



Juan Patricio Lobato, carney, Rocky Ford, Colorado, 8/23/80, by Richard Avedon

RICHARD AVEDON, LARRY CLARK, AND ANNE NOGGLE

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MESSAGES

CERTAIN CHANGES

The future lies more or less bright ahead.

By Dave Crossley

It must have been comforting to know what a photograph was, back in those golden days of yesteryear. At rock bottom, it was evidence of something. That "something" might have been invented or the view toward it skewed in favor of confusion, or it might have been subjected to f64 to make it seem more than it was. But the photograph itself was simply evidence. For a long time it was used in that fashion in litigation, to prove who was where with whom, or to show in what posture the corpse was found. Spies used it to copy secrets and to reveal perfidy. Everybody used it to show how we were, although portrait photographers were more apt to do a little hand jive on the negative and print to show how we might have been.

In that manner, spies then used photographs to lie, chopping people out of prints or putting people where they never were. The photograph became suspect. Recently, the *Whole Earth Review*, a magazine published by the *Whole Earth Catalog* people, proclaimed that the age of the photograph as evidence had come resolutely to an end. By way of evidence, the magazine published on its cover a very clear and sharp full-color photograph of two flying saucers whizzing through downtown San Francisco. The picture was made with the aid of a computer. Inside, the magazine cites many such instances of photographic invention, including one on the cover of *National Geographic*, whose editors had determined that a particular Egyptian pyramid was badly balanced within the film's frame, and so they moved it.

This sort of computer manipulation of images is widespread now. In the commercial world, people who used to do simple retouching on color transparencies, now reduce images to digits and revise them to suit the fantasies of the most fanciful art directors. This has become

Low-resolution computer-generated portrait of the writer (hair removed for clarity).



something of a problem for photographers whose work is stored in stock houses and advertising agencies and increasingly made accessible by video disk; some of these same fanciful art directors are having notions about combining parts of one photographer's image with parts of another photographer's to produce a "new" image. Sometimes they do this without asking. It has occurred to more than a few people in the business that perhaps there are now enough images to make just about anything. We are witnessing the onslaught of recombinant imagery.

Obviously, these inventions will not displace the photographer who photographs new things and events. But other inventions might make their jobs very different, calling for brand new skills. Not far away are cameras that store visions of reality in digital form on magnetic disks, and this information can be sent over the telephone lines to video monitors anywhere. This has already been tried, by a Japanese newspaper which had one of its photographers cover the 1984 Olympics in this fashion, and actually published some of the pictures. The next step is to send the digitized information directly to engraving devices which make plates without a print or a transparency — or, for that matter, anything tangible at all — ever having existed.

New people have been invented, too. Nancy Burson has used images of world politicians and mixed them up in interesting ways in a computer and produced syntheses of people who are whatever she dreamed of, but who aren't anybody at all. Reagan and Andropov's faces were mixed according to percentages of who had how many nuclear weapons, and sure enough, the result is a terrifying creature who controls all the weapons. She has also mixed together ethnic features according to world demographics and produced a new, universal being.

In all of this, we are dealing with digits. In its most apparent form, digitized information is used in newspaper pictures, where the dots that form the illusion of continuity are visible even to the naked eye. Digital information is opposed to analog, or continuous information. A wave is an analog event, as is the drawing of a bow across a violin string; conversely, a watch ticks in digital fashion. Photographs are considered to be analogs, although it can be argued that they are made up of tiny grains of silver, and for that matter those grains are made of even tinier bits, lots of them. The digits now in use in conjuring up images with computers on video monitors are grotesque compared to the fineness of the photograph's components. But that is meaningless if the digits are quickly becoming too small to see, and thus present the same visual apparition as the so-called continuous photograph. At some point fairly soon the quality of video imagery is going to be indistinguishable from photographic prints, and then there will be hell to pay.

As it is, the "fine print" has lost some of its charm, partly because many people who make them tend to photograph the same thing over and over again — onions, rocks, kelp, sand dunes, old barns, and so on — and partly because the "finer" the print and more artful the light, the more manipulated and "unreal" the picture seems, especially in black and white. One might stop a minute and wonder why black and white photographs have been accepted for so long as representing reality, when a black and white world is an utter fantasy, except for those few individuals whose vision is entirely monochromatic. Our visual culture has been nurtured by color, lots of it, and by pointillism, cubism, and abstraction of many kinds, so that images essentially made from dreams seem real.

The problem with all of this is that most of the computer work so far is either unabashedly commercial or just plain tacky. Computer "artists" so far don't seem to have anything to relate to us other than their enthusiasm. The same is largely true of what has been done with holograms; the technical aspects are all that is interesting. Perhaps we are just in the doodling stage. Getting involved in this new technology is still difficult and expensive. That will change fast, however, as we have seen with office computers. A new photographic world is upon us. If you don't think so, read the short item on page 5 about the predictions being made in *The Photographic Collector*; the editors of that publication believe that all photographic prints will be "designated antiques" by 1990. That is clearly bad language, since the understanding of the word antique has something to do with age, but the point is clear enough, and is summarized in their projection that "A few traditionalists will use today's technology and will be recognized as artists working in an ancient craft." Perhaps this isn't a great time to go out and buy a lot of new cameras.

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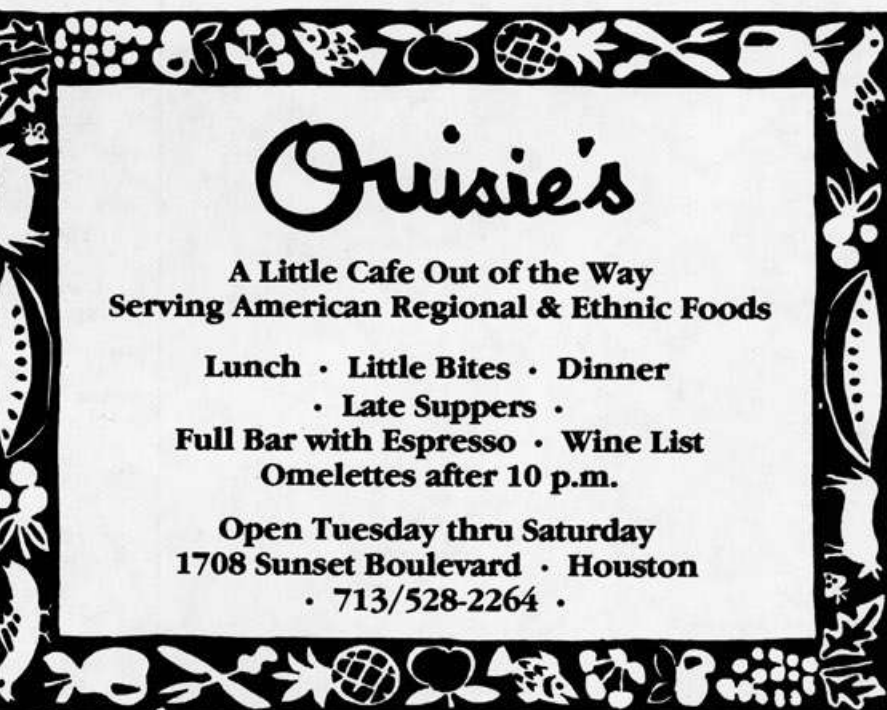
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SNAP JUDGMENTS

On how it will be when it's not like it is now, or was then.

tial in a landscape artist's success, such as suicide, or never setting foot outside New York.

Scientists, as compared with artists, will retain their higher consciousness and their poorer aesthetic skills. Perspectives on earth and space will develop to which human eyes cannot become accustomed. Gamma rays that pass through landforms will allow a single view from all directions. The peacetime application of an ingenious device, which assigns dimension according to the amplitude of brainwaves denoting fear, will be used to make a picture of stags and monkeys wading together in the jungle, following the entrance of a tiny man. The stars will be compressed to an Aaron Siskind surface, the constellations as palpable and three-dimensional as Chevrolet trucks. The arbiters of galleries and museums will remain committed, however, to unaided human perception, selecting still on the basis of artist style and charisma. Hence on this score too, the scientists will lose, so expect to see mostly a low-tech art.

An exception, perhaps, will be the psychological landscape, and photographic toning with fruit. Expect a shot of the Straits of Magellan as seen in the Scylla and Charybdis days. Look too at a photo of a Paleolithic lesbian exploring the beasted darkness of a new cave dwelling, reliant on scent. The mixed joys of falling off of Mount K-2; the view from Ellis Island in 1910; a lazy search for firewood outside a western fort on an afternoon the Comanches learned a particularly effective tactic; expect these sensational photographs and more. And anticipate photos of cherry-toned orchards and truck farms printed with melon emulsions, producing aromas which drift in subtle patterns on the print, and linger also in your nose.

Other landscapes will just continue to flatten out, the horizon an ever more perfect line. Within this genre, most interesting will be one photographer's work on mailboxes marking underground homes. Yuppies out-running that pejorative will ensconce themselves and their consumer goods in underground dens, leaving only a mailbox on a stalk to mark each hatch. Spiralling miles of these mailboxes will mark the warrens of aging execs, conveying the unique personalities buried underground: windmills, igloos, Tudor stables, saloons, kibbutzim, pointy mosques. The photos will occasionally reveal a day-care consultant, walking a precocious child.

Techniques will enable the paramutation of a plateau to a butte, butte to a rhino horn, rhino horn to a tubercle bacillus, so that the actual graphic forms of the West will lose their drama, and may be processed for ores. Artists most heavily funded

by corporations will produce the scenes only dreamed by CEOs — the Shenandoah Valley paved with microchips, the plains of Nebraska clothed not with cornstalks but Turbo Carreras. Politics and art will brazen in public, hand-in-hand, in the filmy light of day. Photos from the center span of the Trans-Middle Eastern Bridge will be touted at American polling places, though the structure is early reduced to hanging ash by a band of U.S.-sponsored, anti-terrorist Druses. Dams that effectively banish troublesome African nations will create a picturesque beach on South Africa's northern shore. The rickety calcium shoals will be photographed by touring Caucasians from every part of the world.

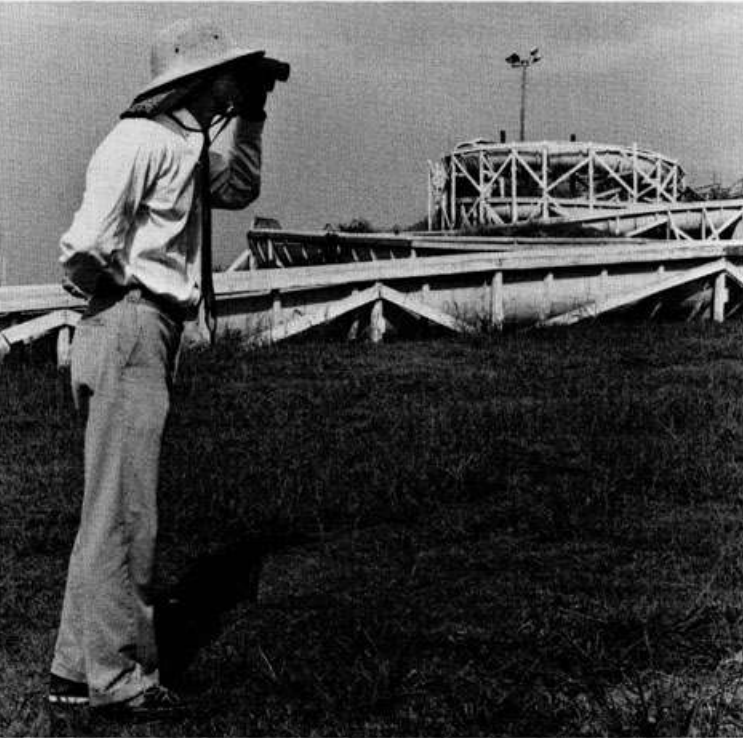
Responding to the accelerating consumption of scenic vistas, certain landscape artists will focus on proliferating phyla, which humans can be expected to predecease. Billboard Lichen, Runway Grass, and lugubrious, ramping Graveyard Crabs will exist so suddenly as to prove the theory of punctuated evolution, dramatically demonstrated on film. Bioluminescence in certain atmospherozoa — airborne organisms living off toxic fogs — will create fabulously pulsing photogenic colors. An active genre of landscapes will consist of the unmanipulated photographs of pristine space — photographers searching for vista without a rusting Ford, overturned tankcar, or blanketful of teeming teens, seeking privacy too. All the more reason to search.

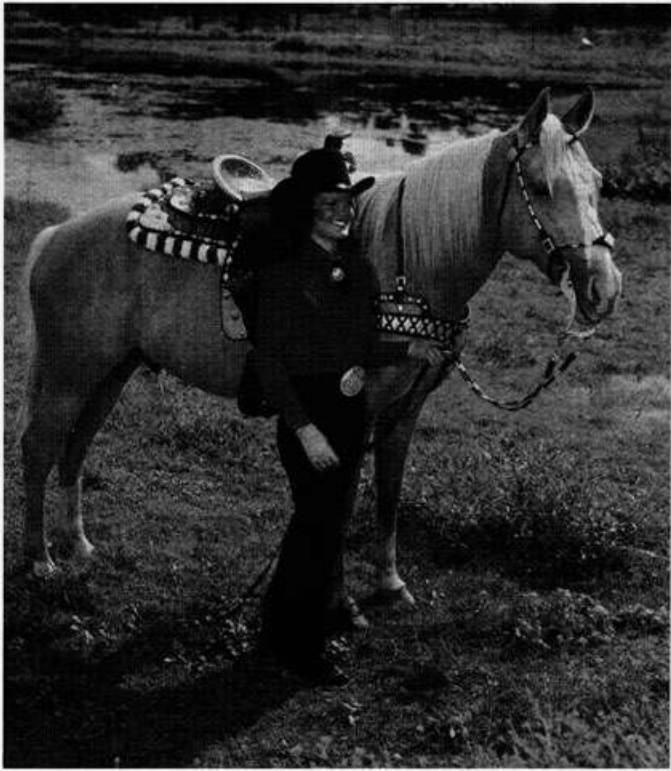
A word about texture — don't expect to see it much. Human sensibility will worship greater smoothness, aided by the practice of milling plastic surfaces to eliminate the microscopic pores. Unresurfaced National Parks, closed to the public because of their ungraded surfaces, will attract only the most courageous landscape artists, sneaking under ominous, prickly ropes.

On the bright side, the site of the first atomic test, in New Mexico, will see a new use. Blithe-minded divorcees across the U.S. will chip in for the relocation there of a Virgin Island, complete with reef and azure waters, on which they can stage tropical scenes. This will pre-empt for many the difficult search for photographic subjects, and provide a place to frolic, too. The popularity of this new feature on U.S. lands will only be exceeded by the giant water-slides, built on the site of former Nicaragua.

Lastly, there will always be a sufficient supply of Ansel Adams prints, counting, of course, the ones freshly produced on computers. It shouldn't matter whether they come from radiant energy cast on sensitized film, or binary codes recorded in a memory, if they resemble the Sierra Nevadas. Right? Well, that's the attitude of the future.

V. Joe's on-site inspection of the Nicaraguan phenomenon. Photo: Paula Goldman





WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?

A recent issue of *Modern Photography* contained a 1945 Lou Stoumen photograph of a couple sleeping on a subway. Aperture, the publishers of Stoumen's recent book, is conducting a search to discover the identity of the two. If either of them steps forward, he or she will win a dinner at the Algonquin Hotel, a copy of the book, and a print from Stoumen. Not long ago there was a similar effort to find the people in Alfred Eisenstaedt's photograph of a sailor kissing a nurse in Times Square on V.J. Day in 1945. Not to be outdone, the editors of SPOT desperately seek the names of the people in the above photograph, which we believe was taken about the same time. If either of them contacts the magazine, he, she, or it will win lunch at Houston's famed Luckyburger Stand, a blood-smeared copy of Larry Clark's book *Teenage Lust*, and a chance to watch the *Today* show with the Houston photographer of their choice. If the photographer who made this picture calls or writes, SPOT can not be held responsible for very much.

BRAVE NEW WORLD

The editors of the newsletter *The Photographic Collector* believe "that all of the prints in your collection will be designated antiques by 1990." They predict this will come to pass because of technological advances which will make ordinary silver prints unnecessary, at least for "the masses." Manufacturers working on still video cameras that store images on disks similar to computer disks include Sony, Konica, and Fuji, and Polaroid, Hitachi, and Mitsubishi have working devices for processing images. Advances in the field are now coming very fast. Mitsubishi already sells a black and white video printer that sells for \$388 in the U.S.; the device makes relatively low quality small prints on thermal paper for about 8 cents a print. Mead paper company has developed a paper with "encapsulated" cyan, magenta, and yellow for making color prints said to be nearly as good as instant photographic prints. Basically, how all of this will work is that the disks from the camera could be inserted into devices attached to video monitors for instant viewing, and for cropping, color changes, even extensive manipulation. Prints would be made on printers attached to the playback unit. No emulsions or processing would be involved. *The Photographic Collector* predicts that photographers who shoot slides will be the first to use this new technology.

