



Jacqueline vs. The 'Paparazzo'

— William Hogan

THE TERM "paparazzo," first coined in the 1960 Fellini movie, "La Dolce Vita," is Italian slang for the celebrity hunting photographer. Ron Galella, son of a Yonkers, N.Y., piano and casket maker who learned photography in the U.S. Air Force, is a self-styled "paparazzo."

For four years he stalked and hounded Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis from New York's Central Park to the Onassis villa on the Greek Island of Skorpios, making candid shots and closeups of her which he sold for a pretty penny to the international press.

Galella saw Jacqueline as a superstar. His game was breaking through the wall of press agents and bodyguards to nail his prey (he once hired a helicopter to photograph Jacqueline swimming off the Onassis yacht in the Aegean). Finally she hauled him into a New York court and charged him with a \$6 million suit. That ended in a compromise; Ron won the right to photograph her, but only from a 25-foot distance.

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IN AN ELEGANT, if disturbing portfolio of photographs called "Jacqueline" (Sheed and Ward; \$12.95), Galella displays his subject in all her moods, including anger and disgust. Accompanying the pictures are some 25,000 Galella words on his running battle-love affair-voyeuristic relationship with the lady. I find it all fun-

damentally a sick joke, and ask if "paparazzo" photojournalism can be justified. Does an individual have a right to privacy? In an introduction the photographer answers: "This book offers my own point of view."

Granted that Jacqueline Onassis is a star of Elizabeth Taylor or Brando proportions and interest; granted, too, that some of Galella's photographs are both newsworthy and marvelous, capturing the haunting beauty of the lady, but I think that Jacqueline, tormented like some English fox, had a right to get this "paparazzo" off her back.

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IN ANY EVENT, here are off-guard spontaneous photos, 200 pages of them, of Galella's obsession — at a New York gallery opening; with her children; shopping in Fifth avenue; in a Capri piazza; in a bathing suit; closeups, shots from the rear; a shot through a clothes rack in a Chinese restaurant. The photographer relieves the monotony with pictures of himself, his family and other Kennedys he has stalked.

The trial took some of the gamesmanship away. Writes Galella: "It's now over between me and Jackie. Since the trial, I have not photographed her and when I accidentally see her, I avoid her." For a "paparazzo" there are always other superstars to follow.