



INGE MORATH

AN ILLUSTRATED BIOGRAPHY / LINDA GORDON



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Magnum Foundation

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Chapter One

FORGED BY WAR

We are all shaped by history, but Inge Morath more than most. Her hideous experiences as a teenager in Nazi Germany marked her permanently. Every cell of her body and spirit was tried—in the furnace of affliction, as the prophet Isaiah put it. But Inge was born with a sturdy and adventurous temperament, and her forebears gave her unusual confidence. Her resilience was extraordinary, and everyone who knew her remembers her upbeat temperament and capacity for fun. Still, a darkness remained, visible to her intimates.

Graz, where Ingeborg Hermine Mörath was born in 1923, was at the time second only to Vienna as the cultural center of Austria. Home to a great university and to fine medieval and Renaissance buildings, Graz had been kind to her ancestors: both her mother and father descended from renowned and wealthy members of its German-speaking *haute bourgeoisie*. “My family came from a long Austrian line and tradition in which I always felt secure,” she recollected.¹

In fact, she was not only of Austrian ethnicity. Her mother, Mathilde, née Wiesler, came from Slovenia,

then the Duchy of Lower Styria in the Austro-Hungarian empire. National borders were by no means taken as natural or eternal in these areas. In this region, even after the dissolution of the empires into nation states, borders were anything but fixed; after World War I, much of the area became part of Yugoslavia, later part of the Nazi Third Reich. This borderland heritage helps explain how Morath became so fully cosmopolitan.

Her mother, Mathilde, came from an intellectual family. Distinguished men such as poet Ernst Goll and composer Hugo Wolf were regular visitors. She attended university in Graz where she participated in the *Wandervogel*, a popular movement in which German youth hiked, camped, played guitars, and sang. On one such excursion she met “a very handsome young man,” a German student at the *Technische Hochschule*. By then Edgar Mörath was already a highly decorated World War I pilot who had been wounded in action four times. The two married in 1921, but not before making a remarkable decision—they both converted from their native Catholicism to Protestantism, so that they would be able

2. Inge Mörath, Salzburg, Austria, 1939





By 1950 Mörath was an experienced journalist, able to write articles in German, French, and English, but the writing that Magnum required did not take advantage of her journalistic skills. She found editing contact sheets and scrutinizing them through a magnifying glass much more challenging. The task required close inspection, attention to detail, keen judgment, and patience. But doing only that was not satisfying. Besides, Magnum could not afford to keep her on a salary, paying her piece-rate for scattered jobs. Yet it was through Magnum that she was accidentally propelled into a new adventure.

One of Magnum's major customers was the London *Picture Post*. Established in 1938 by Stefan Lorant, a Hungarian Jewish refugee,⁹⁵ the magazine was a liberal, anti-fascist, British version of *Life*; its writers included George Bernard Shaw, Dorothy Parker, William Saroyan, and J. B. Priestley. It published Capa's photographs extensively.⁹⁶ Through his friendship with Lorant, Capa had also connected with one of its writers, Lionel Birch, who became one of his drinking buddies, which eventually led to his meeting Mörath.⁹⁷

Chapter Three

CHOOSING PHOTOGRAPHY

Birch descended from two distinguished families: on his mother's side from a prominent Italian banking family, de Bosdari; on his father's, an old English family that included a well-known 19th-century landscape painter also named Lionel Birch. The younger Lionel's father, John Somerville Birch, was British Commissioner of State Domains in Egypt, known to his friends as Birch Pasha. Capa's friend Birch, born in 1910 in London and educated at Shrewsbury, an ancient, elite, and snobbish boarding school for boys, resembled in some ways the stereotype of his lineage: He was a cricket player of near professional standard, the author of a book of poems ("vaguely homosexual verse"), and several novels.⁹⁸ Tall, lean, beautifully dressed, a member of London's literary circles, he was also distinctly left of center.

As a package, Birch was immediately attractive to Inge—"a very seductive man"—and for a short time she was much in love with him.⁹⁹ They married on April 21, 1951, without festivities, at a registrar's office in Kensington. Bobby, as she called him, was forty-one and already thrice divorced, and would ultimately go through

20. Inge, Viale Marco Polo, Rome, 1952. Photo by Titti Mörath

five wives and some gay affairs; Inge was twenty-seven (fig. 21). Decades later, she told her friend Honor Moore that she had married him “in order to be a Madame.”¹⁰⁰ Still in many ways a refugee, she might have meant that she yearned for a position and a home. Whatever the motive, she left Magnum and moved to London.

