

Boxing gets in your blood. It got into mine through my father, Harry Goodman, a former street boxer in Boston's old West End. He told me the stories, took me to fights, set me up with lessons when I was 12. Thirty-three years later, killing a little time in New York, I looked up over 42nd and Broadway and saw the sign in a grungy second floor window: Times Square Gym. The door was unmarked, the staircase was dark, and as I got to the top, peering over the half door, starting to wonder what the hell I'm doing here, a voice growls "what the f--do you want?" The growl belonged to Willie Dunne, the manager, who let me come in for a few minutes to take a few pictures. Ten days later, I brought him back a few prints. He looked at them quietly for about 20 seconds, and said "you're welcome here, do whatever you want."

This book is dedicated to Harry Goodman, who gave me a love of boxing. If I'd been any good, I'd have been in one of these pictures instead of taking them.

I have Minor White to thank for that. He taught me the difference between seeing and looking. Without him not only would this book not exist, but I would not be a photographer.

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John Goodman
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