MORE ON FOTO FEST

Houston's month-long Foto Fest, to be held in March, 1986, is getting very complicated, which is to say it looks like it will be big. There will be at least 55 exhibitions of work from the United States, Japan, England, Germany, France, Canada, and Switzerland. An early count on lecturers and panelists includes Robert

Frank, Bernard Faucon, Van Deren Coke, Ernst Haas, Andy Grundberg, Floris Neuss, Sam Wagstaff, Daniel Wolf, and Andreas Müller-Pohle. There will also be slide presentations of work from Hungary, Sweden, Lithuania, Spain, Japan, Belgium, Holland, England, Mexico, France, and the United States. The lectures and symposia will be co-sponsored by the Houston Center for Photography (HCP). Concurrently, the Association of International Photographic Art Dealers (AIPAD) will hold its annual fair in Houston, and the HCP plans to host a conference of representatives from American photography

centers. Additionally, there will probably be a publishing conference, and the Warwick Hotel has agreed to the use of its lobby as a central meeting place where curators, publishers, and collectors can view and discuss portfolios during the first ten days of the festival. So far, Foto Fest has raised about \$100,000, which has enabled it to hire an executive director. The official opening of the Fest is February 28. For more information, call 713-522-9766.

CURSES, FOILED AGAIN

It was the middle of the night after all, and the liquor store was closed, so Texas State Game Warden Bill Lindeman was a little concerned about Kenneth Harding, who was sitting in his car in front of the Bracketville store, honking his horn. When he drove away, Lindeman stopped him and discovered that the car wasn't Harding's, but belonged to Houston photographer Sharon Stewart. Quickly, Harding was charged with being the "Montrose Bandit," who was wanted for at least 35 robberies in Houston. One of the last of those robberies was in front of Stewart's house. She was warming up her car, about noon, when a man with a gun approached her, made her get out of the car and lie down on her porch, then drove off, taking \$8,000 worth of camera gear that was in the back, including her great-grandfather's 5x7 view camera. When the car was recovered, none of the equipment was in it. The Catch-22: If Harding is the thief, his lawyer won't let him reveal where the equipment is, because that would be an admission of guilt.

VARIOUS NOTES AND RUMORS

How's this for trouble: TRW ran an ad in *American Showcase* offering magazine and other publication editors transparencies from their files at no cost. These images were, of course, made by photographers who lost all rights to their pictures, either by doing them as staff photographers or as "work for hire" freelancers. Incensed by this practice, Houston photographer Ron Scott suggests that photographers signing contracts

ferret out "work for hire" wording and get it changed to something like "unlimited usage for XYZ" company, which allows retention of copyright and prevents the company from giving the work away to others, but doesn't prevent the client from accomplishing what he or she intended, which is unlimited usage by the company.

Peter Plagens has identified, described, and demolished a photographic trend: "Cibachrome silliness," as he calls it. Writing in *Art in America* he spoke of "oversized, overproduced, overelegant tongue-in-cheek homages to Outerbridge and Helmut Newton, little dolls montaged before nocturnal images of the Eiffel Tower and a bad Miami living room and done up slightly out of focus . . . big images of dumpy women with bad teeth, and lacquered borrowings from teen mags. It's New Wave Ansel Adams . . ."

Morrie Camhi, Susan Felter, and Anne Noggle had pretty good luck with their new print marketing scheme, called "Popular Edition" prints. At Focus Gallery in San Francisco, they offered 8x10 prints, archival as possible and signed and so on, for \$50 to \$75, and the gallery peddled 60 of them. Most of the purchasers said these were their first gallery acquisitions. Apparently the "Popular" prints had no adverse effect on sales of the larger, limited edition prints.

The picture agency Black Star recently sent the following warning to its photographers:

"As you know, X-rays can be a problem [for film]. Most airlines in most locations use low dosages. That means if you have lead-shield protection or ask for hand inspection you will have no problem. "There are some airlines that use high doses of X-rays in some locations. They are the following: British Airways in Great Britain, Cathay Pacific in Hong Kong and Bangkok, Philippine Airlines, Singapore Airlines, and all Concorde flights. If you travel on any of these airlines, you must request hand inspection."

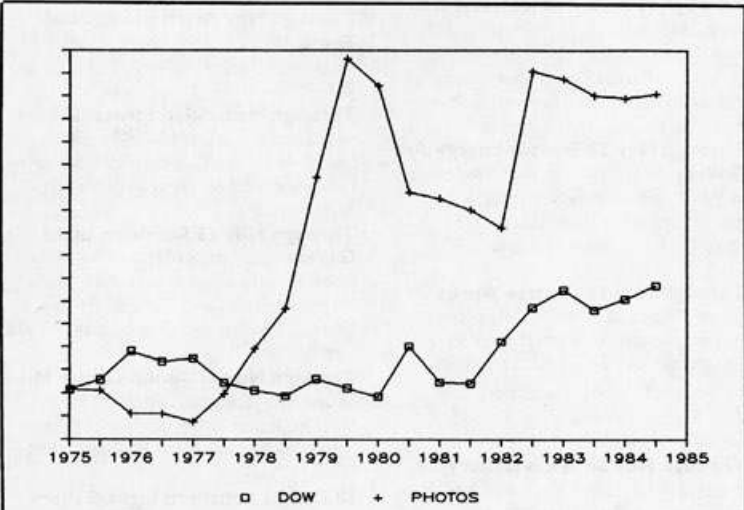
You should probably always request it, however. Putting film through several low-dose machines has the same effect as putting it through one bad one, and high-speed films are in greater danger than low-speed.

Lynn McLanahan is leaving her job as Executive Director of the Houston Center for Photography. She's moving to Chicago with her new husband, who is going back to graduate school. McLanahan hasn't decided what she'll do in Chicago, although she'll continue to work on a couple of special projects for the HCP.

Considering how much money went to Lee Friedlander and the other photographers whose pictures of the naked Madonna were published in *Playboy* and *Penthouse* recently, it's probably a good idea to devote a little energy to nude studies. The wise photographer will undress everybody in sight, just in case. Maybe that's why Houston photographer Gay Block talked the venerable Aaron Siskind into disrobing for a few pictures not long ago. Would *Playgirl* be interested?

The Leica world is a pampered one. Now E. Leitz Inc. is offering "Seminars at Sea," four cruises to various exotic places in the Southern Hemisphere. Walter Heun will be the instructor on two of the cruises, which Leica describes as opportunities "to hone your photographic skills." Presumably this is a tax-deductible expense for continuing education, right?

Agfa has announced a new color paper that the firm claims could last 200 years if kept in the dark. The paper will be marketed as Agfacolor Type 8.



STEADY AS SHE GOES

Time again to look at the prices of photographs at auction compared to the Dow Jones Industrial Average. This auction index was established and is kept current by *The Photograph Collector*, a wonderful newsletter which notes that the market has simply been stable for the last year. Theoretically, if your stock portfolio had kept pace with the Dow for the last ten years, it would be worth a good deal less than if your money had been in photographs. The newsletter also states that the most significant factor in the photography market is the number of collectors, which has not changed appreciably in recent times; however market prices could change noticeably if as few as 500 new collectors were to join the fray.

CALENDAR

FALL 1985

EXHIBITIONS

SEPTEMBER

5-28, Art League of Houston 1953 Montrose Blvd. "Real vs. Real" Exploring the real phenomena-investigating possibilities and limitations of representational art. Tues-Fri 10-5:30 Sat 12-4.

6-Oct 20 Houston Center for Photography 1441 W. Alabama, Nic Nicosia: "Domestic Dramas" and "Near Modern Disasters." Georgia McInnis: "Private Moments." Wed-Sat 11-5 Sat & Sun 12-5.

7-Oct 6 Lawndale Annex of the University of Houston 5600 Hillman, 2nd Annual East End Show, Wed-Sun 12-6.

7-15 Museum of Fine Arts, Houston 1001 Bissonnet "Photographs of High Fashion" Richard Avedon, Horst, Irving Penn, William Klein, Marie Cosindas, Jacque-Henri Lartique. Tues-Sat 10-5 Sun 1-6 Thurs 'till 9pm.

7-Oct 3 Bienville Gallery 1333 Sterrett, Judy Coleman: Black & White Photographs, Tues-Fri 11-6, Sat 11-4.

11-Oct 19 Benteler Gallery 2409 Rice Blvd. Jerry Uelsmann, Floris Neususs, Rudolph Lichtsteiner. Tues-Sat 11-5.

13-Oct 21 Midtown Art Center 3414 La Branch, "Political Propaganda!" Houston artists curated by Tracey Wear and Gertrude Barnstone, Tues-Sat 12-6.

21-Oct 20 Contemporary Arts Museum 5216 Montrose, Nancy O'Connor: "Milam's Journey," mixed media narrative about Milam Thompson, Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-6.

24-Dec 30 Museum of Fine Arts, Houston 1001 Bissonnet, "Houston Art League 1900-1925" exhibit tracing the history of the Houston Art League, the parent organization of the museum. Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-6, Thurs 'till 9pm.

27-Dec 27 Heights Gallery 1613 Oxford, Gallery Artists, Thur-Sat 2-6.

Through September Milliooud Gallery 4041 Richmond, Jon Arthur Gates, photojournalist Mon-Sat 10-4.

OCTOBER

Through Oct 3 Bienville Gallery 1333 Sterrett, Judy Coleman: Black & White Photographs, Tues-Fri 11-6 Sat 11-4.

Through Oct.6 Lawndale Annex of the University of Houston 5600 Hillman, 2nd Annual East End Show, Wed-Sun 12-6.

4,5,6, Museum of Fine Arts, Houston 1001 Bissonnet, "Celebration of Houston in Black & White" Richard Payne Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-6, Thurs 'till 9pm.

5-31 Bienville Gallery 1333 Sterrett, Gaye Goodman: Cibachromes Tues-Fri 11-6, Sat 11-4.

10-Nov 22 Rachel Davis Gallery 2402 Addison, "Americans at Play-Realism between the World Wars" curated by Rachel Davis, mixed media photographers include: Walker Evans, Bernard Cole, Larry Silvers, Russell Lee. Hours by Appt.

10-Nov 22 Transco Energy Art Gallery 2800 Post Oak Blvd. "Americans at Work—Realism between the World

Wars" curated by Rachel Davis, work by: Robert Disraeli, Sydney Grossman, Lewis Hine, Russell Lee, Arthur Leipzig, Gordon Parks, Martin Munkacsi, Wendell McGrae, David Robbins, Arthur Rothstein, Peter Sekaer, Doris Ulmann, Marion Post Wolcott. Mon-Fri 8-6 Sat 9-12.

Through Oct 19 Benteler Gallery 2409 Rice Blvd. Jerry Uelsmann, Floris Neususs, Rudolph Lichtsteiner, Tues-Sat 11-5.

Through Oct 20 Houston Center for Photography 1441 W.Alabama, Nic Nicosia: "Domestic Dramas" and "Near Modern Disasters," Georgia McInnis: "Private Moments," Wed-Fri 11-5, Sat-Sun 12-5.

Through Oct. 20 Contemporary Arts Museum 5216 Montrose, Nancy O'Connor: Milam's Journey, Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-6.

Through Oct 21 Midtown Art Center 3414 La Branch "Political Propaganda!" curated by Tracey Wear and Gertrude Barnstone, Tues-Sat 12-6.

29-Dec 10 Midtown Art Center 3414 La Branch, "Honey, I'm Home," mixed media, artists images of domestic environments curated by Jill Medvedow, Janet Henry and Reine Hauser, Tues-Sat 12-6.

26-Nov 30 Diverse Works 214 Travis, "Play it Again: Strategies of Appropriation" reconditioning ideas into the artists own works from film, advertising, TV, and newspapers. Sarah Charlesworth, Patrick Clancy, Peter d'Agostino, Stephen Frailey, Suzanne Helmuth, Jock Reynolds, Barbara Kruger, Sherrie Levine, Mike Mandel, Larry Sultan, Richard Prince, Gwen Widmer, Reese Williams, Tues-Fri 10-5:30, Sat 12-4.

23-Dec 7 Benteler Gallery 2409 Rice Ave. Edouard Boubat and Robert Doisneau, Tues-Sat 11-5.

25-Dec 1 Houston Center for Photography 1441 W. Alabama, Rosamond Wolf Purcell and Olivia Parker; The Photographic Print: Early Processes; John Bernhard: Sidewalk Scene. Wed-Fri 11-5, Sat & Sun 12-5.

28-Nov 30 Texas Gallery 2012 Peden, Jan Groover:Black & White Photographs, Tues-Sat 10-5:30.

NOVEMBER

2-23 Harris Gallery 1100 Bissonnet, Peter Brown: Recent Works, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat 11-5.

2-28 Bienville Gallery 1333 Sterrett, Frank Martin: multi-image cibachromes Tues.-Fri.11-6 Sat.11-4

2-Jan.5 Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, 1001 Bissonnet Moholy-Nagy: Photography and Film in Weimar, Germany. Tues-Sat 10-5 Sun 1-6, Thurs 'till 9pm.

Through Dec. 10 Midtown Art Center 3414 La Branch "Honey, I'm Home" curated by Jill Medvedow, Janet Henry and Reine Hauser, Tues-Sat 12-6.

Through Nov. Houston Center for Photography 1441 W.Alabama, Olivia Parker and Rosamond Wolf Purcell; The Photographic Print: Early Processes; John Bernhard: Sidewalk Scene. Wed-Fri 11-5, Sat & Sun 12-5.

Through Nov. Benteler Gallery 2409 Rice Blvd. Edouard Boubat and Robert Doisneau, Tues-Sat 11-5.

Through Nov 22 Rachel Davis Gallery 2402 Addison, "Americans at Play—Realism between the World Wars" curated by Rachel Davis, photographers include Walker Evans, Bernard Cole, Larry Silvers, Russell Lee. Hours by Appt.

Through Nov 22 Transco Energy Art Gallery 2800 Post Oak Blvd. "Americans at Work—Realism between the World Wars" curated by Rachel Davis, (see Oct. listing for more details) Mon-Fri 8-6, Sat 9-12.

Through Nov 30 Diverse Works 214 Travis, "Playing it Again: Strategies of Appropriation" reconditioning of ideas into the artists own works from film, advertising,TV., and newspapers, (see Oct. listing for details), Tues-Fri 10-5, Sat 12-4.

Through Nov 30 Texas Gallery 2012 Peden, Jan Groover: Black & White Photographs, Tues-Sat 10-5:30.

EXHIBITIONS

ELSEWHERE

IN TEXAS

SEPTEMBER

Through Sept. Southwest Craft Center—Ursuline Gallery 300 Augusta, San Antonio, "Judy Dater", Mon-Fri 10-4, Sat 10-3 (512) 224-1848.

Through Sept. Artists' League of

Texas, 11041/2 N. 2nd Ave, Abeline, "Chris Regas", Tues-Fri 11-2, Sat & Sun 11-4.

Through Sept 20 Southern Light Gallery -on the campus of Amarillo College, 2200 S. Van Buren "Hand Painted Photographs: Holly Roberts," Tues-Fri 10-5, Sat & Sun 1-5, Wed eve. 7-9:30.

Through Sept 29 Laguna Gloria Art Museum 3809 W.35th, Austin. "Hollis Frampton: Recollections/Recreations" avant-garde filmmaker Tues -Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thurs 10-9pm.

3-Oct 26 Afterimage 2800 Routh St., Dallas, "Joel Sternfeld," Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

7-Oct 13 Allen Street Gallery 4101 Commerce, Dallas, "The Work of Harry Callahan," Wed-Fri 12-5, Sat 10-4, Sun 1-5.

14-Nov 17 Amon Carter Museum 3501 Camp Bowie Blvd. Fort Worth, "In the American West: Photographs by Richard Avedon," photos of the American West 1979-1984, Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5:30.

23-Oct 18 Southern Light Gallery -on the campus of Amarillo College, 2200 S.Van Buren, Amarillo. "Second Degree: Jerry Burchfield," Tues-Fri 10-5:30, Sat & Sun 1-5, Wed eve. 7-9:30.

26-Oct 31 San Antonio Art Institute 6000 N. New Braunfels, San Antonio, Texas Currents-Part I Texas Artists including Nic Nicosia and Casey Williams Mon.-Fri 11-5 Sat.9-12

OCTOBER

Through Oct Southwest Craft Center -Ursuline Gallery, 300 Augusta, San Antonio, "John McConkey," Mon -Fri 10-4, Sat 10-3.

