

BLACK & WHITE MAGAZINE FOR COLLECTORS OF FINE PHOTOGRAPHY

B&W

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE
PIONEERING PHOTO JOURNALIST

SID AVERY
HOLLYWOOD AT HOME

MARVIN NEWMAN
DOCUMENTING THE
HUMAN DRAMA

RICHARD GARROD
SHOOTING STRAIGHT

WILLY RONIS
POET OF THE STREET

MARK CITRET
PLACE AND SPACE



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BLACK & WHITE MAGAZINE
THE AMERICAN CENTURY AT THE WHITNEY MUSEUM
ISSUE 3 FALL 1999



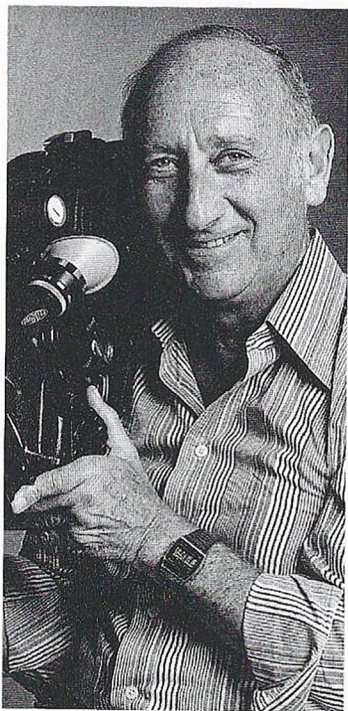
STATUE OF LIBERTY, NEW YORK HARBOR—1952

SID
AVERY

Hollywood celebrities and movie stars have always been popular targets for photographer's lenses, but the way these subjects were treated from an artistic and conceptual viewpoint has varied over the decades. During the twenties and thirties, the style of the day called for posed studio portraits that idealized the subjects through the use of dramatic—some say melodramatic—lighting and heavy retouching. There was often a dream-like atmosphere in these photographs that removed the subjects from the real world of the common man or woman—the stars were portrayed as god-like beings. The need for these types of images increased commensurately with the growth of fan and glamour magazines. Among the most prominent photographers in this genre were Ted Allan, Clarence Sinclair Bull, George Hurrell, and Laszlo Willinger. They all helped to perpetuate the myth, the grand illusion, of the Hollywood Star.

In the fifties, a new style of glamour photography was seen. The fans wanted to look behind the facade. There was a desire to know what the stars were like in their private lives. "Candid" was the word in vogue. Periodicals like *LIFE* and *Look* set the tone, and *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Photoplay* adopted the new trend for their glamour spreads.

One of the most successful among the photographers specializing in this new approach was Sid Avery. The established stars, used to the old system, were not easily convinced to let a photographer document them in their unvarnished private lives, but Avery



succeeded where others failed—he managed to get in where no one else could—and he soon became the man magazine editors and art directors called on for their candid photo layouts.

There was nothing in Avery's childhood that would seem to prepare him for a career in a profession where he would hobnob with the rich and famous. Quite the contrary—Sid was one of six children, born in Akron, Ohio, where his father made a very modest living in the restaurant supply business. Sid was just nine months old when his family moved to Los Angeles.

Here, at least, we find a seed for what lay ahead for Sid when at an early age he was introduced to an uncle by the name of Max

Tatch, a landscape and architectural photographer. "He invited me into the darkroom to watch him print," Avery remembers vividly. "I stood on a little box so I could see into the tray. I saw him put a piece of paper in what I thought was water, and all of a sudden this magic thing happened—a beautiful image began to appear. That experience stuck with me for a long time."

After graduating from Roosevelt High School, Sid landed a job at Morgan's Camera store on Sunset Boulevard. Here he felt right in the center of the action. The shop was located near the old NBC studios, and served as a gathering spot for many well-known photographers, including some from *LIFE* magazine. After taking evening classes at Art Center and working for a period as a darkroom assistant, Sid went out on his own.

Among Avery's first odd jobs was that of taking glamour shots of the chorus girls at Earl Carroll's Vanities and the Florentine Gardens. Who knows where this road would have taken him, but then Uncle Sam intervened—Avery was drafted into the Army. For most this would have been a setback—for Avery it turned out to be godsend. He was assigned to the Signal Corps and selected to receive six months of training at *LIFE* in New York before being sent overseas.

