

image

A publication of the Houston Center for Photography

Issue 1 March, 1983

**AGENT ORANGE • EARLY TEXAS • EXHIBITIONS • BOOKS
TECHNICAL SERVICE • KKK • DENNIS HOPPER • CALENDAR**

Gilles Larrain



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Going, gone...

HOUSTON Center for Photography held its first auction on December 11, 1982. The event proved to be a tremendous boost for HCP morale as well as its budget. Appropriately, the auction was held at the site of HCP's very first meeting, the Paradise Bar and Grill, thanks to the generosity of owners Frederic and Betty Fleming. Despite the drizzle and chill outside, the Paradise was filled to capacity with an eager crowd staking out their seats long before the auction was to begin. All of the photographs to be sold had been on view at an exhibit at the Rice Media Center the previous week.

The afternoon was a bit like a three-ring circus. In one ring was the auctioneer Charles Stillwell, working his way through the catalogue of 87 photographs donated by members and many internationally prominent photographers. Stillwell kept the bidding moving along, and Clint Willour of Watson de Nagy Gallery provided an eloquent introduction for each piece. Auction highs were reached for photographs donated by Ralph Steiner, Jerry Uelsmann, and George Krause.

In ring two was the table auction, with silent bidding taking place throughout the afternoon for photographs by photographers including Ralph Gibson, Eve Arnold, and Gilles Larrain. In ring three was the table sale, a mix of photographs, books, old cameras, and assorted photographic old and new.

At the end of the afternoon, Anne Tucker, Curator of Photography at Houston's Museum of Fine Arts, with eyes closed, drew for the door prizes, which were photographs by Aaron Siskind, Lotte Jacobi, Edward Curtis, Charles Schorre, and Paul Caponigro. The winners were (in order): Richard Simone, Lars Gieritz, Patsy Arcidiacono, Yusuke Tsukamoto, and Mary Benedick.

Raffle ticket sales brought in \$3,872.50 and the auction netted \$20,457.50 for the HCP. This number was achieved only by the hard work and enthusiasm of a large group of devoted members and the generosity of all of the

photographers, friends, and galleries whose donations made the auction possible. The HCP wishes to thank all of these people for their support. The funds raised have helped HCP with their matching grant from the Cultural Arts Council of Houston, and have made it possible for the HCP to begin looking for a permanent residence. Another auction, you ask? Tentative plans point towards the spring of 1984.

Lynn McLanahan

The Houston Center for Photography would like to thank the following for their donations to the auction:

Ansel Adams, William Adams, Patsy Arcidiacono, Martha Armstrong, Eve Arnold, Fred Baldwin, Daniel Bissonet, C. A. Black, Gay Block, Brazos Bookstore, Stephen Brigidi, Peter Brown, Caro Cage, Janet Caldwell, Jim Caldwell, Ginny Camfield, Paul Chapman, Barbara Chilton, William Christenberry, George and Loraine Clark, Danny Clayton, Buddy Clemons, Clemons Gallery, Kerry Coppin, Robert Cozens, David Crossley, Dennis Darling, Doe Doherty, Jim Dougherty, Glenn Edwards, Jim Elmore, Lars Estes, Ralph Fales, Frederic and Betty Fleming.

William Frazier, Lee Friedlander, Sally Gall, Rick Gardner, Ralph Gibson, Lars Gieritz, Joyce Gold, Ed Grazda, Mary Margaret Hansen, Paul Hester, Marty Hidalgo, Sally Horrigan, C. Bryan Jones, R. R. Jones, Paul Judice, George Krause, Les Krims, Kipton Kumler, Victor Landweber, Gilles Larrain, Maud Lipscomb, Meredith Long, L.T.D. Graphix, Danny Lyon, Mancini Gallery, Manual (Ed Hill and Suzanne Bloom), Bob Mathews, Neil Maurer, Paul Mazzara, Peter McClellan, Sam McCulloch and Jewel McCollough.

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Thanks also go to those who donated works by the following photographers: George Barnard, Margaret Bourke-White, Linda Conner, Paul Caponigro, Edward Curtis, Mario Giacomelli, Hedrich-Blessing, Lewis Hine, Laton Huffman, Lotte Jacobi, Saché, and Marion Post-Wolcott.

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THE early practitioners of photography had it rough. There were no ASA ratings, no light meters, no means whatever to determine correct development except by intuition, experimentation, and at best, previous experience. I would have quit. Incredibly, photography had been around for nearly one hundred years before someone finally came to our rescue. Ansel Adams, too, floundered for decades. Although his own photography was well organized after years of practicing, he realized soon that a method had to be developed to simplify and organize the use of sensitized materials.

In 1940 Adams perceived a marvelously simple method for arriving at the correct exposure and development time to achieve the desired results in the final print. He called it the Zone System.

It has been erroneously assumed by some, that the Zone System is purely a mechanical system for arriving at correct

Photo technique: ways to brush up with HCP

ANNOUNCING two ways in which we can help to make you better photographers: a three-day zone system workshop, and HCP's Technical Services Department, ready to answer your queries by telephone, now.

results in exposure at the expense of creativity. Well, there are some practitioners who become overly preoccupied with the mechanical aspects of our craft, and let their fascination with sensitometry get in the way of their creative craft. It is easy enough to get embroiled in endless tests and comparisons that only belong in the laboratory. In actuality, the Zone System liberates, rather than restricts, the photographer to produce images that communicate his feelings. The Zone System gives

us a way to capture the image and preserve it in the print the way we saw it.

Technical understanding of the materials we use is absolutely necessary in order fully to use their potential. To master the use of these materials need not be complicated or cumbersome. To be able to exercise our craft, we must get all the technical familiarization behind us.

In its efforts to provide as diversified a program as possible, the HCP is including in its continuing workshop schedule

a class on the Zone System. It will be held at the HCP Center at 1440 Harold on April 5, 7 and 9. The class will be limited to 20 participants in order to allow us to work as a group. We will examine such things as exposure determination, normal and modified developments (expansions and contractions), the Zone System, visualizations and image values, determination of personal ASA ratings, correct personal normal development time, and how to make the proper proof. We will also, as

time permits, look at darkroom procedures, printing, toning, and paper selection criteria. We will spend some time talking about cameras, lenses and optics. You will hear about the use of Polaroid materials and the effect of various filters, and review the use of light meters.

The course is designed for all levels of previous experience. I will assume that you have access to a black and white darkroom and have a camera in any format from 35mm to eight by ten. If you want more information or would like to apply, contact me at home at 723-6463. HCP is also furnishing a technical services department to help you with any technical problems or questions you may have. The service is free . . . just give me a call.

In subsequent issues we will examine specific topics of common interest on technical topics. Your individual communications are encouraged.

Lars Gieritz

IN OCTOBER, 1981, in a desperate attempt to get a growing, clamoring horde of voracious photographers off her back, Anne Tucker, the Curator of Photography at the Museum of Fine Arts, sat down at her typewriter and whipped out a little note calling interested parties to sit down at the Paradise Bar and Grill to have a few drinks and figure out what to do. The Cronin Gallery had ceased to be a photography gallery and the number of people wanting to show work was so much greater than the space available that a crisis had arisen.

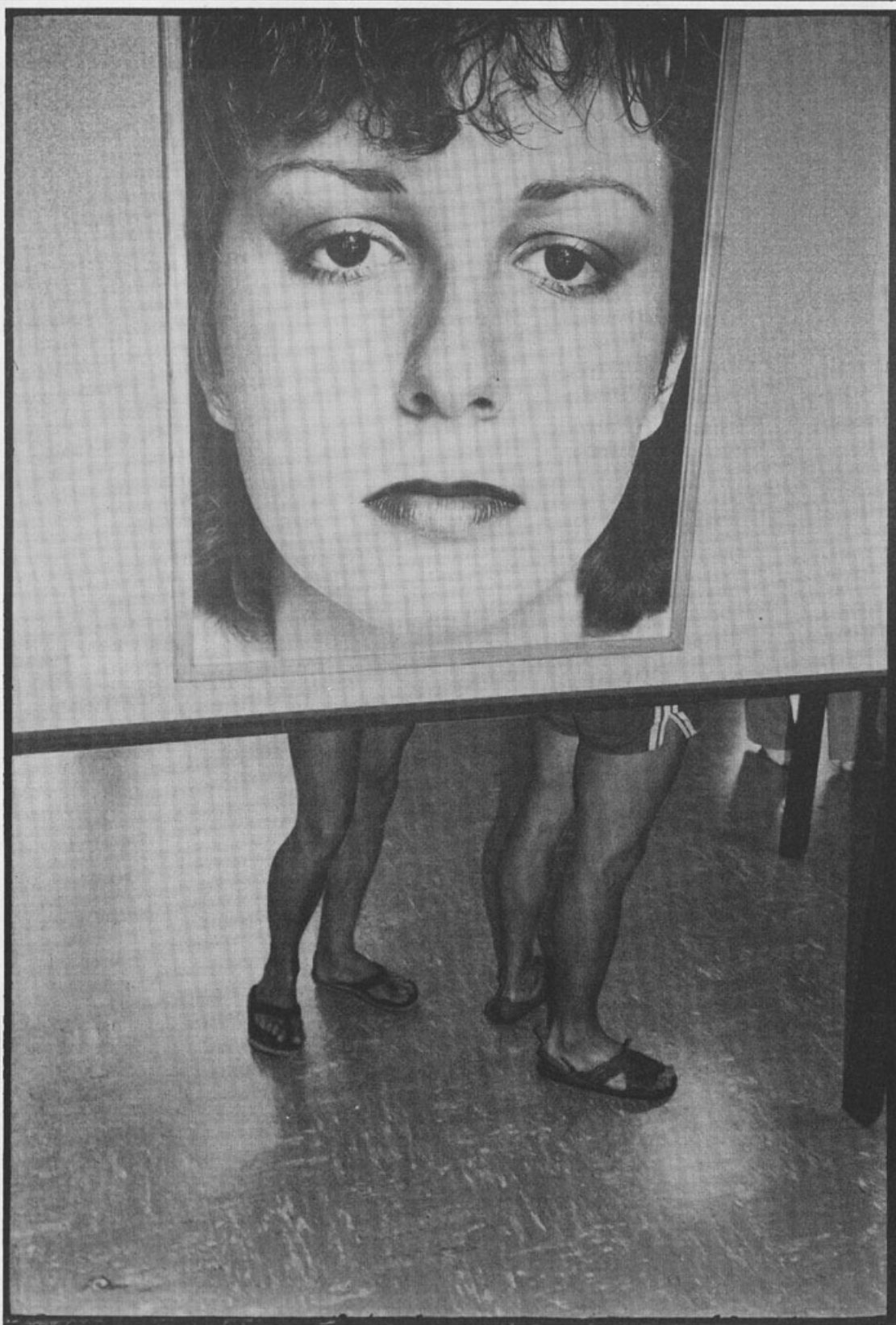
About thirty-five people showed up late in the day on October 14th, and within minutes the Houston Center for Photography was born. By the end of that meeting, it was quite a different creature than perhaps any of the individuals had envisioned. While the critical need was for gallery space, other needs surfaced as photographers around the tables reeled off a shopping list of dreams: galleries, lectures, workshops, a library, touring exhibitions, restaurants, bars But mostly what everybody seemed to want was community. Some place where photographers could hang around with each other and begin to raise all this scattered photographic endeavor to a fever pitch.

The work shown has included a juried exhibition of local work, a moving document of a favorite grandfather's last year and death, and a rare exhibit of the work of early Texas photographers from the collections of the Harris County Heritage Society and the Houston Metropolitan Research Center. There has also been a show of the work of actor Dennis Hopper and a look at documentarian Fred Baldwin's first photographic essay, *Saturday Night in Reidsville, Ga. 1957*. In December, the exhibit *Pictures from an Auction*, mounted at the Rice Media Center, included work donated to the Center by many of America's most prestigious photographers.

Now, barely seventeen months later, the Center has burned out half a dozen of its founding members, but it's gained a gallery, meeting space, nearly 170 members, a pretty good chunk of money, and a lot of experience.

The Center has housed six major exhibitions since its opening in July, 1982, as well as half a dozen smaller shows of local work in the new Members' Gallery. It has also mounted an exhibition at the Rice Media Center and another in the Houston Independent School District headquarters building and will curate another at the University of Houston at Clear Lake in the Spring of 1983. About 1,800 people have seen the nearly 900 photographs the Center has displayed so far.

The first exhibit of 1983 featured photographs by thirty-four photographers from all over the United States, including such accomplished artists as Harry Callahan, Aaron Siskind, Ralph Gibson, Barbara Crane, and Robert Mapplethorpe. The current exhibit is a powerful essay from Houston, London, Japan, Vietnam, and Australia on the effects of the chemical "Agent Orange." The next show



HCP's first show: head by Dave Crossley, head and feet by Paul Hester

The short, hectic life of a photo group

will be a juried exhibit of the Center's first national competition, followed by the Second Annual Members' Exhibition.

The Center hopes to be able to provide better and more secure space for some of the great photographic exhibits that fail to get to Houston and to originate shows here that would travel to other cities. Both of these expansive activities will require corporate and foundation underwriting.

One of the goals of the Center is to provide educational opportunities to a larger public. To this end, the HCP has sponsored public lectures by such photographic figures as William Eggleston, Geoff Winingham, Fred Baldwin, Wendy Watriss, and David Mancini. Other lectures have covered topics including photographers and the subject's right to privacy, Houston photographers before 1900, and using a camera in Russia.

This Spring, an intensive, four-week public lecture series on image-making will bring together

painters, sculptors, printers, photographers, and other artists to explore the mysteries of image-making. Speakers in the series will include Gael Stack, George Krause, Peter Brown, Anne Tucker, and half a dozen other scholars and artists.

The next step is to bring distinguished speakers to Houston from other parts of the world. The Center has begun to seek financial help to make this possible.

An important aspect of the Center's work is the continuing education of photographers, whether they're amateurs or professionals. Workshops held to date have covered such diverse topics as the dye transfer color printing process, photographers as filmmakers, the study of the nude, documentary photography, the use of infrared materials, and platinum printing. In the Spring there will be workshops on subjects including the Ansel Adams Zone System and black-and-white print toning.

Next year, the Center will try to bring one or two nationally known photographers to

Houston for intensive three- and five-day workshops. This will require a substantial expansion of the workshops budget and financial aid is being sought for this purpose.

Early in HCP's existence a small group of photographers began searching for a way to use documentary photography to enrich their own experience and to take a serious look at some of the city's social problems and the people in various organizations who try to solve them. From that idea has come the Houston Center for Photography Documentary Awards Program.

Three awards of \$1000 each will be given to photographers to pursue ongoing documentary projects. It is intended that the photographs which come out of this project be useful to the organizations under study, whether for their own documentation, for slide presentations, or for brochures and reports that might help secure these efforts. The HCP has begun to search for funding, services, and materials to support this excellent project.

In March, the Center for Photography began to publish this magazine, *Image*, which will be widely distributed free to schools, clubs, and individuals interested in the subject. The intention is to provide a vehicle for photographic discourse in the region and to give the many superb local photographers and photographic scholars a place in which to explore this most universal of all art forms.

Indications of corporate support for photographic education will be sought in the form of advertising in the publication.

Since its founding the Center has received strong support from the community. Members will contribute about 25 percent of the 1982/1983 budget. The Cultural Arts Council's panels gave the HCP a powerful boost with an unusually large grant for a first-year organization. Nearly 200 photographers from all over the country donated prints for the Center's auction. And a few individuals and foundations have begun making contributions. These are the 1982/83 funding highlights so far:

- \$12,590 from the Cultural Arts Council.
- \$22,000 from the photo auction.
- \$3,850 in contributions from foundations and individuals.
- \$3,400 in contributions from members in the first quarter.

All of these gains have not come without substantial effort by many people. It seems fairly crazy to refer to last summer as "the early days," but it's the case that nearly all the activity that has worn down so many really only started then. The first HCP president, Paul Hester, and vice president, Sharon Stewart, managed this unruly mob of photographers to produce *The First Exhibition: A Show of Members' Work*.

Hester and then-president-elect Dave Crossley began at that time to write a proposal for a grant from the Cultural Arts Council, and vice president-elect Patsy Arcidiacono began forming the important Advisory Board, which now includes Anne Tucker, Dr. William Camfield, Muffy McLanahan, Mary Margaret Hansen, Anne Bohann, Amanda Whitaker, Sally Horrigan, and Wei-i Chiu.

Since those beginnings, the Center has been transformed into a large organization with 24 people serving in volunteer positions and no telling how many more performing various tasks to keep everything going. This month, the Center will hire its first employee, an administrative director, and, after a year and a half of using various members' phone numbers, will actually get a telephone. There are plans for more gallery space and a large darkroom and mounting facility.

Meetings are held twice each month, with a business meeting and special program alternating with a meeting specifically for presentation and discussion of members' work. The Center is located at 1440 Harold at the Bering Methodist Church, upstairs in the east wing. Meetings begin at 7:30 p.m. on the first Monday and third Thursday of each month. For more information call (713) 523-5757.



COAST TO COAST: RECENT WORK

ONE of our most successful exhibitions to date was Coast to Coast: Recent Work, which opened in January. Here, we reproduce a review which appeared in The Houston Post at the time, and a few thoughts from the curator.

CURATING an exhibit on a one-time basis (as opposed to a full time position which offers a broader, more complex access) assumes that personal as well as general considerations of aesthetic will be employed in the selection process. The photographs included in the Houston Center for Photography's recent "*Coast to Coast*" exhibit were edited from over two hundred images (34 artists) received over the course of several months. The only restriction the participants were asked to adhere to was to send recent work. Therefore, many of the images were debuting in Houston. This untested, experimental element was the thread that tied a rather large and diverse group of photographs together, making them function as a whole as well as individual artworks.

The exhibit was comprised in its entirety of non-regional artists. The initial invitation to exhibit was extended to 36, some luminaries in the field, others lesser-known (perhaps with a strong local following); all demonstrated a validity, a greatness of vision, a history of growth and change.

The artists were not limited as to technique, and the result was a collection of many photographic processes, from traditional to conceptual, formal to irreverent, eight by ten studio camera to Brownie, platinum to Polaroid. Often, the surface of an image was altered by the addition of toning, color, pencil line, collage, or even words and

drawings. The consistency lay in a sense of internal vision emerging, whether visceral, cerebral, literal or metaphoric, that could not be denied or contained.

The process of selection began in September, 1982, as a list of potential exhibitors began to form, including Barbara Crane, Ralph Gibson, Ken Josephson, Wendy MacNeil, Robert Mapplethorpe, Bart Parker, Rosamond Wolff Purcell, William Parker, Trina von Rosenvinge, Gilles Larrain, Aaron Siskind, Stephen Petegorsky, Dan Babior, Susan Jahoda, Boone Morrison, and Stephen Brigidi.

The inherent obligation of an exhibit, no matter what its scope or theme, is to present a body of work which hopefully the viewer will enjoy; more importantly, he or she will carry a sense of the images long after the specifics are gone.

April Rapier

THE ambitious new show at the Houston Center for Photography, *Coast to Coast: Recent Work*, is comprised entirely of non-Texas artists. That's not the only way it defies HCP tradition. It also includes a number of sensational manipulated photographs that are likely to rub some of Houston's purists against the grain.

April Rapier, the curator of the show, invited 34 photographers from around the United States to participate; the only restriction was that they send new pieces, fresh and untested. All but one responded positively, usually with six works, which Rapier edited down to a show of about 100 photographs. Many pieces, therefore, are making their public debut at this show.

The result is a wider variety of processes and styles than is usually assembled in one show — Polaroids (both SX-70 and large format), formal black-and-white studio portraits, conceptual pieces, humorous mixed-media works, Cibachrome prints, elegant platinum-and-silver prints, and hand-colored photographs. Some are by world-famous photographers (such as Aaron Siskind and Harry Callahan), while others are by new artists. It's a wild mixture, requiring a certain measure of discipline to simply walk through in a linear manner — one's eye is grabbed first by this piece, then by that.

Among the highlights: Daniel Babior has four hand-colored city scenes with everyday people frozen in strangely artificial poses. The prints are beautifully vibrant, and the Marshall oil-colored urbanites seem to float out of their dark backgrounds.

Jamie Wolff's two type-C prints have slashes of vibrant

color — one a festival streamer, the second a railroad crossing bar — breaking out of gray, foggy backgrounds.

Wendy MacNeil made her own printing paper for her three photographs by brushing platinum emulsion onto translucent tracing paper. Onto this she made huge contact prints for a study of hands.

Bill Parker has one piece in the show, a large sequential photograph with 64 Polaroid prints called "Marvels of the West (Denying the Ephebe)." Its primary repetitive images are of a woman in a leotard and skirt who stands arms crossed or akimbo and a yearning naked man. The prints are arranged in a soothing and balanced fashion, much like a mandala.

Gilles Larrain's four black-and-white portraits are soft and dreamy. Larrain, an emigre from France, is known as a painter as well as a studio photographer, and these gorgeous portraits have richly textured backgrounds of his own creation.

Four black-and-white prints by Aaron Siskind — a series on volcanic lava — feature twisted, tortured forms gleaming in the sun.