Through Oct Amon Carter Museum 3501 Camp Bowie Blvd., Ft. Worth, "In the American West: Photographs by Richard Avedon," Tues - Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5:30.

5-27 Galveston Arts Gallery 2127 Strand, Galveston, "Sight and Sound," exhibit including video, Mon -Sat 10-5 (closed Tuesdays), Sun 1-5.

Through Oct 13 Allen Street Gallery 4101 Commerce, Dallas, "The Work of Harry Callahan," Wed -Fri 12-5, Sat 10-4, Sun 1-5.

Through Oct 18 Southern Light Gallery -on the campus of Amarillo College, 2200 S. Van Buren, Amarillo, "Second Degree: Jerry Burchfield," Tues -Fri 10-5:30, Sat & Sun 1-5, Wed eve. 7-9:30.

18-Dec.1 (opening reception Oct 21) Allen Street Gallery 4101 Commerce, Dallas, "Mary Ellen Mark," Associate Gallery:Richard Doherty and Robert Cook, Wed -Fri 12-5, Sat 10-4, Sun 1-5.

21-Nov.15 Southern Light Gallery -on the campus of Amarillo College, 2200 S. Van Buren, Amarillo, "Gardens,Brides and Berries: Barbara Crane," Tues -Fri 10-5:30, Sat & Sun 1-5, Wed eve. 7-9:30.

Through Oct 26 Afterimage 2800 Routh St., Dallas, "Joel Sternfeld," Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

Through Oct 31 San Antonio Art Institute 6000 N. New Braunfels, San Antonio, "Texas Currents: Part I," Texas artists including Nic Nicosia and Casey Williams, Mon -Fri 11-5, Sat 9-12.

NOVEMBER

Through Nov Artists' League of Texas 11041/2 N.2nd Ave., Abilene, "Steve Butman," Tues -Fri 11-2, Sat & Sun 11-4.

Through Nov. Allen Street Gallery 4101 Commerce, Dallas, "Mary Ellen Mark," Associate Gallery: Richard Doherty & Robert Cook, Wed -Fri 12-5, Sat 10-4, Sun 1-5.

Through Nov 15 Southern Light Gallery — on the campus of Amarillo College, 2200 S. Van Buren, Amarillo, "Gardens.Brides and Berries: Barbara Crane," Tues -Fri 10-5, Sat & Sun 1-5, Wed eve. 7-9:30.

Through Nov 17 Amon Carter Museum 3501 Camp Bowie Blvd., Fort Worth, "In the American West: Photographs by Richard Avedon," Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5:30.

18-Dec 13 Southern Light Gallery -on the campus of Amarillo College, 2200 S. Van Buren, Amarillo, "Joy of India: Jagdish Agarwal," Tues -Fri 10-5, Sat & Sun 1-5, Wed eve 7-9:30.

EXHIBITIONS FAR,

FAR AWAY

Playboy Mansion, L.A. "The Madonna Nobody Knows," with work by Ansel Adams, Eliot Porter, Ernst Haas, George Tice, and many more. Open all hours.

The American Institute of Freedom and Wisdom "Big Ideas," oversize Ciba-

chromes of headlines from *Readers Digest*, by Arabella von Pignart.

WORKSHOPS/

CLASSES

OCTOBER

2,9,23,30, Nov 6,20 Houston Center for Photography. "Learning to See," Sally Gall -instructor, \$60 members, \$75 nonmembers, call 529-4755 for details.

8,15,22,29, Nov 5,12 HCP "Photography Since 1945," a lunchtime class, instructor-Sally Gall, call 529-4755 for details.

14,21,28, HCP "Discovery Workshop," Charles Schorre-instructor, \$48 members, \$60 nonmembers, call 529-4755 for details.

15-Nov 5, SWAMP "Artist in Residence: Bruce Baillie," a series of screenings and workshops, call 522-0165 for details.

19 HCP "Magic with Polaroids," workshop for children, Sally Horrigan-instructor, \$20 members, \$25 nonmembers, call 529-4755 for details.

NOVEMBER

2, HCP "Lighting Workshop," Jim Lemoine-instructor, \$40 members, \$50 nonmembers, call 529-4755 for details.

6,7 HCP "Writer's Workshop," Mimi Crossley and Terri Byrne-Dodge -instructors, \$30 members, \$35 nonmembers, cosponsored by SPOT magazine, call 529-4755 for details.

9, HCP & SWAMP "Introduction to Video," Janet Densmore-instructor, \$40 HCP & SWAMP members, \$50 nonmembers, call 529-4755 for details.

16, HCP "Introduction to Non-Silver Processes," Paul Judice, Ann Doherty and Jim Tiebout-instructors, \$25 members, \$30 non members, call 529-4755 for details.

22,23, SWAMP "To Deconstruct the Deconstructed Documentary" with filmmaker Jill Godmilow, call 522-0165 for details.

23, HCP "Presenting Your Work," Peter Brown-instructor, free to members, \$10 nonmembers, call 529-4755 for details.

DECEMBER

7 HCP "Introduction to Cibachrome," Sharon Stewart-instructor, \$40 members, \$50 nonmembers, call 529-4755 for details.

WORKSHOPS/

CLASSES

ELSEWHERE

OCTOBER 12-13, Southwest Craft Center 300 Augusta, San Antonio,(512) 224-1848, "View Camera Techniques" John McConkey.

25-27 Laguna Gloria Museum, Fort Worth Film Conference sponsored by SWAMP-Houston "Independent Images" A Conference promoting the art and business of feature film making in the southwest. For info. call SWAMP in Houston 522-0165.

25,26,& 27 Southwest Craft Center 300 Augusta, San Antonio, "Images in Photography" Call for info: (512) 224-1848

NOVEMBER

8-10 Southwest Craft Center 300 Augusta, San Antonio, "Photojournalism" instructor: Ulrike Welsch, for more info call (512) 224-1848

22-24 Southwest Craft Center "Photography and Reality" instructor: Duane Michals for more info call (512) 224-1848.

LECTURES/EVENTS

SEPTEMBER

18, HCP, 1441 W. Alabama, Nic Nicosia, 7:30pm, 1441 W. Alabama, \$2 admission for nonmembers.

21,22 Photographic Collectors of Houston: Camera Show and Sale, Holiday Inn at Greenway Plaza, 2712 Southwest Freeway, 10-5.

29, Diverse Works, 214 Travis, Michael Galbreth Video Installation, 8pm.

OCTOBER

16, HCP, 1441 W. Alabama, Al Souza, 7:30pm, 1441 W. Alabama, \$2 admission for nonmembers.

NOVEMBER

13, HCP, 1441 W. Alabama, "Tax Planning for Photographers," Jody Blazek, 7:30pm, \$2 admission charge for nonmembers.

DECEMBER

6-22 Christmas Sale of work by HCP members, during gallery hours Wed-Fri 11-5, Sat & Sun 12-5, 1441 W. Alabama.

9, HCP, Richard Misrach, 7:30pm, 1441 W. Alabama, \$2 admission charge for nonmembers.

LECTURES/EVENTS

ELSEWHERE

SEPTEMBER

6,13,20,27 Laguna Gloria Art Museum A four part retrospective will be shown in conjunction with the Hollis Frampton exhibit for info call in Austin (512) 458-8191.

8 Allen Street Gallery 4101 Commerce Dallas, 2pm. Harry Callahan lecture.

11 Allen Street Gallery 4101 Commerce, Dallas, Joel Sternfeld Slide Lecture, 7:30pm. Admission charge. 11 Laguna Gloria Art Museum 3809 W.35th, Austin, 8pm. in the Museum, Professor Brian Henderson will discuss Hollis Frampton's work.

14 Amon Carter Museum-Scott Theater 3505 W. Lancaster. Lecture with Richard Avedon, master printer Ruedi Hofmann, and Laurie Wilson, 10am, Free, reservations required write Dept.of Special Programs, Amon Carter Museum, P.O. Box 2365, Fort Worth, Tx 76113

14-15 Southwest Craft Center 300 Augusta, San Antonio. "Artist's Slides" by John McConkey, call for more info. (512) 224-1848.

CLUBS

American Society of Magazine Photographers (ASMP), meets 6:30pm 1st Mon. monthly in the Graphic Arts Conference Center, 1324 W. Clay. International association "whose members work in every category of published photography." Visitors welcome. Charge for monthly meetings. 521-2090.

Houston Chapter of Association for Multimage, meets 3rd Thurs. monthly. Steve Sandifer 667-9417.

Association of Students in Photography, Houston Community College, 1300 Holman. For HCC students. Meets 8pm, 1st Mon. monthly. Randy Spalinger 521-9271.

Baytown Camera Club, meets 7pm 1st and 3rd Mon. monthly at Baytown Community Center, 2407 Market, Baytown. Vernon Hagan 424-5684.

Brazoria County Camera Club, meets 7:30pm 2nd Tues. monthly at Continental Savings & Loan, Lake Jackson. Don Benton (409) 265-4569.

The Houston Camera Club, meets 7:30pm 1st and 3rd Tues. monthly at Baylor College of Medicine, DeBakey Bldg. room M-112. Competitions, programs, evaluations. Gwen Kunz 665-0639.

The Houston Photochrome Club, meets 7:30pm 2nd and 4th Thurs monthly at St. Michael's Church, 1801 Sage Rd, room 21. John Patton 453-4167.

The Houston Photographic Society, meets 8pm 2nd and 4th Tues monthly at the Bering Church, Mulberry at Harold; programs and critiques. 827-1159

Photographic Collectors of Houston, meets upstairs at the Color Place (4102 San Felipe) 4th Wed. monthly at 7pm. Steve Granger 498-5589.

1960 Photographic Society, meets 7:30pm 1st and 3rd Tues monthly at Cypress Creek Christian Community Center, 6823 Cypress Wood Drive & Stuebner Airline. Dave Mahavier 522-1861 or 353-9604.

Society of Photographers in Industry, meets 3rd Thurs monthly, Sonny Look's Restaurant, 9810 S. Main. 6-10pm. Cocktails, dinner, speaker; visitors welcome. Dave Thompson 795-8835.

**ANNE NOGGLE:
CRAZY FEET**

One good foot deserves another.

*All photographs by Anne Noggle,
from the series Earthbound, 1979*



By Estelle Jussim

Feet are feet, aren't they? Well, not the way Anne Noggle photographs them. It takes a person with a distinctly unbuttoned sense of humor, an unabashed notion of fun, and the physical agility to lie down on the floor with a camera to summon up such fantastic images of shoes, feet, ankles, knobby knees, and unadorned shins. Anne Noggle's crazy feet, you might call them, and what daring she has! It isn't every serious photographer who permits herself such flights of fancy.

What can pictures of feet — pointy in their mono-toe pumps, stubby in klutzy sneakers, manly shoes, womanly shoes, nondescript yet formidable toes — what can all these tell

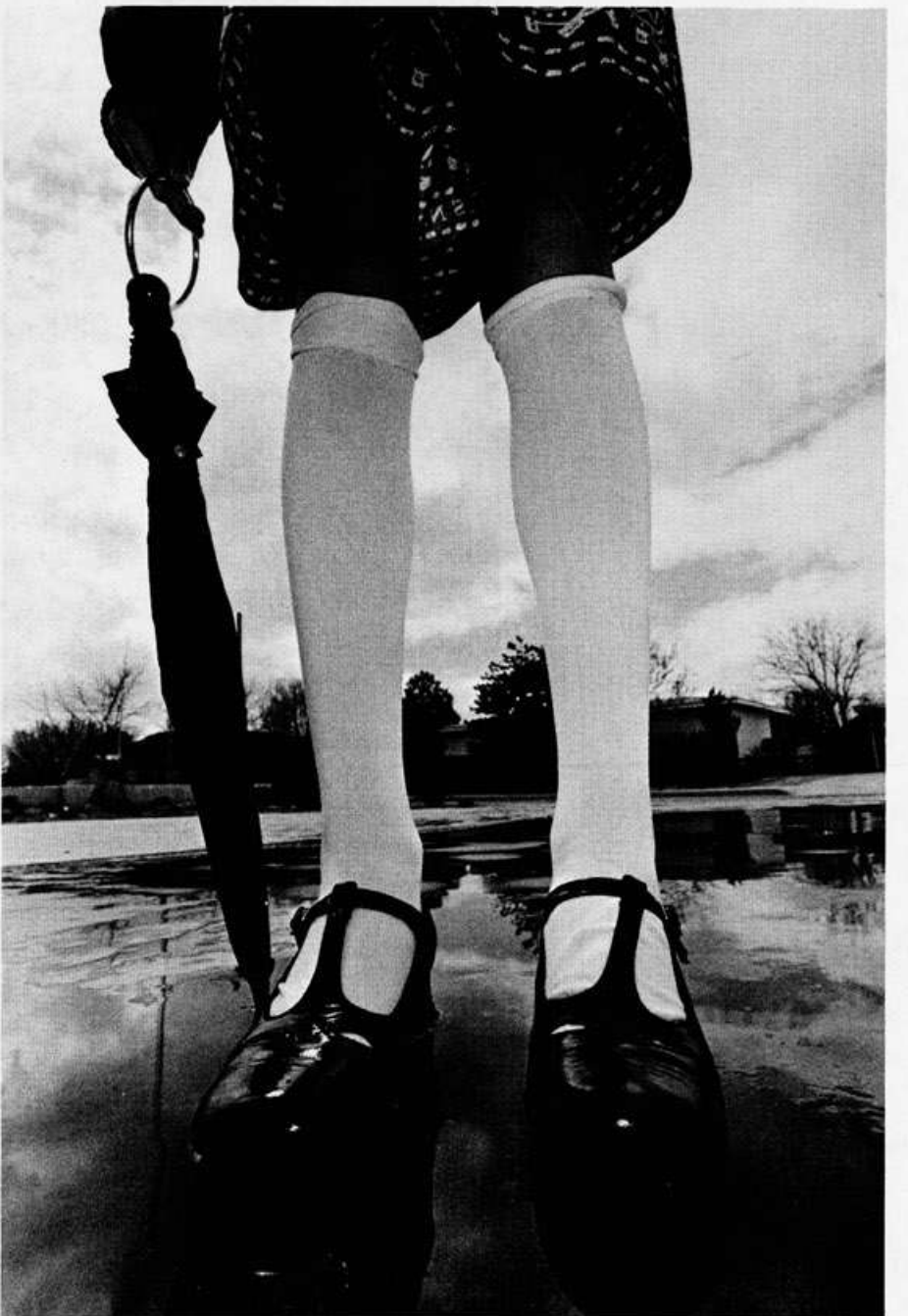
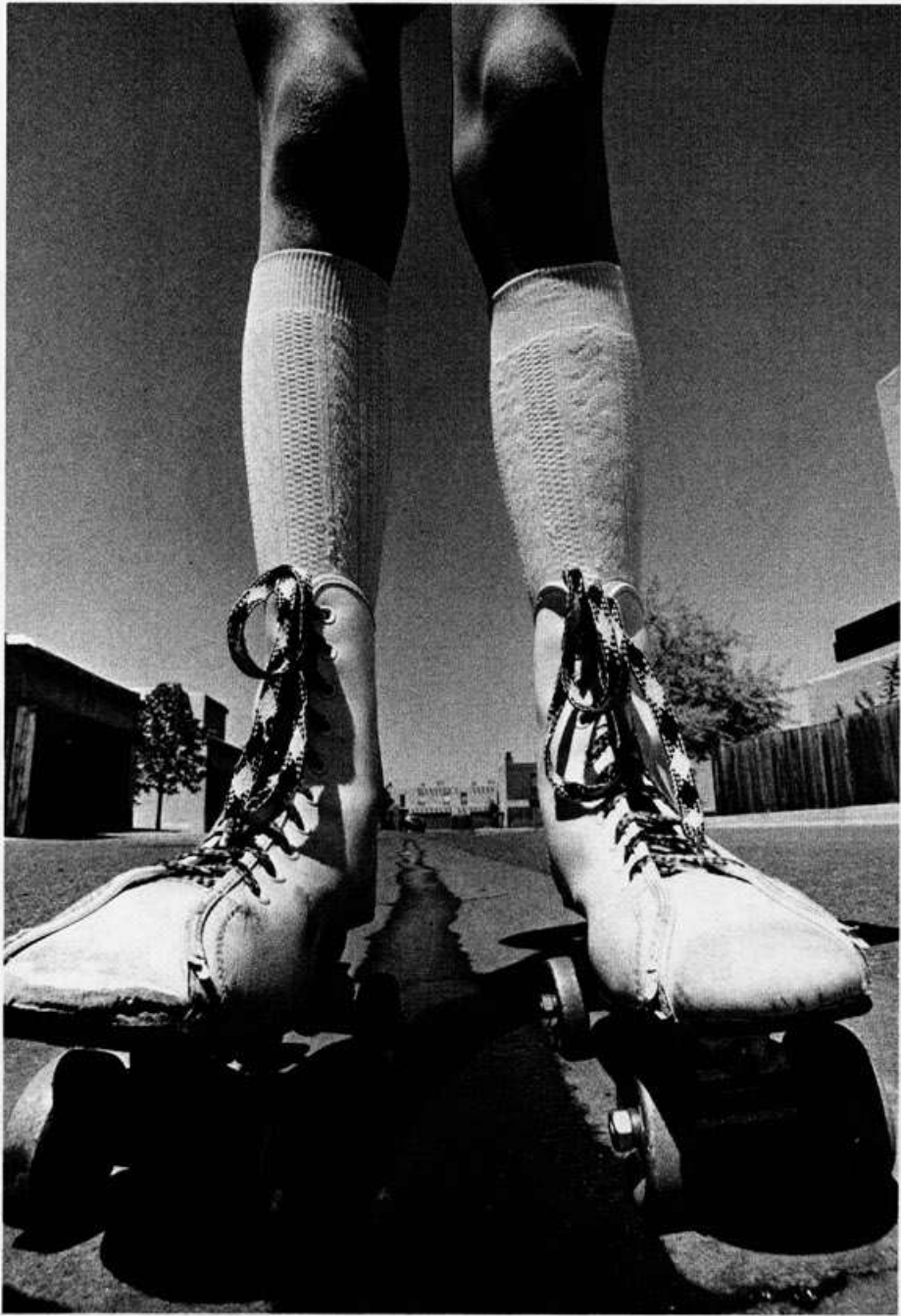
us? A surprising amount. By their shoes and the vanity of their pedal extremities shall ye know them.