Stationed in London, he was placed in charge of the Army Pictorial Service Laboratory, where all the still and combat footage coming out of the European theater passed through his hands. During his stay in London he not only survived Hitler's bombs, but managed to marry an English girl, Diana

Berliner, who eventually became the mother of the couple's three children, and a much-appreciated partner in Avery's career as manager and promoter of his talent.

When Avery returned to Hollywood after the war, he was ready for the photo journalism boom.

While glamour photography in the twenties and thirties would often attain a very high degree of artistic sophistication, this aspect had to give way in the more immediate, less staged—or most often unstaged—approach. This is not to say that Avery's photographs lack artistic quality. The inference is rather that the candid type of image could never be built in the same deliberate and time-consuming way as the studio shoot. Regardless, Avery's work displays a remarkably high degree of refinement, effective but subtle lighting, and composition as good as you could expect in the often cramped settings—all ample proof of Avery's mastery of the craft.

But Avery's most effective tool was not his technical skill as a photographer, but his personality. His friendly, unassuming style put his subjects at ease and made them open up. An anecdote from Avery's rich memory bank serves to illustrate the point. He had been pleading for weeks with the elusive Marlon Brando to get a few minutes of his time. When he finally agreed, Avery was invited to Brando's little rented house on Beverly Glen—which was a mess. But Avery turned this problematic situation into an opportunity, and the result was one of his most



STEVE McQUEEN WITH DAUGHTER TERRY AND WIFE NEILE - 1960



AUDREY HEPBURN IN HER DRESSING ROOM - 1957

unique images—of the mercurial Brando carrying out his trash.

"Understand, I didn't stage that situation," Avery remembers. "I didn't say to him, 'Hey, will you take the trash out?' I happened to walk into his kitchen, and it was waist-high in crap—paper, cartons, bottles, ants, roaches, you name it. I didn't say anything, just kept working with him in other parts of the house. And then I said casually, 'You know, I'd love to get some shots of you in the kitchen, but it's such a goddamn

became one of the top advertising photographers in Los Angeles. Avery next took the leap from advertising still photography into directing television commercials, a field he soon mastered equally well, receiving numerous awards. Who can forget the Chrysler Cordoba commercials with Ricardo Montalban and his "Corinthian leather" line?

In the eighties, Avery redirected his energies toward preserving the history of Hollywood as depicted in still photography, founding the



Sid Avery with Linda Darnell at Ciro's in Hollywood, 1941.

mess, I can't get in there. Would you do me a favor and clean it up?' So he and a friend he was playing chess with worked for half an hour cleaning up that kitchen. And every time he carried out a box of trash, I took pictures. But he was really doing something. It wasn't a fabricated situation."

When television finally put the picture magazines out of business in the sixties, Avery decided to switch to advertising photography. At first, he found the going tough, but step by step—with the help of his wife/manager—he began getting assignments, and once he had a foot in the door he never looked back. He eventually

non-profit Hollywood Photographers Archives. Eventually comprising some 150,000 photographs, the archive was in 1987 donated to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and the Academy of Motion Picture Arts. Avery then began rebuilding the collection under its present name, the Motion Picture and Television Photo Archives, representing nearly fifty of Hollywood's best-known photographers. The organization serves the television and publishing industry, making the work of these photographers available for use in books, magazines, advertising and documentaries, as well as offering prints to a growing audience of collectors.

Today, going on 81, Avery has slowed down a bit, but is enjoying

the growing interest in the work he produced more than four decades ago. His photographs have been exhibited all over the world, from Australia to Japan to England and throughout Europe.

Some of the photographs featured on these pages were published in Avery's 1990 book *Hollywood at Home*, while others are shown here for the first time.

All prints are gelatin silver and available in two paper sizes, 11 x 14 and 16 x 20 inches. Signature and studio stamp are affixed to the back of the print. Prices: \$600 for 11 x 14, \$800 for 16 x 20.

■ STEVE McQUEEN

"Terrific driver in his XKSS Jaguar. Very cooperative. Good father and husband. Lots of charm—my kind of guy."

