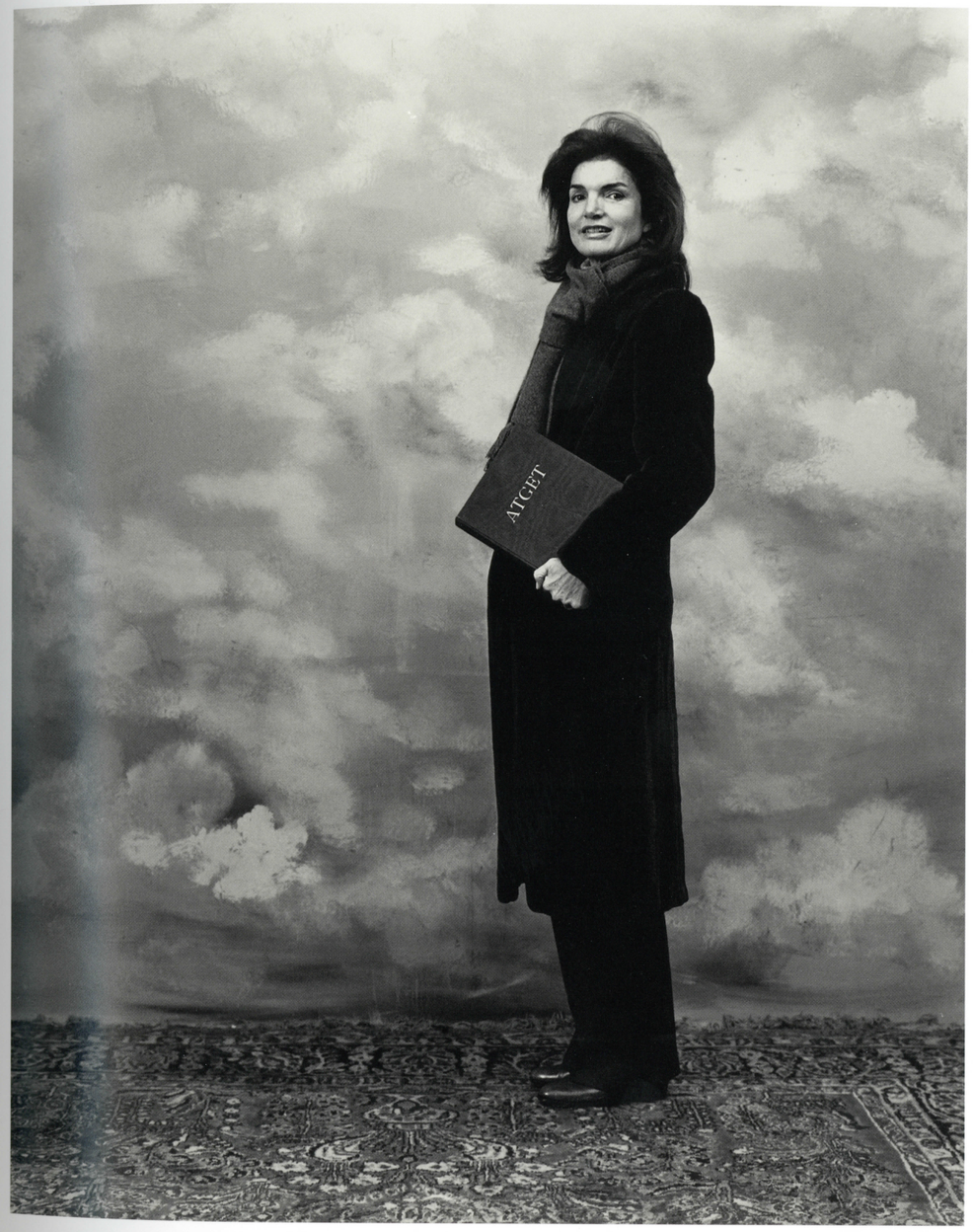
She hurriedly gathered up her things and put on her coat and hat. On an impulse, I asked her to let me take a picture. "OK," she said, "but you've got to hurry." We went downstairs, where in those days I kept a Deardorff view camera set up under a wonderful skylight in front of my wall of clouds. Film holders were always at the ready to catch a possibly fleeting subject.

Berenice held still for five quick exposures. This one is my favorite, although there is a funny one where she's holding a large, glowing plastic goose that was used as a studio night-light (her idea, not mine). Berenice liked most animals, even plastic ones, better than she liked most people. Right after the last click of the shutter, she was gone, racing back to northern Maine at the speed of light. She probably arrived before I finished processing the film.

Jacqueline Onassis (1979)

I met Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis in 1978. She was a remarkable woman and, in my experience, nothing like all the silliness that has been written about her for the last forty-five years. In December 1979, when this photograph was taken, she was hard at work on the book Berenice Abbott and I were doing together. Jackie (yes, we did call her Jackie) was our editor, and a good one. She'd come down to my Christopher Street recording studio to go over photographs. It was her first visit. She wanted to look at each of Berenice's photographs very carefully and make a reasoned decision about the images to be included in the book.

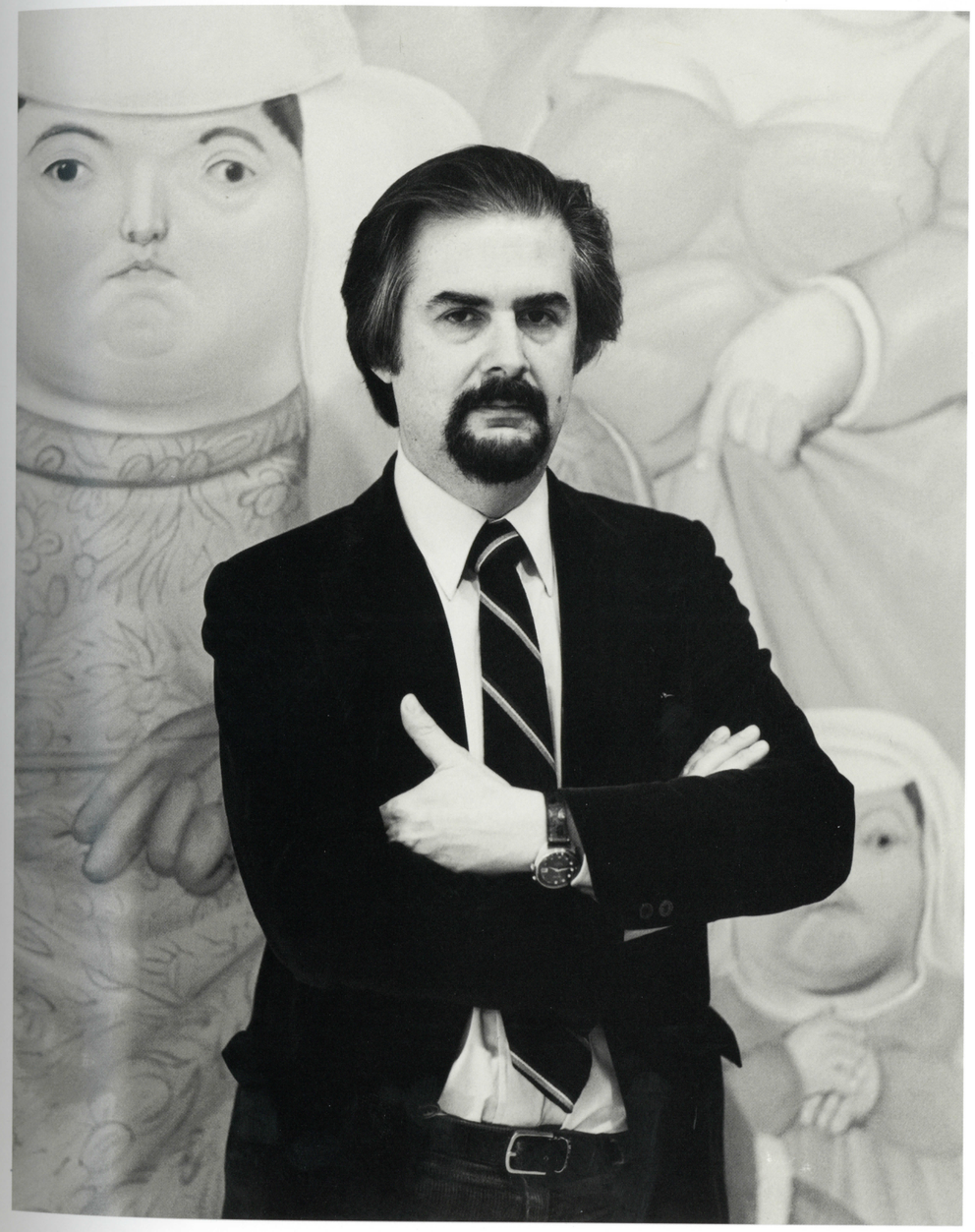
We worked for a few hours and then she asked to take a break, which in reality meant looking at pictures by people other than Berenice. We wandered around my apartment, and she carefully looked at everything that was in a frame. Then she spotted Henri Jonquières' book, *Atget: Photographe de Paris*, which she asked to borrow. I said I'd be pleased to let her keep it as long as she wished—but only if I could take a portrait of her holding it. To which she immediately agreed. The Deardorff and film holders were already set up. I made three exposures: a front view, a side view, and one with her assistant, Ray Roberts. I like Berenice's side view of Atget, just as I like the side view of Ms. Onassis.



Fernando Botero (1980)

In the late 1970s, the Swiss filmmaker Erwin Leiser telephoned me at my recording studio, Downtown Sound, and asked if he might interview me about Chiaroscuro Records. Jazz was his avocation—he was writing a piece for *Swiss Air* magazine about independent jazz labels, and he wanted to feature some of my recordings. I was happy to have the publicity.

It turned out we had friends and artistic interests in common. It didn't take me long to discover that Erwin was primarily a serious documentary filmmaker and that jazz criticism was just a hobby. Erwin learned equally quickly that I was as interested in photography as I was in jazz, which led to my helping him on various film projects in New York. He had already made a film about the Colombian artist Fernando Botero, but when Botero had a sculpture show at the Marlborough Gallery in October 1980, Erwin wanted to add footage to his film, and he called me to take some still photographs. Botero was very intense but a wonderful subject. He willingly posed in front of one of his paintings.