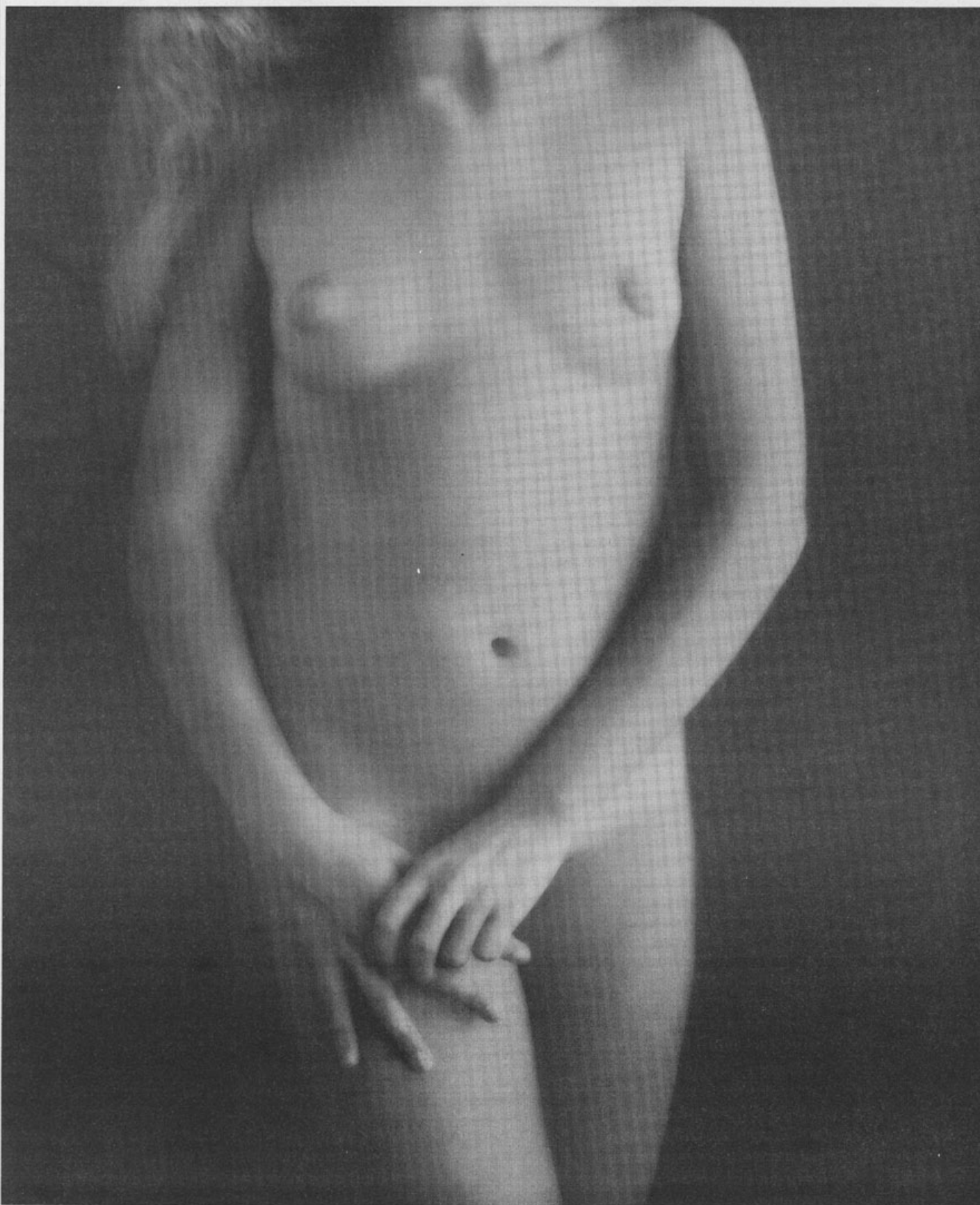
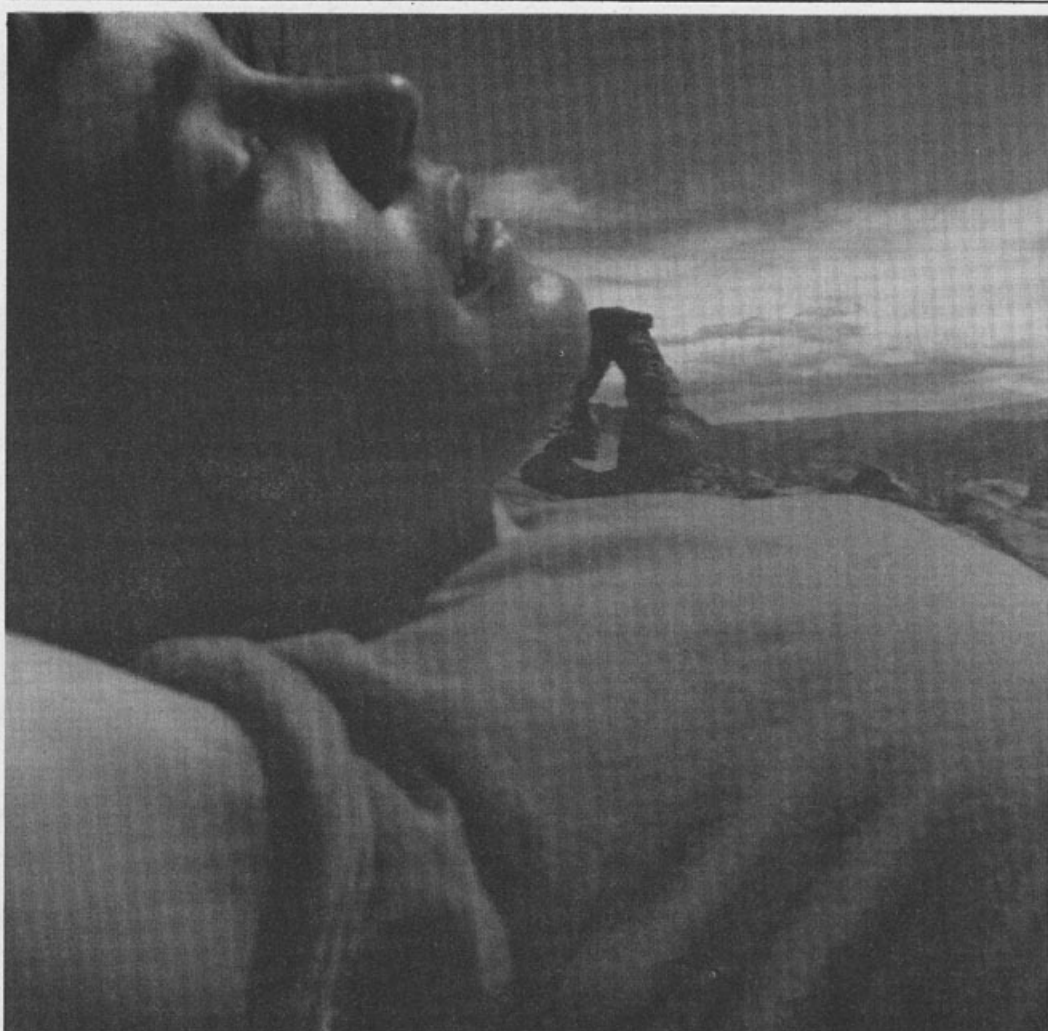
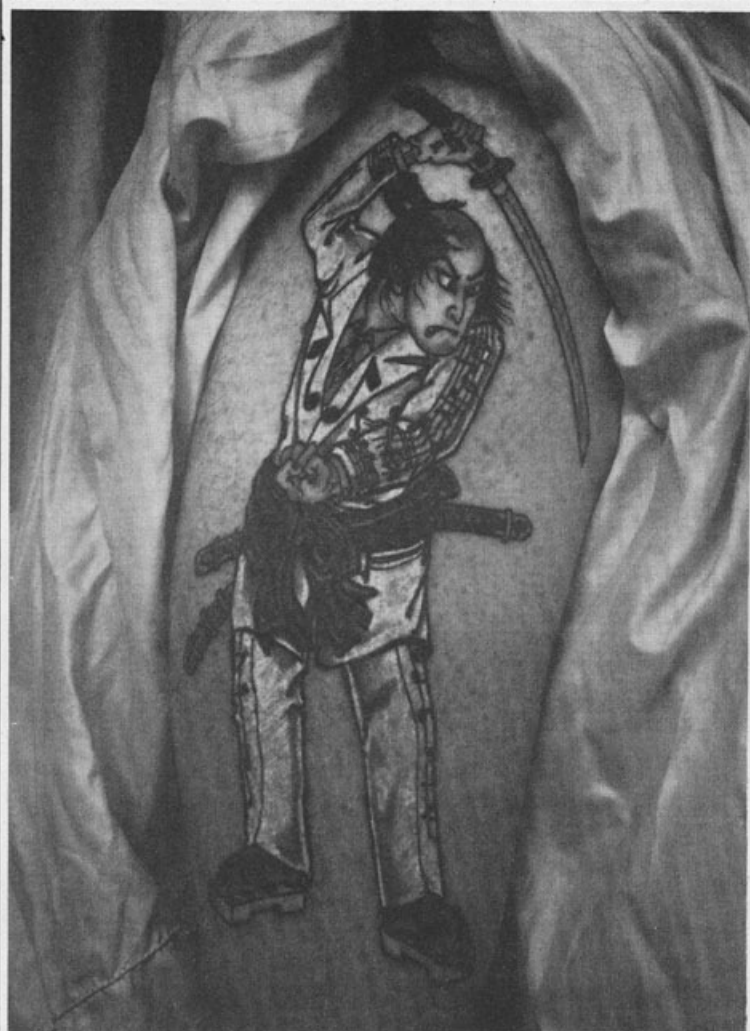
Trina von Rosenvinge of Rhode Island has recorded four amazing and elaborate tattoos, which are themselves works by Ed Hardy; she makes Cibachrome prints and works with a large-format camera.

Bonnell Robinson makes infrared photographs of lush vegetation.

Susan Jahoda, who teaches at Princeton, uses colored pencils, furniture finish and strips of wallpaper on her portraits, which are ravaged with bleaches and toners, whole areas wiped away and redrawn.

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Teresa Byrne-Dodge



Opposite page: Cows, Westhampton, Ma., 1981, by Stephen Petagorsky. Above left: Cibachrome tattoo by Trina von Rosenvinge. Above right: untitled C print by Drex Brooks. Left: nude by Gilles Larrain.

A SEARCH through the annals of Houston's photographic history produces no noticeable tremors of excitement. The text of a talk given at HCP last fall by a member of the Photographic Collectors of Houston.

THROUGHOUT the nineteenth century, Houston had no famous photographers, no famous galleries. In fact, from a photographic point of view, nothing memorable happened in Houston between its founding in 1837 and the end of the century. What Houston did have was a series of mediocre photographers who tried to subsist on what meager photographic work they could rustle up. In this it was no different from most other towns; it was only in the largest of towns that one could expect to have one's image taken by anyone other than a run-of-the-mill photographer, unless one of the better known practitioners decided to stop off in your town for a few days on his travels.

The first mention of a photographer in Houston was in an 1851 edition of the Houston Telegraph. J.H.S. Stanley is known to have had a Daguerreian gallery in a building on Main Street, vacated by the Telegraph itself. Stanley operated through the 1850s and by 1866 had left behind the wonders of the Daguerrotype (by now out of vogue, even in the South) and had become simply a "photographic artist." This is the last we are to hear of Mr. Stanley.

During the 1850s, there were only two or three photographers working in Houston. Some had partners or affiliated galleries in Galveston, either because there was insufficient money to be made in Houston, or because there was more money to be made in Galveston. During this period, the other photographers mentioned include G. W. Robbins, S. Anderson, R. E. Moore, and Bickel.

The 1860s gave prominence to such companies as J. P. Blessing & Bros., The Houston City Photograph Gallery, Ashley's City Gallery and The Galveston Photographic Co. At that time it was quite acceptable to combine the profession of photographer with another (or others). Blessing for example was not only a photographer but also a "dealer in supplies" and T. G. Patrick was not only a "photographic artist" but also a "dealer in groceries," an interesting combination. I assume that when the rural dwellers came to the big city to shop for goods they were grateful to have the opportunity of having their likeness made while buying their grain and nourishments.

Notable throughout this period is the rapidity with which photographers developed and then disappeared, and how quickly one building changed ownership as the latest "practitioner of the art" tried his hand at developing a few plates. On reflection, however, this is not surprising since, if the building were already outfitted with the requisite skylights, darkroom and other equipment, why go to the

expense of renting or buying another building, and have to start from scratch?

A case in point is the building at 85 Main Street, between Prairie and Texas, opposite the Capitol Hotel. In 1882 it housed A. L. Wasburn. By the end of that year he had been superseded by John R. Archer, the manager of the New York Photographic Co. I know not whether the demise of the New York Photographic Co. was due to the lack of photographic business in Houston at the time or to the "damn Yankee" syndrome, but the N.Y.P. Co. made way for S.E. Jacobson in 1884. He was followed by Samuel Anderson in 1886. Anderson appears to have been the most successful operator at this location, remaining there until 1892, when he moved to 403½ Main, where he remained until at least 1900.

There is no further mention of No. 85 Main Street. This can be accounted for by a couple of reasons. Either there was a general move further south on Main Street by the photographic community (there was a growth of galleries during the 1880s in the 400-500 blocks of Main), or the city changed its street numbering system during 1891. I have yet to verify this alternative.

Most of the photographers I found had studios on Main Street.

Progressing up Main were: C. J. Wright 82-84 Main (in 1886), W. H. Leeson at 89 Main (in 1880), J. P. Blessing at 63 Main and at 92 Main (in 1867), S. Gallway at 92 Main (in 1870), W. H. Leeson at 111 Main (in 1879) and at 113 Main (in 1877). This move down Main Street came during 1891-2. In that year, S. Anderson moved to 403½ Main, Guy & Cooke set up at 501½ Main, C. C. Deane moved to 507½ Main and C. J. Wright moved to 502½ Main. In 1895 Jones & Meacham were at 1009 Main

while B. S. Mattocks took over from Deane in 1897 at 507½ Main. In that same year, G. A. Okerlund began his studio at 719 Main.

Few were the companies that could afford the luxury of having studios in more than one location. In 1867, J. P. Blessing & Bros. had studios at 63 Main (upstairs) and on the ground floor of 92 Main, so, if you had problems climbing the stairs at No. 63, you only had to walk a few blocks to reach No. 92.

As most photo studios were situated at the top of buildings, because of the light needed, it became a concern of some photographers to ensure that their clients did not have to climb too many stairs to reach their studio. So concerned were some of them that they advertised on the back of cartes de visites or elsewhere that they were "only up two flights." With the more widespread use of the elevator, this too became another feature which could make your studio stand out from the one next door, so photographers also began to advertise that they were in a building which had these hydraulic or steam powered contraptions.

Small town photographers had to cling to anything which would make them stand out from the others. This was becoming harder and harder to achieve since there were numerous practitioners who took "acceptable" likenesses and few had the artistic qualities or celebrity of a Saroni, Mora, Brady, etc.

The expansionary desires of the Blessing Bros. were short lived, for in 1870 they had moved to the corner of Main and Congress and had given up their two previous locations. By 1886, however, Blessing also had a Photo Supply Store at 60-62 E on Post Office, in Galveston. Other companies large enough to have branch offices included Barr & Wright in 1877 with

a studio at the corner of Main and Preston and one on Congress, between Main and Travis, and C. J. Wright in 1886 at 82-84 Main and at 77 Congress. Most however confined themselves to one location, or in the case of some itinerants to cars or tents.

In 1854 S. Anderson operated out of a Daguerreian car. As this is the first mention of Anderson in Houston, it is possible that he was an itinerant photographer and was just seeing what Houston had to offer, financially. In 1892, Thomas Blisard operated in a tent in the fifth ward at 1006 Willow. Neither lasted more than one year in Houston (although Anderson returned), but this was typical of the life of the "photographer errant."

Another photographer is documented as working out of a tent at 1210 Fannin. His name was Alphonse Giroux. Whether he took on this name to emulate the famous French manufacturer of Daguerre's cameras, or whether this was indeed his real name, I know not; however, the first mention of him is in 1889 when he was a "tin type artist" working at the North side of Fannin near S. Jacinto. In 1892 he moved to 1113 Fannin and remained there until 1897, when he moved into a tent for the last year he was to be in Houston. One could assume that as business declined, M. Giroux was forced out of a building, into a tent and then into oblivion.

With the expansion in numbers that the photographic trade experienced during the 1890s came the introduction of the Photo Supply Houses. Other than S. T. Blessing in Galveston in 1886 there does not appear to have been another establishment set up specifically for photographic supplies. One would probably have had to go to a general supply dealer, or to the nearest large town. In 1895, G. W. Heyer (a former druggist) opened a Photo Supply Store at 617-619 Main. He was joined in 1897 by Bozant and Roff at 719 Main who were to disappear two years later. By 1900, Heyer had moved to 613 Main and two other firms had opened. A. E. Kiesling had opened at 502 Main, and B. K. Bering Supply Co. at 1015 Texas.

The 1890s was the most active photographic period in Houston's history with a maximum of eleven photographers operating here in 1897. The small number of photographers operating in the other years (between one and six) can only mean that there was insufficient business to support any more.

Houston's photographic history contains no startling revelations. There were no great discoveries which took place here, no outstanding photographers, no memorable studios. The story of the development of photography in Houston is the story of the development of photography in Anytown, USA: average practitioners taking average likenesses for an undemanding populace.

Paul Galvani



Anytown, USA



Above: Irvin's Ice Cream Corporation (ca. 1925), courtesy Houston Metropolitan Research Center.
Below: self-portrait by J. D. Litterst (ca. 1915), courtesy Harris County Heritage Society.

Vintage Texas impressions

Early Texas photographs from two historical archives featured in an October exhibition. Here, the curator describes the criteria by which prints were selected for the show.

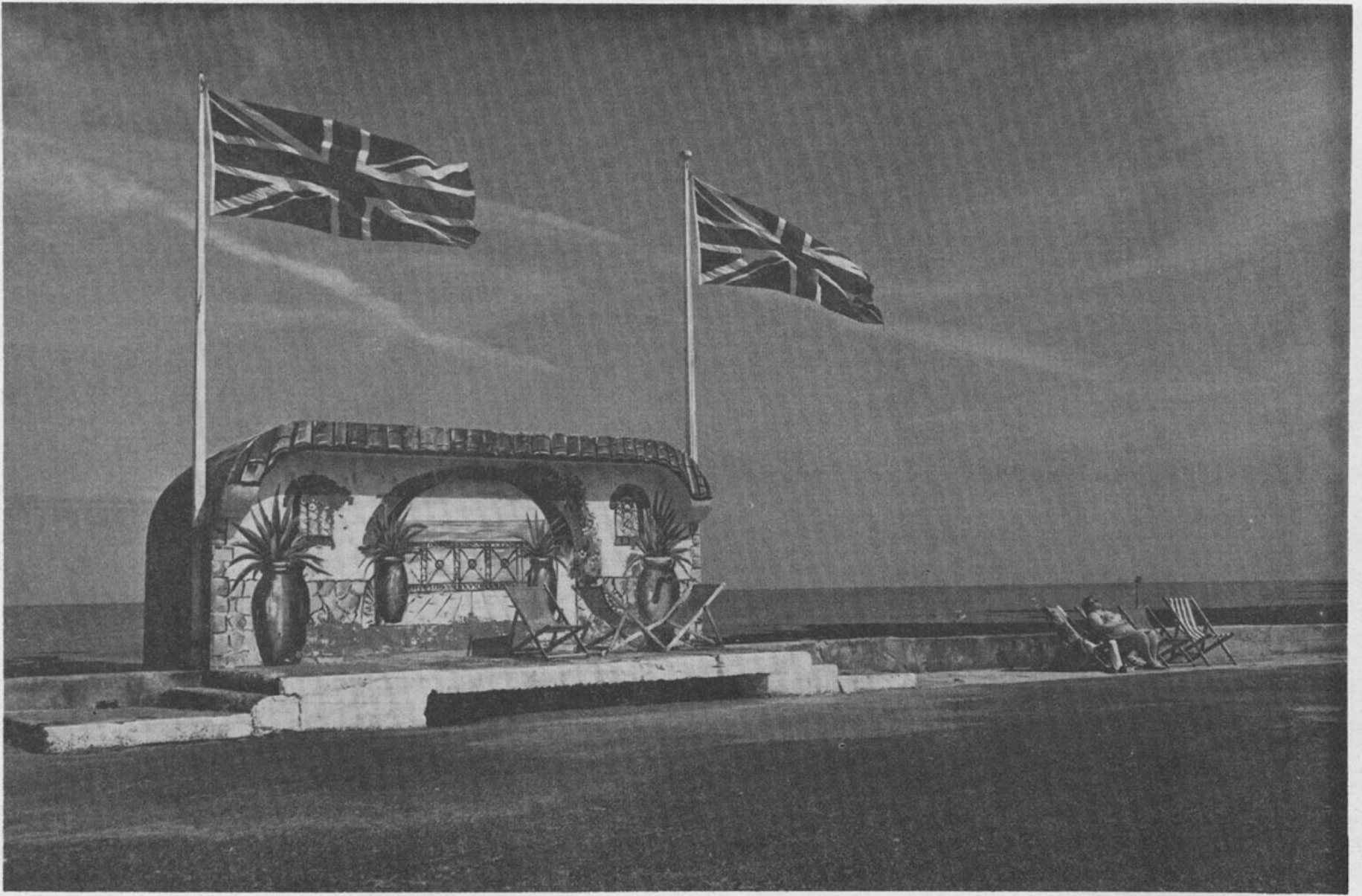
THE Houston Center for Photography's October, 1982 show "Early Texas Photographers: Vintage Impressions of Houston and the Southwest," was an exhibition of photographs from the archives of the Houston Public Library's Metropolitan Research Center and the Harris County Heritage Society. From more than 1.5 million photographs and negatives in the archives of the public library and the 12,000 housed in the Heritage Society, 102 vintage prints were selected, dating from 1870 to 1937. The intent was to exhibit photographs which are not commonly used for straight, historical documentation. Made by both amateur and professional photographers, these images varied in subject and format from family album snapshots and studio portraiture to industrial illustration and social documentary. Many of the photographs reflected inventive planning by artists; others resulted from a simple, undemanding layman's approach to photogr.

Collected by the archives to preserve the region's visual heritage, these photographs were chosen because they provide a unique perspective of the people and landscape of Texas which exceeds the historical requirement for their preservation. Within the archives the images are integrated into the collections in a purely historical context. However, they reflect an individual and aesthetic use of photography which separates them from the rest of the collections.