A voracious reader and language acquirer, Mörath seized upon her residence in England with high energy. Birch introduced her to Shakespeare and Shaw, cricket and country pubs. At the Tate Gallery she could “rinse her eyes,” one of her many lively metaphors. She evaluated the English “girls” she met in what I take to be positive terms, as more independent, whimsical, willful, and eccentric than those in France. Yet, ever circumspect about personal difficulties, she wrote only that the marriage “was a mistake which Housman, Yeats, Joyce could not mend.” And that she was “unprepared for married life. I love to work.” “I couldn’t possibly wash socks and stuff.”¹⁰¹ She was hinting that Birch did not want her to work.

In hindsight, she described this marriage as “infinitely dull” and “a waste.”¹⁰² She also commented that Englishwomen were “sexually more related,” a phrase possibly signaling their greater sexual freedom—or Birch’s infidelity. Their relationship lasted only a year, although their divorce was delayed until 1954 due to a British law prohibiting divorce within the first three years of marriage. The cause cited was his adultery, but in those days, when grounds for divorce were so limited, we cannot be sure that it was an accurate diagnosis of their difficulties. Still, his reputation labeled him a womanizer, and in his later life, a homosexual—not at all contradictory labels in upper-class British culture at the time.



21. “Kurt Hutton (left) and editorial staff writer Lionel Birch on assignment covering a group of Londoners on a weekend horse riding break near Ashdown Forest, Sussex, 1948

One comment about visiting the Tate—“I was not a born painter”—suggests that Mörath experimented in drawing what she had seen at the “Degenerate Art” exhibit disappointed her. But now that she had seen great photography, a new possibility appeared. She said that it was only when she was in London and no longer surrounded by photography that she realized how much she loved it. It seems equally plausible that it was only when she got away from Magnum’s male master photographers, and the discussions in which they analyzed so exactly the strengths and shortcomings of each other’s work, that she dared try it herself—privately, secretly, telling no one in Magnum about her first photographic ventures.

In November 1951 Lionel had taken Inge to Venice, possibly as a honeymoon. One rainy day, she found the quality of the light so stunning that she telephoned Capa and urged him to send someone to photograph in Venice. Her enthusiasm had made her illogical, and Capa pointed out that by the time someone got there, it wouldn’t be raining, and besides, he had no paying customer for Venice. He suggested she try capturing the light. She had taken along her mother’s Contax camera—a subconscious indication of her yearning?—so she went to a store to buy some film. She was such a “greenhorn,” to use her word, that she didn’t even know how to load the film, and had to ask the storekeeper to do it for her.¹⁰³ He told her that she shouldn’t bother, that one couldn’t photograph in rain. But she had seen rainy-day photos, so she tried anyway, by following the instructions that came in the box for photographing in cloudy weather: 1/50 exposure at f-stop 4. She stood on a corner, and waited—as she had learned to do from Haasi—until the patterns made by walls, pedestrians, umbrellas,

Designer Note:
For photographs of Inge where there is no photographer listed, should the caption include “photographer unknown” as is done in a few other captions?



22. Inge in Venice, 1955

and pigeons pleased her, then pressed the shutter. She instantly knew, she often said in later years, that this was what she should do, “that this was the perfect way for me to express what I had within me.” The moment when “eye and feeling coincide.” It “totally satisfied me (figs. 22, 23, 24, 25).”¹⁰⁴

This is a type of origin story—an epiphany story—that often settles into memory because it is dramatic, and through repetition becomes reduced to and cemented around a single moment. My sense is that this turn to photography grew somewhat more gradually, out of many sources: her mother’s work; the visual art that she had grown up with, including the artistic tastes that the family had to hide during the Nazi regime; and her years of work alongside Haasi.

FOLLOWING PAGES

23. Venice in the Rain, 1954.

24. Old neighborhood near the Fondamente Nove, Venice, 1955





25. Riva degli Schiavoni, Venice, 1955.

Language was another factor that led her to photography. Now that she lived in Paris and London, she was made to feel that German was the language of the enemy. But her command of English and French, she thought, was limited enough that it thinned out her journalism in those languages.¹⁰⁵ She was proud of her acquisition of French, and especially of Parisian argot,¹⁰⁶ but “although I was able to write stories in English and French it did not touch the roots. So turning to the image felt both like a relief and an inner necessity.”¹⁰⁷

Back in London she sought training and found the extraordinary Simon Guttman, a fellow Viennese and