Woody Herman/Ruby Braff (1980)

By March 1980, Woody Herman and Ruby Braff had already enjoyed long and fruitful careers. (Happily, Ruby Braff's continues unabated.) The two had come together that year to make their first and only joint recording at Downtown Sound for an as-yet-unnamed, unincorporated, pie-in-the-sky record company I was trying to launch with the noted music producer George Avakian. It was his idea to combine these two exceptional artists, in much the same way he'd combined Woody and Erroll Garner in 1954 to great success, producing the classic *Music for Tired Lovers*.

No one was tired that day. Woody played and sang magnificently, and Ruby, of course, was even better. The accompanying musicians were equally wonderful, so there were smiles all around when the recording was complete. Before the two leaders packed up their horns, I suggested they step into the studio next door for some photographs that might be used on an album cover. I took most of the photographs that day in color, with a Rolleiflex, but the old wooden Deardorff was also in place with black-and-white film holders ready for exposure. I took two of each man individually and then a couple of duets. This is the best of the day's take.

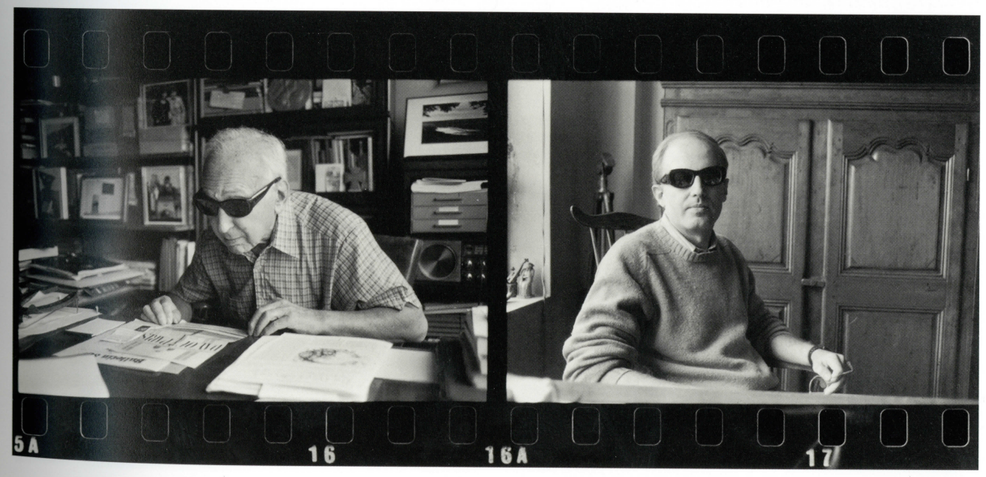
It took seventeen years for what was to be a conventional LP to be released in any form. Woody and Ruby finally appeared as a Chiaroscuro CD in 1997. The color photographs were used for the CD booklet, but this is the first time the full version of the far superior black-and-white portrait has been published.

André Kertész/Hank O'Neal (1980)

André Kertész lived at 2 Fifth Avenue in Greenwich Village, just a short walk from Downtown Sound. I got to know him in the early 1970s and visited him frequently thereafter. At the time, I regarded him as the most poetic photographer I'd ever encountered. After looking at photographs for a quarter of a century, I haven't changed my mind.

In those years, André was slightly past his prime as a photographer, but that didn't stop him from pursuing his vision. One day he came to Downtown Sound to take photographs of Joe Venuti and Zoot Sims. At about the same time, he undertook a wonderful series of miniatures in his apartment using the Polaroid SX-70, creating a lovely body of work that was published as *From My Window*.

This double portrait was taken just for fun. One day in 1980, I telephoned André and suggested I come by and visit. The shortest way to his apartment from my studio was across 8th Street, and somewhere along the way I stumbled upon a pair of funny sunglasses lying on the sidewalk. I picked them up, and when I arrived, I gave them to André as a joke. He put them on and I took a snapshot. Then he traded the glasses for my camera and took one of me.



Gerry Mulligan (1982)

Sometime in the spring of 1982, Gerry Mulligan telephoned and said he and Franca Rota were going to be married that summer. It just so happened, he said, that the day they'd picked was also my birthday, June 5. The ceremony and party were to be held at the Connecticut home of their friend, the art dealer Marisa del Rey. Gerry said I had to cancel anything else that might be happening that day. I would gladly have done so without any prodding.

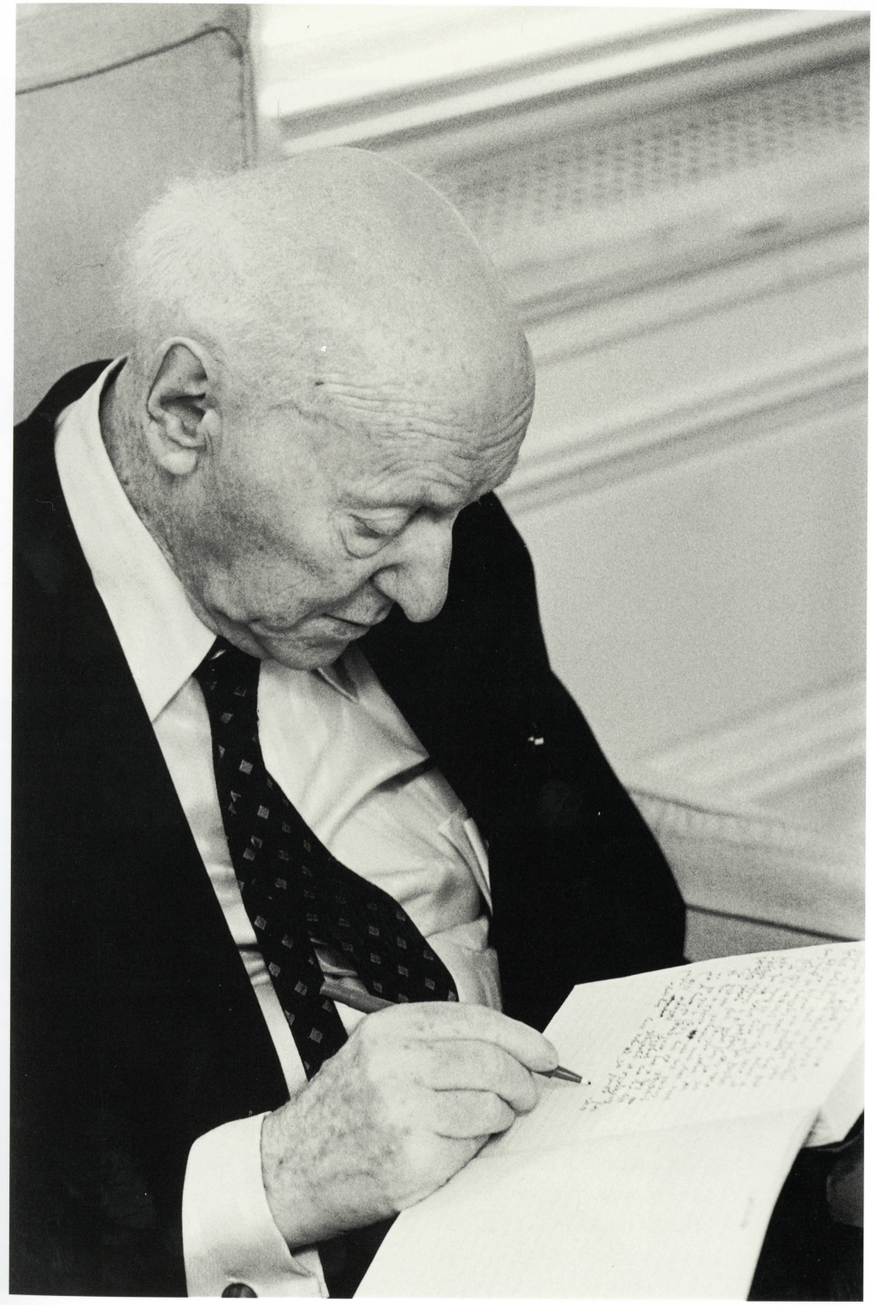
It was a grand ceremony and reception. I wandered around with my camera all evening, annoying the official photographer. Marisa had many art objects around the house—one was a sculpture made of assorted saxophones. At one point, I suggested to Gerry that it might be fun for him to pose with it. Gerry was often as playful and lighthearted as his music—he loved to ham it up and take silly pictures—and it's captured in this portrait. One of my other favorites features the always haute-cuisine-conscious Gerry posing with the golden arches in the background, his hat in his hand, placed over his heartburn.

Later that evening, he once again proved how playful he could be. The music for the wedding was played by a fine string quartet. I saw him approach the leader and whisper something in his ear, and suddenly the group played "Happy Birthday," with Gerry joining them in a vocal refrain. This was the last time anyone sang "Happy Birthday" to me, and I hope it will continue to be the last.

Isaac Bashevis Singer (1983)

In 1983, Erwin Leiser produced a film about the Nobel Prize–winning author Isaac B. Singer. The film was shot at various locations near Singer's Upper West Side apartment. Most of the film, however, was made inside the apartment. On the last day of shooting, Erwin wanted to do a silent sequence of Singer writing. I decided to make a minifilm of my own using a single roll of film.

I loaded my camera with a twenty-shot roll of Tri-X, put the camera on a tripod, framed it the way I wanted, and shot twenty exposures. The only thing that moves from frame to frame is Singer's hand. I then made three 16″ x 20″ enlarged contact sheets and mounted them on rag board—one for Erwin, one for Singer, and one for myself. I asked Singer to sign my copy, which he did. I didn't ask him to display the copy I gave him, but he was very pleased with it and put it on the wall, replacing a Chagall in the process. I didn't have a Chagall to replace, but I did have a blank spot on the wall, where my contact sheet has remained since 1983. This portrait is one of the twenty.