The Houston Metropolitan Research Center and the Heritage Society collect and preserve photographs as visual records of history. *Early Texas Photographers*, however, presented images which offered more than an historical view of a bygone era. The photographs encouraged a personal connection to the past by stimulating an emotional curiosity about these visual impressions that have been left for posterity.

Alicia Hathaway





THE following review of HCP's inaugural exhibition last summer first appeared in the group's newsletter shortly after the event.

ANYONE viewing the premier showing of prints by members of the Houston Center for Photography would be hard pressed to deny there is a definite look and character to this exhibition.

Not that every one of the 121 prints by 21 photographers represented in eleven suites and ten single pictures are all birds of the same pin-stripe feather. But they do appear to have been grazing the same pond this season, establishing a very particular kind of kinship.

All, for instance, seem under the spell of real things: faces, places, bodies, and spaces are so palpably tactile that visually sifting through the works on the walls and exhibit boards of the second-floor hall evokes a physical response first, mental ones later. And the initial reaction to most — not all — is a response to the thing photographed rather than the eye of the photographer or the mechanical innovations and aesthetic risks he or she employed.

The romance and humor of hard-rock physical fact is what Jim Elmore's black-and-white pictures of bathers on British public beaches seem all about, as the bathers gather in herds and coveys as though posing for some natural science film about the habits of sea lions in clothes. It is the fact that the huge faces in David Crossley's 30-inch by 40-inch prints are tight close-ups on real people that gives them their very great tension (a tension that can be contrasted to the more stylized, subdued abstractions of photographs made famous by painter Chuck Close in the past decade).

MEMBERS' FIRST EXHIBITION

"Real People," in fact, could be the title of Joyce Gold's picture called "Highway 96," of an elderly gentleman in front of his mobile home in the piney woods, and the gently humorous view of the straight lines of cloned summer houses near Galveston presented in Peter McClellan's "Bayou Vista" is dressed in simple fact. That Richard Simoni shot very straight, unmanipulated pictures of well-worn images — the Acoma Pueblo, Shiprock in Arizona, and the Canyon de Chelly — bespeaks his intent to respect these monuments and let them impact on us directly.

This love of thingness continues even when we look at the more technically adventurous photography in the show. April Rapier uses infrared film and split-tone printing to make her details of landscapes (ranging from Providence, R.I., to Mexico) sizzle and pop. It is an attempt to raise objects onto a super-real level, into the realm of Surrealism, the logical cousin of the concerns of realism in the exhibition.

Similarly, Robert Rodeck's series on blue-print titled "Cement Becomes Concrete" works that point of slippage between the real and the surreal with authority. While Rodeck's prints are as grand and elemental as some of the notable Earthwork projects by the late Robert Smithson, others here work a quieter, poetic strain of surreal double-meanings and dislocations.

James Tiebout, for instance, takes pictures of empty places — vacant drive-ins, and unpeopled tennis courts — that do not remain empty as we watch them. Our minds, of course, move to fill them up, just as the photographer cleverly intends. Jim Caldwell's "Night Light" series shows strange color deliberately shot as though emanating from objects and places at odd hours while Barbara Ginsburg explores "real" color in common everyday items to show us that art is close at hand and very strange indeed — in flocked Christmas trees, knick-knacks, and the formal elegance and mystery of a red chair and red table.

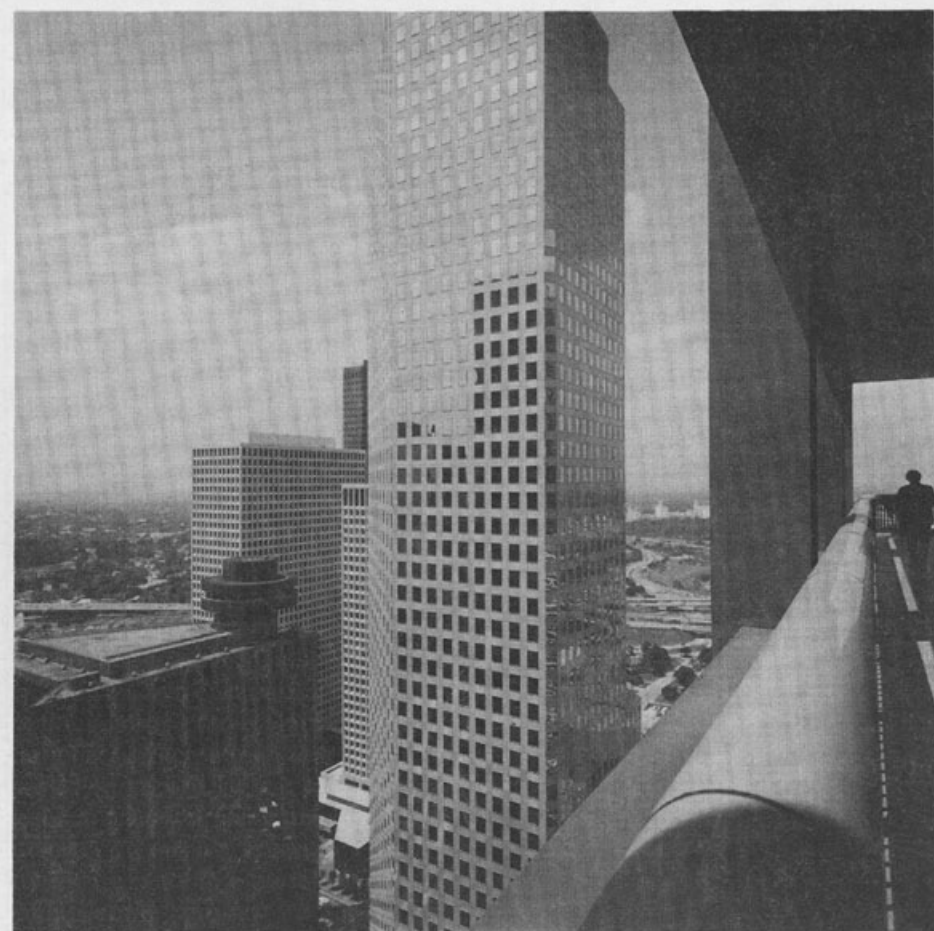
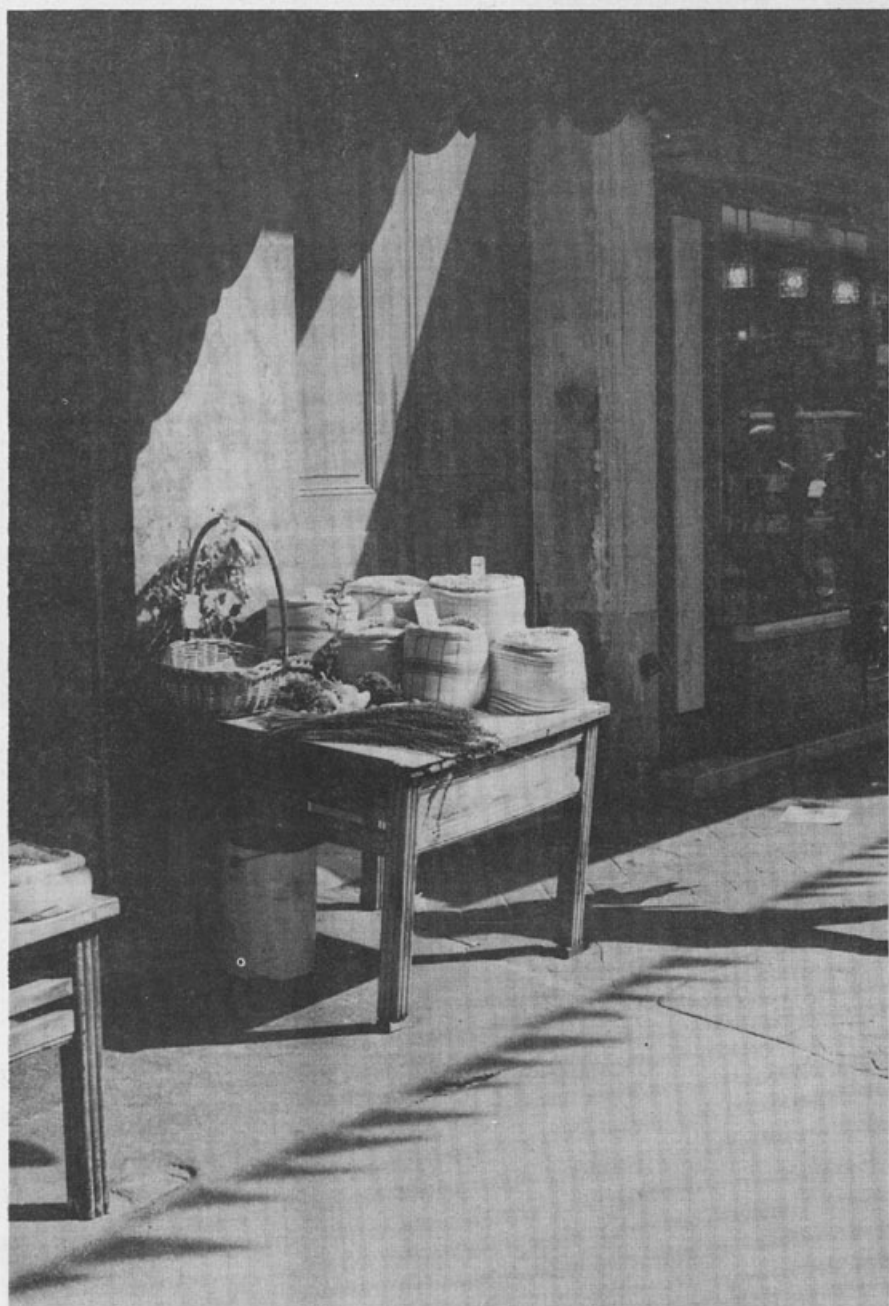
Considering only the likenesses in the show, this adds up to a highly centrist position on contemporary photography. That is, photography is engaged to shoot the objects and people around us and to revel in them, rather than explore the risks and far reaches of abstraction and manipulation of film, camera, and processing. It is realism, though, for art's sake, for its own poetic content. If the HCP exhibition does not bow to abstraction on the left, it does not bend a knee to photography harnessed to any concern outside itself — not to social causes through documentary photography, not to commercial layouts, not to literary efforts or even to serial photography where the meaning lies somewhere between the prints.

The strongest strain in the exhibition, in fact, is a kind of poetic realism, seen most vividly in the work of Paul Hester, or, even more specifically, in one print, possibly my favorite in the show: an image of moss-hung trees in knife-sharp light and deep shadow along a bayou, with empty chairs pulled alongside the water. Everything depends on the relationship among these natural and man-made objects, some which the photographer can move, others he can't do anything about. The composition is one that classically isn't supposed to work — a huge, ragged shadow cuts the print unevenly down the middle with a cruel texture that even now, looking at letters on a keyboard and typing, I can feel with my fingers.

The note of personal poetry and a narration of relationships is what also carries the photographs of Patsy Arcidiacono in her "Colorado County" series of small, perfectly balanced and unbalanced prints. And it is seen in a number of the individual photographs and more extensive series, for example in Paul Judice's tilted, unfocused shots of bodies and interiors where everything is disturbed and unsettled. Or in the two "School of Paris" photographs, one of the "Rue St. Charles" by Ginny Camfield, a real text on taste, and Don T. Rice's cafe scene reminiscent of Henri Cartier-Bresson.

Will HCP emerge as a place for a return to a more literal concern in art photography? One show does not a trend make, nor a regional school, and just now at stage right the documentary photographers are arranging shows and at stage left, the experimenters, the risk-takers are getting ready.

Mimi Crossley



Opposite page picture by Jim Elmore. This page, top left: Sally Horrigan; top right: Jim Caldwell; center left: Ginny Camfield; center right: Jim Tiebout; bottom left: Don Rice; above: Paul Hester.

A retrospective assessment by the organizer of HCP's second exhibition, the moving documentary account of illness and old age, Chillysmith Farm, which ran from September 4th to 26th last year.

THE second exhibition sponsored by the Houston Center for Photography, *Chillysmith Farm* was based on the book *Gramp*, published first in 1976 by Grossman Publishers and in 1978 by Penguin Books. The book describes the last three years in the life of Frank Tugend, Mark and Dan Jury's grandfather.

Arteriosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries, made Gramp's last years an extraordinary ordeal for his family. From his initial periods of confusion and absent-mindedness to his loss of control of his bowels and his final refusal to eat, the family never institutionalized him. The words and pictures record their efforts to care for him.

The exhibition was named after some of the imaginary creatures that inhabited Gramp's world. Divided into three parts, the pictures in the exhibition extend the time of the book by including the illness and death of Nan, Gramp's wife, and the birth of Mark and Dee's third child. In addition to the exhibition, a movie covering the same three events was shown during the opening of the exhibition.

The book *Gramp* is a comprehensive tribute to Frank Tugend. Nine pages of introductory pictures describe Gramp from the age of eight, through his years of working in the Pennsylvania mines, building a house for his family, losing his son in World War II. These pictures set the stage for what follows: a privileged look inside one family's album.

If we compare this group of pictures with Richard Avedon's portraits of his father, Jacob Israel Avedon (recently on view at the Museum of Fine Arts Target III Sequences show), the stylistic differences clarify the functional intentions of the different photographers. Avedon's portrait and fashion experience intensifies the changes in his father by isolating his face against white. His father's physical deterioration (as a result of cancer) is mimicked by the increased grain and blurriness, the changes from large format to small, from static to motion, from studio light to hospital light, from business suit to hospital white. The unflinching concentration and purity of Avedon's approach intensifies our awareness of his father's changes. We are made to feel the loss of this man through the loss of the image clarity.

Mark and Dan Jury on the other hand are giving us pages from their family album, snapshots of their lives. They want us to understand the situation, their feelings of respect and love for Gramp, the difficulties of caring for his physical needs. The intensity is less, spread over many pictures, but our knowledge is greater: the behavior that accompanied the visual changes, how



Family album

the changes affected the family, even the look of the house and the changes in Gramp's room.

I don't mean these are snapshots as defined by innocence and ineptness. They are intelligent, well-crafted pictures. But they function as pictures from an album in that the subject is most important (not the photographer's skills); the activities are intimate family scenes (picnics, gardening, dressing, everyday activities that we don't expect in serious pictures); and the pictures are modified by or rely upon captions to provide the significance (in the way that captions in family albums tell who, what, when, where).

Two additional ways in which these pictures function as an album are particularly noteworthy because through the subversion of the conventions we understand the confusion in Gramp's mind. Family albums mark time through the rituals of birthdays, weddings, baptisms, and the physical changes of taller children, different clothes, new cars, less hair. (Here the rituals of childhood that are so faithfully recorded are happening to a grown man at the end of his life: being fed, taken to the toilet, diapers changed.) And pride of ownership appears in family albums when someone has caught a fish, bought a new home, married a new wife, killed a deer. (Gramp's confusion as to the order of things is evident in his attempts to present bouquets of weeds, or proudly possess rolls of toilet paper, or eat napkins.)

This is photography used in a very personal way. Instead of trying to make the familiar world more interesting by seeing it in unfamiliar ways, *Gramp* is an attempt to make the unfamiliar behavior of the Jurys' grandfather less threatening, to order that disorder through the ritual of photography. The function of photographing was to connect

themselves to what was happening. They remained aware of their own experience, and considered it worthy of acknowledgement; they did not go to a mental hospital looking for metaphors nor escape to creative photography to transcend the problem.

The look of the photographs suggests someone there, helping change Gramp's diapers, reaching for the camera, snapping a picture from inside the situation.

If the pictures had been formally more adventurous, if they had been more dramatic, less like snapshots, if these two photographers had experimented with double-exposure or infrared, printed them on platinum, would we have felt ourselves there, been able to put ourselves in their places, would we ask ourselves the question: what will it be like for me to grow old?

They raise no questions of technique, few questions of art. Their vocabulary is essentially family snapshot.

All of these comments have been about *Gramp* the book. Chillysmith Farm, the exhibition, suffers in comparison. Isolation by matts in gallery white automatically implies we should consider each as a work of art, judge them on their merits as individual pictures, weigh one against the other, ask which is better, which do you want to buy?

The movie, however, was even more convincing than the book. Perhaps we accept the flashbacks and gaps more readily in film. Even though films don't show continuous time, we accept the episodic, edited version as real time, assuming we would have experienced it the same way if we had been there.

The pictures as presented in the book do that for me. It is my own grandfather that I see, my guilt for not doing the same for him, the

question of how I'll treat my own parents when their mortality becomes so painfully obvious.

As a male, I can look at the sequence of birth to satisfy my curiosity, secure that it will never happen to me. The pain belongs to someone else. My sympathy retains its distance. I remember being touched by the intimacy of Dee and her children, enjoyed sharing their fascination with these changes in her body. But I remain excluded from the process. These pictures are the father's point of view: watching, caring, but not knowing. We never see the father interacting with the pregnant woman, only the innocent three-year-old son. The camera has become journalist, reporting from the role of spectator, the male observer.

A large percentage of the pictures in this section are of the delivery. The camera is always from the other end, outside looking in, looking down. The camera is in control, aloof, observing her pain and vulnerability. I imagine her embarrassment (humiliation) of being seen from that point of view, in that way. Not in control.

Suddenly, it is clear to me. The fear in *Gramp* is my fear of not being in control. My bowels, my mind, my life: all my life of mastering the controls and now it's all taken away. Lost.

Dead, so what. You're dead, you're dead. But the part before that, alive and kicking but no longer in control.

I intended to conclude with an observation about Avedon's portraits. The overwhelming devastation of those pictures leaves no room for other action. He has been stripped of all props, all references to life, and in that final fading away, we don't have anything to hold on to.

Initially, I sought in Chillysmith Farm an alternative to that nihilism, the possibility of other courses of action. Not the easy consolation of birth following death but life preceding death. That human action is possible, not to keep death from happening, but to keep us from feeling totally helpless. I wanted to believe that death is not something that must happen in private, secret, ashamed, a failure. But I can see myself in Gramp's family album. It is not a nostalgic illusion but a clear description of loss of control.

I've talked about the act of photographing, the social situation, the role of photographer, the function of the pictures, the relation of the photographer to the subject, rather than the aesthetic composition, the framing, the exposure, because art photography, like television, is never going to offer insight to a difficult situation. It will continue to rely on the familiar strings to pull our heart throbs, or borrow sophistication through stylistic similarities to high art (i.e., painting).

The religions of immortality (Christ), transcendence (Abstract Expressionism), fantasy (Surrealism), and idealism (Romanticism) offer denial; the simple pictures of this family album offer acceptance.

Paul Hester

RON R. Jones is a native Houstonian but has studied and worked primarily in Los Angeles and San Diego. By taking a stark, untouched, natural background and lowering ("as if on a rope by a helicopter") some human element into the picture, he transforms the natural into the unnatural. It is this, he feels, that makes the whole image appear as if it has come from a dream.

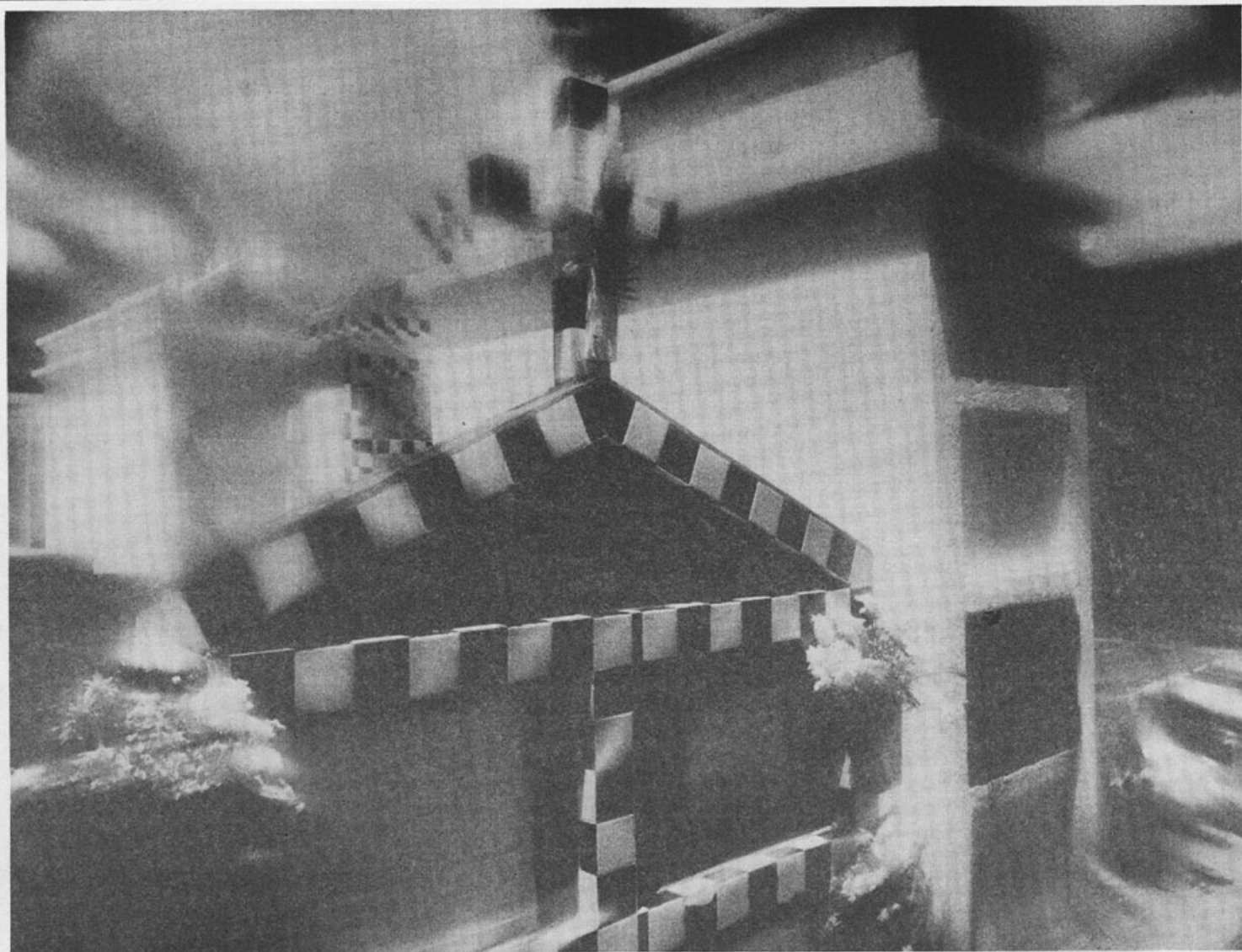
Sally Horrigan, also a native Houstonian, has only recently become interested in what many would regard as an uninteresting landscape: the flat and mostly treeless Texas coastal prairie. She originally had no appreciation for the rice farms, tidal flats, or refineries of this environment, or for how humans fit (or do not fit) into it, and believed it to be colorless and lacking in flavor; but her color photographs reflect a new-found appreciation of a subtly varied, subtly changing landscape. It may be trashed up and tramped upon, yet it holds elements of mystery, humor, beauty, the surreal.

