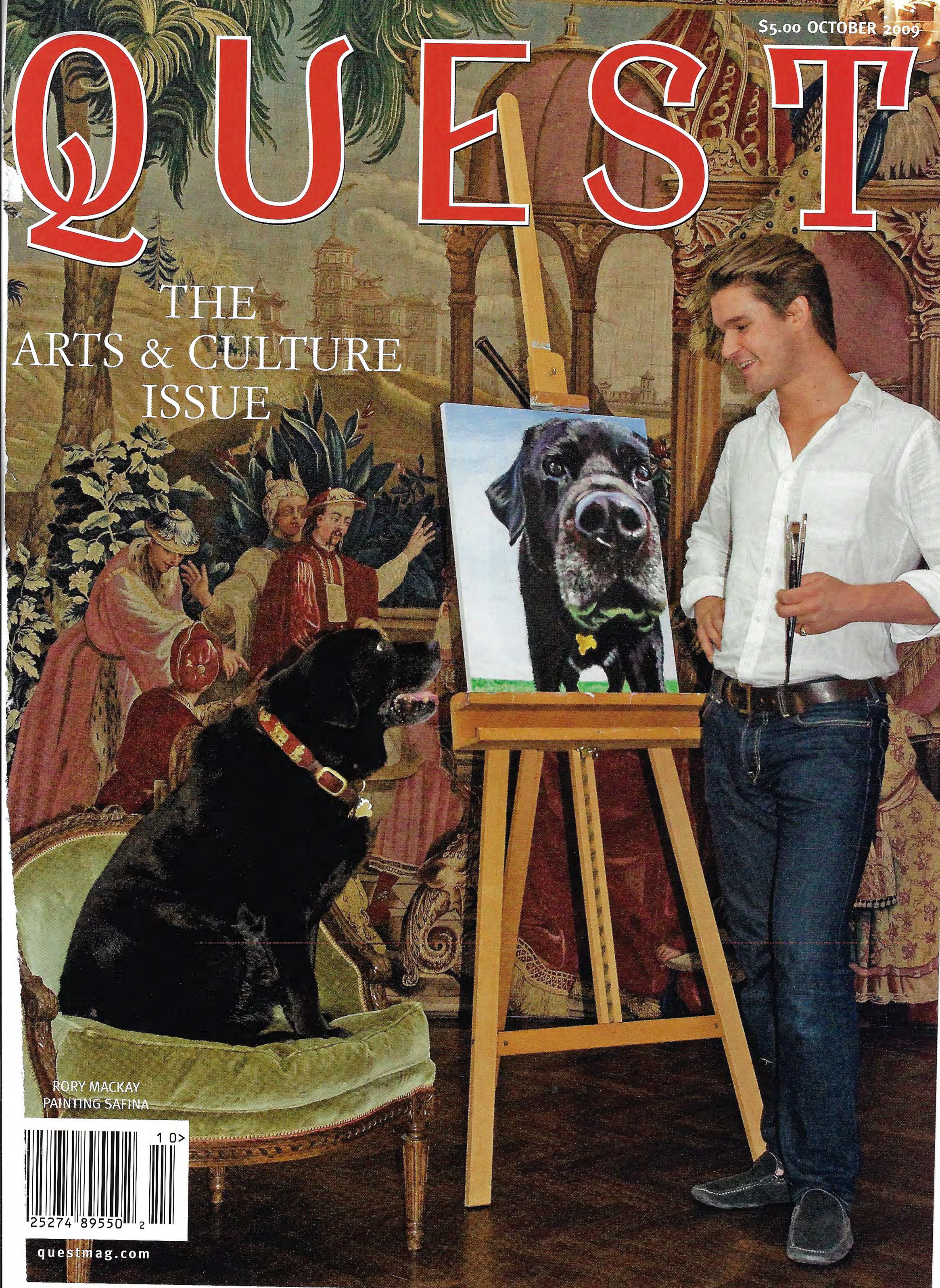


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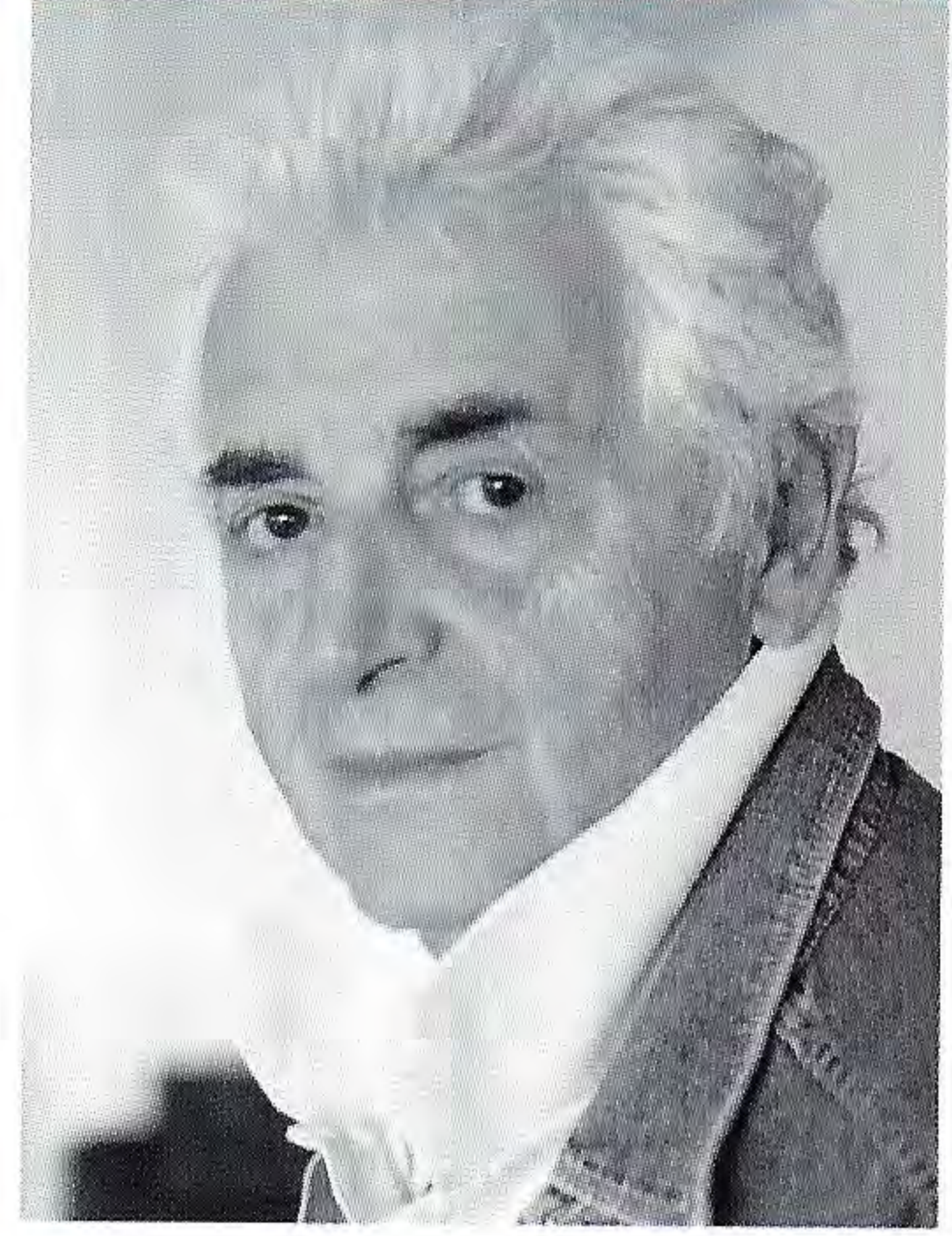
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The late Senator
Ted Kennedy in 1965.



HARRY BENSON



IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY

IT WAS EARLY one evening in 1965. We were at one of those clubs that seem to spring up out of nowhere, a new “in” spot of the moment where everyone wants to be seen.

The owner of the club was from London, and since I had arrived from there a year before, I was asked to come along and take photographs of him.

Anyway, a group of tall, young, handsome men in very nicely-cut business suits came in. I would say there were seven or eight of them, laughing, assured of themselves, getting drinks at the bar. One of them walked over and sat down at a table next to a beautiful young woman in a glittering minidress. Immediately a conversation sprung up that seemed quite intense. After a short period of time, the two got up and left the club together. The man was Teddy Kennedy.

Teddy went on to have an exceptional career as a senator from Massachusetts (yet there was also Chappaquiddick). I photographed him over the years at numerous occasions, including his niece Caroline Kennedy’s wedding, and the last time was in his senate office with his second wife, Vicky. But I think this photograph is the most interesting, showing the young, dashing handsome senator who, like a magnet, drew attractive people toward him his whole life. ♦