Would you be willing to hoist your skirt or roll up your slacks to reveal such an intimate part of yourself? I'm not sure I would. Toes are toes are toes, and no wonder we hide them in boots! There are probably only a handful, or should I say a footful, of people in this world who can boast of having truly admirable toes. And which of us has the metatarsal arch that would send a genuine aesthete into a swoon? Or an ankle bone with the sublimity to inspire a sonnet? Feet are what most of us keep determinedly on the ground, and all of us comprehend what it means when we say "He hasn't got a leg to stand on."

Not all of Noggle's pictures of shod

feet evoke amusement. Some of the series make me thoughtful, even sad. Human gestures and apparel are usually studied by cultural anthropologists, but Anne Noggle's pictures — all of them, not just this selection — are of such poetic intensity that they make us look a second and even a third time at the peculiarities of being human. We are the animal that walks upright, with the technical know-how to manufacture everything from moccasins to Nikes, and we have created enough fetishes about feet and their coverings to fill several encyclopedia articles.

Take a moment. Consider with great care what these pictures represent, and then ask yourself if you can ever again look a foot in the face.





RICHARD AVEDON: WESTERN SIDESHOW

In The American West: Photographs by Richard Avedon. Harry N. Abrams, Inc., New York, September, 1985. \$45.

All photographs by Richard Avedon

By Dave Crossley

For five summers, beginning in 1979, Richard Avedon and his entourage toured the American West making portraits, supported by a commission from Fort Worth's Amon Carter Museum. The project was instigated by the museum's late director, Mitchell A. Wilder, and has now become a major touring exhibition (opening at the Amon Carter on September 14, then traveling on to Washington, D.C., San Francisco, Chicago, Phoenix, Boston, and Atlanta) and an elaborate book and catalogue. Apparently, Wilder had the idea after seeing a 1978 portrait Avedon had made of a ranch foreman in Montana. It would be interesting to see that photograph now, in the presence of these pictures, which evoke a feeling remindful of the work of Diane Arbus. Many of those photographed by Arbus were people upon whom life had visited a terrible violence, in the form of physical or mental aberrations, or who had chosen a way of being that was not easily or lovingly grasped, at least not by me. For the most part, the people in Avedon's pictures seem to be denizens of an underworld populated by the cast of an enormous traveling sideshow, albeit one in which physical strangeness fails to extend to gigantism or mongoloidism. A great many of Avedon's subjects suggest the idea of a family squandered away in some secluded mountain area, inbreeding for generations and deprived of all knowledge of the rules of the Taste Police, for whom Avedon works when he's not doing projects such as this one. Many look as though Avedon had stormed their homes and forced them up against the white seamless backdrop paper, their pants unbuttoned, hair disheveled, and their demeanor reflecting utter resignation before this master of control. Others seem to have been dragged from their jobs

in the coal mine, the oil field, or the slaughterhouse for a celebration of their dirtiness. Some are nearly incredible in their sense of theatre — one slaughterhouse worker seems to have stuck his head into the head of a skinned, bloody dripping steer with the tongue hanging out and the eye bulging. If Avedon wants us to know how grim are the jobs, even the lives, of many people, he has surely succeeded at that. Even those who have been allowed to prepare themselves are covered with sequins and incredible combinations of patterns, if not body-engulfing tattoos. A few escape. A striking 12-year-old girl on the cover (whom Avedon has turned into a smouldering woman), a young rancher from Montana, a couple of God-fearing Hutterites, are among the small band of souls who managed to elude the cloak of weirdness Avedon has cast over so many of these subjects.

I've been on Avedon's cheering squad for more than thirty years and during that time I've been bemused by the schizophrenia of his career, making some people beautiful, glamorous, and others ugly and fearsome beyond the reality which would be perceived by normal eyes in the actual presence of the people, where we make our living portraits to include voices, movements, ideas, manners, personalities. When he first started making the *blunt* pictures, hard, sad photographs of well known people, he seemed to be denying that he was a "fashion" photographer who lived in a phony world; quick as wink, he said No no, look, they're all sick and dying, just like you and me. That he has not always been very nice to the memories of famous people (remember his terrible picture of Dwight Eisenhower? Dwight Eisenhower!) has not obscured his almost unbelievable skill or his legendary

control.

This project was a turning away from the famous. In the book's afterword, Dallas photographer Laura Wilson, who traveled with Avedon, says "Right from the start, Avedon chose men and women who work at hard, uncelebrated jobs, the people who are often ignored or overlooked. He searched for what he wanted to see and his choices were completely subjective." In his comments about the project, Avedon has referred to Edward Curtis, and August Sander was clearly an influence. The work of these men appears to be documentary, but in fact is loaded with their ideas, their fantasies. Each photographer employed staging and each coaxed imagined characters out of his subjects. Avedon suggests that Curtis was dealing in fiction and is quite clear that he thinks he is. In the foreword to this book, Avedon says, "A portrait photographer depends upon another person to complete his picture. The subject imagined, which in a sense is me, must be discovered in someone else willing to become implicated in a fiction he cannot possibly know about. My concerns are not his. We have separate ambitions for the image. His need to plead his case probably goes as deep as my need to plead mine, but the control is with me." That's a pretty wonderful idea, that a portrait photographer can use a sitter to create fiction, and that we are not really finally looking at that person. On the one hand, this is a fabulous alibi for what sometimes appears to be cruelty, and on the other it's an assertion that's as fair for a photographer to make as for a painter. Isn't it?

Harold Brodkey thought so, writing his introduction to an earlier book *Avedon: Photographs 1947-1977*: "To make a photograph speak requires

the connivance of all sorts of facts — and processes of fact — but then the lying must begin and a photographic language created which was not used by painters in their different games with time and truth and objects and faces. Only the conventional is comprehensible, and the conventional is the subject of most photographs perhaps — the banal, banality itself. The singular, the strange is the human voice, only half-comprehensible, an importunate and important murmur, not an ideogram, not comprehensible — but present."

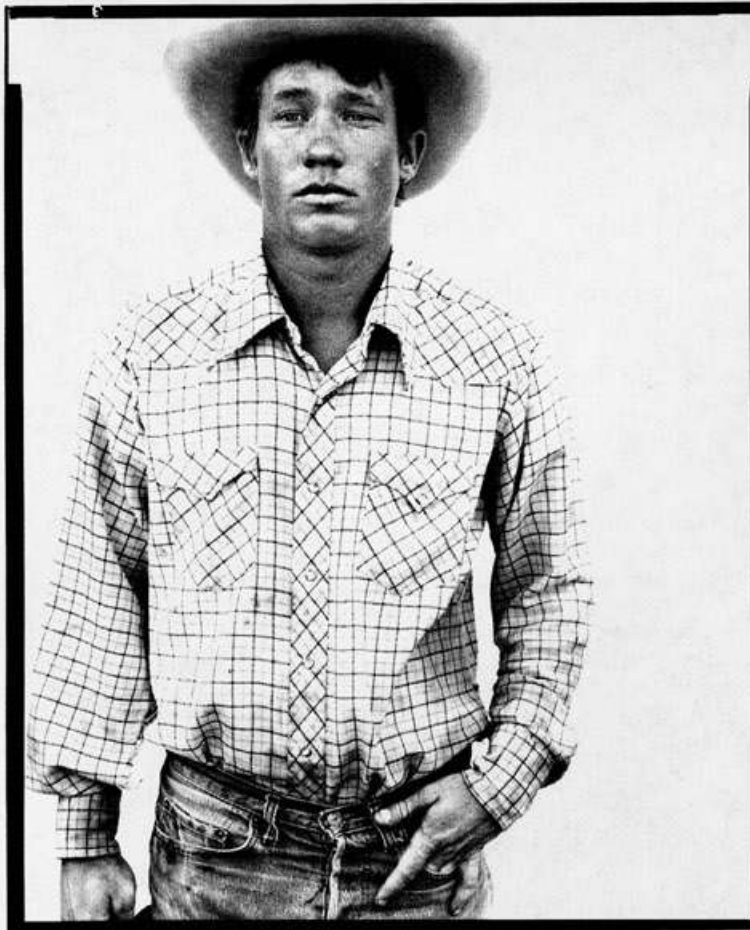
So Billy Mudd, trucker, whose head and body don't quite match, is Avedon's human voice, as is Valentino Curley, grave digger, whose nose is broken and misshapen, and the bald Ronald Fischer, shirtless and covered with bees, and Blue Cloud Wright, slaughterhouse worker, shiny with the blood of a hundred head of cattle, not to mention all the people who are just ugly, pockmarked and scarred, or who are frustrated by their own evil, sometimes, or by their ignorance, illiteracy, or poverty. I suppose we are all life's victims and so forth, but these people seem to have been pummeled about a little more than most.

It is curious that Avedon has produced a set of pictures that so clearly show his presence, when he says in the foreword, "These disciplines, these strategies, this silent theater attempt to achieve an illusion: that everything embodied in the photograph simply happened, that the person in the portrait was always there, was never told to stand there, was never encouraged to hide his hands, and in the end was not even in the presence of a photographer." But almost none of them show that separation. Many of the people look frightened, or overwhelmed, under alien control. Avedon stood a few in-

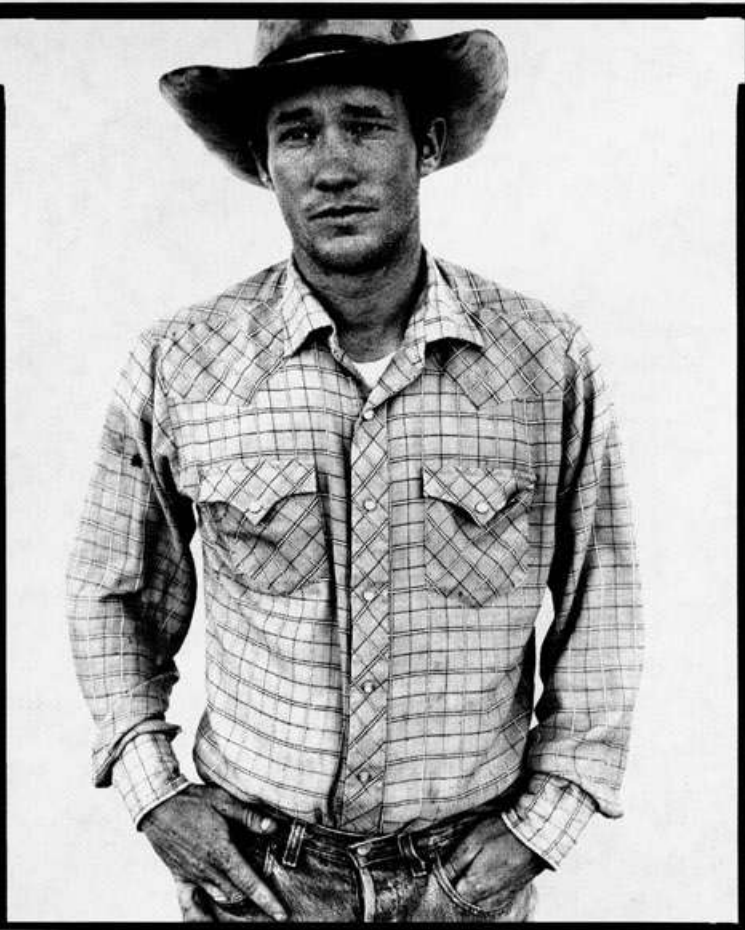
ches to the side of the camera, and several of the subjects seem to be looking at him, which makes all the stranger those in which the subjects are, after all, staring at a lifeless lens, and thus at us. There is rarely a chance to forget who the storyteller is, except when the subject wins, takes over the portrait, like some filmic cowboy, who then swaggers off into the sunset. How Avedon has stamped his name so forcefully on these pictures is a mystery to me.

Nor can I fathom how he has managed to invade the recesses of my already suffering mind with so much unpleasant imagery. Like the movie *Straw Dogs*, these pictures, and his previous hard work before them, cause permanent brain damage. Someone has suggested to me that their power comes only from knowing that The Great Avedon made them. I don't agree: I would always have known that Avedon made them. And I will always remember them, if not in their particulars, at least in their energy and ferocity. It is absolutely clear that Avedon has a powerful long-term vision which people are gradually letting him reduce to paper. It is also clear that he is very brave.

Harold Brodkey said "His pictures are always blasphemous, are always prepared for misinterpretation . . . Have any reaction you like, misuse the photograph however you wish." I am uncomfortable suspecting that I have completely misunderstood. Though the pictures are powerful and intriguing (and no doubt will be much more so in their four- or five-foot-high versions at the Amon Carter exhibition), I cannot shake the notion that many of them are also cruel. Avedon says "All photographs are accurate. None of them is the truth." These photographs prove both points.



Richard Wheatcroft, rancher, Jordan, Montana, 6/19/81 and 6/27/83



(The text accompanying the photographs was written by Dallas photographer Laura Wilson, who accompanied Avedon on his trips through the West. Her descriptions are printed as an afterword in the book, from which these are excerpted.)

In Jordan, Montana, we met up with the Wheatcroft brothers, Richard and Brad. They drove us south in their pickup, fast, over dusty, dirt roads that go like arrows directly from one point to another. Prong-horned antelope darted fitfully from the noise. We never had a casual drive in a pickup. Western drivers are impatient with the endless space.

We stopped to climb a high butte which rose like a sentinel from the flatlands. The Wheatcroft brothers picked up shards of arrowheads, spotting them the way some people can sight a meteorite in a star-filled sky. On top of the butte was a drystone column scaled to a man, built by the second group of wanderers

into this part of Montana — sheepmen in search of open range.

As we entered Ingomar, three children ran up the dirt street to hang onto our pickup. The Wheatcroft brothers took their "hardware" (a model .66 Smith and Wesson, a Colt New Frontier 45, and a 22/32 Kit gun) off the dashboard and stowed it under the front seat.

We stopped at the Jersey Lily, where a couple of men were drinking at the bar, two teenage boys played pool, and a Japanese man from the seismograph crew of an oil exploration company looked very much alone. We ordered steaks and "Jersey Lily Beans," acknowledged as the best pinto beans in Eastern Montana. As

we ate, Brad Wheatcroft reminisced. Their grandfather had come to Montana with a wave of homesteaders in 1913 and received three hundred and twenty semi-arid acres, free, from the United States Government. As homesteads were abandoned during droughts and the Depression, the grandfather bought neighboring sections of land for twenty-five cents an acre. Brad and Richard's father took over in the 1950s and ranched the accumulated nine thousand acres. But the margin of profit with cattle was so slim that Brad and two other brothers were forced to look for work off the ranch. In 1978, their father was crushed to death in a tractor accident. Richard, the youngest

brother, found him. The responsibility of maintaining the ranch went to Richard. He had no choice.

Montana does not yield easy ways to make a living. In the cattle business, even in a good year, Richard can only hope to hold what the Wheatcrofts already own. Brad said that if they could just hang on a few more years, with all the energy exploration, maybe they'd come into some money. "Who knows," he smiled, "we might wind up as the Cabots and the Lodges of Montana."