Ron Martin became interested in photography while attending graduate school in the San Francisco Bay area, but has only recently become really active. Many of his photographs reflect an aloneness or uniqueness of the individual and result from a period of personal transition for him. For these images he has concentrated on encounters along the Galveston seawall, where visitors can stand out as themselves against the pervading carnival-like atmosphere. Most of the remainder of his photographs are sea — or landscapes, mainly from the northern California coast; he feels they would have been more effective if done in larger format and assembled as groups or "sequences."

Dave Hoffman's color transparencies are from a continuous body of work which began in 1979 in Europe, Central, and North America. All of the photographs are extended time exposures (up to 45 minutes) and are "simple records of static locations and cumulative light": coupling the shift in color temperature of the light with the reciprocity law failure of the film has become the procedural mode for the photography. Color provides the vitality and life in Hoffman's placid scenes, which are devoid of people, but not of their constructions.

Cathy Gubin's photographs reflect her feeling that a woman can be an object only when she is recorded as one, as when documented on film to sell anything from perfume to mufflers. And what if the scene is, in turn, seen as such by a photographer? In her photograph, a young girl in the corner innocently caresses an adult female mannequin, while the photographer records the perfect live version. The model looks up, almost a look of doubt on her face, as if to say, "Does this guy know what he's doing?" And one more impression still; that of the voyeur. Cathy feels that she can be all three characters: the impressionable child, the young sensual woman, and the photographer with a job to do.

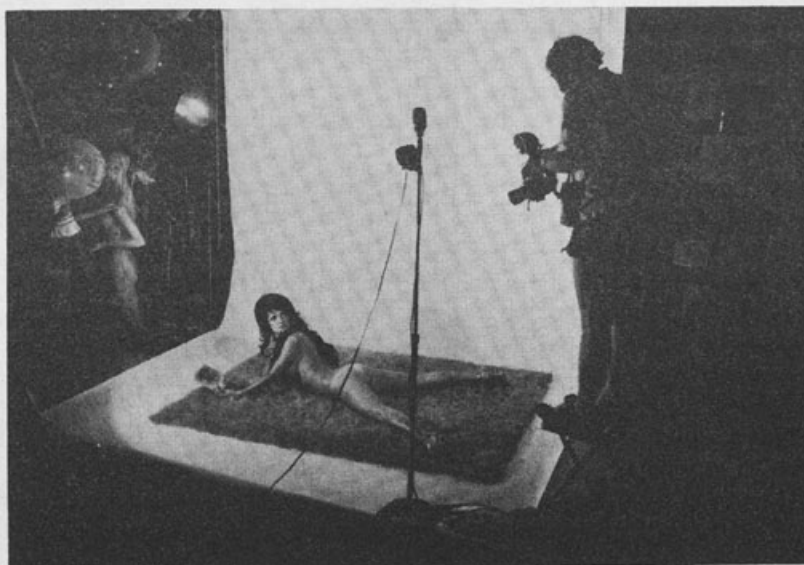
Ron Martin



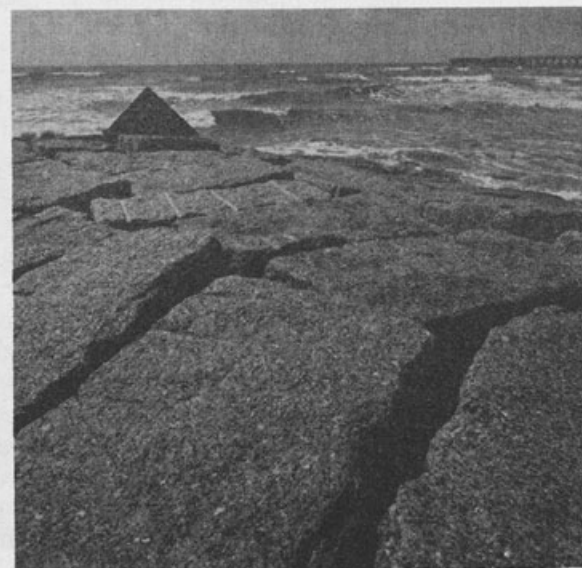
Ron Jones

Members' choice — images that won votes

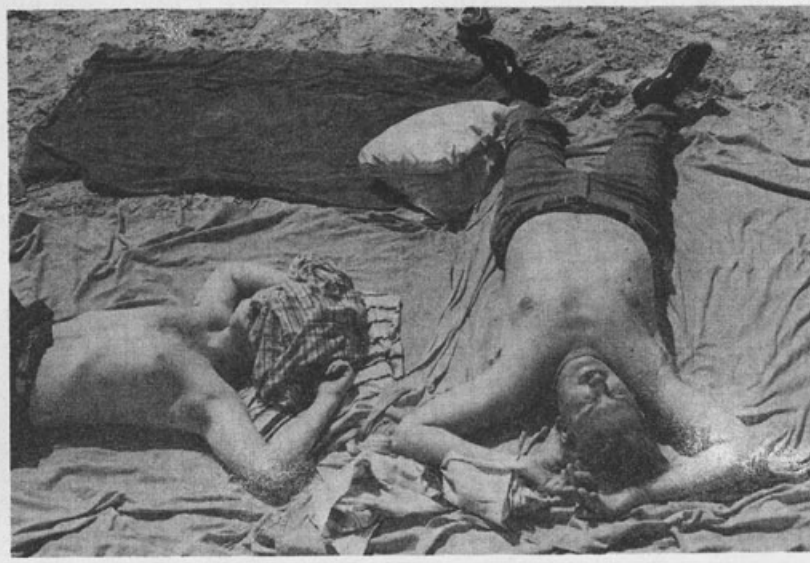
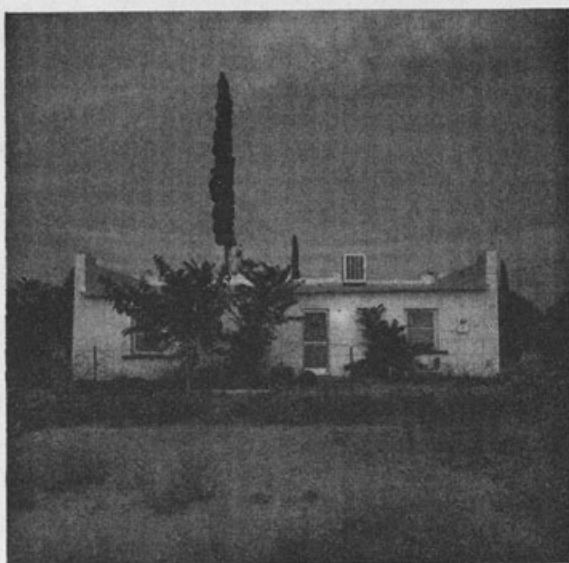
A REGULAR feature of the HCP's Thursday meetings is voting to decide who gets the glory of an exhibition in the members' gallery. On this page we feature work which has been selected for showing, with a statement about each of the photographers involved.



Dave Hoffman



Sally Horrigan
Ron Martin



AGENT ORANGE

'EVEN when you aren't sick, you're afraid — afraid of getting sick. You live with the fear of it all the time.' — Al Marcotte, Vietnam vet.

In the United States, Australia, Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia, thousands of men and their families are living with this fear. It's the fear of a chemical timebomb called dioxin.

Dioxin, in its many forms, is called one of the deadliest chemicals known to man. In animal experiments, smaller dosages of dioxin have more harmful effects than any other chemical being tested. Dioxins are the byproducts of many familiar substances such as dyes, wood preservatives and pharmaceuticals. One of its most common forms is TCDD, the byproduct of an ordinary herbicide, 2,4,5-T. 2,4,5-T was also one of the two primary ingredients of Agent Orange, the defoliant most widely used by the United States in Vietnam to expose enemy hiding places and supply routes. It was also used to destroy cropland and food.

With humans, science has been unable to define a precise causal link between disease and exposure to dioxin. However, as an article in *Life* magazine put it: "In case after case, one thing is clear, something has gone horribly wrong."

It went wrong first for the people of Vietnam, many of whom were sprayed directly and later had to take their food from land contaminated with the chemical residue. It has also affected U.S. veterans of the war. More than 16,000 veterans have filed claims with the Veterans Administration. The claims list medical problems similar to those reported by the Vietnamese: rashes, numbness, gastric disorders, nerve damage, cancers and birth defects. In Australia, hundreds of other veterans with similar symptoms have also petitioned their government for help. In Vietnam, where financial compensation is impossible now, orphanages and hospitals have been set up to take care of families and children whose health seems to have been damaged by exposure to chemical defoliant.

War veterans have brought the issue to national consciousness, but the incidence of civilian contamination is growing dramatically. Beyond Times Beach, Missouri, where residents have been advised to evacuate their homes because of dioxin in the soil, more than 100 other dump sites containing dioxin have been identified in Missouri. Herbicide spraying, factory explosions, rail accidents and toxic dumping have also affected citizens in New York, West Virginia, Arkansas, Arizona, California and Oregon.

In recent years, steps have been taken to limit the use of 2,4,5-T in many countries, including the U.S., but little has been done for the victims of dioxin exposure. For veterans of the Vietnam War, it has been 12 years since the first scientific evidence of ecological damage from Agent Orange came to light. It has been four years since a 28-year-old Chicago veteran, Paul Reutershan shocked a TV audience by saying: "I died in Vietnam and didn't know it."

Reutershan died as have many veterans after him, but the Veterans Administration and the Defense Department continue to deny any linkage between reported health problems and exposure to Agent Orange. Among responsible executive agencies (not only in the U.S., but Australia as well), deception and obfuscation have been the name of the game. For years, the toxicity of Agent Orange and other defoliants was denied. Consequently, no special precautions were taken to protect troops in the field.

When debate arose over its effects, the U.S. government maintained that no troops had been exposed to Agent Orange spraying. Early studies indicating the toxicity of dioxin were not released until discovered by veterans groups and the media. And when, in September 1981, Cabinet Secretary Richard Schweiker surprised the administration by saying that Pentagon records did show that troops were exposed, the government was forced to admit the truth.

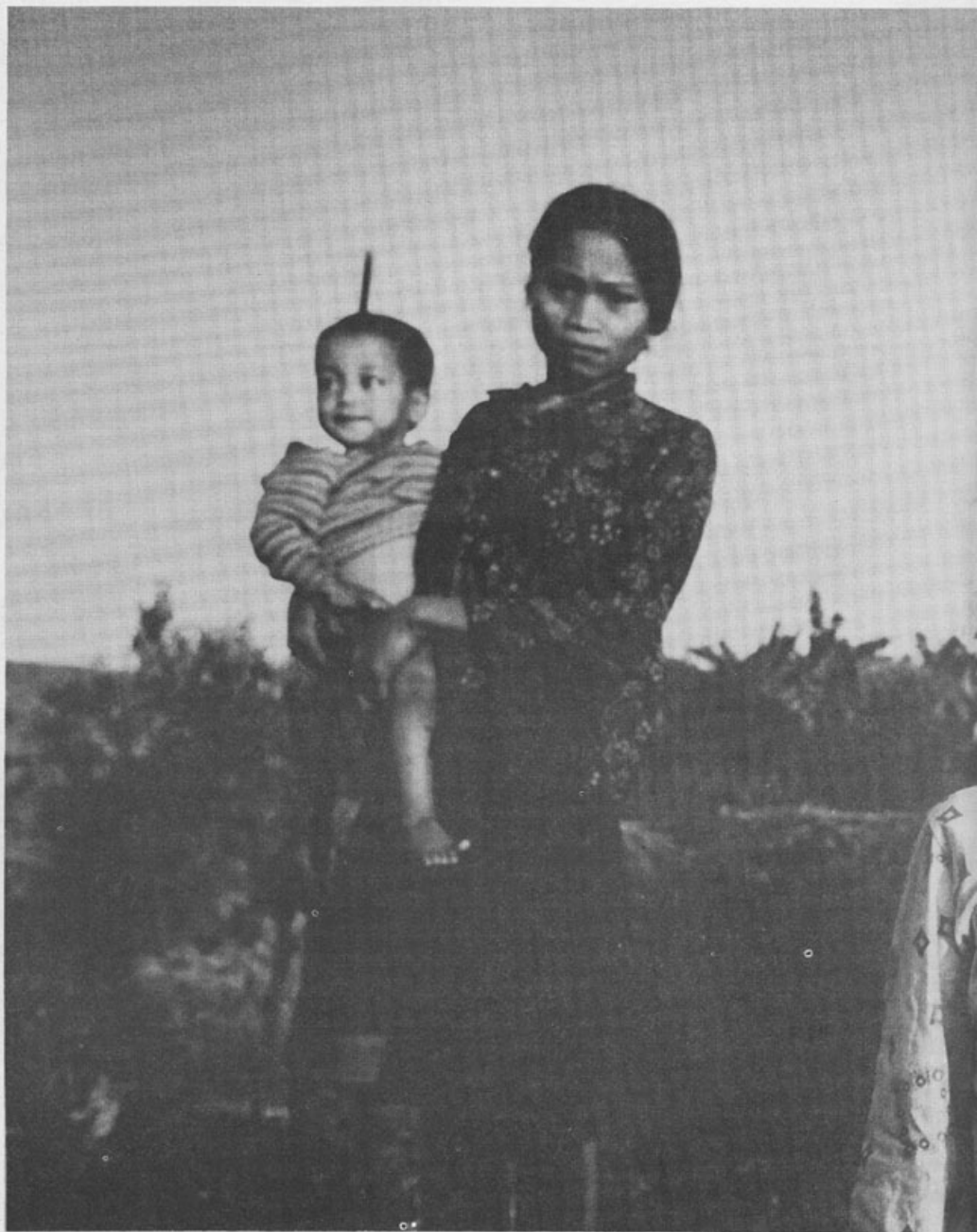
Veterans in the U.S. have turned to Congress and the courts for help but help has been slow in coming. Congress mandated more studies before direct help would be forthcoming. Some studies have been started, but others are mired in controversy over methodology and definition. In the courts, legal precedent has given the government immunity from damages for injuries incurred in military service during wartime. Although independent medical research is now indicating that the presence of dioxin in the body can cause abnormal cell growth and abnormal quantities of certain chemicals, scientific certainty may never be established.

The exhibition now at HCP is the work of four photographers who have photographed separately, individually, with no knowledge of each other, and in different parts of the world. They came to the subject from different perspectives: Philip Jones Griffiths, from a profound disgust with the Vietnam War and its effect on an entire nation; Mike Goldwater, from a concern with the implications of chemical pollution and chemical warfare; Goro Nakamura, from an awareness of the legacies of Hiroshima and Nagasaki; and I from a deep concern over the militarism of U.S. culture and its cost to human life around the world.

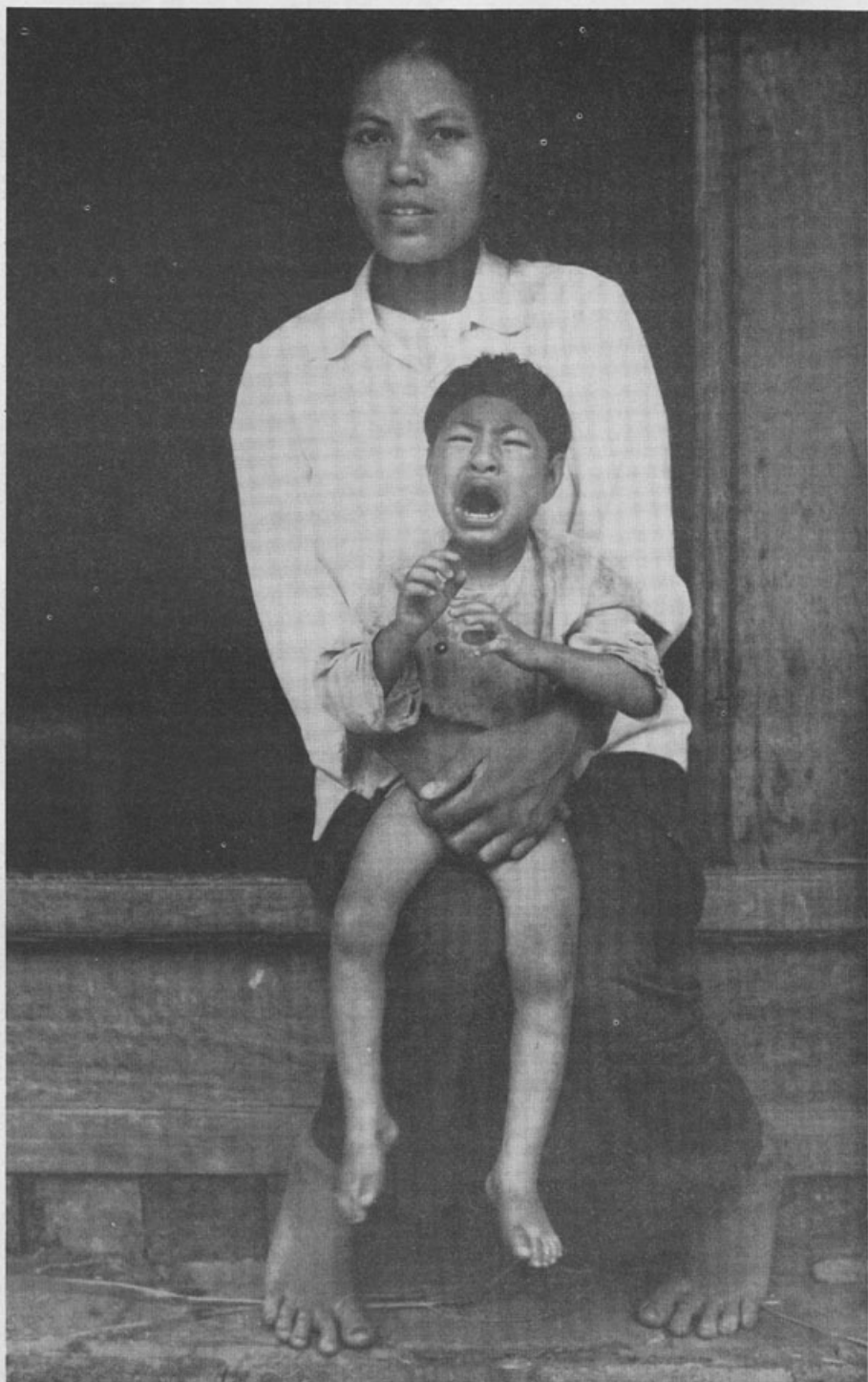
This exhibition is the first time this work has been brought together as a whole. These photographs are an appeal to consciousness — a greater public consciousness of the continuing human cost of war and the dangers of an indiscriminate use of chemical weapons.