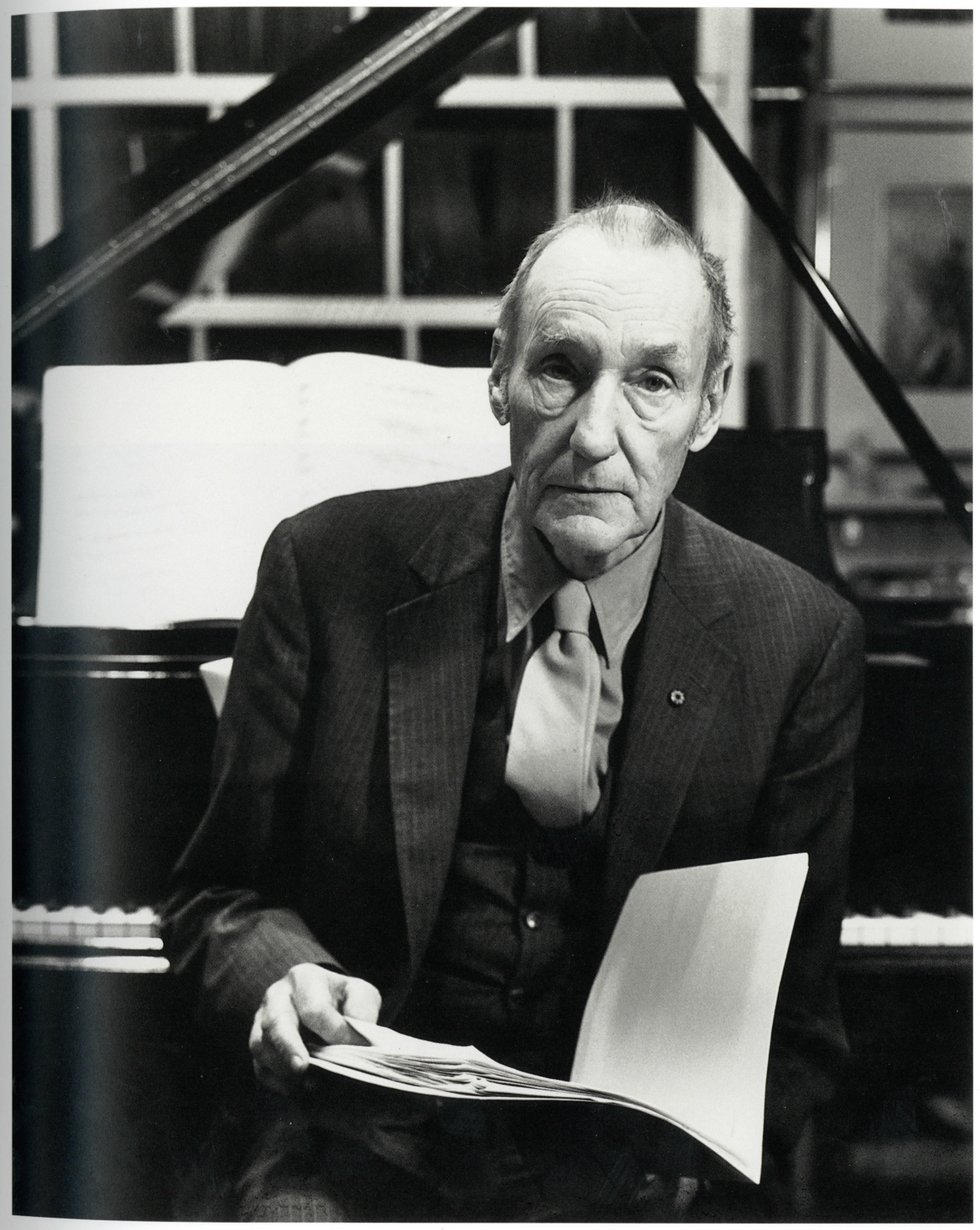


William S. Burroughs (1984)

William S. Burroughs reached his seventieth year in 1984; that February, he arrived in New York City for a week of celebrations. Shelley Shier (whom I married in 1985) and I turned 830 Broadway over to William for his use so he could have a comfortable home base and a peaceful retreat.

It was a wild week, full of stimulating conversations, a stream of visitors, and many opportunities to take photographs, mostly of the documentary or snapshot variety. William signed all his books that crammed our bookshelves, did a little target practice with a high-powered air pistol, and generally had a fine time.

Toward the end of the week, I asked him if he'd slow down for a minute so I could take a formal portrait with my old Deardorff. He was only too happy to oblige, and I moved the Steinway around to use as a backdrop. Just as we were getting started, Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky showed up, both as formally attired as William. We took lots of photographs, duos, trios, and individuals. This is my favorite of William solo. I don't know which manuscript he was working on at the time, but he's holding it in this photograph, and he worked on it the entire week.



Raphael Soyer/Saul Bellow (1985)

I was very fond of the wonderful painter Raphael Soyer. I met him with Berenice Abbott, so he knew I wasn't a hoodlum. I took photographs in his studio on West 74th Street on many occasions, and in 1985 I suggested it might be fun to work together on a project that would be called "Raphael Soyer Paints a Picture." My idea was to document a portrait all the way from the first sketch to completion. Raphael thought this was a good idea, but he didn't know about the subject for the portrait. A short time later, he telephoned and said an ideal subject had turned up: Saul Bellow. It sounded good to me.

This portrait is my favorite from a series of black-and-white and color photographs I took. The only problem was that the project was never completed. Bellow simply withdrew. Raphael never told me why; and as far as I know, his portrait was never finished. A pity; it looked wonderful to me, even in its unfinished state.

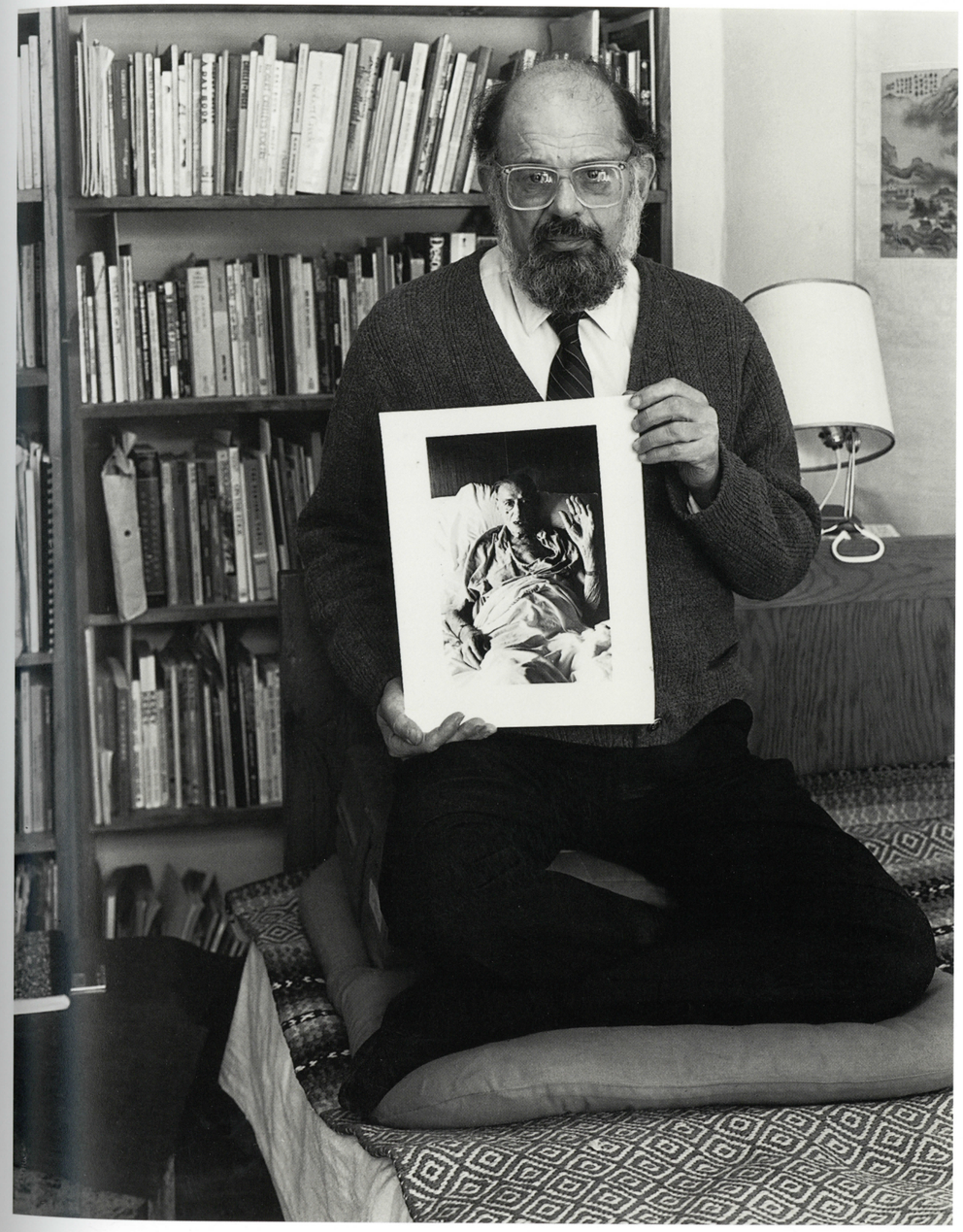
Allen Ginsberg (1986)

One afternoon in 1981, John Hammond stuck his head into my office and asked if I'd like to meet Allen Ginsberg the next day, when he was scheduled to come by for a visit. He added that Allen had a record project going and he'd like me to work on it. Of course, I jumped at the chance. The record was eventually issued as *First Blues*, and it was a joy working with Allen on that project, as well as on a number of others.

As it turned out, at the time Allen was becoming increasingly interested in photography. He had taken photographs for years, but now he had a camera with him constantly. Whenever I told him Berenice Abbott was coming to town, he was always eager to spend as much time with her as possible, soaking up knowledge from this master photographer. He also spent increasing amounts of time with his longtime friend Robert Frank. Allen's photographs owe a good deal more to Frank than to Abbott.

Over the years, I took many photographs of Allen, some casual, many spontaneous, a few carefully composed. This is one of the most carefully composed. I took my smaller Deardorff, a couple of lenses, one light, and a number of film holders, loaded up with black-and-white as well as color sheet film, and visited him at his fourth-floor walk-up on East 12th Street.

First I set up the camera in his living room/kitchen and made a few exposures. Then, after removing my shoes, I moved the camera to his bedroom. I took some color and black-and-white portraits of Allen sitting on his bed in a lotus position. Then he suggested I take another, with him holding a photograph of his uncle on his deathbed. This is the result. Allen, as usual, is absolutely serene. The photograph he's holding, however, is full of frightful energy and makes for a remarkable juxtaposition.