James Story, coal miner, Somerset, Colorado, 12/18/79

We saw firsthand the single biggest change taking place in the American West since the closing of the open range and the building of the railroads: the energy boom. In the 1970s energy companies were taking another look at out-of-fashion fuels like coal. Huge strip-mining operations scraped coal from surface deposits in Wyoming, Montana, and Colorado. Old tunnel mines were reopened; men went back in and dug deeper.

The Old Stansbury Coal Mine in Reliance, Wyoming, was reopened in 1975 after having been shut for almost two decades. The workers were young, rough, and itinerant. They went underground cramped in small vehicles called "man-

trips," scratched with graffiti on the doors, seats, and roofs. After fifty feet, daylight disappeared. The "mantrip" continued down to a depth of 3,500 feet. There in complete darkness, the miners began their long walk to the "face," the seam where coal was being cut. Their commute lasted almost an hour, one way. The men walked through "entry" tunnels no higher than five feet in many places. They walked bent over on rocky, uneven footing; water seeped in from side walls. For us, unaccustomed to the depth and blackness and cramped passageways, all visual bearings were lost; the light from the miners' helmets did little good. We couldn't see. So we strained to

hear, and the soundlessness of the tunnels was forbidding. The air was fouled by coal dust, filling our nostrils and throats, covering our faces and clothes. The miners checked the oxygen in the air each hour. In old, worked-out areas of the mine, the "entries" didn't always get enough air. The lack of oxygen is as deadly as a poisonous gas. The miners call it "black damp."

There are other dangers in tunnel coal mining: "float dust," for example, tiny particles of coal that accumulate as the cutting machine works at the face of the coal-seam. A random spark from the bit can ignite these particles, causing an explosion. "Bounce" — a deceptively light-

hearted term used by miners to describe the tremendous heave caused by the earth settling — can start a cave-in from which no one escapes.

The young miners like the challenge and danger. They discount the odds of "knowing that some day you might buy it." A miner said, matter-of-factly, "It's not boring. I guess the danger has something to do with it." A face boss told us, "Miners are like sailors going to sea. They pit themselves against the earth the way sailors go out to sea."

Then there are what one mine foreman called the "tender ones," men who grew up together, went to school together, whose brothers or fathers or uncles are

miners, and who, right out of high school, could make top wages in mining. They like working together, watching out for each other. Roger Tims, a 21-year-old miner from Reliance, Wyoming, said, "I like it. I really like it down there. Nobody can get to you."



Rochelle Justin, patient, State Mental Hospital, Las Vegas, New Mexico, 4/1/80

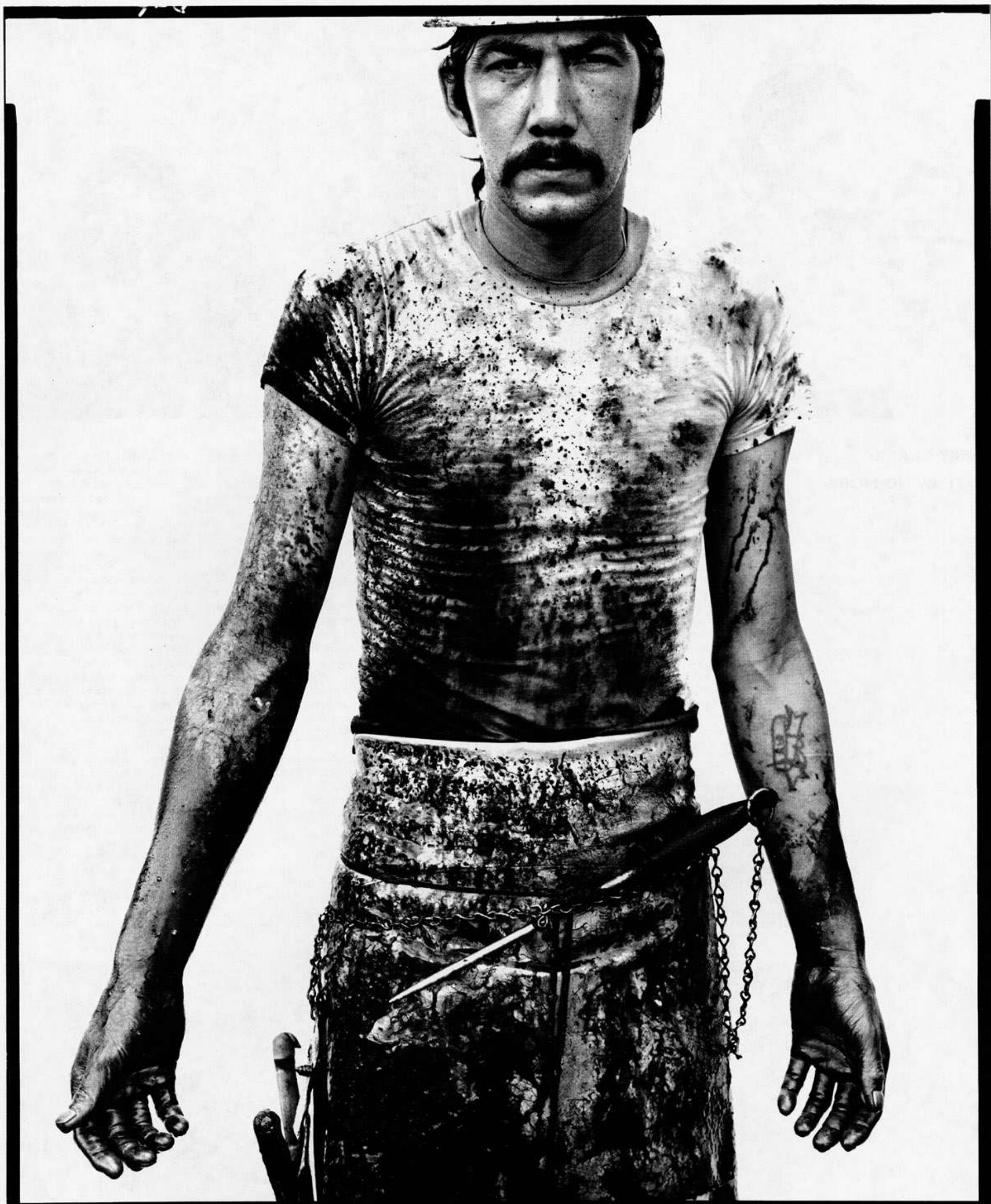
Las Vegas, New Mexico, is an hour's drive around the southern edge of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains from Santa Fe. In the 1920s and '30s, while Santa Fe grew as an artists and writers colony, Las Vegas depended on dry-land farming and ranching. During the Depression the town struggled to maintain itself. The town square, once an oasis of tall live oak trees surrounded by two-story brick buildings, took on the shabby appearance of a place where opportunity would knock only once.

Today, Las Vegas exists to support the political agencies of New Mexico's San Miguel County. It is also the home of the state mental hospital. Founded in the

1940s, the hospital is a complex of red-brick buildings, all having the institutional look of the period. Many of the patients are Hispanic and come from isolated, rural communities in New Mexico. We photographed them in the spring of 1980 during Holy Week. Snow was still on the ground. Daily temperatures varied from 35 to 50, making it too cold to photograph outside. We set up the camera and the white paper in the main cafeteria facing the morning light flooding in from a wall of windows. At 11:45am, men and women filed in and took trays of food to tables where they sat together. Members of the hospital staff helped them select foods and relax and talk to

one another. A woman entered the cafeteria, taking three steps at a time, then stopping until she counted from one to ten. She was in her mid-thirties and wore a white blouse and blue pantsuit. No one interfered with her, but the time she spent to take such precise steps used up most of her lunch period. Avedon asked if he might take a picture. She wore, for the portrait, a silver rosary around her neck. After the sitting, she sat and talked with us, quietly. The assistants took several Polaroids to give to her. Avedon handed her the most flattering one. She asked to see the others, and looked carefully at each picture. "Does this look like me?" She held out a close-up of just her face,

distorted and blurred by the automatic focus of the Polaroid. "This is the best one of me," she said. "It's how I feel."



Blue Cloud Wright, slaughterhouse worker, Omaha, Nebraska, 8/10/79

In Omaha, Nebraska, and Amarillo, Texas, Avedon photographed men whose faces were covered in red and purple. They work in meatpacking plants, slaughtering 300 head of cattle per hour. With rotating shifts of 100 to 140 men, the plants are in operation 14 to 18 hours a day. The cattle are driven from outside pens up a ramp to a narrow retainer. There, lunging and bawling, each animal is killed by a "knocking gun" which shoots a pin into its head. Immediately a shackle pin, wrapped around the animal's hind leg, jerks it into the air. The carcasses clatter along a rail in front of an assembly line of workers. First a great automatic scythe rips off the hide. Then a

man on the "kill floor" splits the animal, cutting off its forelegs and its head, gutting its stomach. The kill floor is loud, hot, and steamy. Hose-water blasts the carcasses, washes the floor, and cleans the blood from the men's chests and arms.

Of all the jobs we saw — in the oil fields, in underground mines, on construction sites — the work in the slaughterhouse was the most exhausting and unrelieved. The odor is sickening, and the noise never lets up.



LARRY CLARK: OUTLAW NO MORE

The creator of *Tulsa* talks about his new life and his latest book, *Teenage Lust*.

Copyright 1984 Ellen Wallenstein

By Ellen Wallenstein

The cover photograph of Larry Clark's book *Teenage Lust* is a gorgeously lit rectangle of boy/girl flesh on the seat of a car, her hand around his penis, his hand at her crotch, their tongues touching. The quintessence of teenage lust: hot stuff in the back of a car/on the cover of a book.

The inside cover: a man and a woman seated at a table in a restaurant, his hand on her arm behind the water glasses. Between them is a cute young boy in a dark plaid shirt, over a white shirt with his name on it. All three look into the camera with tight-lipped grins, but no one is really smiling.

The frontispiece: a photograph of that same boy, in a white shirt, hair neatly combed, holding up a Roy Rogers camera. He is looking out beyond the viewer. Under the photograph, in handwritten letters, the subtitle of the book: An Autobiography by Larry Clark.

Most autobiographies are written pieces, with photographs used for illustration and/or historical purposes. In Clark's book, the photographs serve as text, while the afterword, a twenty-seven-page speedtrip of words, fills in all the biographical

information and serves as the verbal glue that gives the images their cohesion.

Primary interest in this book stems from Clark's previous book *Tulsa*, the stuff of which reputations are made. *Tulsa*, a tightly edited, visually beautiful and coherent photo-poem about the life of teenage speed freaks in the 1960s, was an underground classic among photographers, and made Clark a cult hero. *Tulsa* reads like a film: it is cinematic. Each image and placement of images is carefully thought out and consistent. From the cover photographs of the kid on the bed holding a gun, to the last limp image of preparing to shoot up, the book reads like a young outlaw's chronicle of a particular subjective reality. At only one point in *Tulsa* does anyone look at the camera, and at that point it serves as a pause or interlude to the seamy drama taking place within the story.

Compared to *Tulsa*, *Teenage Lust* is a different kind of movie. It is episodic rather than a continuum, a visual chronology helped out by hindsight and wisdom. It is also more directly confrontational with the viewer, and somehow objective despite its personal nature. As autobiography, it reads as a photographic journey through the drug-crazed beginnings

of a new era on into the present with all its ambiguities.

The placement and chronology of imagery as well as the scrapbook quality of parts of this book (newspaper articles, legal notices, snapshots and Polaroid images, words) make Clark's experience somehow more tangible, further evidence offered up to us to prove an existence. The life it chronicles is involved in drugs, sex, voyeurism, and jails, as well as other good clean fun. Combined with the powerful afterword, it is a book about self-discovery and maturation. By putting together this book of visual and verbal recollection that serves as an autobiography, Clark put himself in touch with the man in him, as well as an overview of the boy he was.

What follows is an interview I had with Larry Clark about his book and his new life:

EW: How did *Teenage Lust* come about?

LC: I was in New York and I'd done the *Tulsa* book a couple of years earlier. A friend of mine said to me, "What are you going to do, sit around on your ass, sit around on your reputation?" and I said, "Yeah,

that's what I'm gonna do." And then it was like a real challenge. So over a weekend I went and I took all my other negatives and other prints that were left over from *Tulsa* and I put them together. I laid them down in a dummy and probably about a third of *Teenage Lust* was put down.

About four years ago I quit drinking. When I got out of the penitentiary, I cleaned up completely. I quit all drugs. During that period I had to keep busy so the *Teenage Lust* book was my personal work therapy to keep me okay because I was really in bad shape. It was like life or death. I really worked, and I got so involved in it that I was afraid I was going to die. I said, "If I'm going to die I'll never get this book out." There was about a year and a half that I wouldn't fly. If I had to go to Chicago or something I would take a train.

Plus I got married three years ago and we have a son who is one year old. So I stopped drinking, I did two books, I got a kid and a wife — I really made major life changes.

EW: Why did you decide to have the text in *Teenage Lust*?

LC: Aperture had a contract with me for this book, back when I first laid the dummy down. So I came to



New York and I got with Aperture, with Michael Hoffman and Carol Kismaric. They were very enthusiastic about the book and wanted me to complete it and they wanted me to do a text. I didn't want to do a text. I knew I would have to tell things I didn't want to tell; I wasn't interested in revealing this and talking about myself. But finally I did a text because the book was ready to be published and they said they wanted a text. We kind of had a Mexican standoff — we just looked at each other for a year. They wouldn't publish it and I wouldn't do a text. Finally I did it, which really helped the book a lot, really made it into a book. I was against it, but once I did it, I saw that it had to be in there just the way it was.

It got very scary because once I'd done the text I really saw what the book was and I said, "How am I gonna put this out?" I knew that the image that I was projecting through the book, even though it was right, was going to upset a lot of people.

EW: It did.

LC: Me too.

EW: How come Aperture didn't publish it?

LC: They eventually couldn't publish it. Until twelve months prior to publication, for 3-1/2 years, Aperture gave me emotional support, they spent money, they spent quite a few thousand dollars (I don't want to say how much but quite a few thousand bucks) on it. It kept me going. But it was a little too rough for them. So I did it myself.

EW: Did you design it yourself?

LC: I designed the whole book. I did everything myself. So the book is exactly like I want it to be.

EW: Were you on drugs when you were doing the text?

LC: No. I was straight. I tried to do a text six months earlier. I was still smoking weed, and it was terrible. I found out I had to quit smoking weed, which I'd never done. But to do the text I had to, so I quit and then I was totally clean and then I was able to do the text. It was done on like Perrier water.

EW: *Teenage Lust* seems more voyeuristic than *Tulsa*. I know there was somebody there in the front seat; I'm aware of somebody shooting these things.

LC: In the *Tulsa* book, you don't know the photographer's there, as much as in *Teenage Lust* where you're aware of the photographer. There's a technical answer to that. I realized it when I was laying out *Tulsa*: no one in *Tulsa* looks at the camera. One picture of one girl looks at the camera. One reason you get the feeling of how it started, how I was there: I was one of "the guys," I was very close, and I was using a 50mm lens in the first half of the book and a 35mm lens in the second half, so I'm about this close to everybody. But no one looks at the camera. When I was laying out *Tulsa*, I found that to tell it the way I wanted to tell it, to get the feeling and to tell the truth, the pictures of the people looking at the camera had to be taken out. It just worked better that way. The pictures of the people looking at the camera screwed up the whole continuity, screwed up the feeling, changed everything. There are reasons for it, and when I did this book in 1971 I knew the reasons. Or I realize it now. I don't remember. But as a student of how a book is done, there's something to it.

I'm not explaining it well because I've forgotten why, but one reason this book works is because I did the dummy in different versions for myself. I took the pictures and moved

them around, found the ones I had to throw away. The reason the book is good is that I realized I had to be ruthless and vicious in my editing. No matter how good the pictures were, if they didn't work, they went out. So I was left with only the pictures that work. It's very hard on your other pictures when you can't use them. But I realized that if you can't use them, you can't use them, and that was one of my rules. Consequently, when I started the *Teenage Lust* book, I had all these pictures of people looking at the camera that I couldn't use before. I was looking for a way to use those pictures. Just like I was saying, Here's people looking at the camera that I couldn't use, here's pictures on weed, pictures on acid, whatever. I mean all those things went into it, and are part of book-making. I think that there are photographers, millions of them, who can make photographs as good as I can, but I think one of the main reasons why these books work is because I was ruthless in my editing. I used them for a purpose and I used them to say what I wanted to say.

EW: *Teenage Lust* is really romantic. In comparison, *Tulsa* seems rough.