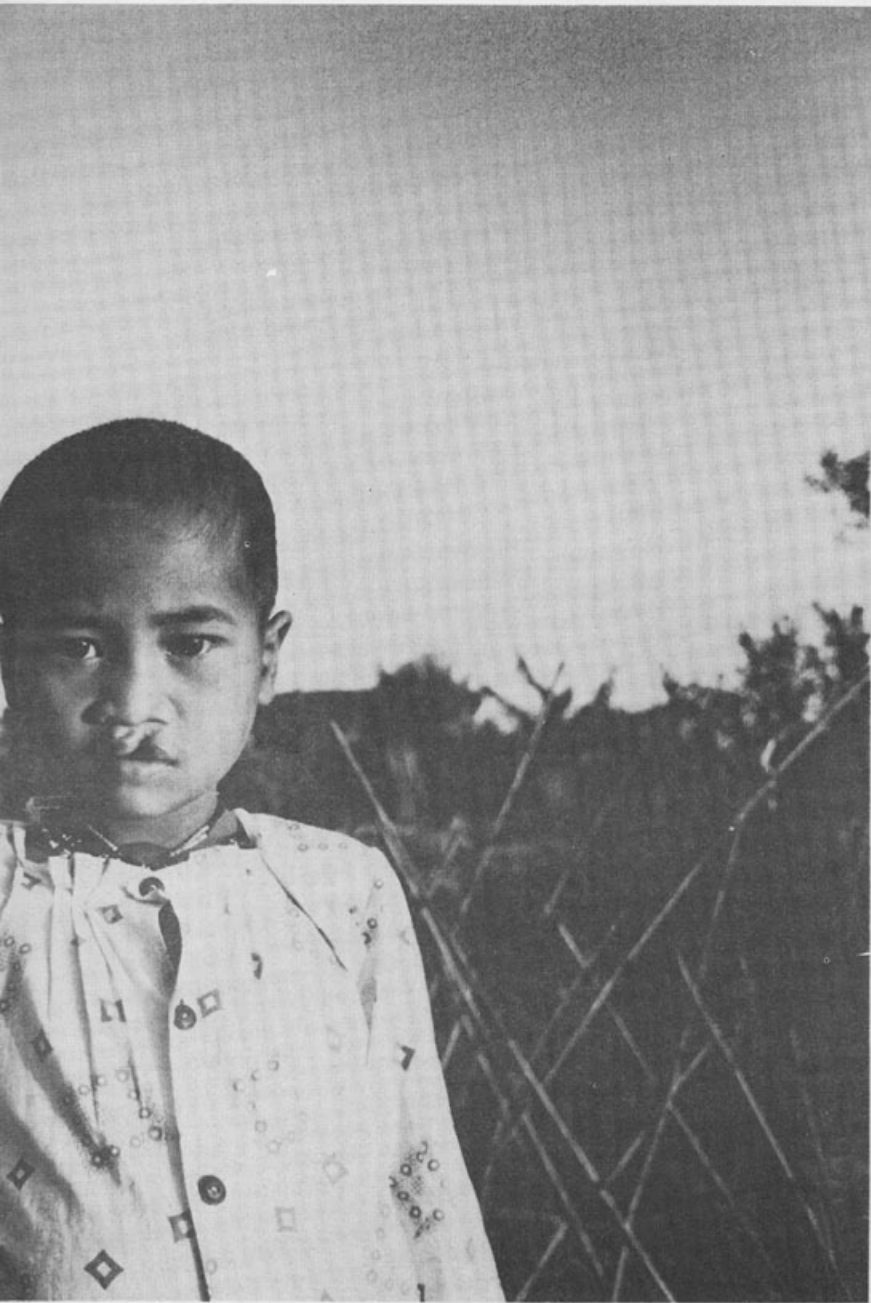
Ultimately, it is our hope that these pictures may serve as a warning for the future. What is the consequence of increasing appropriations for the development of chemical warfare capability? Do we have adequate criteria for the assessment of risk in the marketing and use of new chemicals? How far will we go in the trade-off between life, health and economic gain?

Wendy Watriss

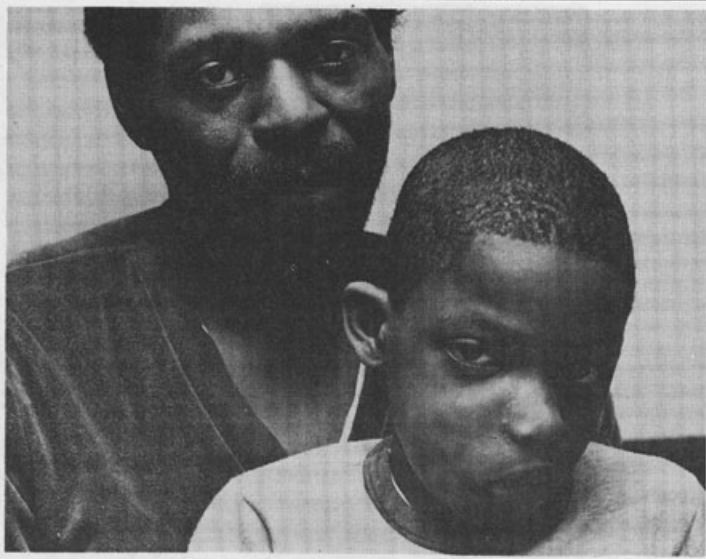


Mike Goldwater

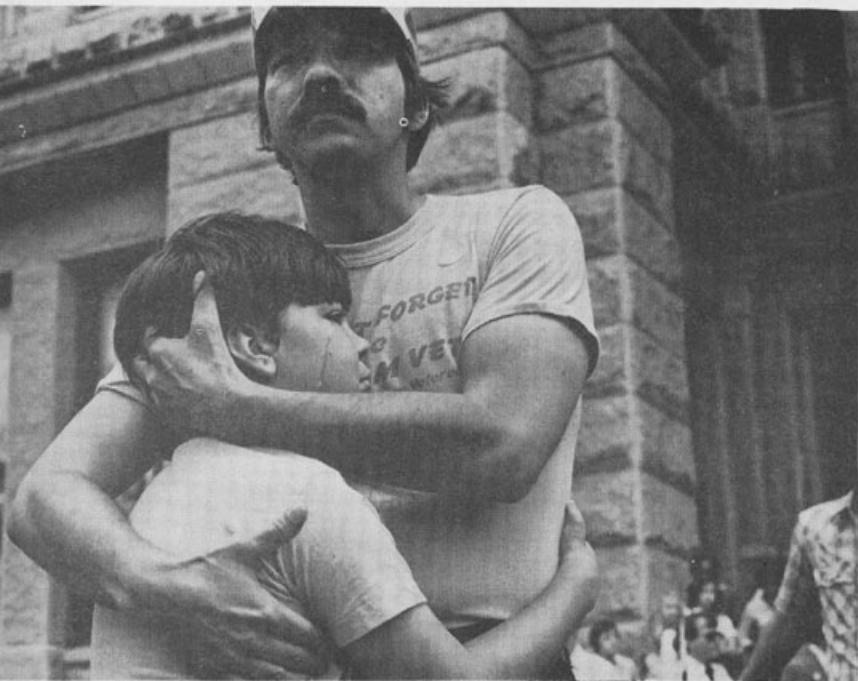




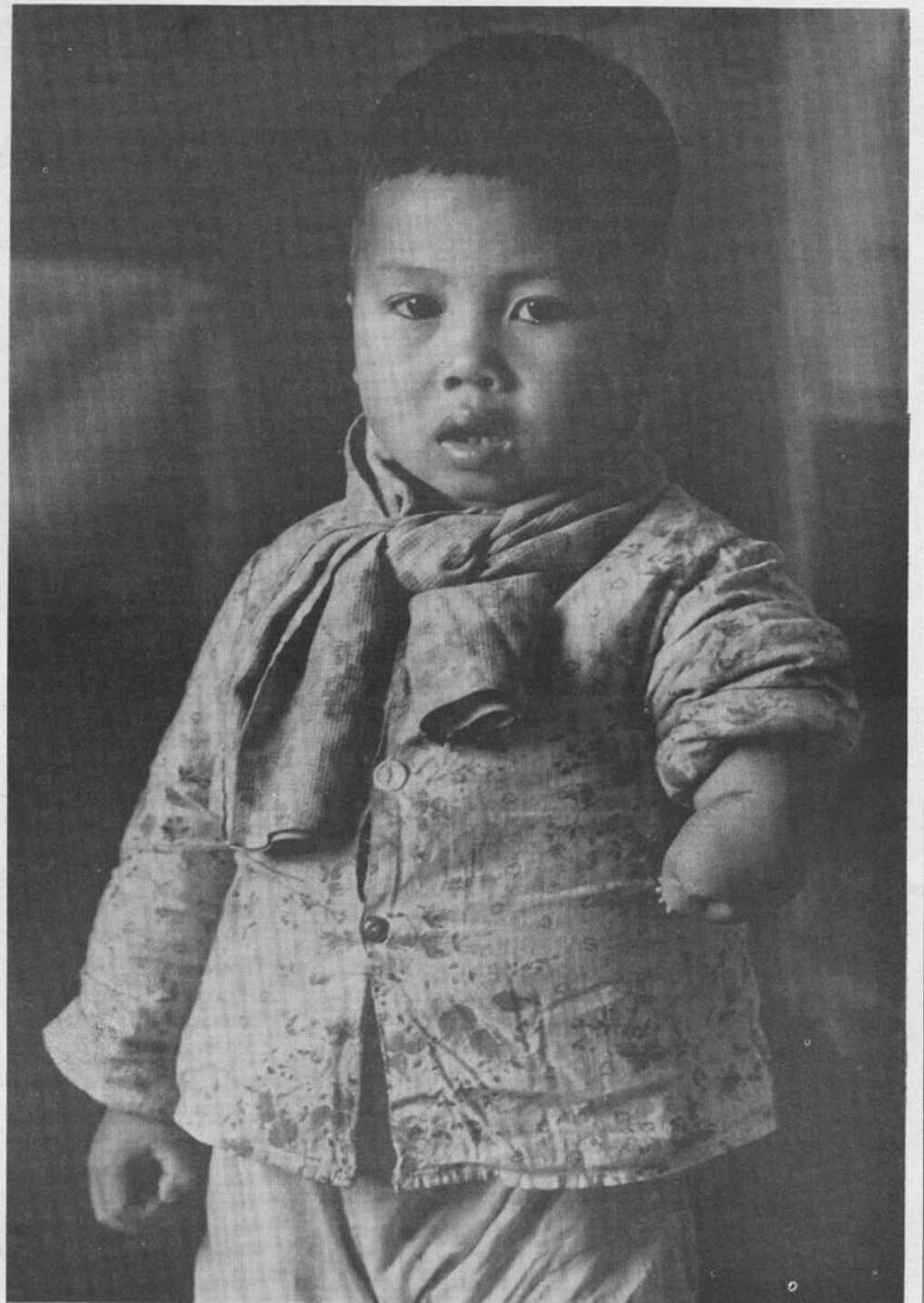
Goro Nakamura



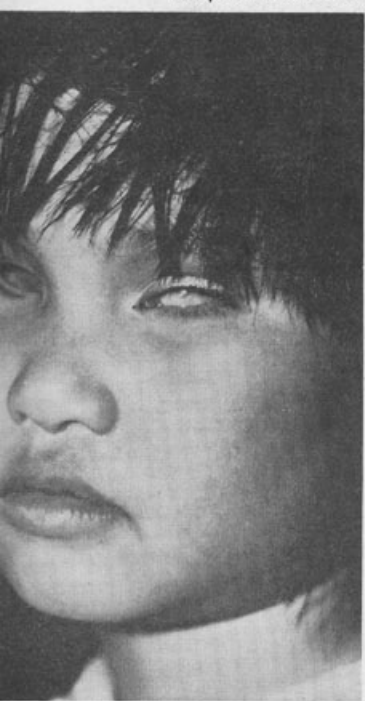
Wendy Watriss



Wendy Watriss



Goro Nakamura



Philip Jones Griffiths



Philip Jones Griffiths



Wendy Watriss

WHILE Houston has a reputation for enthusiastic fine art patronage — concentrated perversely on the products of established European masters and arriviste locals — its collectors, corporate and private, are conservative animals who look on new forms with suspicion. And while they may accept the most outlandish neo-Gulf abstract, because they have seen something of the kind in *Texas Interiors*, they are proving slow to take photography into their homes and offices. A painting, after all, is palpably in direct line of descent, technically, from the products of the Dutch and Italian Renaissance; the very form of photography is scarcely older than Buffalo Bill.

Consequently, selling art photography is one of the few ways in which it is not yet possible to make your fortune in Houston. The city has three galleries concerned exclusively with the sale of photographs, and several fine art galleries which treat it as a side-line. Almost all of them claim that they either lose money on photography, or make very little profit. The number of "serious" private collectors in town is estimated variously to fall between one and two dozen, and the more thoughtful gallery owners all speak of this as a period of education, in which the trust and understanding of potential patrons is being nurtured, in the hope that one day it will blossom into a money-mill.

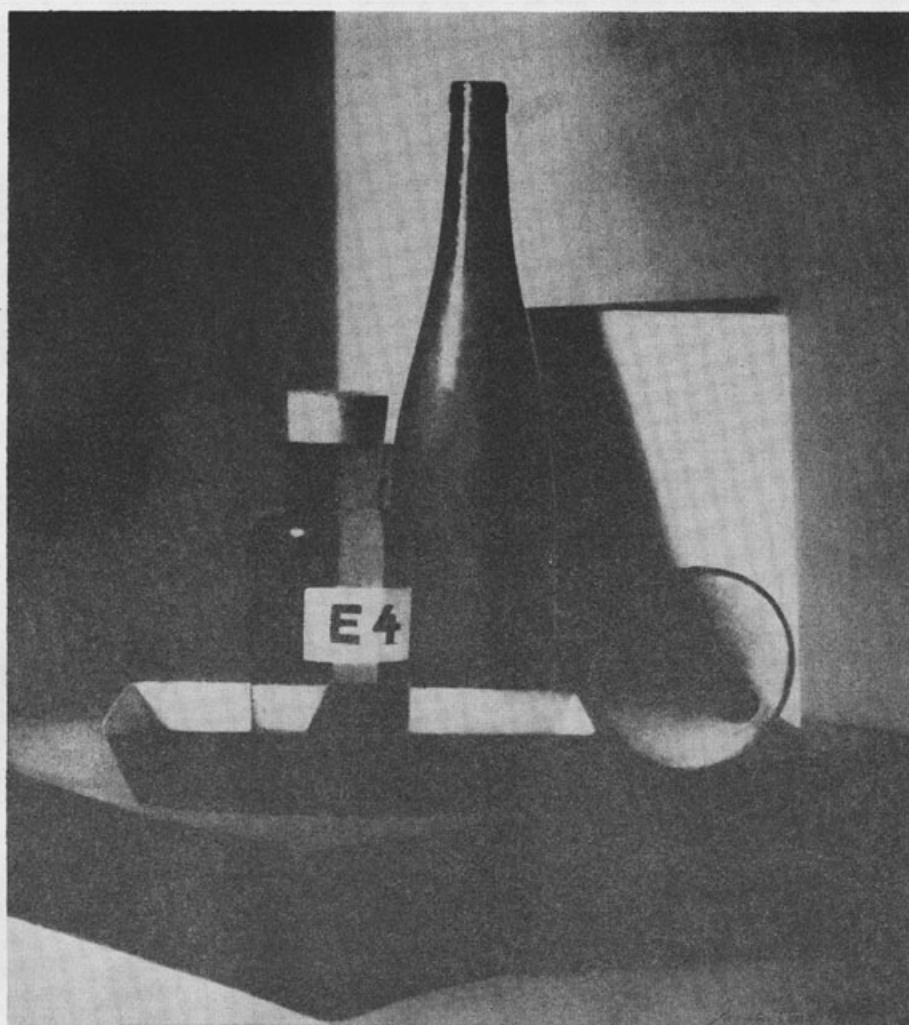
The exclusively photographic dealers in Houston are the Mancini, the Benteler, and the Clemons galleries, while those showing photography regularly or occasionally alongside sculpture and painting include the Harris, Boulevard, Texas, and Wurzer galleries.

The Mancini Gallery (at 5020 Montrose), moved to Houston in September, 1979, after five years in business in Philadelphia. The presence here of George Krause, one of the gallery's artists, and Anne Tucker, with money to spend on photography for the Museum of Fine Arts, were among the reasons why director David Mancini homed in on the city. He also thought the rich and booming energy capital looked like a good potential market for private sales. Now, he's not so sure.

Houston has lived up to his expectations in terms of its taste, however. He expected that there would be a market here for young, new photographers, rather than for the vintage work which was popular in Philadelphia, and this has proved to be the case. Local taste, says Mancini, is progressive in this respect; it is also distinctly partisan, strongly favoring the work of local artists. If it is made in Texas, apparently, it must be good, even if it's a photograph.

Mancini is one of the self-confessed educators, who sometimes puts on shows in the expectation of losing money while helping to refine the tastes of potential customers in future years.

"Without education, you don't have an informed public that will some day



Komposition mit Flaschen, 1945, by Martha Hoepffner, from current exhibition at Benteler Galleries.

Hallowed walls

THE low-down on local galleries prepared to treat photography as an art form.

want to buy," he observes, assessing the current pool of regular local collectors at a dozen, at most. He puts on eight shows a year, made up of two group shows and six of individual artists' work. He represents local photographers George Krause, Patsy Arcidiacono, and Sally Horrigan, as well as Keith Carter (Beaumont), Bill Kennedy (Austin), and out of state artists Joan Myers, John Wimberley, and Paul Cava.

Another educator at large is Petra Benteler, the German-born owner of Benteler Galleries (3830 University Boulevard), billed as the only showplace in the entire US devoted entirely to European photography. Benteler studied photography with Floris Neususs at Kassel University, but shortly after graduating came out from behind the lens to make her name as an exhibition curator with the monumental *German Photography After 1945*, still touring Europe, and featuring the work of 50 photographers "representative of significant post-war developments."

Like Mancini, she thought she saw a potential boom market for art photography when she visited Houston in the late seventies, and two years ago she set up shop with the missionary goal of teaching local people what European photography was about, in the hope that they would want to possess a portion of it. In fact, she goes further:

"I wanted people to see that European photography was as important as American photography," she confesses. "I found that many people, who thought themselves knowledgeable about photography, were really quite ignorant about photography outside America. I think

they are now beginning to learn that there are some very good photographers in Europe."

To make her point, Benteler has staged nine shows here since she opened in 1980. All of the work has been European, with a strong bias towards the German, and the gallery's recurring theme is conceptualism — not the easiest bundle of goods to sell to Texans. Until Reaganomics took hold, museums were among Benteler's biggest customers, but private individuals can buy into the contemporary conceptualist scene for as little as \$150 to \$200, or hedge against inflation with a \$20,000 Man Ray portfolio, or even one of only two Rodchenko portfolios in the Western world, at \$30,000.

The Clemons Gallery (at 4317 Montrose) is a horse of a different color — a combination of master prints, largely American, amounting to a \$100,000 collection, and cheap and cheerful prints, often of local scenes, produced by the gallery owner, Buddy Clemons. Clemons is a Houston real estate salesman who took up photography in 1977, started buying at New York photographic auctions, and discovered two years later that he owned the third largest private photographic collection in town — including everything from Ansel Adams and Cartier-Bresson to Steichen and Stieglitz. Deciding to kill two birds with one stone, Clemons opened up part of his house to let visitors see his collection (with the option of buying) and created a showcase and outlet for his own pictures at the same time.

He calculates that he has taken 40,000 photographs himself in the past five years, the best of which are

on sale at prices from \$25 to \$300, and in spite of the volume of masterwork which looms like a glazed object lesson in a back room, it is Clemons' views of the First International Bank, in fog, and South Boulevard, in fog, which bring home the bacon. Last year he sold one Cartier-Bresson and 35 Buddy Clemons.

In his own way, he too is out to educate his potential market. He sells photographic books from the gallery, which he hopes will prompt people to want prints for their walls — maybe a weather-bound First International Bank this year, but maybe an Ansel Adams next.

Since 1980, the Clemons Gallery has had three major shows — Eliot Erwitt, Alfred Eisenstadt, and Harry Callahan (in color). In the future, he would like to show more local photographers.

The Boulevard Gallery (1526 Heights Boulevard) deals in local photographers' work, puts on an annual juried show featuring as many as 60 artists, and has given shows to William Adams, David Crossley and Keith Carter since it opened three years ago. Owner Patty Walker says she loses heavily on the annual show, but sees the event as an educational exercise about the affordability, collectability and desirability of photographs.

The Texas Gallery (2012 Peden), puts on two photographic shows a year from a stable of young artists including Lee Friedlander, Eve Sonneman, Ellen Carey, Biff Henrich, Cindy Sherman and local workers Suzy Paul, Sally Gall and Casey Williams. Director Fredericka Hunter has no time for the vintage or historical stuff, and shows new photography simply because it is a part of contemporary fine art — with which the gallery is broadly concerned — in spite of the fact that it is not a money-spinner.

The Harris Gallery (1100 Bissonnet) falls into much the same category. Two years ago it extended its interest in contemporary fine art to include the work of local photographer Geoff Wingham, and sold 50 of his photographs of Mexico in eight months. Director Harrison Itz plans more photographic shows this year, and has recently started representing Peter Brown, another local photographer.

The Wurzer Gallery (Galleria II, third level), specializes in master prints — from Durer and Rembrandt to Picasso and Chagall. To this collection of luminaries it has recently added two photographers — Michael Rubin, from Chicago, and Ronald Wohlaue, from Denver. Director Gerhard Wurzer has shown photographs on and off over a three year period, and picked his two names for regular representation because their work reminded him of fine prints — particularly mid-nineteenth century mezzotints. He too is busy reassuring his customers that he is committed to photography in the hope that the habit catches.

John Hall

Two True Stories

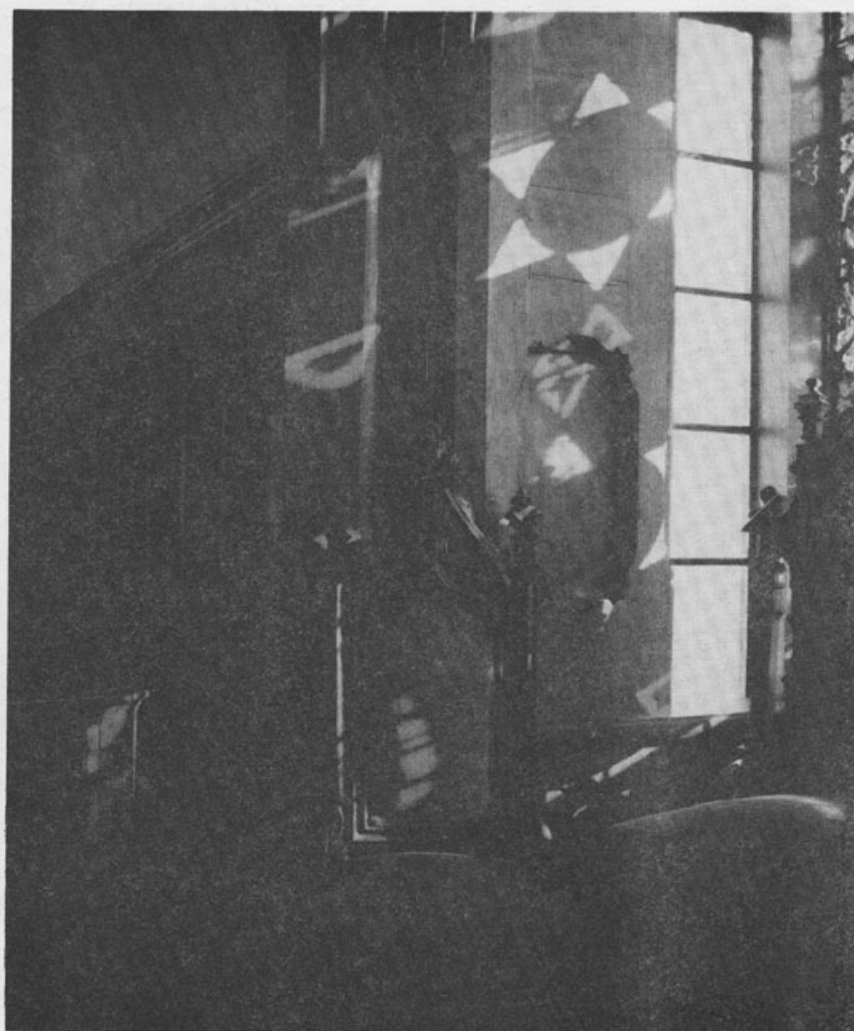
WHEN I WAS TWENTY, a friend of mine whom I greatly admired told me in the cathedral in Tours that she liked the colored light from the stained glass windows better than the windows themselves.