Nazi refugee who in addition to being a master photographer was a “merciless” teacher.¹⁰⁸ He had founded a photo agency, Dephot, which represented some of the world’s most innovative photographers and pioneered the creation of photo-essays (fig. 26). In exile in Paris in the 1930s, his agency represented Capa for a time. In England he created another agency, known as Report. Mörath was nervous—“terrified,” she later recalled—when she first approached him and showed him her Venice images. But her bravery paid off, and in becoming



26. Simon Guttman, founder of Dephot agency, outside his London office, 1975. Photo by Romano Cagnoni

his trainee, she had put herself in the hands of a world-renowned artist. He exploited her as an apprentice: she had to write his letters, heat his shaving water, sweep the flat, help him in the darkroom; the tasks multiplied on Saturdays because he was an observant Jew who would not do work on the Sabbath.¹⁰⁹ She complied, always willing to work hard at humble tasks, but she was also restless and ambitious. She bought herself a used Leica and became impatient to try it out. Guttman’s curriculum involved learning how to select subjects, to understand them, to approach them from the right angle and with the right timing, to see how objects and images are related. His approach helped her assimilate her new medium to the older forms of art she was familiar with (figs. 27, 28). He had her practice with a few small photographic assignments, even sending her to Paris to do a photo-story. She later reflected that the intensity of working with him helped her to leave her marriage.¹¹⁰

She sent out some of her work under a pseudonym—her name reversed, Egni Tharom—so that no one from Magnum would know what she was doing. “I was cutting straight into the territory of the male-dominated.”¹¹¹ Perhaps she also felt the need to disguise her Germanic name. She sold some photos, and played along when publishers asked how to reach the man who had taken the photos.¹¹²

In 1953 she made a photo that became widely known under her own name—a portrait of a “fantastic old lady in Mayfair, you would need to see the pictures to believe that something like this still exists.”¹¹³ Mrs. Eveleigh Nash was a rich eccentric. Seated in a car, her chauffeur standing just outside the door, she wears a wide-brim hat with a veil over her face, a fur coat and a large fur robe across her lap. From under her veil she



27. Street Corner at World's End, London, 1954

28. London, 1953





29. Publisher Eveleigh Nash at Buckingham Palace Mall, London, 1953

30. Contact sheet with portrait of Eveleigh Nash, London, 1953

looks directly at the camera with utter confidence and a hint of a sneer.¹¹⁴ Behind in two converging lines are the arcades of Carlton House Terrace and a path bordered by leafless wintertime trees. The black border of the car's door and window, and the curved top of the window itself, frame both lady and chauffeur, juxtaposing working-class and upper-class Londoners. An elegant picture, and one that communicates some of the British class structure—reminiscent, perhaps, of Lisette Model and Esther Bubley (figs. 29, 30). Mörath later made

another portrait of Nash, holding a picture of herself as a “ravishing debutante.”¹¹⁵

After a year, Guttman graduated her. She returned to Paris determined to prove herself as a photographer, knowing that she would have to do this with little if any support from Magnum's fraternity. “Being one of the then rather rare women photographers . . . was often difficult for the simple reason that nobody felt that one was serious (what does a pretty girl like you want in this profession). Much male condescension. . . . I certainly do not





31. Memorial Sunday, London, 1953

32. Henry Moore, Much Hadham, Hertfordshire, Great Britain, 1954.

think that I got the same forceful male brotherhood support the men got." She pointed out that on news assignments, being a woman was a "terrific drawback . . . I was mercilessly hit by Speed Graphics and blocked by bigger bodies working together."¹¹⁶ Once years later, while she was photographing Adlai Stevenson, she got down on the floor to get a better angle and the male photojournalists literally stepped on her in order to get closer to the man. But Mörath toughed it out. "I consciously lived alone for a long time in order to be completely independent. . . . More women should have the courage to plunge

alone into what they want to do."¹¹⁷ These comments, made twenty years later, reflect both the influence of 1970s feminism and her awareness of female inequality well before that. They also reflect a perspective common among ambitious women in the 1950s—acknowledging prejudice while concluding that women should simply try harder, or "lean in" in 21st-century language (figs. 31, 32). Though well aware of male domination—and she would be always a strong supporter of women photographers—she never identified with feminism as a political cause, nor with any other political cause; she did not see the necessity.

She chose as her Magnum "audition" project a photo essay about the *Prêtres Ouvriers*, worker priests

Shooting Script.