■ AUDREY HEPBURN

"Wonderfully stylish even in her casual clothes. A great lady at all times. She possessed class and real beauty—and had a heart of gold."

■ BING CROSBY

"One of the coldest people I ever worked with."

■ CLARK GABLE

"The only time I was in awe of a celebrity—he was known as the King. But somehow he made me feel welcome."

■ KIM NOVAK

"Beautiful. Easy to work with. Never looked bad from any angle or in any situation."

■ MARLON BRANDO

"After we became acquainted he was extremely relaxed and innovative. Plus, I must say, he was a very rewarding subject, even though he had an aversion to publicity—he gave me one of my best home layouts."

■ DEAN MARTIN

"Talk about relaxed—he was the epitome of cool. Loving father, extremely funny and talented—a great joy to work with."

■ ERNEST BORGNINE

"Down to earth and one of the warmest people I've ever photographed. We became true friends—and still are. A great actor and human being."

■ ROCK HUDSON

"Wonderful. Cooperative. A pleasure to work with—at home, on dates, and at the studio. He was extremely likeable."

■ JACK PALANCE

"Very macho, ambitious and physical when working out at the gym with his sparring partner. He didn't pull any punches, but seemed to love his children."

■ PAUL NEWMAN AND JOANNE WOODWARD

"The most relaxed couple I ever worked with. I was made to feel at home from the moment we met—offered me beer, popcorn. They gave me total access to themselves and their home. No star ego at all—real people."

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107 Grand Street, New York
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Phone 212.966.6223

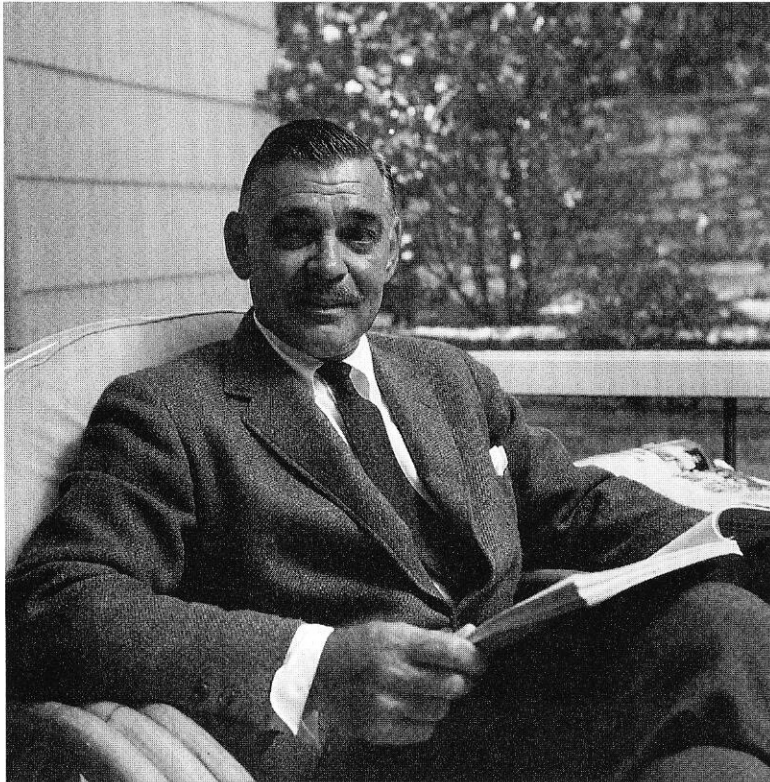
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JACKSON FINE ART GALLERY
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Atlanta
Phone 404.233.3739

FETTERMAN GALLERY
2525 Michigan Avenue
Gallery A7, Santa Monica
Phone 310.453.6463