Milt Hinton (1987)

Les Pockell was my editor for two book projects when he was at St. Martin's Press in the 1970s. He moved to Doubleday in the 1980s, and one day he telephoned and asked if I had any good ideas for a book. I did. My project was called *The Ghosts of Harlem*, comprising the words and photographs of about fifty legendary musicians who had been active uptown when it mattered. Les said he could sell the project on the title alone, and he did. I began taking photographs with my Deardorff view camera and recording interviews before the ink was dry on the contract.

In the first year of working on the book, during which I took about thirty-five portraits, Les left Doubleday to run a company in Japan. After he told me he was going to Japan, he warned me that my book would probably be forgotten because no one at the company really understood it. He was right—Doubleday abandoned the project. No one even telephoned. The book was finally published in 1997 by Filipacchi.

I began the project with one of my oldest musical friends, Milt Hinton, the dean of jazz bassists. Milt turned ninety on June 23, 2000; but in 1987 he was just a kid of seventy-seven. As usual, he proved to be one of the most generous of men. He not only gave me as much time as I needed but also introduced me to a couple of "ghosts" I didn't know. This photograph was taken in the basement of his home in St. Albans, Queens, about ten feet from his darkroom, where he'd been processing his own photographs for about half a century. Milt knows a lot about cameras, how to take a good picture, what's involved, and how hard it is. He didn't laugh once as I struggled under the focusing cloth.

Cab Calloway (1987)

We presented Cab Calloway at The Floating Jazz Festival many times in the 1980s. In the summer of 1986, Shelley Shier had a great idea for a Broadway show that would feature the famed entertainer. She got the attention of a prominent Broadway producer; and after much discussion, we all journeyed to White Plains, New York, to discuss our ideas with Cab. He was pleased with everything we said. At one point he asked if we'd like to see an old poster he'd just found in the attic. Of course we would. Once I saw it, I knew it would make a fine prop, and Cab obliged without hesitation. I feel this is one of the real winners in *The Ghosts of Harlem* project.

The show didn't work out. Shelley was about ten years ahead of her time. When Broadway got ready to swing again and close every other show with "Sing, Sing, Sing," it was ten years too late for Cab.

Benny Carter (1987)

Benny Carter lives about as high in the Hollywood Hills as possible. The only structure higher is a radio tower down the road. He not only holds various longevity records, but he also may hold the record for the fastest descent from a house on Skyline Drive to sea level. I was in the car that day, the same day this portrait was made. Hilma, Benny's wife, may have been used to him racing to the bottom; Shelley Shier and I weren't.

Benny wanted to have a good Chinese meal before we got down to business. Hilma, Shelley, Benny, and I got into his roomy Rolls-Royce and we were off to the races. As we sped down the winding roads, he mentioned something about needing to get the brakes serviced. Somehow, we survived the descent, the meal, and the ascent.

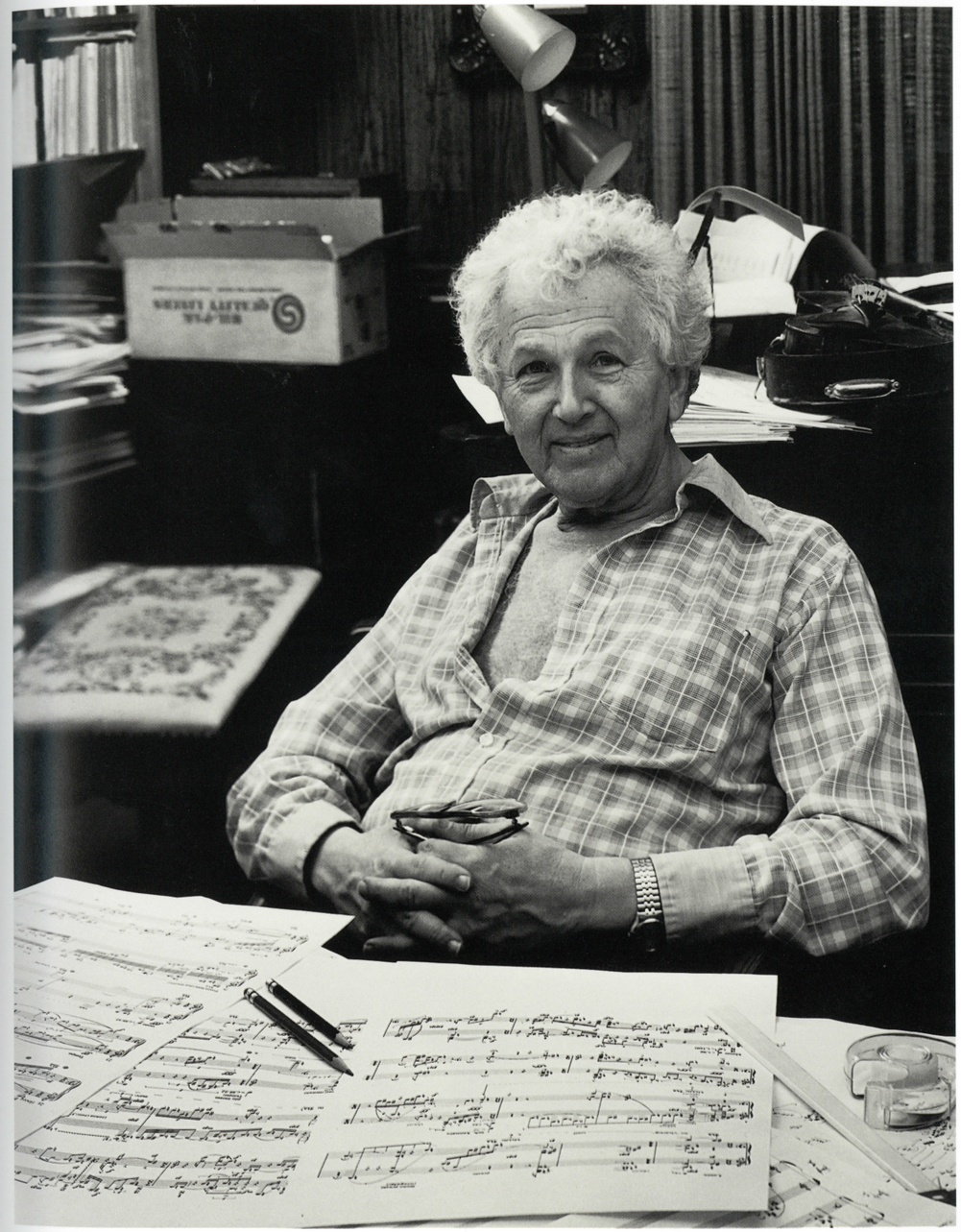
Well fed and content, Benny picked out the location for the portraits, posing with some of his collection of African sculpture, of which he's justly proud. Like Milt Hinton, he is an iron man, still writing arrangements and organizing projects. He turned ninety-three on August 8, 2000.

Mel Powell (1987)

Mel Powell was easily the most intelligent person I've ever met. He was so remarkable in so many ways that it would take slips from fifty laundries to make the lists. I was first introduced to him in 1986 by telephone, courtesy of his old friend Ruby Braff. That year, Mel came out of a thirty-year retirement as a jazz musician to perform at The Floating Jazz Festival. It was then that I learned about his paintings. I hadn't seen any of his work, but I surmised that it had to be exceptional. Everything else about Mel was, so why not the paintings?

The right people were approached, slides arrived, and soon a show was scheduled for the Sordoni Art Gallery at Wilkes College, October–November 1987. It fell to me to go to California and bundle up the work, interview Mel for the catalogue, and take some portraits. Sensing a unique opportunity, I packed up the Deardorff.

I bothered Mel for about three days and then, on the last day, suggested it was time for the photographs. We retired to his music room, actually a converted garage. The room was full of music—instruments, acoustic and electronic; sheet music, old and new; recordings; reels of tape; and photographs of his mentors—all this and more was strewn about. On a worktable was an expanse of manuscript paper holding his newest composition. It is in the foreground of my favorite portrait from that day. Incidentally, this image was used in the catalogue for the exhibition at the Sordoni Art Gallery in 1987.