Prêtres Ouvriers

<p><u>Robert</u> at home ✓ leaving after work in "kitchen"</p> <p>at work in the factory</p> <p>going to work (after lunchtime)</p> <p>coming from work</p> <p>As priest ✓</p>	<p><u>Bernard</u> at home chez Nous.</p> <p>At work in the factory</p> <p>going to work</p> <p>coming from work</p> <p>As priest</p>
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33. Shooting script for worker priests story (*Prêtres Ouvriers*), 1953

34. From worker priests story, Paris, 1953

35. Contact sheet from worker priests story, Paris, 1953

(fig. 33).¹¹⁸ Derived from the 1920s *Jeunesse ouvrière chrétienne* movement, they preached an urban version of liberation theology. Its participants sought to bring workingmen back into the church, at a time when French working-class radicalism and anticlericalism were strong, and at the same time to move the church back toward what they considered its true calling, serving the poor. "They were going around trying to re-evangelize—it was called *la mission intérieure*," like early Christians, Mörath thought (fig. 34).¹¹⁹ Between 1941 and 1954, a small group of about one hundred young, radical priests took working-class jobs and began to live in conditions like those of their coworkers, with the important difference that they were to be celibate. Some hid their clerical identity, some came out to their coworkers as priests. Sharing working-class poverty, industrial injuries, and the threat of being fired at the first sign of protest, they joined campaigns for improved pay and conditions. Some even became strike leaders and supported the Communist labor union, the CGT. Many supported the Algerian anti-colonial struggle.¹²⁰

Mörath connected with a group of worker priests who were willing to let her photograph them. Located in Boulogne-Billancourt, a working-class suburb near the Renault works, the priests kept a bookshop, made offerings to the aged and the poor, and took in strays, including unwed mothers (fig. 35). She moved in, sharing a room with two of their "girl helpers" (apparently even these self-denying priests needed women to do the housework.) Ethnographers would call her a participant-observer. She prepared a shooting script featuring two particular priests, identifying them by pseudonyms. She photographed "Bernard" reading the morning mass in the kitchen.¹²¹ She produced an entire

Editor Note:
Morath's year of full membership in Magnum is being confirmed (see below).

photo-essay, accompanied by thoroughly researched captions (figs. 36, 37).

What she admired in the worker-priest movement was not its Catholicism but its emphasis on self-sacrifice and dedication to the most disadvantaged. Although she never identified as a Leftist, her concern for the poor and the victimized aligned her with the Left. Her interest in religious subjects appeared later—she photographed religious emblems often in future decades—cathedrals, shrines, mosques, Zoroastrian ceremonies, and pilgrims on the road to Santiago de Campostela.¹²²

In 1953 the worker-priest story won her an associate position with Magnum—a probationary position that lasted two years. The men resented her, she felt. These war-hardened Magnum founding fathers did not easily imagine a woman doing what they did. For the first thirty years of Magnum, only three women became full members—Mörath in 1955, Eve Arnold in 1957, and Marilyn Silverstone in 1967. Asked by an interviewer years later how she dealt with that resentment, she





Chapter Four

LEARNING FROM THE MASTER

In 1953 Capa assigned Morath to Henri Cartier-Bresson as assistant and apprentice. She edited, researched, and translated for him. He became not only her mentor and supporter, but also, for almost a decade, off-and-on lover. She told one good friend that he wanted to marry her and offered to divorce his wife, but she refused.¹²⁵ Yet, as was characteristic of Morath's equanimity, this entanglement and others like it never impeded their lifelong friendship. Cartier-Bresson treated her as a fellow artistic intellectual, introducing her to culture tabooed by under the Nazis. His familiarity and comfort with cultural and intellectual rebels was contagious. "In Germany, before," she recalled later, "the silence about all this was profound. . . . So when I met Henri he . . . had taken part, was part of it and yet, as a photographer, an observer. I was naïve, full of feelings and fearless. He could teach me I was open and my eyes could see."¹²⁶ He also ordered her to read *Le Monde* daily. Luckily, his politics were anything but doctrinaire, neither constraining nor humorless.

