



GARRY WINOGRAND'S TRAVEL

I first met Garry Winogrand in 1971. He had just moved to Chicago, but made frequent trips to New York, and when he did, all of his friends would get together. Since I'd become close to some of his friends, I was invited along. We'd meet in Chinatown or on the Upper West Side at restaurants that had large tables, preferably round ones. There was always a crowd and at least three or four conversations going on at once, and Garry would be in the middle of them all. Garry's generous spirit made it easy for people to get to know him, but the times I spent alone with him waiting outside restaurants, galleries, and museums were the times that we really got to know each other.

I always arrived early on these occasions, and Garry was always there already, waiting outside, taking pictures. He never tired of saying that there'd be just as much to photograph where he was going as where he was, so he might as well get there early. I realized I could always spend about an hour with him before the others arrived. Garry was really something to see—moving, without any break in the conversation, to photograph, say, a woman emerging from a taxi—then turning to take a picture of a couple leaving the restaurant we were standing in front of as if he had planned it in advance. And always, after he took a picture, he gave the same kind of curious look at his Leica that made it seem as if he was as surprised as the people he had just photographed by what he had done. It seemed to disarm them as they shrugged or just kept on about their business.

Garry had his own brand of travel anxiety. He always arrived at the airport at least six hours before boarding. But it's plain to see from these pictures that it was never the flight he was worried about missing.

—Thomas Roma

A N X I E T Y