LC: I think it's because the pictures are a little bit nice and pretty. I think that's because I'm a good photographer and I'm trying to do that. I had fought with that a lot. In other words, as I said in the book you had to make the people look good. I was a baby photographer long ago and I think my early training, on being able to see people and see them at their best, influenced me. You can bring out their good features or you can eliminate their bad features if you're good enough, if you're watching for that and really care about showing the person like he or she would like to be shown. I think I'm able to do that with people. I couldn't do it any other way. If someone has a big nose I'm not going to make it look bigger, it's just a natural thing; I was trained that way. Being like a hotshot studio photographer who really makes people look good and being a street photographer is like being two photographers. Photographers may make people freakier than they are or accentuate the way people look; or maybe that's the way people really do look, maybe the people don't look like the way I make them look.

EW: I think people look the way

INFORMATION

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, IN AND FOR OKLAHOMA COUNTY, STATE OF OKLAHOMA
THE STATE OF OKLAHOMA

Plaintiff,

vs.

Defendant.

LEWIS LECRAND CLARK

In the name and by the authority of the State of Oklahoma, comes now CURTIS P. HARRIS the duly elected, qualified and acting District Attorney in and for Oklahoma County, District No. 7, State of Oklahoma, and on his official oath gives the DISTRICT Court in and for said Oklahoma County, State of Oklahoma, to know and be informed that heretofore, to-wit:

On or about the 21 day of August A.D., 1975, in Oklahoma County, State of Oklahoma

LEWIS LECRAND CLARK

whose more full and correct name is to your informant unknown, then and there being, did then and there wilfully, unlawfully and feloniously commit the crime of

ASSAULT AND BATTERY WITH A DEADLY WEAPON WITH INTENT TO KILL 21 OSA 652 in the manner and form as follows, to-wit:

That is to say, the said defendant, in the county and state aforesaid, and on the day and year aforesaid, then and there being, did then and there wilfully, unlawfully, intentionally and feloniously commit an assault and battery upon one PETE BURCH, with a deadly weapon, to-wit: A pistol, a more full and complete description of which is to your informant unknown, by holding the same in his hands and intentionally and wrongfully pointing, aiming and firing the same at the said PETE BURCH, the bullet therefrom striking, penetrating and causing wounds in the body of the said PETE BURCH, with the unlawful, wrongful and felonious intent then and there on the part of the said defendant to kill the said PETE BURCH;

contrary to the form of the statutes in such cases made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the State of Oklahoma.

CURTIS P. HARRIS
District Attorney, District No. 7
Oklahoma County, Oklahoma

By LEONARD G. GEE Assistant District Attorney

STATE OF OKLAHOMA, OKLAHOMA COUNTY, ss.:

I, K. E. SMITH, being duly sworn on my oath, declare that the statements set forth in the above information are true.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of AUGUST, 1975.

DAN GRAY, Court Clerk

(Seal)
bics

By _____ Deputy





you think they look. And if you're ambivalent, then the photographs are ambivalent also.

LC: But it's still hard to make them look like you think they look. You still have the negatives back in the darkroom, and when you look at the prints, you say this is not the way I want them to look. So it's hard to make them look the way you want them to look.

EW: Did you have an idea in your head for the cover? Were you looking for this image?

LC: I was looking for the situation. The image just happened. If you can get into the situation then the pictures will be there and then you gotta pick them out. But this just happened. We were driving back from the lake and it was happening in the back

seat. I was pressed up against the windshield. This is the only frame I could get. It works. This is probably just about my best picture, photographically.

EW: What about the dog imagery? There's a lot of dogs in here, like this one from Florida.

LC: It was my dog, a great dog, a baby retriever, and I had to give the dog away. That was all. I had a girlfriend once who saw that picture and she woke up one morning and said "I got it! You want to fuck your dog!" I said no, that's not it. But it's a sexy picture of a dog, that's all it is. It was a picture taken on acid.

EW: Are all these pictures on acid?

LC: Some of them are. It was late in the 60s; everyone was doing acid.

Plus we were putting paint all over ourselves and then laying out on big sheets of paper. At one time I was looking at the book technically as every photograph in the book is taken under the influence of some drug. Which doesn't make you take better photographs or anything but it's interesting to me that I was always fucked up. When I was taking all the pictures, there were speed pictures and acid pictures and downer pictures, and I was always drinking. At one time I was thinking about putting the book into sections like that. During that time I started seeing myself and that's how it became autobiography.

All these little things through the years were resolved. I would think about these things and then look at my photographs and really analyze myself, trying to figure out where I was coming from, who I was, why I

was taking these pictures, and then at the very end it all came out in the text. I was figuring out why I was really the kind of person I was.

EW: Do you feel you were a different person?

LC: I'm still the same person but I understand. I understand what is going on and who I am and why I do the things I do. I wouldn't want to be running around the country like that, like a wild man, now. I'm very lucky. My friends kept dying on me and I thought, gee man, I'm the one that's forced to stay here and record this and do this; as stupid as that sounds I was obsessed by it. I mean there was a reason why these guys were strong guys but it . . . was time to go.

EW: Do you feel that while you were high your camera could be your straight man?

LC: Right. It always gives you a reason for being there. People are out there doing all these things but they're just out there doing them, they don't have any reason. I mean I wouldn't want to be doing them unless I had my camera. It's very strange.

EW: How do you feel looking at those photographs now?

LC: Looking at my photographs now is a totally different experience than it was.

EW: Are you shocked in looking back that you were such a crazy?

LC: Well, I don't know what shocked means. Yeah, I guess so. Kind of. I mean, I would certainly do it differently.

EW: In 1968, I was a high school student in New York City. And that stuff was going on around me and I was affected by it, but not directly or confrontationally. But if I had been a man of twenty-five instead of a girl of fifteen, maybe I would have photographed the 60s.

LC: I always felt and still do feel that the people who were involved in it, like the sixteen year olds, if somehow you could have made them good photographers, they would have done a better job of it. I did something different but if someone that was inside of it could have done it . . . Of course that comes from the Tulsa book experience and being a photographer and recognizing that there was something going on that I could photograph.

EW: I wonder if that has to do with the ultimate fantasy of going back and photographing as a grown-up.

LC: I don't think it did. I was still pretty young and pretty wild and crazy. I don't think it affected much. The photographs are pretty natural. I was able to kind of fit into the scene because I'm from Oklahoma and I knew a lot of the kids from the time they were little kids on the street.

I find the motivations interesting and strange. I wonder if one was analyzed early if they would be able to go out and make the photographs, or would that stop one from photographing? I wonder. Because I was psychologically analyzing myself in these photographs.

When I did the text I was obviously putting myself back to the age of the time that the things were happening. I was talking about it because I wanted to say what I felt then.

This text could have been totally different. I could have talked about my father like I understand now, like he's just a guy out there, you know, the poor guy. In the text, I thought I should go back to how I felt through the years and forget about looking at it now, with sophistication and understanding. So that's why some of it is cruel and rough. When I was talk-



ing about some of the violence I mean that's how I felt. When you're on drugs that's how you feel. On the front page of the newspaper some kid says "Give me your bicycle," then you get an eyewitness account: they were just standing talking for thirty seconds, it looked like he punched him in the chest, and then he ran away. Then they go over and see he was stabbed through the heart and he was dead, right? No one understands that, but I can understand it because when you're on drugs you think you're right. It's like Billy the Kid and the Old West and Shootout at High Noon. You're right and the other side is wrong. You see it every day in the papers. I understand why that's going on.

You might have to be pretty hip to drugs and everything to understand. I think a lot of people understand the text, but then, a lot of people take it straight and think I'm a thug. I've always liked looking back and seeing how differently people see my work. There's a kind of ambiguity in some of the work into which people can read their own story.

EW: Do you think that by photographing something like you did, that you fictionalized your past, fictionalized an idea or idealized something, so that it's truth but not truth?

LC: I've thought about that, but no, I don't think I have. All I've done is make people look good. It's really hard for me to put it into words, because I'm not real articulate, I'm not a poet. I wish I was. But that's a good question. You know, talking about these things, the drugs, the violence, the sex, and all that, I mean there was a lot of fun going on, but you know it might be hard for some of these people to accept this: that life is going on, it's fun, it's beautiful. And that all these other elements are in there. By showing it happening people can look at it and they just can't dismiss it like a bunch of freaks, 'cause these are people, they look like people, they're like other people. I think the way that you show the people has a lot to do with how others are going to take it.

EW: *Tulsa* seems a bit sleazy, the photographs are contrasty and the people look grainy.

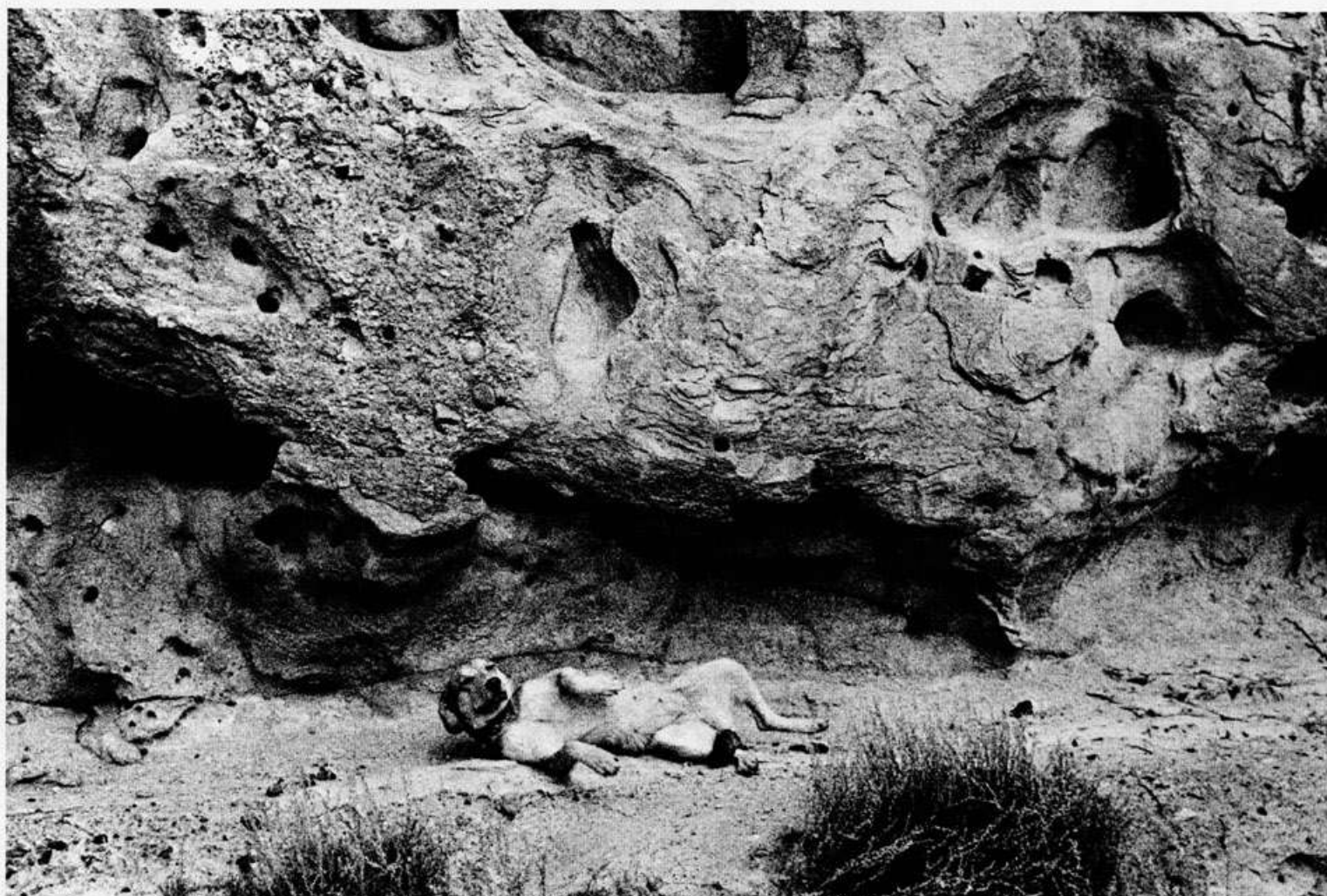
LC: But the people in *Tulsa* still look good. I mean, you should have been there and seen what everybody really looked like.

EW: What about the girl with the black eye?

LC: I made her look great, let me tell you. Because I wouldn't show anybody looking bad. I just wouldn't do that. I mean what am I trying to do here? I don't want to take advantage of anybody. I guess I do in a way, but there's another element in there when you photograph sometimes — that rule, that you make people look good while they're doing whatever they're doing. If I photographed someone murdering someone right here, if it wasn't a good photograph, if the people didn't look just right, and if it wasn't a good composition, I wouldn't print the picture. I wouldn't care about it. I wouldn't let them publish it. Because the picture wouldn't be any good.

EW: What are you doing now?

LC: Well, what I would like to do is make a film and I'm working on this script, but I don't know how to make a film. So I have a lot of anxiety and depression because I think that I would like to make movies. I think the reason the books work as stories is that they're kind of cinematic in concept, because I really felt like I could be in a film. For the last six months I've been working on an idea for a film. Now I realize that I might make a film one day and maybe I won't. But in the meantime I should



probably do what I do best, and that's try to do another book. I should try to find a way to express the ideas in a film. To do it in another book seems impossible to me because it really is a subject for the cinema. Maybe that's the start of my project: I want to do a film and have to settle for a book. I'll get it done.

EW: What about video?

LC: I'm like, you know, raised on Hollywood. I'm interested in the big screen, the 35mm and the whole thing. But I can see the process starting; I've been in the darkroom the last couple of days.

EW: What's it going to be about?

LC: I would like to make something less autobiographical but I think in a way everything is.

EW: Do a lot of people interview you?

LC: No, not many. I've got a wife and kid now, so I can't really be such a bum. I need to make some bread and butter. So there's new pressures that are coming up. I've given a few talks, maybe one a year or one every two years. I turn them down because it's just too uncomfortable to stand up there and talk about yourself. My problem is once I say it once, I don't want to say it again. I don't want to give the same lecture, so when I give one, I always make it different. I never plan. I just go in cold and start talking. Anyway, the point was that now I've got a kid who's a year old and a wife and it's really expensive in New York, so there's all sorts of new pressures on me. All of a sudden, I'm forty-one years old and supposed to change. So you gotta have a credit

card and you get all this shit. I never had a credit card until a year ago. People said 'How'd you live all those years?' I said, well, I just lived, it wasn't important. I wasn't worried about a house, I wasn't worried about a car, I wasn't worried about nothing. I was just out there. So I wonder what's gonna become of me.

Now I'm in a crisis period again because I really want to do some work while I have people's attention.

EW: How much of your past is with you now? How much of your 'outlaw' past is with the Larry Clark taking pictures in the world now?

LC: Well, there's a lot of my past with me, but about being an outlaw — I'm retired now. This would be a great time for a great quote but I don't have one. I don't know. It's a constant struggle.





HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

The last pictures of a house that existed for one woman.

All photographs by Paul Yeager

By Paul Yeager

*The dancers are all gone under the hill
The houses are all gone under the sea.
T.S. Eliot, East Coker*

On May 1, 1985, bulldozers began leveling the Delores Welder Crabb Mitchell house, built 50 years earlier on a hill at the corner of Troon and Pine Valley in Houston's River Oaks. Several weeks before, having heard that it was to be torn down, I went to the empty house to take a final series of photographs.

As I arrived at the old Italian walnut doors I was struck by how well-kept everything looked. The glass in the doorside lamp was clean, flowers bloomed in matching pots as far as the eye could see, the entryway bricks were freshly swept. It seemed odd that although the house had been emptied and sold several months earlier, someone was still caring for it, keeping it fed and watered and polished.

Douglas Mitchell, the former owner of the house, had not yet arrived to let me in, so I had a few moments to think. What kind of pictures was I going to take; and moreover, why was I really there? What did I expect to do, or to accomplish? A batch of photographs would certainly never save the house.

I had only been to the house on two or three previous occasions. Douglas Mitchell had been one of my most outrageous and stimulating

teachers in college, but our acquaintance had become more infrequent as our paths diverged over the years.

Several years after I graduated, he married Delores Welder Crabb: as he said it, to care for her and keep her company through an extended illness. I had never met her, and the first night my wife and I came to visit at the house, she was too sick to

receive. But the Spanish colonial house she had commissioned John Staub to build in 1935 captured our affection immediately.

Douglas led us that night through the entrance hall. Delores had furnished the house with beautiful Mediterranean antiques, and decorated it with art and artifacts from all over the world. The 400-year-old doors into the dining room had been handmade in Florence. The tiles decorating the stairway were handpainted after scenes from Goya. Everywhere the eye turned was some new delight, some worthy wonder, some fresh fascination; and framing it all was the house, like a series of landscapes, extending and disappearing, on and on.