Cartier-Bresson was Magnum's professor of photography. He taught Morath systematically, and she

considered him "the hardest taskmaster." Editing his contact sheets in her first years with Magnum had been an important part of this education, because doing so allowed her to examine the images in the sequence that he made them, to see his "rigorous pursuit of an event in clear geometric compositions." Decades later, she summarized her process by writing, "I learned how to photograph myself before I ever took a camera into my hand." She would practice "without a camera, with one eye closed and one open watching the street."¹²⁷ Now Cartier-Bresson taught her to see composition by looking at photographs upside-down, a standard teaching method for photographers and painters. He gave her a Vidom viewfinder, which allowed the photographer to view her subject not only upside-down but also reversed right-to-left.¹²⁸ He taught her economy and precision in defining her subjects and frames. He was not much interested in darkroom technique, and maintained a hardline rejection of cropping and other manipulation of the original image. For him, what mattered was finding the "simplicity of expression" at the

41. Inge during the filming of *The Journey* by Anatole Litvak, 1959. Photo by Yul Brynner



42. Henri Cartier-Bresson, Léré, Loire Valley, France, 1953

moment of exposure. In one of many autobiographical texts written later, she quoted him as if from memory: “The recognition of a fact in a fraction of a second and the rigorous arrangement of the forms visually perceived which give to that fact expression and significance.” She was amazed at how fast he worked, yet remarked also on his patience in searching out the right location and waiting for the moment. “Now I had enough *métier* to absorb the essence” of his method, she wrote, learning “the conviction of composition, the constant alert, truth

to the subject, ruthlessness when there was something to photograph.”

During their nine months of joint work, she traveled with Cartier-Bresson on several assignments (fig. 42).¹²⁹ *Holiday* magazine wanted a photo story on “Europe,” so they took off in 1953, accompanied by Cartier-Bresson’s Javanese wife Elie and *Holiday*’s picture editor, Lou Mercier, driving through Germany, Italy, Spain, and England. Cartier-Bresson was demanding and when photographing, somewhat oblivious to others. He required Morath to carry the luggage, keep his cameras loaded with film, make notes for his captions. She had not yet learned to drive, so she sat in the back, waiting for him to stop when he saw something worth photographing. She spent evenings unspooling and cutting bulk film and loading it into cassettes, an activity performed blind with your arms inside a black bag.¹³⁰ Doing such scut work cheerfully and uncomplainingly earned her some respect at Magnum, whose members registered her capacity for hard work as a mark of her determination.

Traveling with Cartier-Bresson limited her own photography, however, because “when you are with Henri it’s hard to photograph because he would see it first . . . and you can’t do the same thing . . . Nothing escaped his lens.” Still, she thought it was her “balls side” that evoked his respect for her—and attraction to her.¹³¹ In her loving remembrance of this trip she recounted how they went into “every museum in sight” and discussed art passionately. (By contrast he hated to talk photography (fig. 43).)

Capa’s decision to provide Morath with such a lengthy internship was simultaneously generous and also, possibly, sexist. None of the men were treated this

way. Was admission to Magnum thus not only probationary but “premature,” requiring more training to get her to the right level? Or did Capa hesitate to send her out alone? (That would have been ludicrous given her previous experiences.) Whatever the reasons, Magnum was still unaccustomed to a woman photographer.

The highlight of the *Holiday* piece was Spain, and Morath ever after felt a special connection to that country. So Capa got her a Spanish project of her own, another *Holiday* feature, this one on “Women of the World.” He had identified the formidable Spanish feminist lawyer Mercedes Formica for one of the profiles.¹³² Before Morath left, he urged her to get better clothes—inspired perhaps by the fashion photography he had been doing.¹³³ Her wardrobe apparently still consisted mainly of a black skirt with different blouses. Capa may have been trying to warn her about Spain’s conservative gender culture, and indeed, she met some difficulties in working as a woman there.¹³⁴

For that reason, beginning with Formica was a piece of luck, for she was respectable enough to introduce Morath to the right people and unconventional enough to like her. Born in 1913 to a wealthy family in Cádiz, Formica was an early member and leader of the *Falange*, a fascist party founded by Primo de Rivera, yet also an outspoken advocate for women’s rights. In the fascist Franco regime, she became notorious for defending a woman’s right to divorce and challenging the double standard regarding adultery. Morath may not have been surprised at this combination of fascism and feminism, given her mother’s support for the Third Reich and rejection of conventional gender standards; in any case, she did not comment on Formica’s politics. She spoke with respect of Formica’s integration of “emancipation



43. Winter carnival procession, Bad Gastein, Austria, 1955



and femininity,” as if a possible loss of femininity produced anxiety—hardly an unusual fear among women in the 1950s.