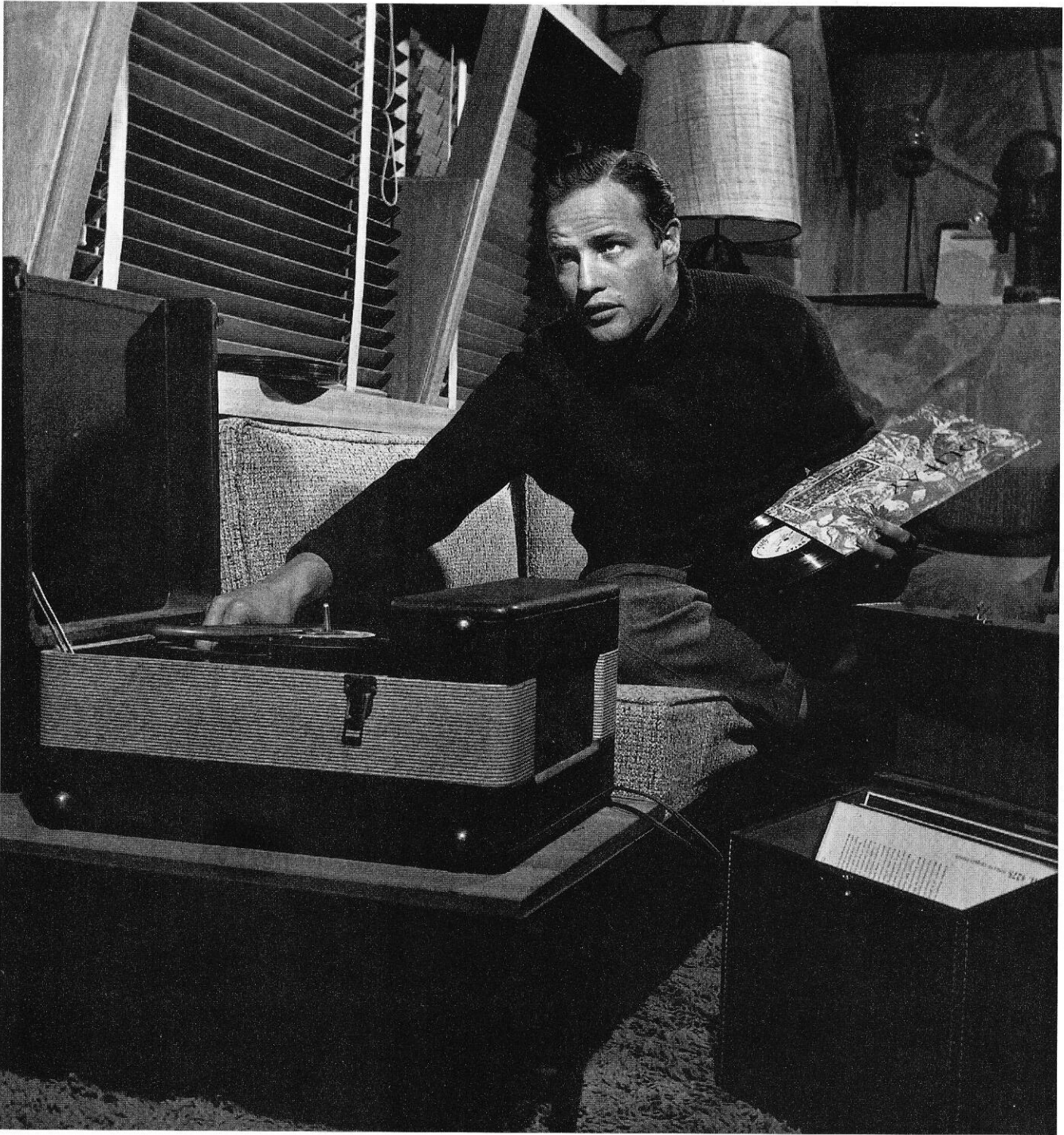
BING CROSBY WITH SON HARRY AND DAUGHTER MARY FRANCIS—1961