We went down into the one-and-a-half-story living room with its timbered ceiling and ancient marble fireplace. A full-length larger-than-life-size fresco portrait of Delores, painted by St. Hubert, was mounted into the wall. And then we stepped out into the loggia. We were stunned. The garden was something out of a fairyland: a blue-green-pink-yellow dream of plants and pools and the play of lights in the dark evening air. It too was a series of landscapes, one opening and leading on endlessly to another.

The night echoed with past laughter and lost romance, and I wondered what other evenings in earlier years might have been like, when Delores was well and, like the house, in brightest bloom.

I thought of that night as I stood again before the old front door and waited, pondering still what I was doing there. The house waited too, patiently, for me and for Douglas, and perhaps for a miracle.

Finally Douglas arrived and we went in. The bare inside of the house had been as beautifully kept as the outside: the glasswork gleamed, the woodwork shined, there was no dust. Without furniture the proportions of the spaces were even more apparent. I felt it was here that the charm of the house began, in the proportions.

This house was made to be lived in, by genteel people to be sure, but people nonetheless. For while gentility demands the appearance of perfect comfort, there is often something in perfection that is a little too stiff for comfort. But for John Staub, the style of a house was more than the way the house looked: it was also how the house felt.

Houston architect Howard Barnstone noted that "Staub's work is bewitching . . . it speaks to a time when profit was translated into grace." Staub's philosophy was that "an elegant house need not be an ostentatious house; a simple, traditional design, richly textured and carefully proportioned, was more beautiful than the most magnificent palace." (From *The Architecture of John F. Staub* by Howard Barnstone, University of Texas Press)

Some have said that a house is just a machine for living in, but I didn't



really believe that. I didn't think Delores had either. A machine is too utilitarian to be personal. And this house, while answering every mechanical need, was very personal.

The house began to speak to me, to show that its superb design could be filled with anything or with nothing and still remain quietly elegant and powerful. Pictures began to arrange themselves for the taking. I realized suddenly that the photographs needed to be of more than the proportions and the embellishments, even if that was all that was left: I wanted the walls to speak, to tell me light-filled stories of the people who had come to the house in friendship and had left a part of their laughter and tears in the polish of the tiles and the gleam of the lamps and the shadows in the hedges outside.

As I wandered through the house, setting up my tripod and photographing with the available light, I thought I could hear little snatches of conversation, the subsiding after-ripples of a good joke, the echo a roar makes after it bounces off a wall and silences a room. I sensed a surprising gaiety in the still air, and looked for images that moved in the viewfinder.

Outside in bright sunlight the effect was even more overpowering. The garden rose and fell, the hedges



turned, the walls opened: each step had been planned to reveal or hide some new visual treat, some different facet of the house. I wanted a movie camera and a dolly, and actresses and actors, and a screenplay about a bright, wealthy, attractive young woman who had traveled the world, fallen in love, and built a beautiful home to live in . . . and then life had taken the reins away from her.

Home is where one starts from.
As we grow older
The world becomes stranger,
the pattern more complicated
Of dead and living;
Not the intense moment
Isolated, with no before and after,
But a lifetime burning in every
moment;
And not the lifetime of one man only
But of old stones that cannot
be deciphered.
— T.S. Eliot, *East Coker*

Delores died, and Douglas had other interests and needs. The house and gardens were sold and leveled. I am told an effort was made to retrieve some of the more valuable treasures from the bulldozer's path — St. Hubert's fresco of Delores was removed and donated to Rice University — but other things like the Goya tiles and the elaborate gardens did not survive. Their fate was sealed with that of the house, as the house's fate was sealed with Delores's.

The new owners are developing two new houses on the site. Whether the new structures contain any of the grace of the old remains to be seen.

I don't know how much of my hopes these photographs have realized, but for those of us who haven't a store of memories of the place, photographs are all that's left.



Morning, 1905, by Clarence White

THE LANDSCAPE: IMPERFECT STUDY

Landscape as Photograph, by Estelle Jussim and Elizabeth Lindquist-Cock. Yale University Press, New Haven, 1985. \$35.

By David Portz

Landscape as Photograph is recommended reading, enjoyable reading, and it will probably serve as a basis for the discussion of landscape photography — I have already noticed a few particulars in publications which could only have come from this book. The book's contribution does not consist of its cogently developed ideas, but instead of its delightful particulars: the vivid quotations of vehement critics, the description of influences forming a school of photographers, the quaint manifestoes of artists. These particulars provide a good basis for the non-scholarly discussion of photographic art, which is where the fun is.

In fact, the blithest reader will probably get the most out of the book, without questioning the nature of those obtainments. Such a person can overlook the authors' neglect of landscape photography's current status, and their inexplicable attraction to certain lame ideas. It is understandable that art historians such as Jussim and Lindquist-Cock are reluctant to write of present-day matters which are still being decided by artists and critics. Among the feeble ideas that they have adopted is the purely rhetorical separation of propaganda and prepropaganda (described below), which cannot be distinguished from one another as

they occur, but only in the aftermath of their psychological effects, and then only with respect to a certain individual or group. The authors have also chosen to make their stand by asserting that all photography is to some extent conceptual, a daring defense of a point against which no one would argue. A gladsome reader should also forgive them for the naive bursts of social consciousness with which they sometimes end their chapters. This is a technique used by politically liberal writers to chasten readers — an edifying downbeat to tell them the chapter is through. But the feminist and environmentalist messages are not the kind that will disturb you, if it is time to put the book down and go to bed.

Perhaps more serious is the failure of the authors to include all of the ideologies significantly shaping photographic landscape art. Post-Modernism is slighted, though as a trend it now exists in a well-articulated form, embellished and extensively marketed by artists and their allies. For such omissions the authors make sure to apologize. In *Some Afterthoughts*, they mention in a footnote that they omitted the ideology that maintains that the art market is a determinant of what sort of images are produced. Though the book is composed of the ideologies that have governed the creation of landscape photographs, this one is not in their smorgasbord for buyers of their thirty-five dollar book. In fact the book refers mostly to photographers, philosophers, critics, and literati straight from the mainstream of the liberal arts curriculum of U.S. higher education. On the other hand, the controversial sources are neglected or belittled — the single-mentioned Marxist critic, for example, Herbert Marcuse, is only

condescendingly cited. A not-so-rollicking reader would perhaps prefer that more creative thinking would come from these writers, to complement the large display of admirably synthesized academic thought.

The authors seldom state a definition of their own, a cautious way to write, which disables serious discussion of the authors' thoughts. They instead quote the formulations of other authorities, and proceed in their discussion with no indication of their assent. For example they pass through the whole of their chapter named *Landscape as Concept* with only the definition provided by Joseph Kosuth "that [Conceptual Art] is the inquiry into the foundations of the concept 'art'." I don't believe the book advances the careful thinking about photographic landscape traditions, but it serves as thought-provoking pleasure reading and a full bibliography for further reading. Each of the book's chapters maintains an essay style; descriptions, hypotheses, and anecdotes are built around a theme — *Landscape as Symbol* for example, or *Landscape as God*. The authors disclaim any presumption that landscape photographers are comprehensively treated or that an accurate chronology is portrayed. Nevertheless the order of the chapters suggests the progressing aspirations of the genre: to reflect God, to portray fact, to gain acceptance as art, to isolate form, and more recently, to portray popular culture, investigate concepts, and change attitudes toward environmental degradations. Though the book's ideas are seldom extensively developed, one may by careful gleaning arrive at a generality that stands for much of a chapter. Hence for each chapter I have isolated one Ma-



Tomato Field, 1937, by Edward Weston

for Conception, or M.C. Because so much of the book's merit resides in its Charming Details, I have also from each chapter selected one C.D. I will not vouch for the Major Conceptions but the Charming Details are often suitable for mention at parties. For all the Charming Details threaded together, you should read *Landscape as Photograph* yourself.

Landscape as Artistic Genre:

MC.: Landscape photography originated not only as a response to the desire for visual records, but also from the aesthetic ambitions of upper middle-class Europeans who had begun to seek natural beauty as a spiritual activity, under the influence of Victorian aesthetics and German Neo-Platonism. C.D.: William Henry Fox Talbot invented the paper print because he failed to produce on his honeymoon a view from a mountain with a camera obscura.

Landscape as God: MC.: Landscape photography was gradually transmuted from serving as evidence of a world wrathfully ruined by God, to a world designed by God to make soil from eroded mountains, to a world which was partly sublime (inspiring emotional terror not directly attributable to the apprehension of God), and partly beautiful (not even particularly pertaining to God, but suggesting instead a backdrop for fauns and pretty nymphs). C.D.: Timothy O'Sullivan was dispatched along the Fortieth Parallel in 1867-68 to document the belief of Clarence King, his employer, that a God-sent cataclysm tossed the terrain of the western U.S. during a punishment wrought on sinners.

Landscape as Fact: MC.: One only takes facts from photos as one needs them. C.D.: A. J. Russell's "Citadel Rock, Green River, Wyoming," a photograph dated 1867-68, documents the construction of both

a temporary and a permanent bridge in the foreground, and the presence of an engine, a watertower, and a towering butte in the rear.

Landscape as Symbol: MC.: "The essence of modern symbolism seems not to be the one-to-one interpretation of allegorical, heraldic, or mythological symbols, but rather the creation of mood-evoking, ambiguous, timeless icon [sic] ritualistically experienced in a state of quasi-religious contemplation." C.D.: Pictorialists at the turn of the century, including Edward Steichen, were proselytizers for photography as art, and emphasized the artist's handwork in their symbolic prints, scratching and smudging the negative and making exposures through gauzed lenses in an effort to make lyrical and poetic effects.

Landscape as Pure Form: MC.: "Since it establishes as its primary goal the creation of beauty and the discovery of ultimate truth (often synonymous), the photograph of pure form has been condemned as merely providing an aesthetic experience removed from the arena of ethical and political concerns . . . Douglas Davis claims that 'the basic requirement of this ideology [formalism] is that no meaning of any kind can be allowed to pollute visual integrity' . . . Critics like Davis are calling for renewed attention to content, insisting that formalism has run its course in all the visual arts."

C.D.(s): Theosophists [members of a movement originating from Buddhist and Brahmanic theories and influential among turn of the century artists in the West] believed that "jagged lines represent rage, rings and vortices signify sudden emotions, [and] fear manifests itself in zig-zags . . . Kinesiologists [those who study principles of mechanics and anatomy in relation to human movement]

theorize that we respond to visual forms by an imitative action, inadvertent and unconscious, consisting of repressed muscular responses."

Landscape as Popular Culture:

MC.: "Photos of random disorder and conflict between visual styles [for example, photographs of the strip shopping center, the subdivision, the cheap resort] . . . may bring us to a more tolerant enjoyment of pop-culture ingenuity, its humor, and the paradoxes of the highway culture." C.D.: "The idea of country includes the idea of a tree, at least one."

Landscape as Concept: MC.: All photographs are conceptual, from those that are previsualized by the most meticulous artists, to the snapshots of amateurs who conform to their preconceptions of what is important to record. C.D.: "According to [Nathan] Lyons, Minor White had a tendency to illustrate a philosophy, while he himself was interested in discovering a philosophy. Intent on broadening the concept of the instantaneity of photography and relating to the flow of time rather than arresting time, Lyons walks through a landscape recording 'the present and the past while metaphorically configuring the future.'"

Landscape as Propaganda: MC.: Photographs, without text, can only function as prepropaganda, rather than as propaganda, the latter identified as information which moves its recipient to action. "Prepropaganda has the task of mobilizing our psychological responses, loosening the old reflexes, and instilling images and words in repetitive formulas. According to [Jacques] Ellul, prepropaganda, perhaps surprisingly, 'does not have a precise ideological objective, it has nothing to do with an opinion, an idea, a doctrine. It proceeds by psychological manipulations, by character modifications, by the creation

of feelings or stereotypes useful when the time comes.'"

The authors suggest that with respect to environmental issues, the time for photographers to use their work as propaganda is now here. C.D.: "During the Great Depression, of the 1930s . . . [while] Hitler was preaching conquest, genocide and totalitarianism . . . Henri Cartier-Bresson is reputed to have said 'The world is going to pieces and people like Adams and Weston are photographing rocks!' To which Adams is reported to have replied, 'I still believe that there is a real social significance in a rock, a more important significance than in a line of unemployed.'"

The authors of *Landscape as Photography* give Mr. Adams' retort a sympathetic reading, suggesting that he meant to say that aesthetics are of greater importance than material human needs.

In another chapter of the book, the authors remark that the noted psychologist Abraham Maslow rated aesthetics last in the hierarchy of human needs. It is a measure of the inscrutability of the authors, perhaps apparent even to the blithe, that one can never sense how they compare the value of beautiful landscape photographs, with those of more urgent situations of human life.

1. Douglas Davis, *Art Culture, Essays on the Post-Modern*, p. 140.
2. "Lyons," Video Data Bank, p. 21.
3. Jacques Ellul, *Propaganda: The Formation of Men's Attitudes* p.31.
4. Quoted from Robert Cahn and Robert Ketchum, *American Photographers and the National Parks*, p.133.

BARBARA KASTEN: FLEETING LIGHT

Barbara Kasten: *Constructs*. Little, Brown and Co. (New York Graphic Society), 1985. Unpaged. \$22.50.

By Ed Osowski

There are two ways to look at Barbara Kasten's first collection of photographs, *Constructs*. The first approach leads one to study these fifteen photographs, taken between 1980 and 1984, as photographs, as objects in themselves. And they certainly hold one's attention for such study.

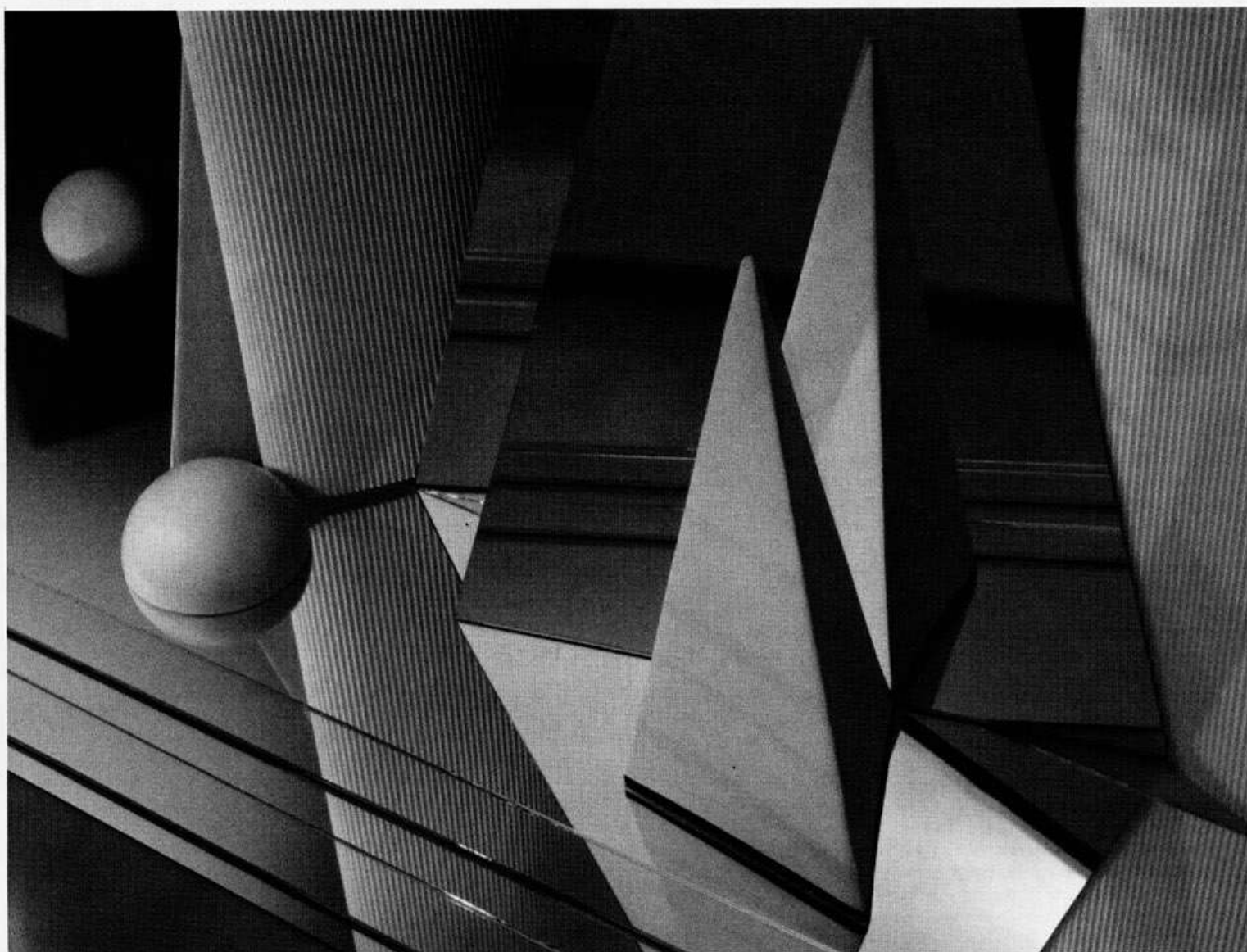
Kasten has used a 20-by-24 Polaroid camera to record environments that consist of posts and columns, cones, spheres, mirrors, scrims that reflect and confine color, and images repeated and manipulated in the mirrors. Color is central to Kasten's work. Her colors shift from subtle, muted greys and pinks in the earlier photographs to hotter, jazzier, and denser combinations of orange, green, and purple in the later works. In terms of content, even the least complicated works, "Construct V-A, 1980," for example, reveals a startling richness when examined closely. Shadows and lines take on weight, presence, so that it becomes impossible to add up the "objects" that comprise an arrangement. The sphere in this photograph casts two shadows which are as "real," for Kasten's purposes, as the sphere itself.