I was stunned. She was a woman who rarely dropped her guard. She was beautiful, worldly, and, perhaps more important, two years older than I. A chance for some serious one-upmanship had arrived and I grabbed it. I said that I didn't understand what she was saying; that the rationale for the windows was lost if their content was ignored; that what she was responding to was certainly understandable but of minor importance and that on any chain of aesthetic response it was clear that hers was close to the bottom. As I talked, my eyes were repeatedly drawn to a splash of red, yellow and blue light on a white stone pillar and I felt like a real fool.

The second story concerns my grandfather who, among other things, was a missionary in China, a chemist and a photographer.

During the looting of Nanking in 1927, troops from the north stormed into my family's house. The children were hidden upstairs, my grandmother had carefully swallowed her wedding ring, and my grandfather, after welcoming the officers into the house and offering them tea, was pushed up against the living room wall to be shot. The lieutenant in charge pulled out his handgun and while in the process of loading it, dropped the clip of bullets to the floor. Without hesitating, my grandfather reached down, picked it up and handed it back to the man.

The lieutenant was so astonished that he put his gun down. He apologized to both my grandparents, ordered his troops out of the house and ended up shaking my grandfather's hand.



SEASONS OF LIGHT

THESE two pieces are excerpted from a group of twenty photographs and short stories entitled Seasons of Light, by HCP member, Peter Brown. The original photographs are in color, the text is printed on single sheets, and the twenty pairs are first grouped in folders and then sequenced in a box, the end result being a combination of book and portfolio. Here, the photographer writes about the work.

I BEGAN thinking about using words with photographs about four years ago. My initial inclinations as an artist had to do with writing, and through college and beyond, I wrote a

fair amount of fiction. As I wrote, my work grew increasingly visual, so much so, in fact, that I began to consider using other media. In 1972 I stopped writing and began to photograph seriously.

I see *Seasons of Light* as a coming together of two great loves, each of which can tell a truth in a different way. Photography can, on occasion, speak so explicitly that its parenthetical truths become lies of interesting dimension, while writing can lie so convincingly and with such guilelessness that falsehoods are taken for granted as more general truths begin to emerge.

Combining these traits in a single work can make for a compelling mixture of mystery

and fact, of dreams and the everyday. It has enabled me to use more of myself and the world than a single photographic image is able to provide or an imaginatively generated image is able to provoke in others. The result can be as literal as a camera or as imaginative as the combination can bear.

One more note on process: the prints are dye transfer, and I worked with 801 Editions in Houston to produce them; the text is letter press printed with the help of Leo Holub, Ann Rosener and the Stanford University Art Department, and the entire process has been the work of many people other than myself. *Seasons of Light* can be seen at Harris Gallery in Houston.

The Places I Took This Photograph

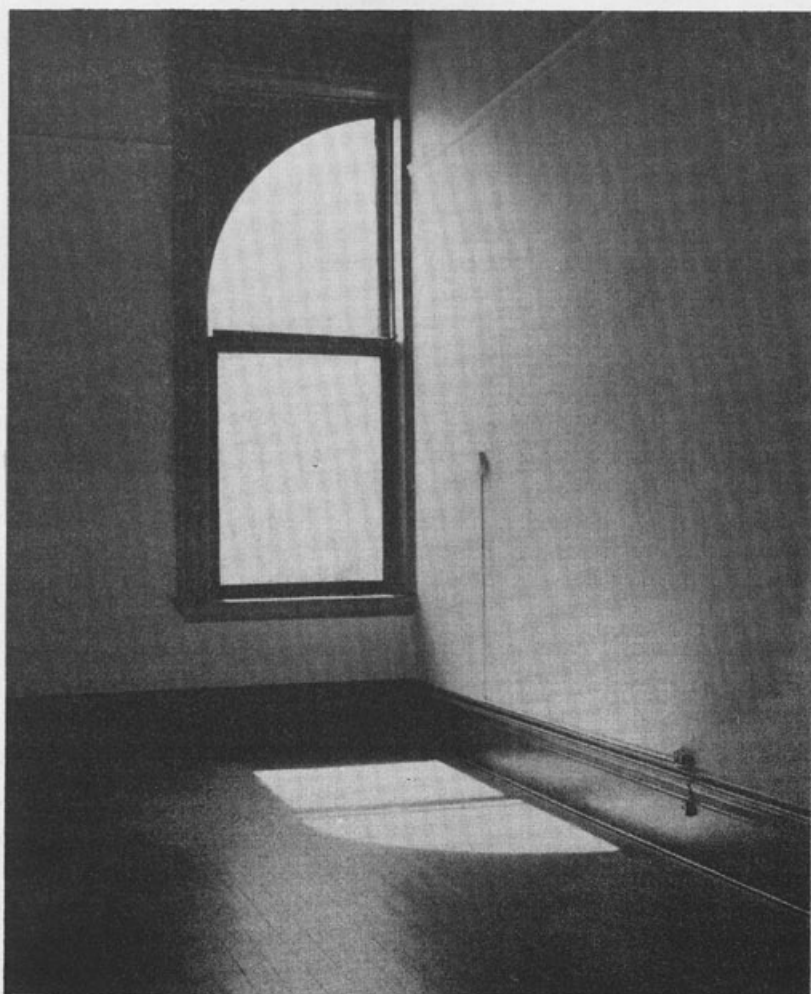
AS I TOOK THIS PHOTOGRAPH for the first time, the city of Pittsburgh was burning to the ground outside. Smoke and pre-fire pollution filled the air, cars honked, people shouted, sirens howled and as the shutter clicked, a major American city was reduced to ashes.

The second time I took this photograph I was in Jamaica. We had just come back from the beach and the sun was setting over the water. I didn't intend to be in the picture, but for some reason stuck my head in at the last moment. We had fished that morning and had lain on the beach all afternoon. I remember thinking as I took the photograph that the excitement of the morning did not mesh well with the boredom of the afternoon. They clunked together like Jamaica and Pittsburgh, like taking a swing and missing, like biting into a sandwich and having it disappear.

I took this photograph for the third time in northwestern Massachusetts. I was interested in the way the light fit into the wall, the lampshade with bits and pieces of my grandmother's Chinese cutout adhering to it, the almanacs on the table; hearth, home, hominess, familiar beds, familiar rooms.

The final place I took this photograph was in Morocco. I was traveling on a summer grant which had just run out and ran into a film crew at work on a short story by Jane Bowles. I was hired for a few days to take stills. This was part of an elaborate set construction that I photographed at the end of a long day of shooting.

A painter friend told me he thought it had been done in Turkey or Madagascar. This is good Pennsylvania Dutch wallpaper. Pittsburgh burns. You can make out the smokestacks in the shadows.





Saturday night in Reidsville

A RIDE with the KKK produced a memorable photographic essay which featured as an HCP exhibition last October.



THE sequence of events which led to this essay was somewhat accidental, as I had actually set out to photograph a tobacco auction near Reidsville. I left Savannah on a Saturday morning in 1957. About twenty miles west of Savannah, in Pooler, Georgia — a tiny community known for its speed traps — I saw a line of cars being decorated with KKK symbols. I stopped and asked permission to take photographs. I had to convince the group that I was not with Life or Time magazines, which had recently published articles on the KKK. Having convinced the toughest-looking members of the group, I was then invited to join the motorcade. About thirty miles down Highway 28, it began raining, and the KKK decorations on the cars were damaged. A stop was made after the storm passed to repair the paint. Then the procession continued until it reached the outskirts of Reidsville, where it pulled over to wait until dusk.

To most Georgians, the town of Reidsville has a vaguely ominous reputation — the memory of chain gangs, prisoners who worked out of the state penitentiary just on the outskirts of town. In other respects, Reidsville is a typical market town, serving the surrounding population of farmers, raising tobacco, corn, and cotton. As in many other areas of the Deep South, the farms around Reidsville are small. The farmers are poor, and about half of them are black. Reidsville is the county seat of Tattnall County and has a population of less than 3,000. On Saturday afternoon, however, the population may double, when country people come into town to buy, congregate, and socialize on Main Street across from the courthouse.

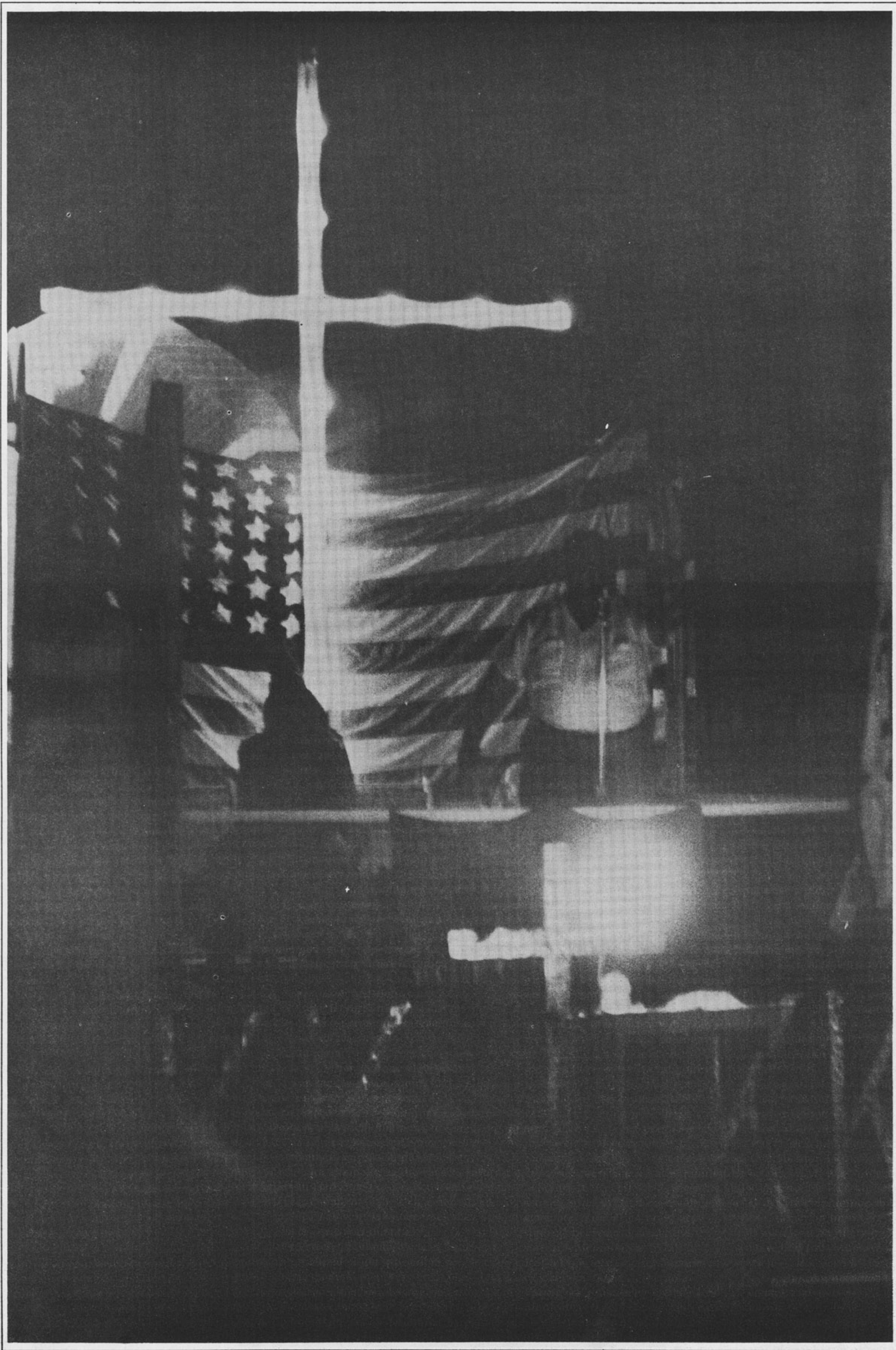
I went into town to photograph the shoppers and the reactions of people to the erection of a platform and cross on the courthouse steps. The

people, both black and white, viewed these events with little outward response. When the KKK motorcade arrived in town at dusk, it passed in review in front of the police booth, located at the corner of the courthouse square. The reviewers consisted of the mayor, the sheriff, the Grande Kleegle of the KKK, a Baptist minister from a nearby town.

As it became dark, the KKK meeting began, with the Knights forming a semicircle around the huge cross. The cross was covered with electric light bulbs and wrapped in aluminum foil. The program, as I remember it, included the National Anthem, the Lord's Prayer, and several passionate prayers and speeches warning of the perils of "Communism, Jews, Niggers, Catholics, Foreigners, and Time Magazine." The rally provided a vivid spectacle for the large crowd of both black and white people who watched discreetly from a street across from the courthouse. By 9:30 p.m., it was over, and everybody went home without incident.

I recently returned to Reidsville and showed these photographs to a number of people who were either in the photographs or witnessed the event. I have taped interviews with these people: the former police chief, Justice of the Peace, sheriff, cafe owner, school bus driver, and county school official. These interviews described Reidsville, how it has changed and how it has remained the same in the twenty-five years since I first went there to take these pictures. I found that the people were not at all reluctant to discuss the Klan, race relations, county politics, and general gossip about people in the photographs. In fact, they took a set of the pictures to hang in the cafe. I plan to return to do more photographs and interviews, including portraits of the people interviewed.

Fred Baldwin



THE Work Of Atget by John Szarkowski and Maria Morris Hambourg. Volume II. The Art of Old Paris. *Spring Industries Series on the Art of Photography. The Museum of Modern Art, New York.* Distributed by New York Graphic Society Books. Little, Brown and Company, Boston 192 pages, 117 plates and 95 reference illustrations. \$40.00 hardbound.

THE MUSEUM of Modern Art has released its second volume of the photographs of Eugene Atget, *The Art of Old Paris*.

Atget's style of working extended back to Henri Le Secq, Charles Marville, and others who photographed to preserve the treasures of French civilization. He persisted in their older methods of large format camera, glass plate negatives, and albumen prints.

Presented in this new volume are the results of Maria Morris Hambourg's efforts to reconstruct the life of Atget. The mysteries of his methodology have given way to specifics. The romance that was Atget has turned into a resolute intelligence.

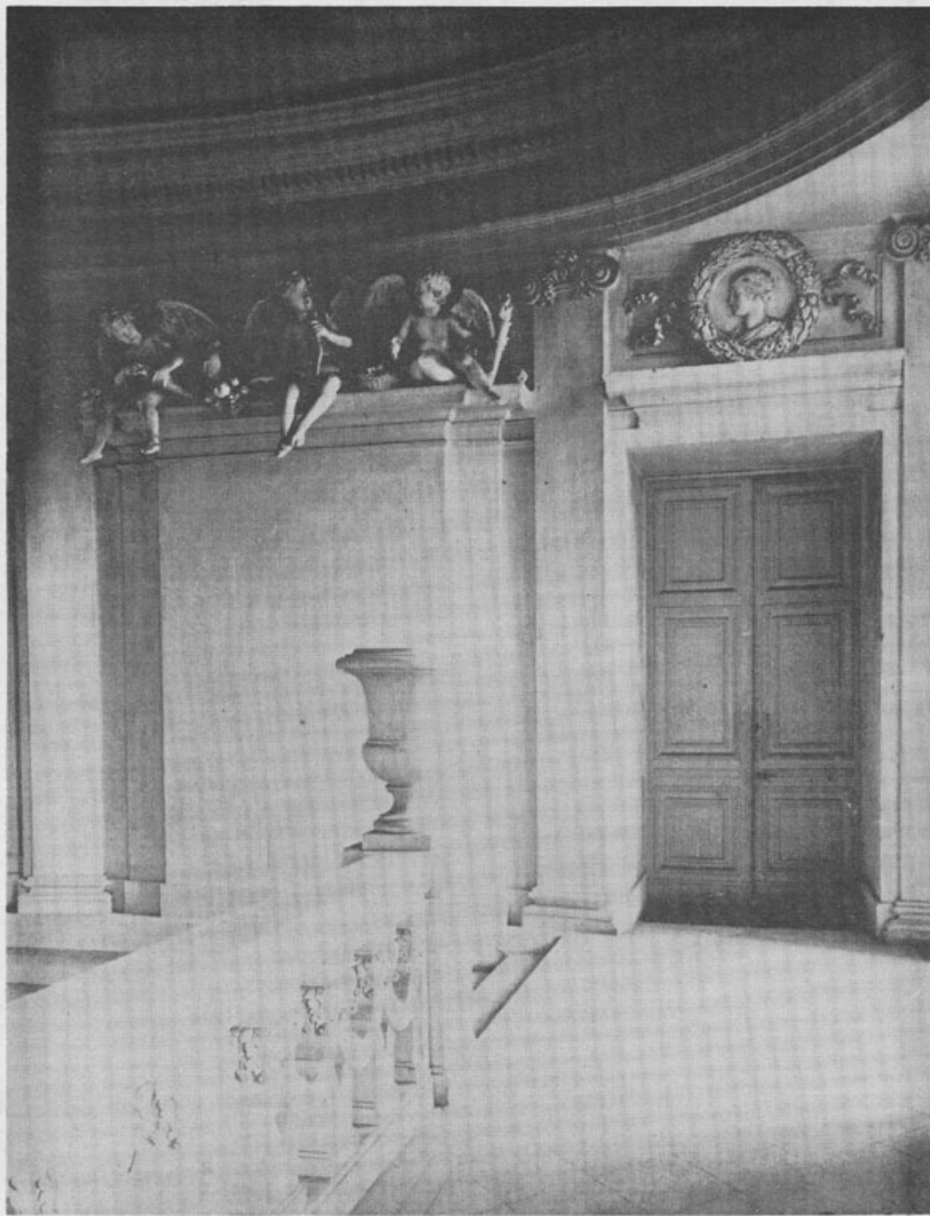
We approach the city by water, up the Seine toward La Cite and Notre Dame, as Atget the sailor might. Several views from the embankments are followed by images of a new arrival to the city early in the morning, exploring empty plazas. A doorway, through which we see a courtyard, is followed by more doors and their decorations. Plate 28 shows dark windows with a half-turned figure in the stone arch above, diagonal lines in the arch giving the sensation of zooming in, being pulled through the opening, slipping inside to find cupids playing casually along the corners of the ceilings.

In these lifelike sculptures we see Atget's belief in the animus. His statues are alive: whispering chairs gather to converse; railings, like serpents, crawl slowly down the stairs. In the streets we see signs of nature and of beasts, with ghosts hiding in reflections.

The density of information contained in the biography, notes and illustrations provides the historical knowledge to understand the significance of certain cultural changes, such as Atget's effort to document the pictorial signs being removed in the advance of literacy. We can see through this knowledge, not only shapes, but a vision with meaning. The notes suggest Atget's feelings and associations for these objects and places. We can reconstruct their habits from the archaeological ruins of a departed people, and see the loss of our own; imagine our cities without ourselves.

"Other photographers had been concerned with describing specific facts (documentation), or with exploiting their individual sensibilities (self-expression). Atget encompassed and transcended both approaches when he set himself the task of understanding and interpreting in visual terms a complex, ancient, and living tradition." John Szarkowski, *Looking at Photographs*.

Hambourg is collaborating with Atget to introduce old Paris. She



From *The Work of Atget*, by John Szarkowski and Maria Morris Hambourg

Books received

keeps her conjectures restrained, but her interpretations contribute to a richer admiration for the man and his city. No longer a myth, each becomes a complex character.

Why did Atget need to create an artificial Paris? He managed to make photographs that almost totally deny the twentieth century. In one plate cars are suddenly visible in the background; he worked hard to prevent metropolitan life from intruding on his vision of Paris. All my assumptions of Atget photographing Paris as he saw it overlook the fact that he saw it not as it was, but as it once had been. He worked to preserve what was being lost, and in the process created a Paris that never was.

"In his last years, an increasingly romantic Atget saw nature, myth, and history gradually take over the garden and, removing it from the world of contemporary men, return it to its traditional place, the realm of poetic imagination." Maria Morris Hambourg p.190

LEE Friedlander *Factory Valleys. Ohio & Pennsylvania. Callaway Editions IV, 1982. 60 plates, \$50.00 hardbound, \$30.00 softbound.*

LEE FRIEDLANDER has been studying the Museum of Modern Art's Atget Collection for several years. The uses he has made of this understanding are evident in Callaway Editions' new publication: *Lee Friedlander Factory Valleys*.

In 1979 he was commissioned by the Akron Art Museum to document

Pittsburgh, Pa., from *Lee Friedlander Factory Valleys*.



the industrial area of the Ohio River Valley.

At first glance, it seems he's up to his visual tricks: the collisions of near and far, bold vertical dividers, delicate tracery of winter branches. However, his vocabulary is not the assault it once was. The forms become essential to the description of the place. The effort to describe this particular river valley brings together his visual explorations into a comprehensive essay.