Arriving in Madrid in 1954, Morath planned to follow Formica through her working days. Upon being admitted to the woman’s vast apartment in an exclusive Madrid neighborhood, where the maids wore uniforms and the fine furniture gleamed, she was nonplussed when Formica ignored her and continued signing papers while Morath moved around making photographs. She soon charmed her subject, however, with what an American friend called her “exquisite Old World manners”—a skill that helped her produce many celebrity portraits over the following decades.¹⁵⁵ Her most arresting photograph shows Formica standing on her balcony, the perspective evidently taken from an adjacent balcony. Though at home, the woman carries a small purse and wears a mantilla of lace covering a high pompadour hairdo. She stands at the far left of the image, her black dress and hair and long white earrings completing the vertical line of the building’s wall, while two-thirds of the photo shows a Madrid street scene. The composition, combined with Formica’s elegance, beauty, and downward gaze onto the street below, accentuates her upper-class standing and her exclusive neighborhood (fig. 44).

Spain promised superb photographic opportunities, so with Magnum’s permission and a loan from her brother, Morath extended her stay for three more weeks. She was in love with the country. Over time, she made

thousands of photographs in Spain, returning again and again, but even the earliest lot contained many stunning, beautifully composed images. In Cartier-Bresson she had the greatest of teachers, and she was a pupil who not only absorbed lessons, but soon developed her own style and mastery.

Morath delighted in Spain’s vivid folk and religious rituals. Formica was being honored by a *falla*, a festive event in which a papier-mâché effigy of the honoree is erected and then, after a few days, burned under a canopy of fireworks. (For this particular festival, Dalí had made one of the *falles*.) Through Formica she met Gonzalo Figuerola, the Duke of la Torres, who was almost immediately infatuated with Morath—one of many doors that Formica opened for her. Insisting that her plan to travel around Spain by herself was simply impossible, he offered to drive her. He began the trip as he always traveled, with two Cadillacs, one for him, his valet, and secretary, the second one with a library from which his secretary read aloud to him, as he was blind in one eye. When he understood that she wanted to go into the countryside, he switched the Cadillacs for a Land Rover.¹⁵⁶ Morath’s beauty and graciousness

44. Dona Mercedes Formica, Madrid, Spain, 1955

45. Gonzalo Figuerola, Inge, and the philosopher Ignacio Olague, Cordoba, Spain, 1954



Designer Note:
For photographs of Inge where there is no photographer listed, should the caption include “photographer unknown” as is done in a few other captions?



51. Still photographer's props, Verbenas de San Isidro, Madrid, 1955

52. Fiesta de San Fermín, Pamplona, Spain, 1955





58. Traveling folk musicians in Killorglin, County Kerry, Ireland, 1954

59. Puck Fair, Killorglin, County Kerry, Ireland, 1954





WORLD PHOTOGRAPHER

In the second half of the nineteenth century, photographers from the “West” “discovered” the rest of the world, and travel photography emerged as a popular medium. In an upward spiral, the images, in turn, stimulated tourism, creating a demand for yet more travel photography. *National Geographic*, established in 1888, added to its popularity. Because the photographers were usually European, their photographs often revealed more about their imperial perspective than about their subjects, as they so often focused on the allegedly “primitive,” even emphasizing what magazine readers saw as grotesque.⁶¹ Magnum photographers joined those ventures into the global south, but their work was remarkably free of the colonialist eye, reflecting a more democratic and open-minded view of cultural differences. Typically male, travel photographers ventured into barely accessible locations, accepting uncomfortable conditions with a spirit of vagabondage and adventure, much like war photographers. Inge Morath did the same, a most unusual activity for a woman at the time. Somehow the aggravations of travel

and alien environments never dulled her zest for far-off places and cultures.

The Spanish photography in *Holiday* and the Delpire book brought her positive notice and more commissions. They inaugurated a decade of “running and flying,” as she photographed in Austria, Germany, Basutoland, Iraq, Lebanon, Syria, Tunisia, Italy, Portugal, Romania, Yugoslavia, Mexico, Argentina, England, Switzerland, Sweden, the United States (fig. 61), and that doesn’t count the travels to different locations within those countries. Many of these jobs were implicitly marked female—the treasures of the Bavarian Wittelsbach dynasty, the wedding of Princess Furstenberg, the funeral of the Hapsburg Archbishop, the New York City Ballet, Paris boutiques, animals on TV, an excursion of the “Catherinettes” (a French label for young women “still” unmarried at age twenty-five). Whenever possible she tried, however, to expand her subjects and methods beyond the stereotypically feminine. She had been doing color photography from the first moments she held a camera. At first, she used only

60. Robert Delpire and Inge, Paris, 1956. Photo by René Burri