CLARK GABLE AT HIS HOME IN ENCINO—1957



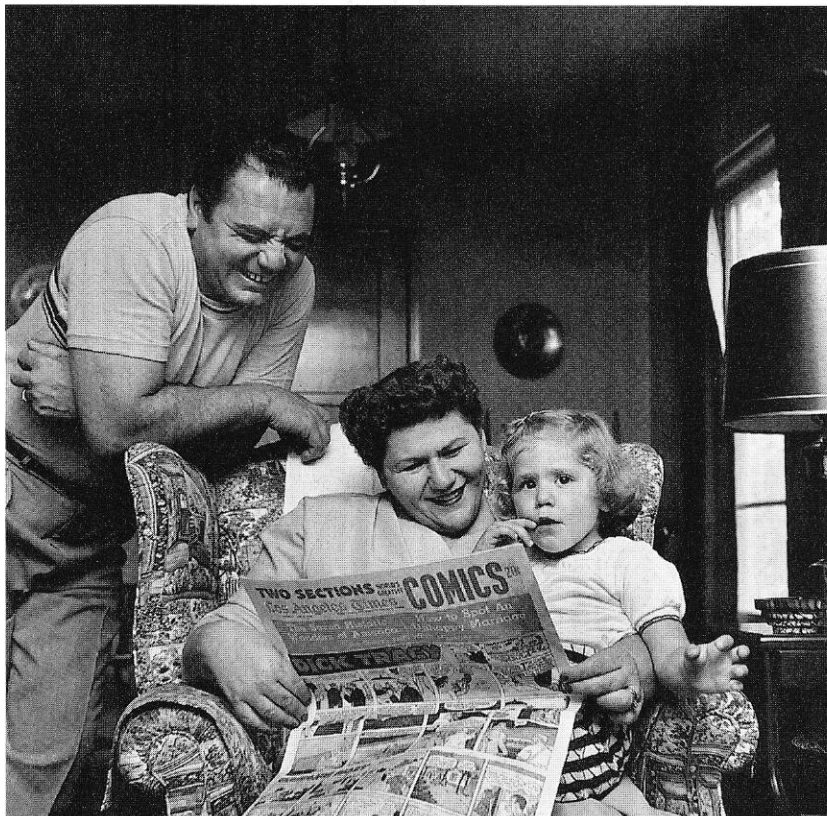
KIM NOVAK, LOS ANGELES—1956



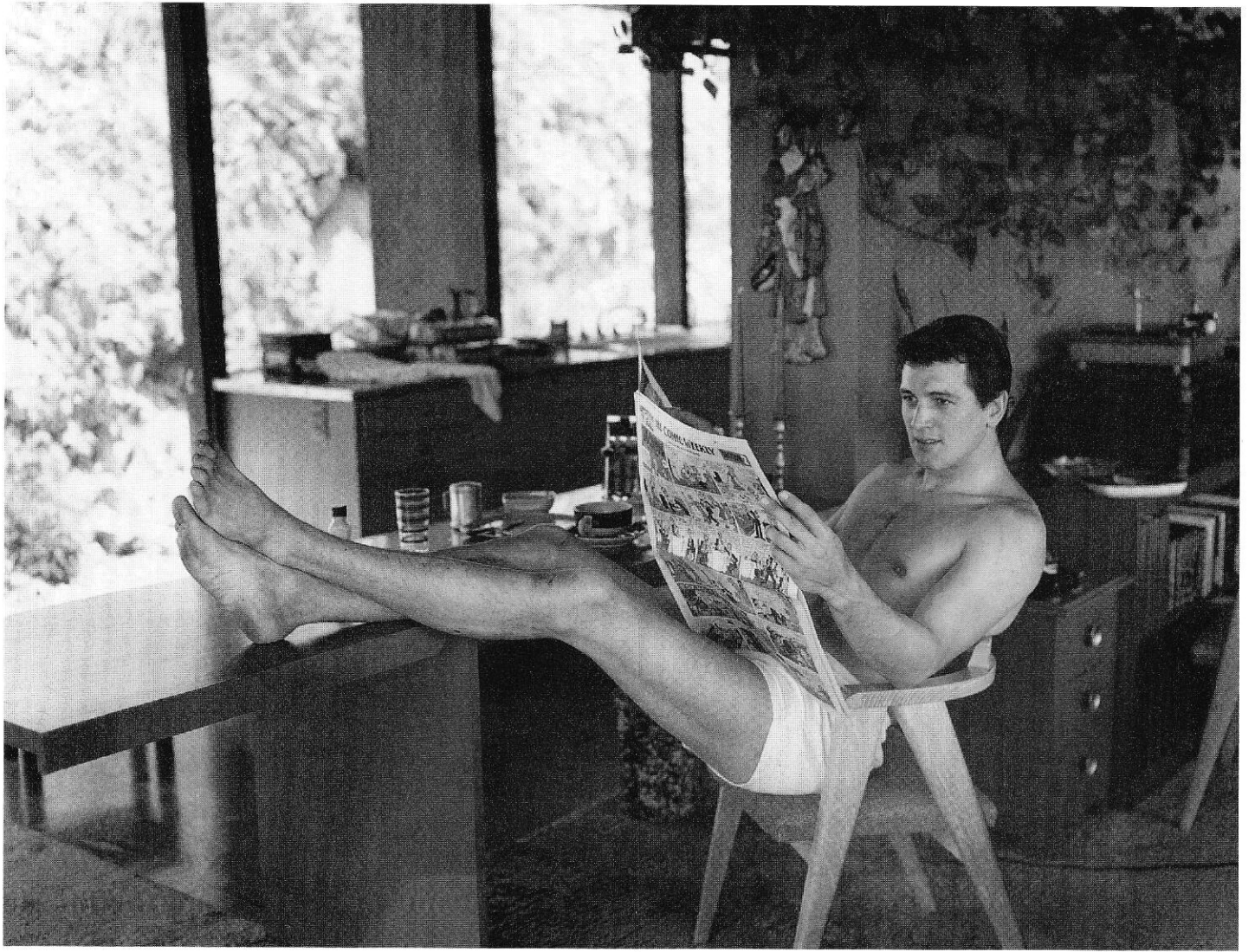
MARLON BRANDO IN HIS HOME ON BEVERLY GLEN, LOS ANGELES—1955