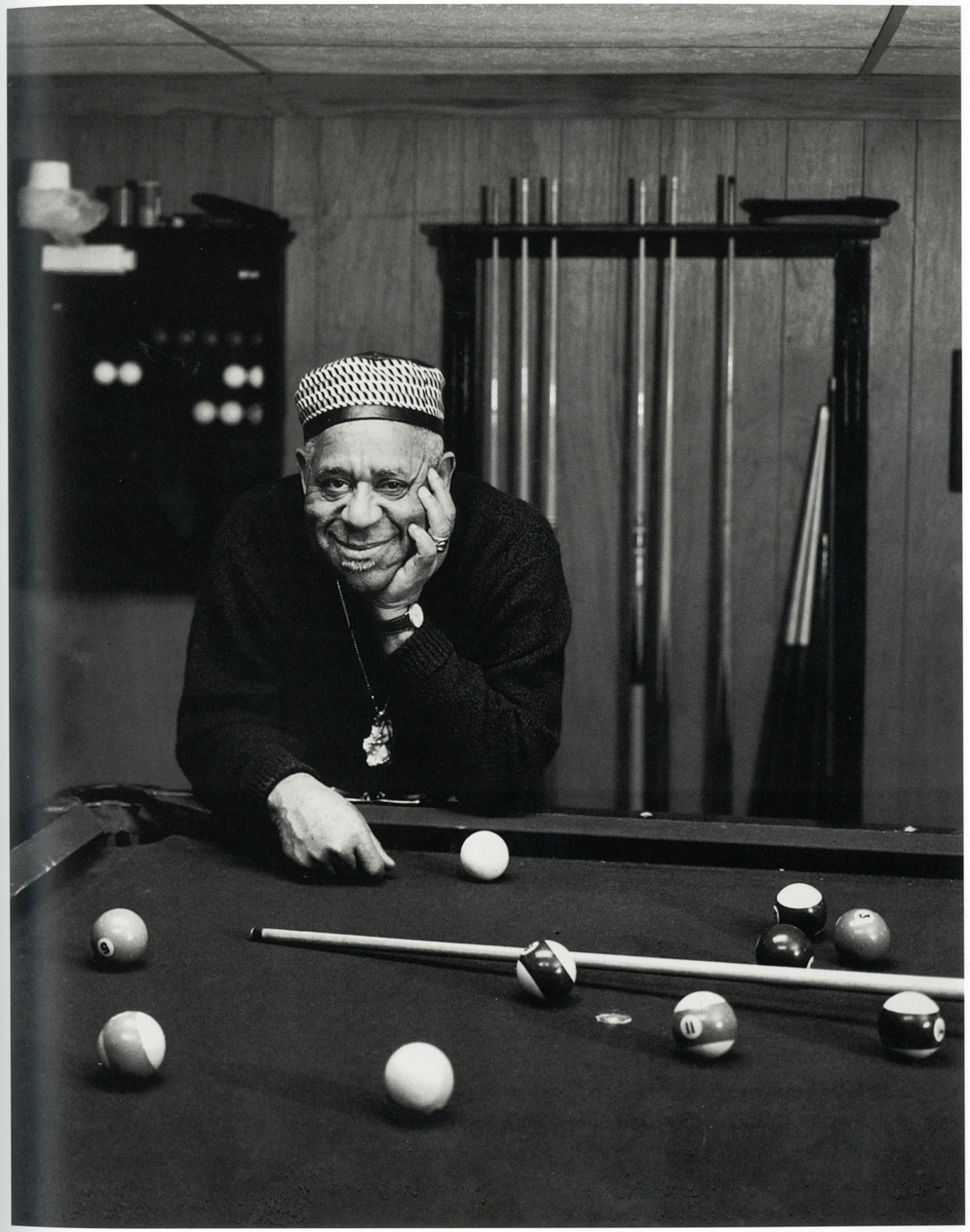


Dizzy Gillespie (1990)

I have been in awe of Dizzy Gillespie since the 1950s, when I first heard him as a teenager. I even wrote a term paper on him in high school, illustrating it with pictures I'd cut out of magazines. Sometimes your heroes turn out to be not so nice in real life, but Dizzy was not only a wonderful musician, he was a wonderful person as well: warm, intelligent, never a bad word about anyone. He was a major part of many of our music festivals, and was always a joy to be with.

I visited him at his home in Englewood, New Jersey, on many occasions. Dizzy and all his toys had been confined to the basement. His wife Lorriane kept the upstairs so perfect you could eat off the floor. Downstairs, however, was Dizzy's domain, complete with sound equipment, his cameras, a piano, a drum kit, and a little mock saloon in one corner, stocked with a bar and pool table. A large Charlie Parker poster hung behind the bar.

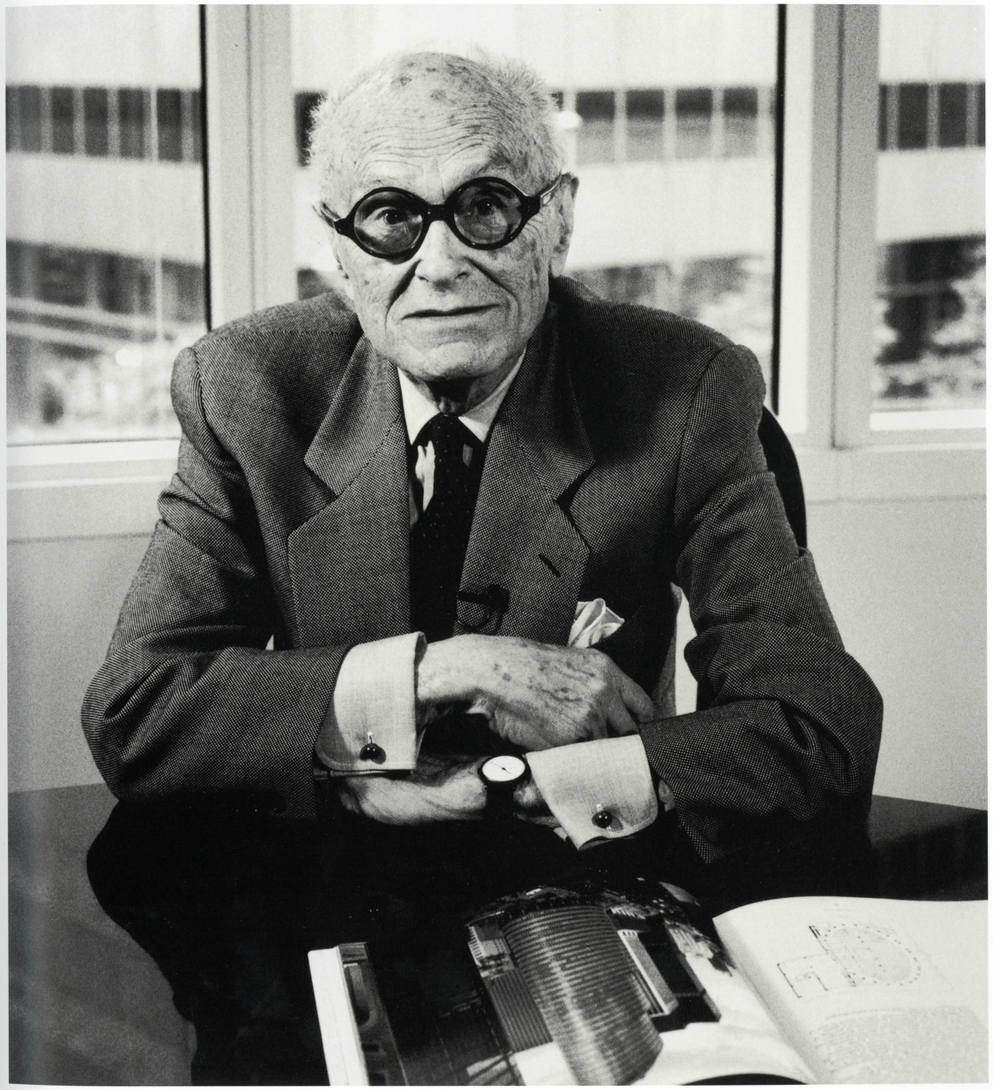
Dizzy loved cameras, was a good photographer, and was intrigued with my old wooden Deardorff. He was only too happy to look into it on that day in 1990. And this photograph is not a setup. The balls were on the table. We had been knocking them around before I positioned the camera, and when we were finished, we knocked them around some more.



Philip Johnson (1990)

I first became aware of Philip Johnson through Berenice Abbott. Johnson had been very helpful to her in the early 1930s, when she was first attempting to launch her *Changing New York* project. At the time, Johnson was the head of the Department of Architecture at the Museum of Modern Art. All he managed to do was give Berenice the mailing list of the museum's hundred or so most prominent benefactors. Berenice wrote letters to each one, trying to raise money for her project. She collected $50.

Nearly sixty years later, I was in Johnson's Third Avenue offices with my friend Erwin Leiser. Erwin was making a film about the scandalous "Degenerate Art" show in Germany in the mid-1930s. There had been controversy surrounding Johnson and the show, and Erwin wanted to set the record straight. I never saw Erwin's film, so I don't know if the record was straightened or not, but the interview was terrific—Johnson was cordial, spoke fondly of the old days with Berenice, and (since I was her friend) held still for some Rolleiflex portraits. The building shown in the open book on the desk in front of Johnson is the building in which the portrait was taken.

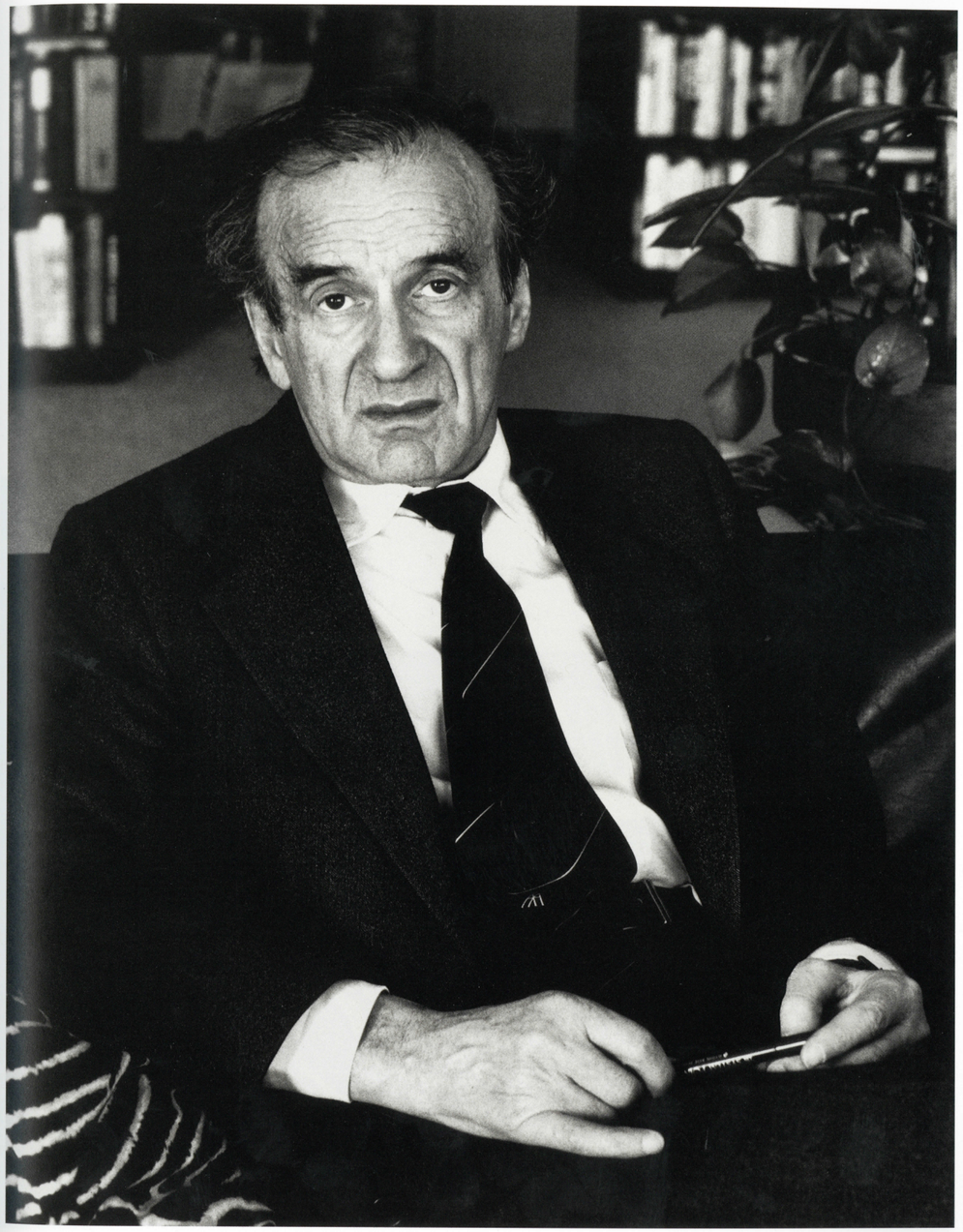


Elie Wiesel (1990)

In March 1990, Erwin Leiser telephoned and said he was desperate for a good portrait of Elie Wiesel. Could I stop what I was doing and help him out? He promised to make all the appropriate introductions. I was only too happy to oblige.