In *Factory Valleys* his seeing serves the tautness of industrial force (steel girders, smokestacks, drawbridges), indications of power and what it does to the land (giant steamshovels eating the earth). All the drabness, vulgarity, incongruity of industrial existence is described in a dead-end freeway terminated by piles of discarded tires. The unpeopled landscapes/cityscapes most often resemble an abandoned war zone; we are peeking out to see if the coast is clear, to see what remains of value.

Friedlander has taken the symbol of Walker Evans' image of a bridge leading across to a hillside of neoclassical temples of commerce, inverted the hierarchy, increased the distance, darkened the vision, and pictured the hillside not as an organized place of worship, but as a threatened place of retreat, in the way that his portraits show people who have retreated inside themselves.

These are the first portraits that Friedlander has published, beyond a small circle of family and close friends. Part human, part metal, these creatures mirror the mechanical nature of the landscape. They are not the heroic men and machines of Lewis Hines. Friedlander is photographing a way of life that is already passing, as Atget several years before recorded a vanishing Paris.

Friedlander's flash gently caresses the hands and face of the woman on the back cover, respectful of her privacy and her grace. The final portrait is of the patterns of an apron and dress, the gestures of hands and feet of a woman as if in the rhythms of a dance. His portraits are strongest when they address without coyness or subterfuge his attraction to these men and women in their work. He pays his respects with the delight of his eye.

Friedlander has detected and conveyed the rhythms of these factory valleys. He gives no causes, suggests no cures, but describes with his refined and confident eye the visible values of the settlements.

"What god could have predicted this reality and its inwardness of spirit, nature ravaged and transformed, human nature intact?" Leslie George Katz in the Afterword.

These photographers do not diminish our reality, but enhance our appreciation. They call attention to quiet sensations that reverberate in a sunlit backyard, or in the curve of a tree against a distant freeway. They exhibit a faith in what can be seen, and suggest new understandings of what we see.

Paul Hester

ONE of the most popular HCP workshops to date was a meeting at which members tried their hands at infrared photography. Here the two organizers of the event describe their responses to the material, and we show some of their work.

INFRARED photos that don't scream "infrared" are the ones I find most interesting. Stark white foliage, puffy white clouds, and black skies are too obvious. Critics of IR often suggest it's used as a gimmick to substitute for a lack of artistic vision.

I appreciate black and white IR for its ability to see beyond the visible spectrum — it gives me a chance to explore a new dimension of the light spectrum. Once you've gotten a few camouflage detection shots out of your system you can begin to explore the more subtle opportunities this film offers.

Black and white infrared film is sensitive to the visible light spectrum plus the range from 700 to over 900 nanometers. Foliage and clouds reflect a lot of IR, hence they're white. Metal and plastic do too, some so strongly the film will produce haloes around these objects.

Most modern lenses have an IR focus mark. Especially for closeups and anything but small F stops (16, 22), focus the lens, then shift the distance to the IR mark (usually a red slash).

Kodak markets IR primarily in the 35mm format, although four by five and 70mm aerographic 2424 is available. Both of these latter films offer exciting potential. The four by five format would be the easiest to adapt to pictorial use though the convenience of 70mm film hand-loaded into cassettes (it comes in 150 foot rolls with 45 to 90 exposures) is tempting. The fact that 70mm backs, and the cameras to use them, are expensive is the easy part. Try to get a 15 ft. roll of IR developed. Even doing it yourself is tough because tanks with reels are scarce and expensive. I managed to buy a 100

THE infrared workshop was a great opportunity to clarify on a personal level some ideas concerning the aesthetic application of infrared film to my work. It is taken to rather quickly and devotedly by the newcomer because of its magical, surreal visual translations — the unique, dreamlike qualities are highly seductive. But after working with it almost exclusively for ten years, the fascination holds.

I find my reasons to be somewhat different now, however, and often elusive. Essentially, my concerns are these: the film records in a manner that the unaided eye simply cannot perceive — thus enters the element of surprise. Secondly, it is technically difficult to control, which affords the element of chance I find so imperative. It is this technical instability which prompts in me a



April Rapier

Visible spectrum and beyond

foot reel. It's 17 inches in diameter and the tanks (which leak) required three and a half gallons of chemical.

Sakura has produced a slower emulsion 120 IR, but to date it's not been available in the US. Recent attempts to obtain this film from Japan have also failed. Anyone going that way?

Sensitivity to infrared light makes handling these films difficult. They need to be kept cool. Freeze for storage (55 degrees is suggested as a maximum). Higher temperatures for

brief periods are often necessary, but don't ignore this precaution entirely, or you'll have some heat-fogged negatives to match mine. I usually carry film in an ice chest with several refreezable cans.

Kodak recommends that their 35mm high speed IR cassettes be loaded into the camera in total darkness. This means carrying a changing bag or looking for darkrooms to change film in. Similar caution should be exercised with 70mm or four by five. I don't think I

Bill Adams



can load my 70mm back in the dark, but dim light is sufficient. Four by five holders are carried in X-ray bags until just before use in the camera.

These films are generally used with a filter to narrow exposure to the IR portion of the spectrum. No filter will give a less dramatic infrared effect than the normally recommended red (25) filter. Dark reds like 89B, available as a gel, will limit the range of sensitivity almost solely to the infrared portion of the spectrum. Yellow, green, orange filters, etc. will also have some effect.

Suggested film speed with a red filter is 100. Light meters, though, don't register IR so use this recommendation and rely on the modified zone system (bracketing one to two stops over and under guesstimated exposure).

Several film developers are recommended for IR film and many others wait to be tried. Kodak suggests D76, HC110, dilution B, and D19. D76 produces the longest tonal range and seems easiest to use. Recently I've been using HC110 and I like its snappy contrast; there's also less latitude. D19 is capable of even more contrast.

My first negatives with HC110 turned out quite dense. Printing them anyway, I produced some very grainy but interesting prints. Infrared is undeniably inconsistent, but perhaps this too, is part of its appeal for me since my work is consistently inconsistent.

Color IR has been more difficult for me to accept. It is even more obvious — red trees, green skies. It's like being on bad drugs (or so I would imagine). False colors I can live with, but personally I prefer a more monochromatic rendering — perhaps a nude study with a burgandyish background. Some possible color IR results are: no filter — overall blue to magenta; yellow filter — magenta foliage and blue skies; red filter — similar but more yellow in highlights; deep green — purple foliage.

Bill Adams

disregard for the traditional applications, and in fact inspires a general technical abuse of the film. It is, under certain conditions, very non-photographic, printerly.

I am drawn to a sense of atmospheric awareness as well. For example, because of the nature of infrared reflection, one begins to imagine the individual water drops that form clouds. That which we see as whole breaks up into lesser parts — unity as ion. The visual appeal is extended into the sensual, as one begins almost to feel the heat, halation, radiant on a red hot Texas day. The way the film "sees" has allowed me to explore fantasy in my work, because although it is accurate, it simply doesn't record a visual truth that one is used to interpreting or even seeing as real.

April Rapier

A FEW legal turns of phrase for prospective peeping Toms. From a talk on privacy law as it affects photographers, given at a December meeting.

LIKE lawyers, photographers evolve personal ethics, which govern their behavior toward people they represent. Specifically, a photographer's humane emotions sometimes restrain photographic desires, and prevent the exploitation of unwilling subjects, who do not desire exposure.

Most photographers will also perceive that potential lawsuits restrain them too. Rights of privacy have been created by courts seeking to protect society's interest in each individual's sense of dignity, freedom from disruption, and interest in identity as a personal possession.

The right of individuals to sue one another for harm done to privacy however, is balanced against the constitutionally guaranteed freedom of speech. Freedom of speech receives higher protection, representing society's interest in nontrivial discourse, a fundamental to evolving government and society. The rights of privacy recognized by the courts indicate circumstances where we may presume that an individual's activities harm another individual more than they beneficially inform the public.

Four types of privacy rights have been established in various states' judicial decisions: physical solitude; private facts; false light; and publicity right.

"Physical solitude" designates a right to be free from intrusion upon a



Peeper by Cartier-Bresson

Peek and pay

person's physical solitude or seclusion. This privacy right is infringed by actual invasion, and requires no photograph to be taken or published. A person who can show that a person has entered into a place clearly private as perceived by a reasonable person in our society, and can show damages, can recover for the invasion of this privacy right. Decisions illustrate that the interior of a person's bedroom is such a private place, and resulting damages may include ailments and medical costs resulting from fear or anxiety. A photographer can only guard against this invasion by remaining on public property unless otherwise authorized.

"Private facts" designates true personal traits of which a person would be justifiably sensitive to public disclosure. Again, the private nature of such personal attributes would be

determined by a jury divining the expectations of the hypothetical reasonable person. Past decisions have found liability on the revelation of a person's identity along with some physical deformity, or personal event such as a sexual assault, mental disorder, or illegitimacy in birth. The embarrassing revelation of one's personal life, to be an actionable private fact, must have been information not previously publicly disclosed. "Public disclosure" is established even by dissemination to a few people.

"False light" signals an invasion of privacy by which some falsehood regarding a person is promulgated publicly. Aside from altered photographs, this tort could only occur by the use of photos with false accompanying text.

The "publicity right" is actually the

right to remuneration for the use of one's name or likeness. Cases have limited recovery on this right to situations in which a commercial benefit was derived by the user of the image. A football star was allowed damages where a corporation used his image to sell their products. Recovery for this right would be suitably limited to those who had previously established some value in those attributes, by becoming famous or licensing the rights to one's name and face. The absence of this limitation in Texas makes a photographer potentially liable for the sale of any photograph containing a person's likeness, if that person has not consented to such sale.

Obtaining consent and authorization, i.e. a "waiver," will prevent a photographer's liability on any of the above rights of privacy. A waiver should obviously be broad enough to cover all contemplated uses. The ideal waiver would describe the contemplated uses (sale, display, publication), contain the signature of the photographed individual or that person's legal guardian, and recite that consideration was given for such consent. Such recital that value has been given as consideration cannot ordinarily be challenged in court.

The tort rights of privacy are the legal restraints on a photographer's conduct. The unlikelihood of legal action returns the photographer to ethical decisions. Wisest perhaps would be the photographer who photographs others as he or she would wish to be photographed.

David Portz

THE fortunes of a photographic gallery owner, as related to a meeting of HCP in January.

IN the short span of fifteen years the fate of photographic galleries has ricocheted from famine to feast to fasting, says David Mancini, owner of the David Mancini Gallery, Inc. in Houston. Mancini, the featured lecturer at the January 6th meeting of the Houston Center for Photography, noted that although photographs date from the early 19th century, it was not until 1968, in the US at least, that there was a significant emergence of galleries willing to feature photographs exclusively. As late as 1972 there were only a small number of American galleries specializing in photography. It was an emerging idea, and the David Mancini Gallery was one of the first in Philadelphia, opening in 1974. Mancini opened the Houston gallery in 1979.

"The growth of photographic galleries can be divided into three general time frames," reflects Mancini. "The first, starting in 1968 and ending in 1975, was heralded by Lee Witkin in New York City. His gallery was the first of its kind. These were the formative years. Exciting years. Years in which you would find yourself rubbing shoulders with the great photographers of the early 20th century. Galleries were courageous and visionary. The organizers and

Gallery circuit ups and downs

directors envisioned a need for the present and the future.

"The boom years for photographic galleries were from 1975 to 1979, when the buying and selling of photographs reached its peak.

Around 1977 ideas about photographs began to change, with big businesses beginning to take an interest. Large corporations entered the market by accumulating extensive collections, and prices began to rise. Ansel Adams received the top price of \$15,000 during this period. Toward the end of this time frame, however, the prices started to take a downward slide.

"The slide continued," recalls Mancini. "In 1980 photographic galleries entered a transition period where 40 per cent left the business, and almost 80 per cent moved."

At first, most galleries seemed to be expanding in the normal way profitable businesses hope to, but an alarming number began to fold. Most photographers can remember when there were no photographic galleries.

Then, almost overnight, there were more than they could see in two or three days of gallery hopping. Currently, however, it could take just as long to discover that their favorite gallery has disappeared.

Two nationally known photographic galleries that have quietly closed their doors to public purchasing are the innovative Light Gallery, and Photography Gallery, both in New York. Another shocker to photographers: Phillips Auction will no longer be handling photographs. The roll call of commercial photographic galleries in leading cities gets shorter and shorter: Philadelphia, none; Los Angeles, none; San Francisco, two; Chicago, one; and Dallas, one.

What caused the problems? What can galleries and photographers do to regroup?

"These are the questions we have to look into," says Mancini. "It is true that when the economy began to drop, people bought to hedge against losses, but as the economy continues

in the present situation, the buyers are beginning to slow down." Even so, unlike many concerned photographers, Mancini refuses to blame only the state of the economy for the galleries' problems.

"Two difficulties that the photographic galleries encountered were the high operating costs and the exclusivity of these galleries. If they had diversified into prints, drawings, and paintings, it would have given the galleries a wider base of financial stability," explained Mancini.

"However, while Houston galleries have been affected by the same difficulties, area photographers do have a better outlook for 1983," reports Mancini. Photographic galleries are still operating in Houston and receiving a good reception in the private and business world."

Mancini believes that photographers need to print editions instead of unlimited numbers of the same print. When a buyer is assured of a limited number of prints from an edition, it increases the marketability of those photographs included.

"There is hope for the return of thriving photographic galleries to the art scene," Mancini assures us. "The good news is that the great artists in photography are once again commanding good prices which further assures that the photographic market still exists and awaits."

Lynn Trafton



AT last! The full story of how HCP cornered the market in Dennis Hopper prints for one of its fall, 1982, exhibitions. The show was a roll-call of famous names from a recently-vanished era.

EARLY last fall, I was asked by Walter Hopps, the director of the Menil Collection, to consider printing some photographs from a set of negatives made in the early Sixties by Dennis Hopper. I knew of Hopper as an actor, especially in *Easy Rider* and *Rebel Without a Cause*, and was aware of his role as a director, but had no idea he was also a photographer. When I went to visit Hopps to look at the contact sheets and discuss the printing, Hopps was immediately called away and I was left alone with Hopper's contact sheets.

The goal was to produce a set of prints for a show Hopper was going to have in a London gallery. The first few contacts were of young women self-consciously taking their clothes off and attempting to look beguiling and experienced. Each sheet, each whole roll, would be of one woman in approximately the same pose with the photographer standing at approximately the same place. As I shuffled through the first five or six contact sheets, I began to wonder about printing this dreck, all this sloppy lighting, wideangle distortion, seemingly nervous inability to draw anything out of the subject.

Then I stumbled on a contact sheet of a man and a woman, who turned out to be Roger Vadim and Jane Fonda on their wedding day. At last! I thought. Stars! Sure enough, as I looked through the next sheets, there they all were: Peter Fonda, Paul Newman, John Wayne, and more! Andy Warhol, Ike and Tina Turner, The Jefferson Airplane, Buffalo Springfield, the Grateful Dead, Terry Southern, Allen Ginsberg, The Byrds, Brian Jones, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Rauschenburg, Timothy Leary, James Brown, Jasper Johns, even *Henry Geldzahler*. Film! Art! Music!

I took the job.

What a job. The negatives were just like most of my old stuff: about twenty stops of contrast on each one,



Dennis Hopper and friends



solid black highlights, nothing in the shadows. Still, they were fun to see, all these pictures of all these celebrities taken so many years ago when they were filled with something they don't seem to be filled with anymore.

Once in the darkroom, I realized the Houston Center for Photography should have a set of these prints for a show, and Hopps agreed, which is how the HCP's *Dennis Hopper and His Friends* came about.

I asked Hopps about Hopper and discovered all of this:

Hopps is the custodian of Hopper's negatives. The two consider themselves to be "blood brothers" although Hopps didn't elaborate on the phrase. Hopper worked exclusively with 35 mm and has never printed his own work. This bunch of stuff the HCP showed is apparently a very small portion of the work. I mentioned to Hopps that I thought it was pretty remarkable the way Hopper had searched out all these people and organized them into all these pictures.

Hopps said no, it was important to understand that he didn't search them out, they were just part of his life. Even his influences were celebrities: his first flirtations with making art other than movies came from actor James Dean, who had become interested in sculpting in clay. Art and celebrity were just part of Hopper's life, his ordinary life.

"The way he saw came from the way he'd been seen," Hopps says. "The pictures look like stock shots, publicity stills from movies, because that's what he was used to seeing. He'd been photographed over and over that way, so he photographed his friends that way."

By 1966 or so, Hopper had stopped photographing and was immersed in film writing, directing, producing, and acting. Now the Rice Media Center is bringing him to Houston for a retrospective of his films in April. Hopps has goaded Hopper into picking up his camera again for a new series of pictures to be shown in conjunction with the retrospective. Hopps suggested that Hopper continue to photograph "close to home" so the new pictures will be from his immediate environment.

Dave Crossley

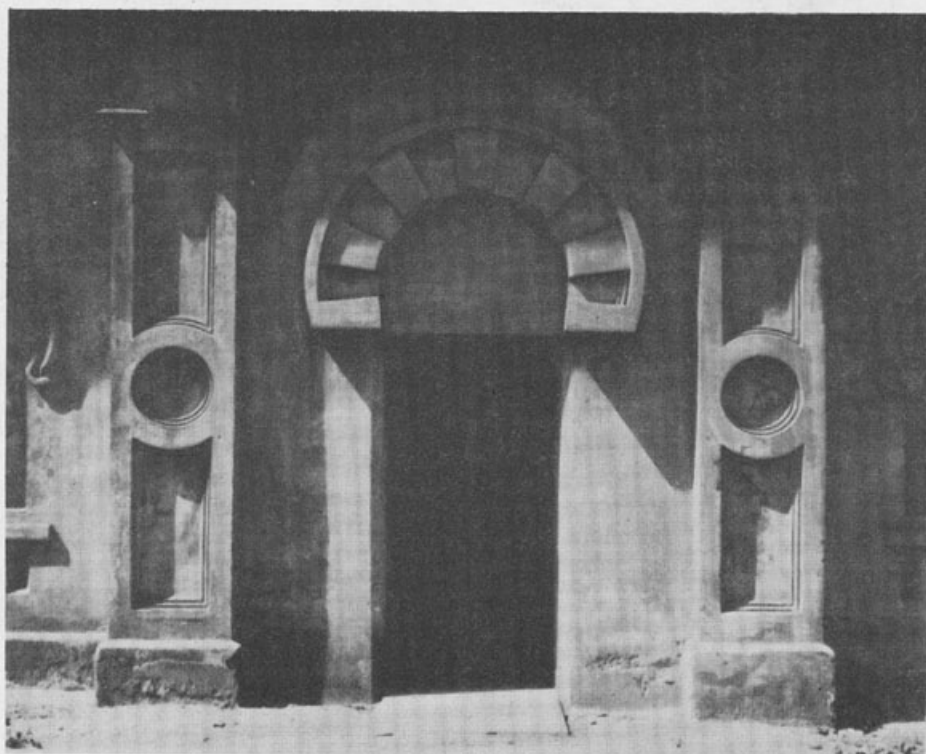
AN exhibition of photographs by Ansel Adams which fully recreates his milestone show at Alfred Stieglitz's gallery, "An American Place" in 1936 opened at The Museum of Fine Arts on February 18 and will remain on view through April 3. Entitled *Ansel Adams: An American Place, 1936*, the exhibition is being circulated by the Center for Creative Photography at the University of Arizona and was curated by Andrea Gray, Ansel Adams' assistant from 1974 to 1980. The exhibition features 45 photographs, 29 of which are the original prints used in 1936 at "An American Place." The remaining 16 are either vintage 1930s prints or duplicates printed by Adams in 1981 for this exhibition.

According to Curator Gray, Adams himself often referred to his show at Stieglitz's famous gallery as the finest he had ever had. Considering the photographer's numerous shows at some of the leading museums and galleries in the country, Gray's curiosity was aroused. She searched back to find exactly which prints had been shown and where they were located today. She notes, "I found a copy of the checklist for the show and was surprised to recognize very few of the titles. When asked about the images, Adams said he had not printed most of them for years." Gray's research revealed that the most prominent buyer at the 1936 show had been David McAlpin, whose collection is now divided among the Museum of Modern Art, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Art Museum, Princeton University. It is primarily from Princeton and the Museum of Modern Art that the photographs in the exhibition are on loan.

The 45 photographs are typical of the work Adams produced during the early 1930s under the influence of the Group f/64. Still lifes and close-up studies of man-made or natural subjects are sharply focused, with emphasis on texture and detail. Only three of the prints could be called landscapes, and these barely suggest the grandeur and sense of vast space which characterize Adams' well-known work today. Instead, these images are contact prints or very slight enlargements of common objects and scenes, exceptional for their technical perfection, clarity and strong sense of light. Andrea Gray calls them "quite simply among the most beautiful photographs I have ever seen." The 1936 exhibition actually marked a turning point in Adams' career; after 1936 he increasingly concentrated on the American scene and heroic landscapes.

A 132-page catalog accompanies the exhibition and is available for \$15. It includes 45 full plates and 25 text illustrations, the original exhibition checklist reproduced in facsimile and an essay by Gray. The exhibition and catalog are funded by a grant from the BankAmerica Foundation.

HOUSTON'S Museum of Fine Arts has received 75 Edward Steichen photographs from the bequest of Edward Steichen under the direction of his widow, Joanna T. Steichen



Above: Laurel Hill Cemetery, San Francisco, 1936, by Ansel Adams.
Bottom left: Garbo by Steichen Bottom right: Cirio tree, Baja Calif., 1966, by Eliot Porter.

High spots at MFA

and the International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House. The Houston museum was named along with 12 other major American museums to share in the Steichen Bequest put under the administration of George Eastman House in 1979.