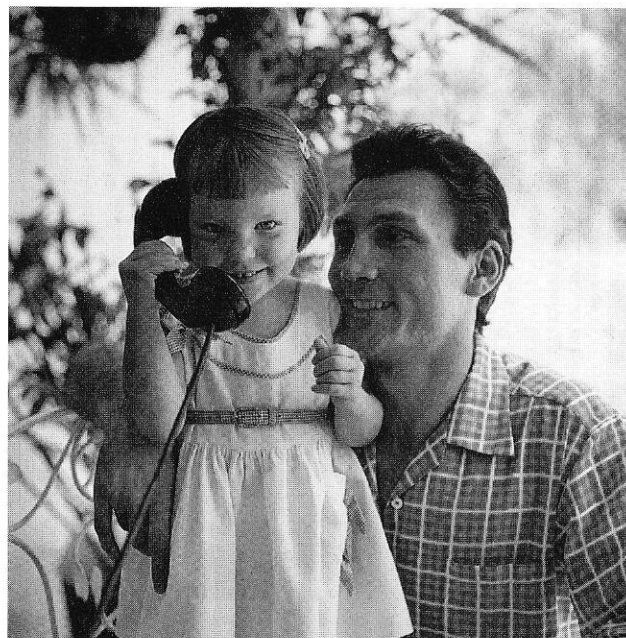
DEAN MARTIN, WIFE JEANNE, DAUGHTERS, AND CLOWNING SON DINO—1961



ERNEST BORGNINE, WIFE RHODA, DAUGHTER NANCY—1955



ROCK HUDSON AT HIS NORTH HOLLYWOOD HOME—1952

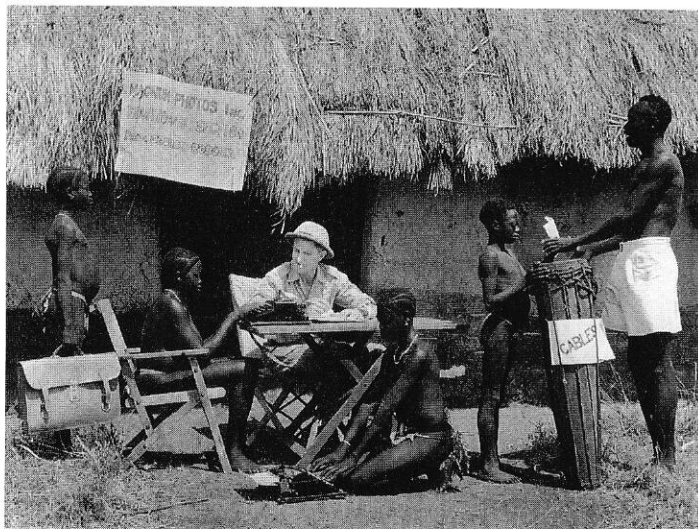


JACK PALANCE WITH DAUGHTER BROOKE—1954



PAUL NEWMAN AND JOANNE WOODWARD AT HOME IN BEVERLY HILLS - 1958

GEORGE RODGER



George Rodger's 1948 Christmas Card.