Later that month, a date was set and I went uptown to Wiesel's office. Everyone knows of Wiesel's great humanity and his good works, but he also proved to be a very charming man. We had a long conversation about music before I even took my Rolleiflex out of the bag. The conversation ranged from Bach to various kinds of Jewish folk music, which was fine. I told him I really wanted to send him a CD I'd just recorded that included a song entitled "Palesteena," which I was sure would fascinate him. Later, I sent him a copy, and I was right.

I only shot one roll of film, and all the images were interesting. This one seemed appropriately serious, befitting to his work. A week or so later I took him some of the finished photographs, along with a copy of *Souls on Fire*, his marvelous book about fifteenth-century mystical rabbis. It is my favorite of his many fine books. I wanted this copy signed to one of Shelley Shier's aunts, who was very ill. Wiesel wrote a beautiful inscription, which meant a great deal to her in her last days.



Cyrus Chestnut (1998)

In July 1998, Oren Jacoby telephoned and said he would be directing a film celebrating the music of Duke Ellington, featuring the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra. We had talked about the project for many months, but now it was a reality. The band would be led by Wynton Marsalis, there would be star soloists and a bevy of dancers, and the project would be taped at The Supper Club on West 48th Street. He thought there might be some good photographic opportunities, and I did as well.

If someone had set out to dress Cyrus Chestnut for an interesting photograph, they couldn't have done better than he did himself. This was just a rehearsal, so he was dressed casually; but I spotted it immediately. I crept into the balcony above the band and took two or three pictures looking down at all the stripes, the keyboard, and the sheet music. You know immediately when you have a good one.

Harry Lunn (1998)

A mere handful of people were responsible for the establishment of a financially viable market for fine photographs in the 1970s, and none was more important or influential than Harry Lunn. I met Harry through Berenice Abbott just as he was beginning to become seriously involved with her work. We remained friends and worked on numerous projects together.

This photograph marked the end of a long-standing tradition. Sometime in the early 1980s, we established the ritual of spending July 17th with Berenice in Maine. This was her birthday, and it was a good excuse to get away and hide for a few days, to be rid of business and obligations. The last birthday party was in July 1991, when Berenice turned ninety-three; she died in December of that year.

She would have been one hundred in July 1998; and at the urging of Susan Blatchford, about a dozen of Berenice's closest friends gathered in northern Maine for another birthday celebration. Harry came in from France, armed as always with the newest fragrance from an appropriate perfumery on Boulevard Haussmann. He was in good spirits but ill health.

We arrived before most of the other guests and decided to go ahead to the small rural cemetery in Blanchard where Berenice is buried to see if everything was in order. Harry was at one end of the cemetery and I was at the other when I spotted a small marker, mostly overgrown, inscribed simply, "Harry L." I called to Harry; he came over and had a look, reached in his pocket, took out the perfume, and gave the little marker a jolt from Paris as he planned to do with Berenice's marker the next day.

We didn't return to New York immediately, and a day or so later decided to visit Mt. Kineo, halfway up Moosehead Lake. On the way, in Rockport, I spotted an abandoned fire engine. I thought Harry sitting on the running board would make a nice portrait. He obliged. Not too many days later, on August 14, Harry was on his way to his home in Normandy. He collapsed in the train station and died a week later, never regaining consciousness. There will be no more birthday gatherings in Maine.

William F. Buckley, Jr. (1999)

I've known Bill Buckley since the early 1970s. Our common link is music in general and the magnificent pianist, Dick Wellstood, in particular. Bill wrote liner notes for a Wellstood album I produced in 1973 to prove it. Nearly a quarter of a century later, I thought it was about time for me to take my Deardorff to his home and take a portrait with a musical subtext.

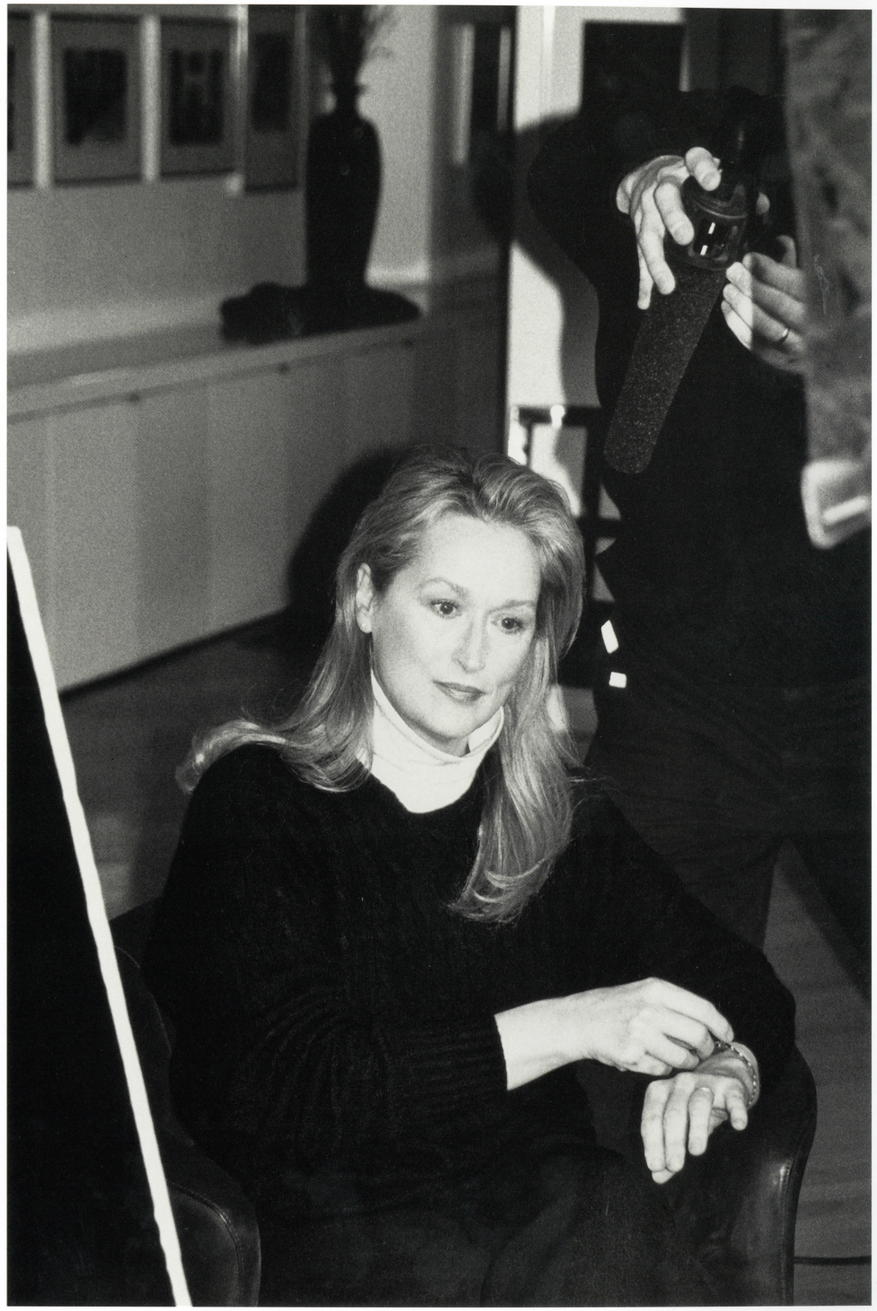
My idea was to photograph him in his parlor, playing Bach on his old Bösendorfer piano built in the 1890s. It was a nice idea, but complicated by the limited light in the room. I set up the camera and added a small quartz light I often use in low-light situations. Then I told Bill to begin playing. I turned on the light and it only took about ten minutes before it blew all the lights in his prewar apartment. Fortunately, I'd made four or five exposures before the fuses blew. When we got the lights back on, Bill continued with his Bach and I continued with a Nikon and a flash.

Meryl Streep (2000)

In mid-1999, an old friend, the producer-director Bruce Ricker, telephoned to say he was just getting the paperwork in order to produce and direct an American Masters film focusing on his long-time friend Clint Eastwood. He wanted me to be the still photographer on the project. Filming wouldn't begin until early 2000, but there'd be many interesting people to photograph. I began loading my cameras the moment we hung up.

The first day of shooting was February 8, at my 830 Broadway office/studio. On that day, Meryl Streep walked over from her house on 12th Street and charmed everyone the moment she came through the door. She talked on camera for about an hour, giving a marvelous interview. I've seen her in so many different roles, but it was a treat to see her as herself; and, believe me, "herself" is the best of them all. I took pictures before the camera rolled or when tape was being changed. I like the casual feel of this one—she's totally unaware of the camera, thinking about what the next question might be; but it isn't my favorite from that afternoon.

My favorite is just a snapshot, taken as she was leaving. At the beginning of the interview, Shelley Shier's Cavalier King Charles spaniel, Qi, had run into the room. Meryl was pleased, greeting Qi with "Hello precious." A dog on the set is regarded as good luck, even if the set is the dog's home base. After everything was over, I asked her if I could take a picture of her with the dog. Meryl got down on the floor and began playing with the dog, who played back vigorously, licking her face with joy. She was beaming, the dog was excited, and neither one was acting.