Institutions were selected on the basis of their commitment to photography as expressed by their acquisition policies, research and archive facilities, exhibitions, publications, collection needs, access to them by the public, and their geographic location.

In 1979, International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House received the Bequest from Mrs. Joanna T. Steichen, with the stipulation that in addition to Eastman House, other institutions were to receive groups of Steichen's prints reflecting all areas of his work represented in the bequest. Mrs. Steichen noted she chose to give the collection to Eastman House and entrust them with its dispersal because Eastman House is "entirely a photographic museum."

With one exception, the 75 works selected for the Houston museum were made between 1920 and 1936 for Conde Nast, the magazine publisher for whom Steichen worked as chief photographer for many years,

and for the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency. Steichen's photographs for Conde Nast were published in *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* between 1923-1938 and include sophisticated portraits of well-known personalities such as Greta Garbo, Winston Churchill, Sherwood Anderson, Vladimir Horowitz, H. L. Mencken and Constantin Brancusi.

In addition to portraits — the predominant genre in the group — the collection also includes six illustrations made for advertisements for Eastman Kodak, five scenes from Broadway plays, two color photographs of Mexico, and one abstraction entitled "Triumph of the Egg, 1920." The earliest photograph in the group is a 1910 portrait of fellow photographer Alfred Stieglitz.

Edward Steichen (1879-1973) had a long and prolific career. He was one of the founders of the Photo-Secession in 1902 and was also instrumental in the establishment and operation of "291" gallery started by Stieglitz, and in the design of *Camera Work* magazine. Later in his career, beginning in 1947, he was named director of the photography department of the Museum of Modern Art where he organized the famous "The Family of Man" exhibition.

The entire Steichen bequest totals 6,789 works of which 5,341 remain with Eastman House.

The rest are being distributed in groups of 20 - 100 prints. Other institutions named in the bequest are: The Art Institute of Chicago; Center for Creative Photography of the University of Arizona; the Fogg Museum of Harvard University; Minneapolis Institute of Art; New Orleans Museum of Art; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art; Allen Memorial Art Museum, Oberlin; the Gernsheim Collection at the University of Texas; Museum of Fine Arts, St. Petersburg, Florida; the National Portrait Gallery; the St. Louis Art Museum and the University of New Mexico Art Museum. Two other American and several international institutions will also receive material, but agreements have not been finalized.

An exhibition of the Steichen photographs bequeathed to the Houston museum is planned to run during August and September.

THE Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, has acquired a complete set of Eliot Porter's photographs entitled *Intimate Landscapes*. The 55-piece color portfolio was shown at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in

1979-1980 in that institution's first one-man exhibition of color photography. Porter's photographs of the land include scenes from Maine to Utah, Iceland to the Galapagos and were made between the years 1950 and 1977. According to Anne W. Tucker, Curator of Photography at the Houston museum, "There are only five undivided sets of Porter's *Intimate Landscapes*. The Metropolitan Museum and the Denver Art Museum each has one; Porter himself has one and the fifth is in a private collection." The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston's set was a gift of Matthew Wolf.

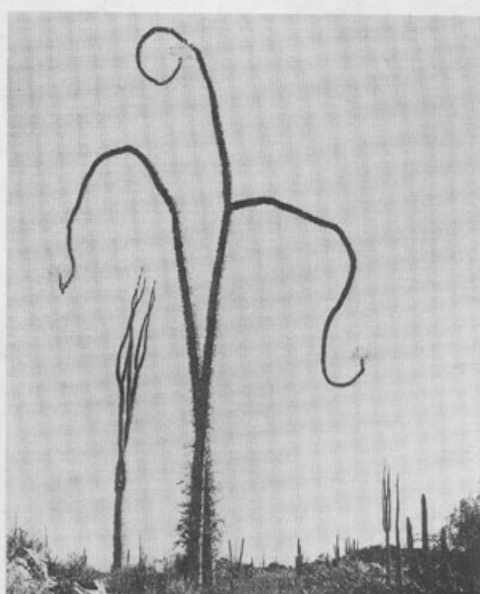
Eliot Porter was born in Winnetka, Illinois in 1901. He graduated from Harvard College and Harvard Medical School in 1929. While teaching bacteriology and biological chemistry at Harvard, Porter resumed a childhood interest in photography and used his newly-purchased Leica to photograph nature and other subjects. In 1936, his brother, the painter Fairfield Porter, introduced him to Alfred Stieglitz and Georgia O'Keeffe. Two years later Stieglitz gave Porter a one-man show at "An American Place," featuring photographs of landscapes, village scenes and birds.

According to Weston J. Naef, Associate Curator of Prints and Photographs, Metropolitan Museum of Art, "A major outcome of Porter's show at 'An American Place' was that in 1940, at the age of 38, he changed professions, giving up teaching and placing his engineering and MD degrees on the shelf. Now in a gesture of audacious self-determination, he began working almost exclusively with color." Porter was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1941 to photograph birds in the U.S. and a second one in 1949 to continue that project. In 1951 he had a one-man show at George Eastman House in Rochester, N.Y. featuring works selected by Beaumont Newhall.

In *Intimate Landscapes* Porter gave form to subjects that would otherwise have gone unrecognized, even by a companion who might have followed along with him on his shooting trips. His strongest compositions have the look of carefully planned randomness in which the surface is a tapestry of uniformly significant elements arrayed from one edge of the picture to the other. The central theme of his photographs is the very act of contemplation and the mood sustained by the precise control of color relationships.

In the preface to the publication in book form of *Intimate Landscapes* Porter explained that "the details of geological formations exhibit the most extraordinary combination of shapes and colors scarcely suspected on casual observation. The banding of glacial striations and the haphazard occurrences of fractures can be discovered in harmonious arrangements that seem to defy the chance working of natural forces. But it is the colors of these inanimate subjects that are their most engaging characteristics."

The Museum will exhibit all 55 color prints in late 1983.



C A L E N D A R

EXHIBITIONS

MARCH

- 1-6 Houston Center for Photography**, 1440 Harold. "Photographs by Cathy Gubin." Members' Gallery. Hours: Noon-5 p.m. weekends and by appointment. 523-5757.
- 1-11 O-Kane Gallery**, University of Houston Downtown College, 1 Main St. "Photographs and watercolors by Mary Benedick." Hours: 10 a.m.-5 p.m. weekdays.
- 1-19 Texas Gallery**, 2012 Peden. "New Polaroid photographs by William Wegman." Hours: Tues.-Sat. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.
- 1-27 Houston Center for Photography**, 1440 Harold. "Agent Orange," photographic study of people and the effects of the defoliant "Agent Orange" used during the war in Vietnam. Photographs from Vietnam, Australia, Japan, the U.S. and England. Hours: Noon-5 p.m. weekends and by appointment. 523-5757.
- 1-April 3 Museum of Fine Arts**, 1001 Bissonnet. "Ansel Adams: An American Place, 1936." Hours: Tues.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sun. 1-6 p.m.
- 2-April 8 Benteler Galleries, Inc.**, 3830 University Blvd. "European Photography by Marta Hoepffner." Hours: Tues.-Sat. 11:00-5 (by appointment) 668-9545.
- 9-April 17 Rice University**, "Cervin Robinson: Architectural Photographs." Farish Gallery, School of Architecture.
- 10-April 2 Museum of Fine Arts**, 1001 Bissonnet. "Contemporary Photography from the Museum's Collection." Sixty works of well-known and of young, unestablished artists.
- 10-April 10 Butera's First Food Photography Show**, 5019 Montrose Blvd. Juried show and sale. Sponsored by the Glassell School of Art and Butera's Delicatessen.
- 12-27 Houston Center for Photography**, 1440 Harold. "Photographs by David Sacco." Members' Gallery. Hours: Noon-5 p.m. weekends and by appointment. 523-5757.
- 19-27 1982 Kodak International Newspaper Snapshot Awards Exhibit (KINSA)**. Houston Chronicle lobby, 801 Texas Ave. Grand prize and merit award winners and local entries from U.S., Canada and Mexico.
- 26-April 16 Texas Gallery**, 2012 Peden. "Photographs of the Big Thicket by Lee Friedlander." Hours: Tues.-Sat. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.
- Moody Gallery**, 2015 J West Gray. "Black and White Photographs by Douglas Kent Hall." Hours: Tues.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m.

APRIL

- 1-3 Museum of Fine Arts**. See listing beginning on March 1.
- 1-8 Benteler Galleries, Inc.** See listing beginning on March 2.
- 1-10 Butera's**. See listing beginning on March 10.
- 1-16 Texas Gallery**. See listing beginning on March 26.
- Moody Gallery**. See listing beginning on March 26.

- 2-May 15 Houston Center for Photography**, 1440 Harold. Juried exhibit "Messages From Earth: An Alternative Space Probe." Hours: Noon-5 p.m. weekends and by appointment. 523-5757.
- 13-May 20 Benteler Galleries, Inc.**, 3830 University Blvd. "Contemporary European Photography by Detlef Orlopp." Hours: Tues.-Sat. 11:00-5:00 (by appointment) 668-9545.
- 23-24 Photo Works**. Sponsored by the Houston Chronicle. Adams Mark Hotel, Exhibit Center. April 23, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. and April 24 11 a.m.-6 p.m. Theme: "How to take award winning photographs." Exhibits by manufacturers, dealers, local clubs etc. Local retailers will sponsor photo taking areas. "Ask a Professional" seminars. Door prizes. \$3 admission, children under 12 free. Discounts available from local photo dealers.
- 23-24 Houston Camera and Image Show**, Dunfee Houston Hotel, 7000 Southwest Freeway. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Admission \$2. Billed as a "collectors' paradise." Darkroom equipment, antique cameras, etc. Tables for rent —6-foot lengths — \$30. Contact Leonard Hart, 2002 Holcombe, Houston 77211. Phone 795-7455 Day, 797-0933 Night.
- 23-May 14 Moody Gallery**, 2015 J West Gray. "Color Photographs by William Christenberry." Hours: Tues.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m.
- 23-May 21 Jewish Community Center**, 5601 So. Braeswood. "Annual Juried Photography Exhibit." Opening and awards April 23, 7 p.m. Hours: Mon-Thurs. 9 a.m.-10 p.m., Fri. 9 a.m.-5 p.m., Sat. 1-5 p.m.

MAY

- 1-14 Moody Gallery**. See listing beginning April 23.
- 1-20 Benteler Galleries, Inc.** See listing beginning April 13.
- 1-21 Jewish Community Center**. See listing beginning April 23.
- 6-July 3 Museum of Fine Arts**, 1001 Bissonnet. "Photographs and Portfolios by Paul Strand." "A connoisseur's selection of 75 prints made by Strand between 1915 and the 1950s, including examples of the same negative printed on various photographic media: silver, platinum and gravure. Hours: Tues.- Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sun. 1-6 p.m.
- 21-June 26 Houston Center for Photography**, 1440 Harold. "2nd Annual Members' Exhibition." Hours: Noon-5 p.m. weekends and by appointment. 523-5757.
- 25-June 31 Benteler Galleries, Inc.**, 3830 University Blvd. "European Photography from the Thirties and Forties." Hours: Tues.-Sat. 11:00-5:00 (by appointment) 668-9545.

JUNE

- 1-26 Houston Center for Photography**. See listing beginning on May 21.
- 1-31 Benteler Galleries, Inc.** See listing beginning on May 25.

- 3-19 Boulevard Gallery**, 1526 Heights Blvd. 3rd Annual Juried Photography Show, "Houston Photographers '83." Hours: Tues.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.-5 p.m.
- 24-26 Houston Underwater Club**, Shamrock Hilton. "International Underwater Photo Contest Exhibition."

AUGUST

- 9-Oct. 2 Museum of Fine Arts**, 1001 Bissonnet. "Edward Steichen Photographs." Exhibit of 75 photographs featuring portraits of famous people from the 1920s and 1930s, including Greta Garbo, H. L. Mencken, Sherwood Anderson and Winston Churchill. Hours: Tues.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sun. 1-6 p.m.

ELSEWHERE

MARCH

- 1-5 Fort Worth Art Museum**, "Photography of Suzanne Paul," as part of the museum's on-going "Focus" series.

CONTESTS

- Jewish Community Center**, 5601 So. Braeswood. "Annual Juried Photography Show." Deadline for submissions Sun. March 13, 1983, 11-4 and Mon., March 14, 11-2 and 6-9. Color and black and white. No previously exhibited prints. Entries must be matted or mounted. No frames. No print smaller than 5"x7". Maximum 5 entries per person, \$3 per entry. Cash awards. Exhibition dates April 23-May 21. Further details available.
- Houston Center for Photography**, 1440 Harold. "Annual Members' Exhibition." Members only. Bring entries April 23, 1983, 10:00 a.m. Same day selection. Exhibition dates, May 21-June 26. Further details found in members' newsletter.
- Boulevard Gallery**, 1526 Heights Blvd. 3rd Annual Juried Photography Show, "Houston Photographers '83." Deadline May 6 and 7, 10:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. Exhibition dates June 3-19, 1983. Accepting both black and white and color photographs. Entries should be properly mounted and matted (white rag preferred). No frame required. Maximum of 5 entries. \$5 per entry. All entries must be for sale. Gallery commission 1/3. Awards. Artists reception June 3. Contact Patty Walker for details and forms, 869-8733.
- Houston Post**, 4747 Southwest Freeway, 1st floor Advertising Dept. "1983 Annual Photography Show" in conjunction with the Camera and Photo Show. Submit entries July 9-Sept. 30. Color and black and white. Size 8" x 10" to 16" x 20". Must be mounted. May be matted. No frames. Several categories. Cash awards. See Houston Post, local photo labs and camera stores for details. Exhibition Nov. 5-6, Astrotball.
- East Texas State University**. Annual International Photography Contest. Box D, E.T. Station, Commerce, Texas 75428. Deadline April 11. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for details.

Houston Chronicle Amateur Photo Contest. April 25-June 3. \$50 cash awards weekly. Three categories, black and white, color and Houston Festival. Grand prize a trip. Two best black and white and four best color photos to be entered in Kodak International Snapshot Award Competition. Rules, entry forms available April 1, at photo retailers. Or call the Chronicle at 220-7405.

LECTURES

Museum of Fine Arts, 1001 Bissonnet. Architectural photographer Cervin Robinson will lecture. 8:00 p.m. March 9. Reception following at the Farish Gallery, School of Architecture, Rice University. Exhibit "Cervin Robinson: Architectural Photographs," Farish Gallery through April 17.

Image Making. Join the Houston art community for a series of panel discussions on the question "Where does imagery come from?" Monday evenings beginning March 7 at 7:30 p.m. Houston Center for Photography, 1440 Harold. George Krause will lead the first discussion and Anne Tucker the final one. Details to be announced.

WORKSHOPS AND CLASSES

- Houston Center for Photography**, 1440 Harold. Zone system workshop, April 5, 7, and 9. Limit 20 participants. Will cover zone system, visualizations and image values, determination of personal ASA ratings, correct personal and normal developing time, how to make the proper proof. For details and price call Lars Giertz 723-6463 after 6 p.m.
- Houston Community College**, 1300 Holman. Registration for summer photography course, May 25 and 26, 9 a.m.-noon and 4 p.m.-8 p.m. Session from June 6-August 16. Call 521-9271 for schedule and information. The HCC offers an Associate of Applied Science degree in photography.
- Houston Center for Photography** 1440 Harold, Houston. "Toning Workshop." May 21. All day. Leaders George Krause and Bill Adams will cover selenium, bleach and gold toning processes. Enrollment limited. \$20 members, \$35 non members. Mail registration and checks to 13414 Queensbury, Houston 77079. Tel: 937-7487.
- Jewish Community Center**. 5601 So. Braeswood. Registration for classes in beginning photography and black and white darkroom March 20. Classes begin April 10.
- Lone Star Photographic Workshops**. 308 1/2 Congress Ave., Austin, Tx. 78701. Tel: (512) 474-8198. Sponsors continuing series of workshops a day or more in length. Detailed brochure available.
- Travel Photography Workshops**. P.O. Box 2847, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 87501. Three sessions beginning August 27, September 17 and 24. Conducted by List Dennis. \$785 includes room, meals, instruction, critiques, day trips.

Texas School of Professional Photography. 1229 Bowie St., Columbus, Tx. 78934. Week long series of concentrated courses. April 10-15, at Sam Houston State University in Huntsville.

CLUBS

American Society of Magazine Photographers, (ASMP), mailing address 804 Colquitt, Houston, 77006. Meets at 6:30, 1st Monday of each month in the Graphic Arts Conference Center, 1324 West Clay. An international association whose "members work in every category of published photography." Visitors welcome. Charge for monthly meetings. 521-2090.

Association of Students in Photography, Houston Community College, 1300 Holman. For HCC students. Meets 8:00 p.m., 1st Monday of each month. Call 521-9271, Randy Spalinger for details.

The Houston Camera Club, mailing address, 1447 Christine, Houston 77017. Meetings held at 7:30 p.m. three times monthly at Baylor College of Medicine, DeBakey Bldg. Room M-112, Texas Medical Center. Free parking. Competition meeting the 1st Tuesday, program meeting the 3rd Tuesday and workshop/slide critiques the 4th Tuesday of the month.

The Houston Center for Photography, mailing address, P.O. 66394, Houston 77266. Meets at 7:30 p.m. the 1st Monday and 3rd Thursday monthly, on the second floor of the Bering Methodist Church, 1440 Harold, Houston. Monday meetings reserved for guest speakers and special presentations. Print critique and Members' Gallery selection during the Thursday gathering. The HCP "is an educational, non-profit organization formed to provide a responsive support structure for those interested in photography." Sponsors lectures, workshops, exhibits and publications. Two galleries, one for selected members' work, the other for traveling exhibits. 4 categories of membership. Open to all. 523-5757.

The Houston Photochrome Club, mailing address, 6610 Flamingo, Houston 77087. Meets at 7:30 p.m. the 2nd Thursday monthly at St. Michael's Church, 1801 Sage Road, Room 21. Other meetings as announced.

The Houston Photographic Society, mailing address, 7722 Meadowbriar, Houston 77063. Meets at 8:00 p.m. twice monthly at 2403 Dunston, Houston. Program on the 2nd Tuesday, member's print night on the 4th Tuesday.

The Photographic Collectors of Houston, P.O. Box 22914, Houston 77227. Meets 7:00-10:00 p.m. the 4th Wednesday monthly in the basement of the Museum of Science in Hermann Park. The public is welcome. "Meetings feature auctions, buy-sell-trade, show and tell and lectures."

Notices for "Events Calendar" and for the monthly membership newsletter are welcome and should be sent to: "Events Calendar," Houston Center for Photography, P.O. Box 66394, Houston 77266.

George Tice: The Fine Print

Workshop May 13-15

An opportunity to study with a master of contemporary photography and printmaking. Tuition is \$245.00, including lab fees. Limited enrollment.

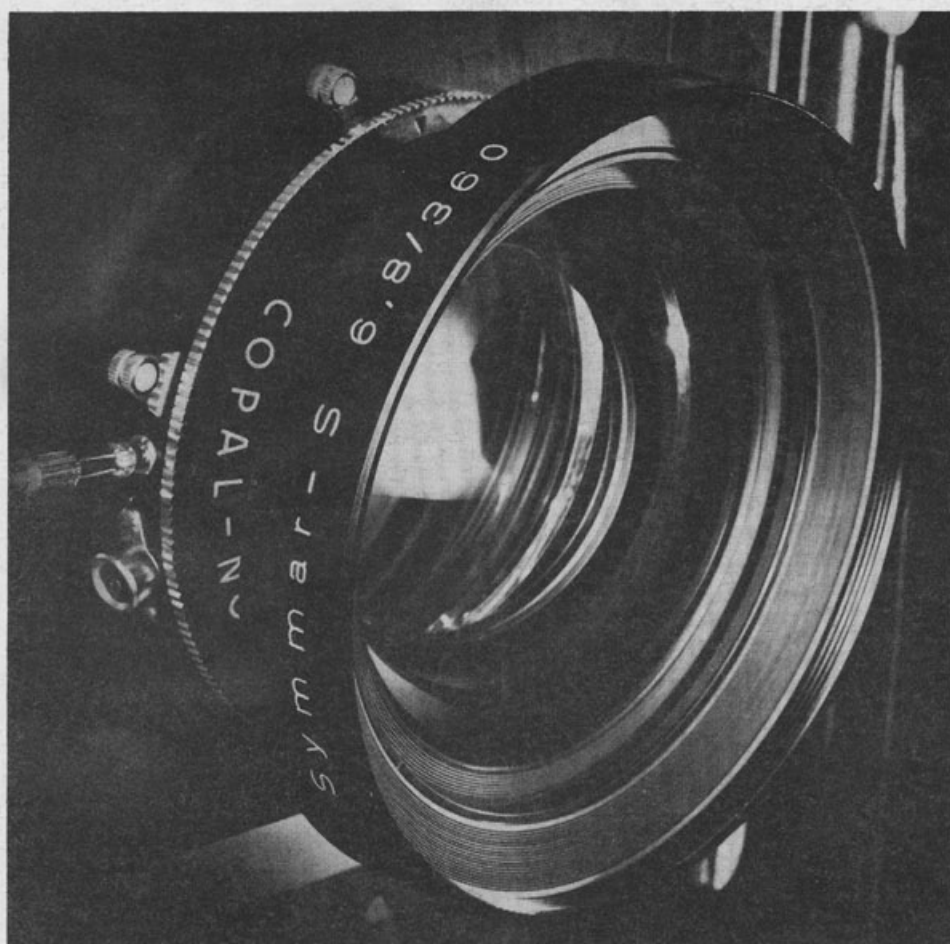
The workshop coincides with the opening of Tice's exhibition at the Photowork Gallery, public opening May 13, 8 p.m. Copies of **Urban Romantic**, Tice's recently published monograph, will be available for signing.

For more information on the Lone Star Photographic Workshop or Photowork Gallery, please write or call.



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