Two major areas of achievement characterize the career of George Rodger, both in the field of photo journalism: He covered World War II as a correspondent for *LIFE*, reporting from more theaters than probably any other photographer (from West Africa with the Free French, to Tobruk and the Western Desert with the British, to Burma with the Chinese, to the Sicilian landings with the Americans, to the liberation of the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp), and he was one of the four founding members of the Magnum Photos agency (for whom he continued to travel the world, reporting from Africa, the US, the West Indies, Europe, and the Middle East).

Rodger was born in Hale, England, in 1908, and educated at St. Bees College in Cumbria. At an early age, he began documenting his life, interested only in photography to augment his writ-

ing. His love for travel prompted him to join the British Merchant Navy, under whose flag he sailed twice around the world before he was 19. He spent the depression years, 1929 to 1936, in the US, holding a variety of jobs that had nothing to do with photography. Eventually, he did buy a second-hand camera, and he must have put it to some good use, for when he returned to England he landed a job as a still photographer with the BBC. According to Rodger's own account, he didn't know anything about photography, but was a quick learner. He next bought a 35mm camera and began doing freelance work for, among others, the Black Star Agency. When war broke out, his photographs of the London Blitz appeared in *LIFE*, *Picture Post* and other magazines—work that led to his correspondent contract with *LIFE*, an assignment lasting for the duration of the conflict.

After the war, Rodger stayed with *LIFE*, but soon found his new assignments trivial. As a result, there were serious disagreements, and he managed to get himself fired in 1947. He settled in Cyprus, where he received the now-famous cable from Robert Capa saying, "Welcome to the Time Inc. Stinkers Club." Two months later, Rodger along with Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson and "Chim" Seymour founded the legendary photographer's cooperative, Magnum Photos.

The photographs featured on these pages were made during an African journey that began in Johannesburg in 1948 and ended in Cairo in 1949. Rodger and his wife traveled the distance in a specially outfitted Willys station wagon, sleeping under the stars and photographing both humans and animals encountered along the way. Between charging Rhinos and the spears of Masai warriors, the photo safari life was far from risk free, but the "gentle Englishman" generally got his pictures. Near the end of the journey, Rodger encountered the Nuba Tribe, living in the mountains of Southern Sudan, a hospitable people that had never seen a white man. Rodger remained with them for two months and it was here he made the photographs of the Nuba wrestlers that made him famous the world over.

Rodger went on to a long and distinguished career. He worked into his seventies, and never lost his love for Africa, returning three times during 1977–79. He spent his last years working on books and exhibits and organizing his exten-

sive files. He died in Smarden, Kent, in 1995.

Prints shown are all vintage. Extremely limited quantities are available. Please inquire about a small number of later prints. All are gelatin silver.

■ KORONGO GIRLS

Image size: 11 x 9.5 inches
Annotation: Stamped
and titled on verso of print
Price: \$4000

■ COURTING DANCE

Illustration in *Humanity and inhumanity*. The photographic journey of George Rodger
Image size: 8.25 x 11.75 inches
Annotation: Stamped
and titled on verso of print
Price: \$3000

■ WRESTLING

Illustration in *Humanity and inhumanity*. The photographic journey of George Rodger
Image size: 7.5 x 9.5 inches
Annotation: Stamped
and titled on verso of print
Price: \$2500

■ BACHIMBIRI GIRL

Illustration in *Humanity and inhumanity*. The photographic journey of George Rodger
Image size: 9.75 x 8 inches
Annotation: Stamped
and titled on verso of print
Price: \$2500

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“I’M RE- CYCLING MY YOUTH AND I LOVE IT,” SAYS STERN.

Burri. Fans of Marilyn Monroe won’t want to miss the remarkable collection of photographs by Milton Greene, *Milton’s Marilyn* (published in Germany by Schirmer/Mosel—for information, fax 212-966-9387). Greene, who died in 1985, was one of Marilyn’s closest friends (see *American Photo*, Mar/Apr ’93), and their bond shows in the book’s photographs.