Clint Eastwood (2000)

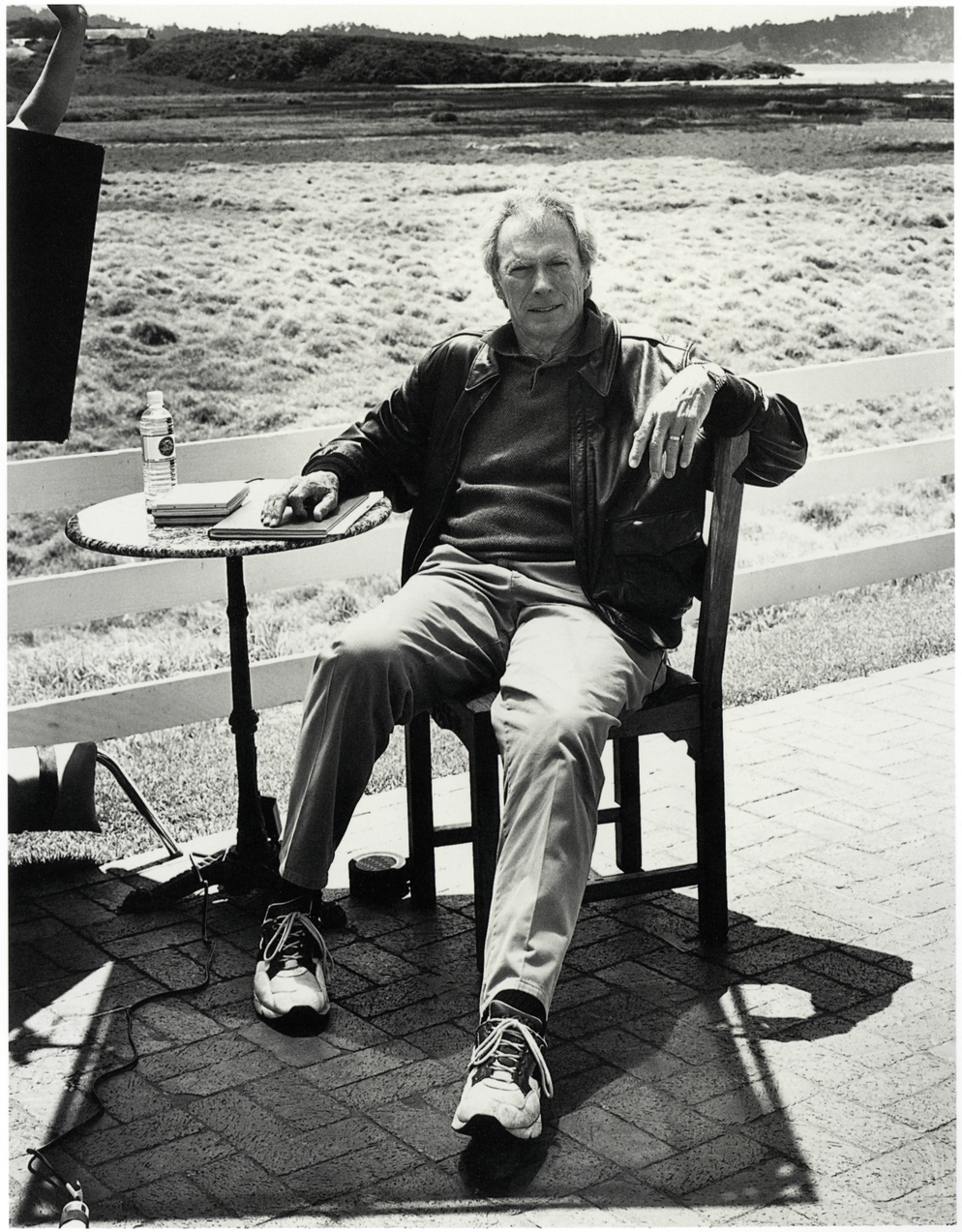
My first face-to-face encounter with Clint Eastwood took place in October 1996 during the production of *Eastwood after Hours* at Carnegie Hall. Bruce Ricker had asked Arthur Elgort and me to be the still photographers for all the rehearsals and the concert. Arthur is as much a jazz fan as I, so we had a grand time.

The next occasion was at Clint's Mission Ranch in Carmel, California, on March 25, 2000, at the conclusion of the California portion of the American Masters shoot. It was approximately a ten-hour exercise, one that was utterly fascinating.

There were two on-camera interviews scheduled for that day—one outside, overlooking Point Lobos to the south, and another inside one of the ranch buildings. I thought it would be safer to set up the Deardorff outside, where it would be more casual, with good light, and no likelihood of a blown fuse.

I took pictures with my Rolleiflex and Nikon throughout the interview, but at the end, around mid-afternoon, I asked if I could take a couple of semiserious photographs with my old camera. Clint looked at me and said dolefully, "I don't want to have my picture taken with an old camera; I want to have my picture taken with a new camera." He must have seen my suddenly sad expression, because he laughingly added, "I was only kidding, I love those old cameras—tell me about it later. What do you want me to do?" I suggested he just sit back down in the chair he used during the interview. Later that night I told him about the camera during a four-hour dinner.

As I was getting ready to take the picture, I remembered what Brassaï once said when asked by some young hotshot photographers how many pictures he planned to take of Lawrence Durrell. Brassaï said he planned to take three or four and that was all he usually ever needed. I did him one or two better: I took just two. Both came out fine, but I like this one better.



Ute Lemper (2000)

A portrait doesn't have to be posed, and often something spontaneous can be very revealing. This photograph of the noted vocalist, Ute Lemper, falls into such a category. It is also an accidental photograph, one I had no idea I'd take.

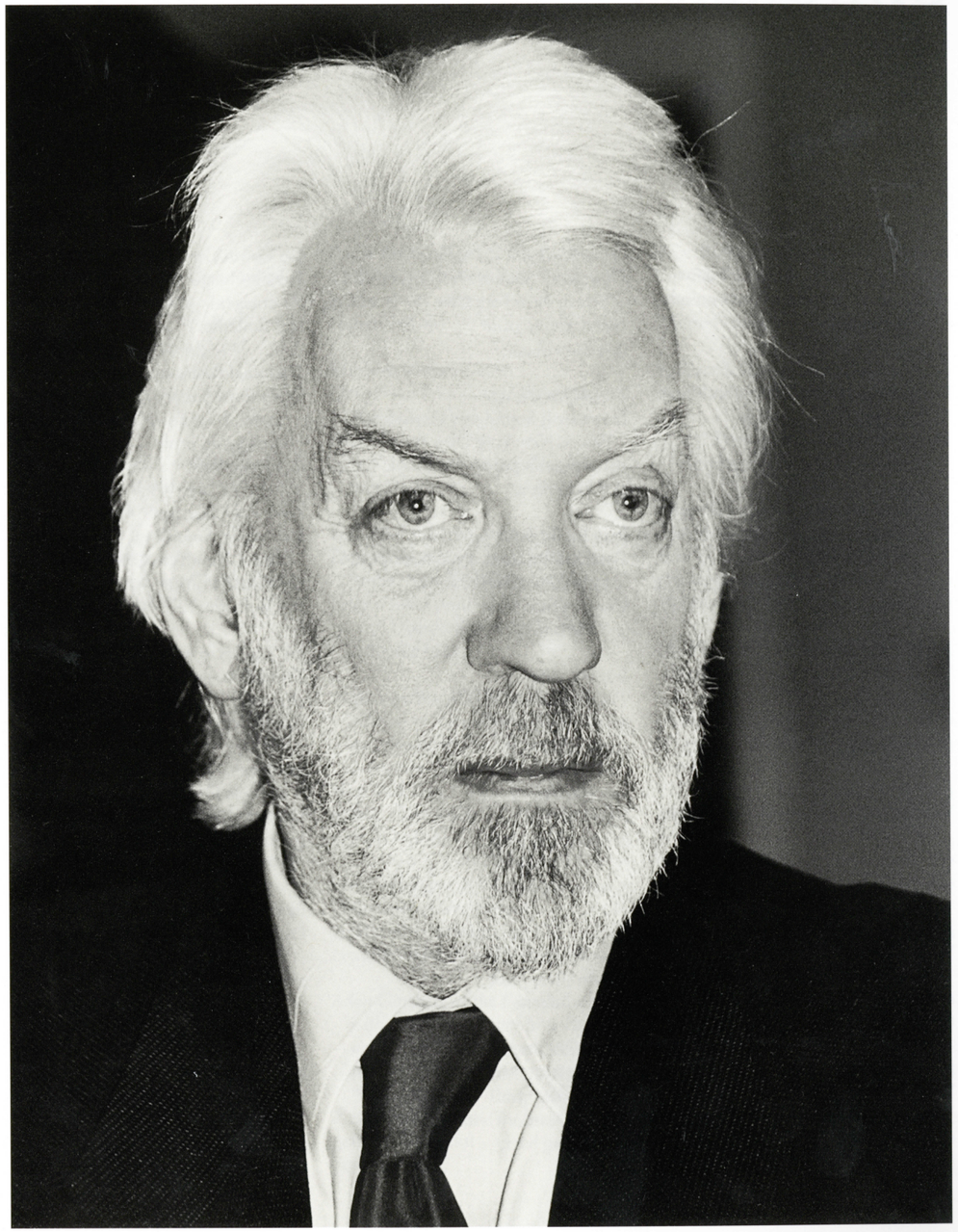
In March 2000, Shelley Shier and I were the guests of two friends, Margaret Whitton and Warren Spector, at a benefit for the New York Shakespeare Festival. I usually take a small Contax T vs to functions like this one, and this time I got lucky—I found myself seated right at the lip of the small platform that served as a stage. I had no idea the featured entertainer was Ute Lemper, an artist I greatly admire. Suddenly an offstage announcement was made, and almost instantly she was standing right in front of me, singing "Morität" from Kurt Weill's *The Threepenny Opera*. Her second selection was Mischa Spoliansky's "Ich bin ein Vamp." She does look a little like a vampire in this photo, but it was taken during "Morität." It is the only one I took while she was performing.

Donald Sutherland (2000)

Berenice Abbott once told me that no matter where I wanted to take a photograph, I'd never have enough room. It was almost true on the afternoon that I photographed Donald Sutherland during the taping of his segment for the *American Masters: Clint Eastwood* film.

Sutherland was in a hurry that day: He was leaving the country to star in a production of a new play, *Enigmatic Variations*, at the Savoy on London's West End, and he had to knock off two interviews. The first was to create some extra material for a projected DVD release of *Mash*; the other was for the Eastwood project. The shoot was scheduled to take place in a hotel room in Santa Monica; the setup had been done by the *Mash*/DVD crew. They made it as difficult as possible, with the interviewer's chair about an inch from the wall. Directly in front of this chair, no more than three feet away, was the chair for Sutherland. The two chairs were surrounded by lights, reflecting surfaces, and a large video camera. To complicate matters, Sutherland's publicist insisted he only had a few minutes for the filmed interview and said she didn't want any still photographs taken.

Fortunately, the interview went very well. Sutherland was utterly charming and was unconcerned about photographs; I managed to slip into the interviewer's chair, getting as far away as possible, to take about three shots. I was so close his face filled the entire frame. The whole process lasted less than one minute.



CHECKLIST OF THE EXHIBITION

Reverend Gary Davis, 1971
17 East 65th Street, New York City
gelatin silver print
(35mm Pentax)

Don Ewell, 1973
Warp Studios, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
chromagenic print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Don Ewell, 1973
Warp Studios, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
chromagenic print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Earl Hines, 1973
Warp Studios, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
chromagenic print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Joe Venuti/Zoot Sims #1, 1973
Warp Studios, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
chromagenic print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Joe Venuti/Zoot Sims #2, 1973
Warp Studios, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
chromagenic print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Jess Stacy, 1974
Warp Studios, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
chromagenic print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Gerry Mulligan #2, 1976
Downtown Sound, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
chromagenic print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Bruce Ditmas, 1977
Downtown Sound, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
chromagenic print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Joan La Barbara, 1977
Downtown Sound, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
chromagenic print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Brassaï, 1973
The Witkin Gallery, New York City
gelatin silver print
(35mm Nikon)

Leo Meiersdorff, 1977
New Orleans
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Barbara Morgan, 1977
New Rochelle, New York
gelatin silver print
(35mm Nikon)

Liza Stelle, 1977
Lake Hebron, Maine
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Joe Venuti/Dave McKenna, 1977
Palace Theater, Albany, New York
chromagenic print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Hannibal Peterson, 1978
Downtown Sound, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
chromagenic print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Perry Robinson, 1978
Downtown Sound, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
gelatin silver print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Joe Turner, 1978
Third Avenue, New York City
chromagenic print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Margaret Whitton in Lucy Seward costume for Dracula, 1978
Kennedy Center, Washington, D.C.
gelatin silver print
(35mm Nikon)

Berenice Abbott, 1979
Downtown Sound, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

John DeVries, 1979
Downtown Sound, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Sybil Huskey, 1979
Downtown Sound, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

André Kertész, 1979
New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Jacqueline Onassis, 1979
Downtown Sound, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Fernando Botero, 1980
Marlborough Gallery, New York City
gelatin silver print
(Pentax 6x7)

Woody Herman/Ruby Braff, 1980
Downtown Sound, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

George James, 1980
Downtown Sound, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

André Kertész/Hank O'Neal, 1980
2 Fifth Avenue, New York City
gelatin silver print
(35mm Nikon)

Michael Moriarty, 1980
Downtown Sound, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Hannibal Peterson, 1980
Downtown Sound, 173 Christopher Street, New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky waiting in the audience prior to an appearance on the David Letterman Show, 1982
New York City
gelatin silver print
(35mm Nikon)

Gerry Mulligan, 1982
Greenwich, Connecticut
gelatin silver print
(35mm Nikon)

Allen Ginsberg at the French Embassy with John Cage, Nam June Paik, and Merce Cunningham, celebrating the upcoming broadcast of "Good Morning, Mr. Orwell," 1983
New York City
gelatin silver print
(35mm Nikon)

Isaac Bashevis Singer, 1980
New York City
gelatin silver print
(35mm Nikon)

William S. Burroughs, 1984
830 Broadway, New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Hans Falk at his Woodstock Hotel Studio, 1984
New York City
gelatin silver print
(Pentax 6x7)

Allen Ginsberg with William Burroughs, 1984
830 Broadway, New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Allen Ginsberg with Peter Orlovsky, 1984
830 Broadway, New York City
gelatin silver print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Allen Ginsberg with Gregory Corso, 1985
St. Mark's in-the-Bowerie, New York City
gelatin silver print
(35mm Leica)

Raphael Soyer/Saul Bellow, 1985
West 74th Street, New York City
gelatin silver print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Doc Cheatham, 1986
New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Gregory Corso At Allen Ginsberg's Apartment, 1986
East 12th Street, New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Allen Ginsberg Holding a Portrait of His Uncle, 1986
East 12th Street, New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Allen Ginsberg At Home Checking a Manuscript, 1986
East 12th Street, New York City
gelatin silver print
(35mm Nikon)

Andy Kirk, 1986
Harlem, New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Raphael Soyer At His Studio, 1986
West 74th Street, New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Cab Calloway, 1987
White Plains, New York
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Benny Carter, 1987
Los Angeles
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Allen Ginsberg After the Reading, 1987
New York City
gelatin silver print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Milt Hinton, 1987
St. Albans, New York
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Jonah Jones, 1987
New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Mel Powell, 1987
Van Nuys, California
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Clark Terry, 1987
Queens, New York
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Jay McShann, 1989
New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Dizzy Gillespie At Home, 1990
Englewood, New Jersey
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Philip Johnson At His Office, 1990
885 Third Avenue, New York City
gelatin silver print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Elie Wiesel At His Office, 1990
200 East 64th Street, New York City
gelatin silver print
(2.8 Rolleiflex)

Thelma Carpenter, 1996
New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Milt Jackson, 1996
Teaneck, New Jersey
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Illinois Jacquet, 1996
St. Albans, New York
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Junior Wells, 1997
Aboard S/S Norway, Saga Theater
chromagenic print
(35mm Nikon)

Cyrus Chestnut, 1998
New York City
gelatin silver print
(35mm Nikon)

Harry Lunn, 1998
Rockport, Maine
gelatin silver print
(35mm Nikon)

William F. Buckley, Jr. At Home, 1999
New York City
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Clint Eastwood, 2000
Carmel, California
gelatin silver print
(5″ x 7″ Deardorff with a 4″ x 5″ reducing back)

Ute Lemper in Concert, 2000
New York City
gelatin silver print
(35mm Contax T vs)

Meryl Streep, 2000
830 Broadway, New York City
gelatin silver print
(35mm Nikon)

Donald Sutherland, 2000
Santa Monica, California
gelatin silver print
(35mm Nikon)

EXHIBITION UNDERWRITERS

Friends of the Sordoni Art Gallery
M & T Bank
Maslow Lumia Bartorillo Advertising
Pennsylvania Council on the Arts
The John Sloan Memorial Foundation, Inc.
Andrew J. Sordoni, III
Wilkes University

SPONSORS

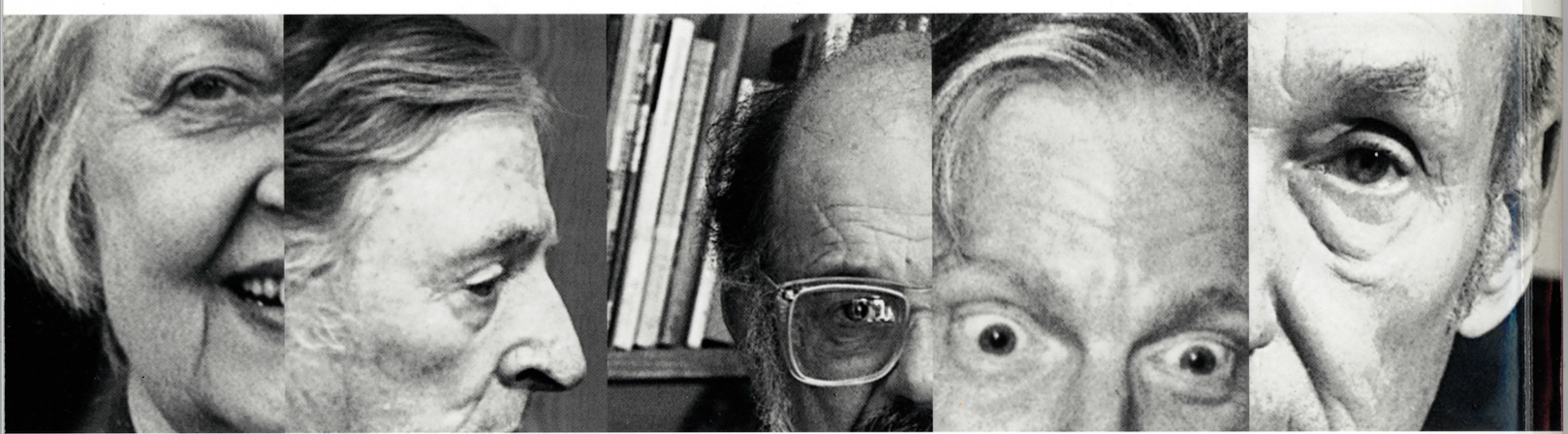
The Business Council
CBI-Creative Business Interiors
Marquis Art and Frame
PNC Bank, NA
Panzitta Enterprises, Inc.

Funding for this exhibition and catalogue is provided by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania through grants administered by the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts, a state agency funded by the Pennsylvania General Assembly and the National Endowment for the Arts, a federal agency.

ADVISORY COMMISSION

Bonnie C. Bedford, Ph.D.
Freddie Bittenbender
Christopher N. Breiseth, Ph.D.
Marion M. Conyngham
Virginia C. Davis, *Chair*
Robert J. Heaman, Ph.D.
Mary Jane Henry
Keith A. Hunter, Esq.
Melanie Maslow Lumia
Theo Lumia
Kenneth Marquis
Hank O'Neal
Arnold Rifkin
James P. Rodechko, Ph.D.
Charles A. Shaffer, Esq.
Susan Adams Shoemaker, Esq.
William Shull
Helen Farr Sloan
Andrew J. Sordoni, III
Sanford B. Sternlieb, M.D.
Mindi Thalenfeld
Joel Zitofsky

STAFF

Nancy L. Grand, *Interim Director*
Earl W. Lehman, *Preparator*

Gallery Attendants
Peter Czwalina
Natalee Felten
Marcy Fritz
Jill Klicka
Charles Potter
Casey Williams