Certainly, part of the appeal of photography like this is misty nostalgia. “I’m recycling my youth and I love it,” says Stern, whose work, rediscovered by magazine photo editors in the 1980s, has recently appeared in Gap ads, on posters, T-shirts, and postcards, as well as in photo galleries in New York and Los Angeles.

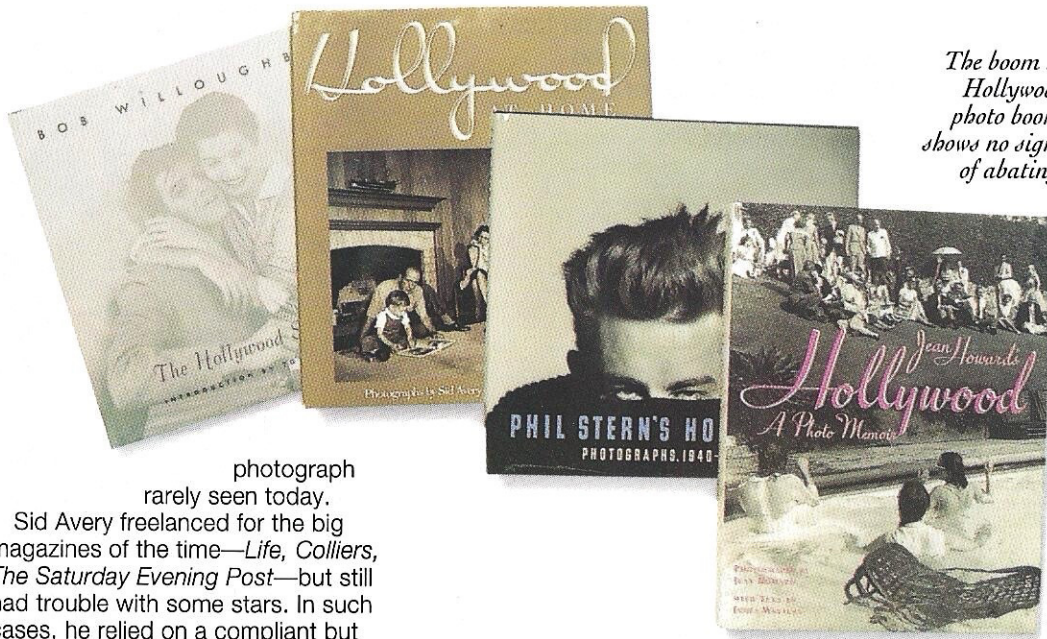
Hollywood candid photography is also historically significant. In the days when still images fueled the film industry’s vast publicity machine, studios were keen to get photographers onto sets and into the stars’ homes. “*Life* and *Look* were courted by all the studios,” says Bob Willoughby in his book. “The smaller-circulation magazines were welcome, but rarely got onto the studio lots very long.”

Freelance shooters for the smaller magazines, such as Willoughby, were called “specials.” To a great degree, their success lay in their ability to develop productive, long-lasting relationships with film stars. Willoughby recalls a trip on Elizabeth Taylor’s private plane during the filming of *Raintree County*, when the two friends “had a picnic” and consumed three bottles of Willoughby’s Château Margaux. Such friendships resulted in a kind of remarkably intimate candid

BERNARD OF HOLLYWOOD/COURTESY STALEY-WISE GALLERY AND BERNARD OF HOLLYWOOD PUBLISHING



Marilyn Monroe dances with her first agent, Johnny Hyde, circa 1949, by Bernard.



The boom in Hollywood photo books shows no signs of abating.

photograph rarely seen today.

Sid Avery freelanced for the big magazines of the time—*Life*, *Colliers*, *The Saturday Evening Post*—but still had trouble with some stars. In such cases, he relied on a compliant but persevering disposition.

“It took three weeks to arrange a shoot at Humphrey Bogart’s home,” recalls Avery. “I solemnly promised to stay only ten minutes, but he was still unhappy. I showed up at 10 A.M., and he let me in and offered me a drink—a water glass full of bourbon. He poured two, gave me one, and went upstairs with his own. Later he came down, and I photographed him for ten minutes. Then I said thanks, that I had taken enough pictures, and started to leave. But he invited me to stay. I ended up shooting all morning, and then he invited me to go out with