But the thirteen "modernist" poems that accompany the photographs urge another way of reading *Constructs*. The photographs contain, in the language of semiotics, the signs

and symbols that point at something beyond the mere object. Italo Calvino phrases it this way in "Cities and Signs," one of the poems that appears here: "Rarely does the eye light on a thing, and then only when it has recognized that thing as the sign of another thing." That "other thing" is the sense of wholeness that comes from the particular, to paraphrase Robert Hass. The photographs serve not as illustrations of the poems, but rather, taken together they point to another way of reading the world.

In the three-page essay that concludes *Constructs*, Estelle Jussim describes the evolution of Kasten's "optical fantasies." In Kasten's manipulation of light and color, Jussim locates the photographs' appeal. Jussim is correct, to a point, because the surface message of the photographs is about manipulating light — after all, that is what color is — to produce sensual effects. In this respect, Kasten's debt to Man Ray and Moholy-Nagy is clear. But Kasten uses the very sensual qualities of her photographs as a point of departure to a deeper, more transcendent realm. It helps to think of Donald Judd and Sol LeWitt as influences here. Her formal, controlled, ordered photographs, in which each detail is considered, in which abstraction reigns supreme, are efforts to rescue things and the most fleeting of them all, light, from the world of flux. Her photographs are about the structure that lies beneath the surface where objects exist in the very essence of their being.

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Construct NYC-10, 1983, by Barbara Kasten

EISENSTAEDT: COMIC VISION

Eisenstaedt on Eisenstaedt: A Self-Portrait. By Alfred Eisenstaedt. Abbeville Press. New York, 1985.

By Anna J. Beatty

It's refreshing to browse through a book by a photographer who uses "only existing light and (tries) not to

push people around." Born in West Prussia in 1898, Alfred Eisenstaedt was one of the original staff photographers for *Life*. Sometimes called "the father of photojournalism," he says his motto is "Keep it simple" — perhaps a reaction to those years of carrying around a lot of glass plates. The equipment may be simple, but the images are often rich in story and character.

This is a book that deserves a second look — and then a third. On my first time through, I was impressed by the wealth of historical informa-

tion there — about how people looked and lived, especially between the two world wars. The second time I looked at the book, the quality and depth of Eisenstaedt's humor came through. He reveals a gentle vision of absurdity and human pretension. He shows us Prussian agricultural students with milking stools attached to their bottoms. Prussian coachmen learn to hold the reins while seated in rows in a classroom. Elderly men in business suits and stiff collars lie on the floor and play with toy trains.

The third time through, I began to form an image of Eisenstaedt's personality. Beyond his professed shyness and evident humor is the humility to publicize his mistakes. Sent to cover a royal wedding in Bulgaria, he became so engrossed with King Ferdinand ("with the longest nose in the world") and the other celebrities he forgot to photograph the bride and groom. It is this sort of personal candor that tempers the pointedness of his comic vision.

The book has weak spots, some of them editorial. Some of the pictures

of celebrities seem to be interesting only because of who the people are or because of some little story Eisenstaedt tells about them. While the text often adds another dimension to an image that stands on its own, it is sometimes awkward, banal, or worse. There's a syntactically monstrous sentence about a 1938 photograph of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor that erroneously suggests she was born in England. Then there's Andrew Wyeth's spotless Dalmatian dog — but maybe there's a story there he didn't tell us.



Hazing at the United States Military Academy, West Point, 1936, by Alfred Eisenstaedt



Agricultural school in East Prussia, 1934, by Alfred Eisenstaedt

EXHIBITIONS

BARBARA KRUGER: INTERRUPTION

Barbara Kruger: Striking Poses.
Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston.
April 27-June 23, 1985

By Sally Gall

Barbara Kruger's work is an ongoing commentary on the social meanings of gender, power, and money, a critique of how power is constructed between men and women, and how images work in culture.

These large works are constructed from photographic images appropriated from the mass media, usually fragmented, blown up, and always out of context, in combination with a text or "caption." The images themselves carry little or no meaning: the meaning resides in Kruger's juxtaposition of text and image. The text is terse, using pronouns, You and We, which directly address the viewer. The text is often accusatory and the tone is one of authority. The results are provocative and assaulting; these same adjectives could be used to describe advertising images. Kruger's method of creating an image does in fact come from mass culture, through the use of a media-generated image, the large size of which makes obvious billboard/poster references (including the visible dot screen) but more specifically from Kruger's eleven years working as a graphic designer for *Mademoiselle* and a few other Conde Nast publications.

Kruger is after the easy readability of a poster or billboard — she is mimicking a familiar look and style, but using it to mean something quite different. Herein lies the most interesting but also most problematic aspect of the work. There is a contradiction between the seeming immediacy of the work (boldface type, large size, reduction of color/halftone to basic black and white) and the ambiguous and multiple possibilities of meaning. By mimicking the look and style and immediate readability of mass culture imagery her works have a power that defies the viewer to turn away. Their hit-you-over-the-head feeling is unlike other art (literature, critical theory, etc.) that addresses similar issues, much of which is opaque, academic, and without visual intensity (in respect to the latter, one thinks of the very good work of Victor Burgin). The problem with this immediacy is the potential

glibness/facileness of work that seems to simplify very complex issues. There is a great deal of room for the viewer (unlike the advertising/media style) to construe meaning. Some of the images are so ambiguous, allowing all possibility of meaning, that the viewer often ends up with nothing. But there are others that are so simple and direct and specific that they hit straight on the mark with a shock, transcending any possibility of glibness. For instance, a work that has been widely reproduced (although it is not in the current exhibition) shows a photograph of a nuclear mushroom cloud with the caption across it "Your mania's become science." The obviousness works in a way that is more critical than the photograph of a young girl making a face and sticking out her tongue, with text that says "Money can buy you love." Another seemingly obvious work that continues to resonate is the image of a wave with a woman's face superimposed on it, whose text says "We are transformed into special effects." This work brings to mind all the use and misuse, past and present, of women as "special effects," as objects, which is one of the recurrent themes of Kruger's work. Another potent work about gender is a photograph of what appears to be a woman's face covered with either blood or mud (beauty reference, murder/death/rape reference) with the caption "We are not made for you."

When asked at her gallery talk at the CAM to address her attitude about being an art guerrilla outside the gallery/museum system, Kruger responded by saying that is impossible and unrealistic, that the notion of subversion has more to do with romance than effectiveness, and that no artist could work entirely outside the market structure and be effective. Kruger is realistic in knowing that a high profile involvement in the art world does bring possibilities of doing things outside of it — witness the Times Square sign, billboards in the subways of Paris, and a match magnate and art collector who printed her work on a series of matchbook covers. In a society that consumes everything, that turns on-the-street working class youth's anti-tradition, anti-status quo clothing ("punk" only one example among many) into both high fashion and easily digestible mass cheap fashion (safety pin earrings at Sears) she is right. But by speaking to the art world audience about the social meaning of gender, power, and money, Kruger is in a sense convincing those who are already convinced; she is not "interrupting" (her word to describe her activity) socially conditioned reactions as much as she

could. Her purposes might better be served by billboards on the street, and subway, newspaper advertisements, and so forth, whatever could reach outside the art world. Among the most effective works by Kruger are the matchbooks covers with her photograph/text combinations printed on them, unsigned and anonymously strewn about by the artist (and others) in all sorts of likely and unlikely places. These truly interrupt, they surprise and shock simply by being in the real world context in a way that the works in a gallery context don't. The same is true of her postcards. (Both are available to see and be purchased in the CAM shop.) One wishes that at the same time Kruger's work is exhibited within the art marketplace, it will more and more be "exhibited" or placed outside of it. For an art of "interruption," this seems only to be expected.

HOUSTON ARCHITECTURE

Suspended Animation: Photographs of Houston Architecture. 1600 Smith, Houston. Presented by the Houston Center for Photography. May 23-September 2, 1985.

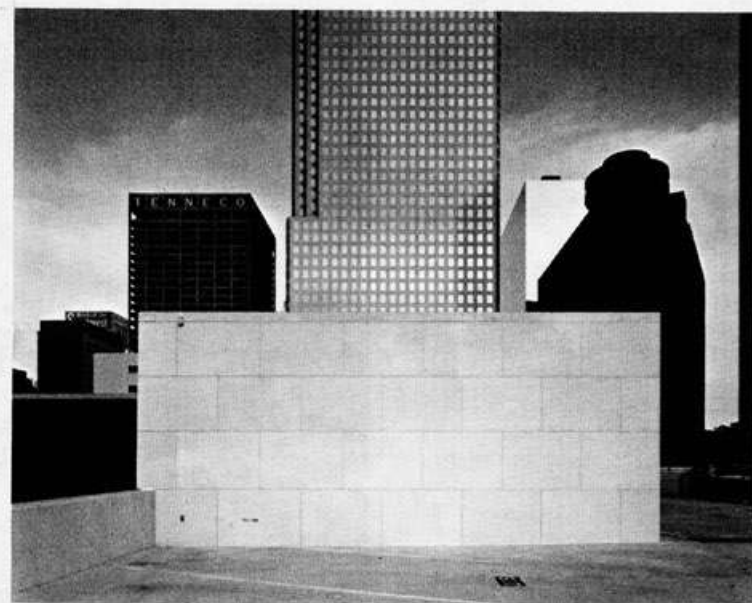
By Ed Osowski

This selection of over 100 photographs covered almost seventy years of photographic responses to the changing "built" scene in Houston. For the nostalgia buff, a large number of street scenes, by anonymous photographers, captured the look and feel of Houston from the 1920s through the 1940s, a period when its booming had just begun. These photographs, which curator Elizabeth Glassman has not dated, tempt one to guess at places and dates. They are rich in detail. People fill them, their clothing now quaint costumes, their automobiles relics of the past. Buildings in them serve as backdrops for the urban dramas enacted on the streets.

Perhaps the most compelling photograph in the exhibition is from this anonymous group. It takes little imagination to see the political and social rituals being enacted in "South Texas Commerce National Bank, Main Street." A woman, blurred by movement, departs from the bank. A line of cars awaits her. Upon her descent, she will encounter three black men, waiting, loitering, perhaps one about to open the door to her car for her and drive her home. Public architecture expresses certain culturally held attitudes about power, control, and wealth. The unknown photographer whose photograph this is knew that well. This photograph contains within it the drama that comes from social patterns, roles, expectations.

There is a drama, of sorts, in the eight photographs by Gary Wino-grand and George Krause's four. In them, the built environment either impresses with its glitzy, tacky charm or, because of its sterility or oppressive monumentality, is passed through quickly. Whether Geoff Winningham's version of a parade of businessmen, like drones entering One Shell Plaza, is a cliché-laden image is beside the point here. It takes its aim at the separation between pedestrian and urban space and scores a direct hit.

The street scenes serve as an introduction to a group of photographs that express the two polarities in architectural photography. The belief that photography could represent clearly and accurately the built environment (expressed by Maxime Du Camp this way in 1893: "I felt that I needed an instrument of precision to record my impressions if I was to reproduce them accurately") is set against the approach that



"Looking East From Parking Garage, Federal Land Bank, 1980," by Paul Hester

replaced objective clarity with romance and emotion, exemplified by Edward Steichen's 1905 "Flatiron Building" — a dreamy, soft recording of a building in which the urban object becomes an icon.

Glassman has found photographers — William Stern and Danny Samuels, for example — who record with clarity the built world. Samuels also brings delicacy and restraint to his six color prints of shops and warehouses. The inspiration for Sally Gall's "Untitled" (Transco Tower) and Serge Hambourg's "First City Tower" can be traced beyond Steichen's romantic renderings of the city to Baroque painters who chose as their subjects Christ, the Virgin, the apotheosis of the heroes from the myths. The swirling clouds and misty distances into which these buildings vanish are the heavens of legend. Gall and Hambourg see buildings as religious totems, soaring monuments to a faith in the metropolis.

But the core of Glassman's selection is photographs that offer the subtle message that architecture is somehow suspect. Architecture is, of course, our most public, most visible and present, and, in a way, our most intrusive art. Buildings, unless demolished, just won't go away. David Crossley's "Gulf Building" and Bob Busking's "One Shell Plaza in Green Glass Reflecting" are Gaudi-like buildings, structures threatening to dissolve, their monumentality a hoax. Richard Payne and David Cornue print their images of the city small, almost too small, in an effort to reduce it to a manageable size. There is something both naive and condescending about trying to reduce a monument to a 4-by-5-inch print and these two photographers know it. Wendy Watriss captures a city strangely de-peopled, a world about to drop into shadow, one not without an edge of threat, danger, and mystery. For Manual, reading urban clues becomes an exercise in perversity and confusion. In Casey Williams' enormous "Untitled" the architecture plays a secondary role to his fascination with cultural gee-gaws and color, applied as if he had just discovered it. Paul Hester goes so far as to try to obliterate the built world in "Little House on the Prairie," a photograph of a house, wrapped Christo-like, being transported to another location. Hester seems to take a special pleasure in making it difficult for us to see the architecture in his photographs. In "Looking East from Parking Garage, Federal Land Bank, 1980," a large, abstract shape acts as a barrier, cutting off our view and denying us entrance into the space where the skyline rests.

Suspended Animation had omissions which were regrettable. Few domestic or civic buildings were included in its survey. And its arrangement made finding its thematic links difficult. But Glassman's selection was certainly more than a Chamber of Commerce selection of pretty pictures of famous Houston buildings.

SILICONSTONES: MYSTERIES

Siliconstones: A Photographic Installation, by Carol Gerhardt and Mary Margaret Hansen. The Houston Center for Photography, May 17-June 23, 1985

By April Rapier

Just inside the door was a large mound of living monkey grass, infiltrated by vines and weeds. One was curious as to what this portended but no easy answers were forthcoming, due to the wildly diverse, obscure nature of this installation. The minimalist entrance served to lull the participant (one couldn't merely view this multi-media event; most of the senses were addressed, and it was impossible not to interact with the environment) into a false sense of calm — the calm before a storm of activity and ideas.

Although a primary theme of the installation centered around Carol Gerhardt's statement that "the history of humankind is encoded in silicon and stone" (not to be confused with rock, its pristine state), and that "human beings have always invested stones with information and symbolic meaning" (Mary Margaret Hansen, speaking in the exhibition notes, continued, citing Mecca, tombstones, tools, markers of time, and storage banks as examples), more overwhelming was the act of mark-making itself. All the various elements and devices were drawn together as though by the earth's magnetism. Although some of the presentations were quite sophisticated (metal fabrications, architectural references, the enormous beauty of rocks, both man-made and real — two tons-worth in one teepee alone), others were a bit facile (wok ponds, mold growing in the still water, jars filled with fortune-cookie rocks). No matter — although much of the symbolic content was impossible to define, it elicited a favorable, nostalgic response. The active sensibilities involved (some irresponsibly madcap, others serious and accurate) were those of a collector of memories, a packrat with more than her share of lucky finds.

Certain visual/emotional ideas were articulated referentially — no matter what direction one travelled through the room, the sequential discoveries that Hansen and Gerhardt expanded upon were in evidence. Large stones were mounted on foam-core panels with the same ease and assuredness as are photographs. Collage was in the form of drawn or photographic overlay: maps superimposed over snapshots of the odyssey that took the artists across Texas to Utah (accompanied by the enormous, mottled-pink styrofoam "siliconstone" that served as starting point, central icon, and catalyst, and was built in Gerhardt's backyard), words of response to this conceptual

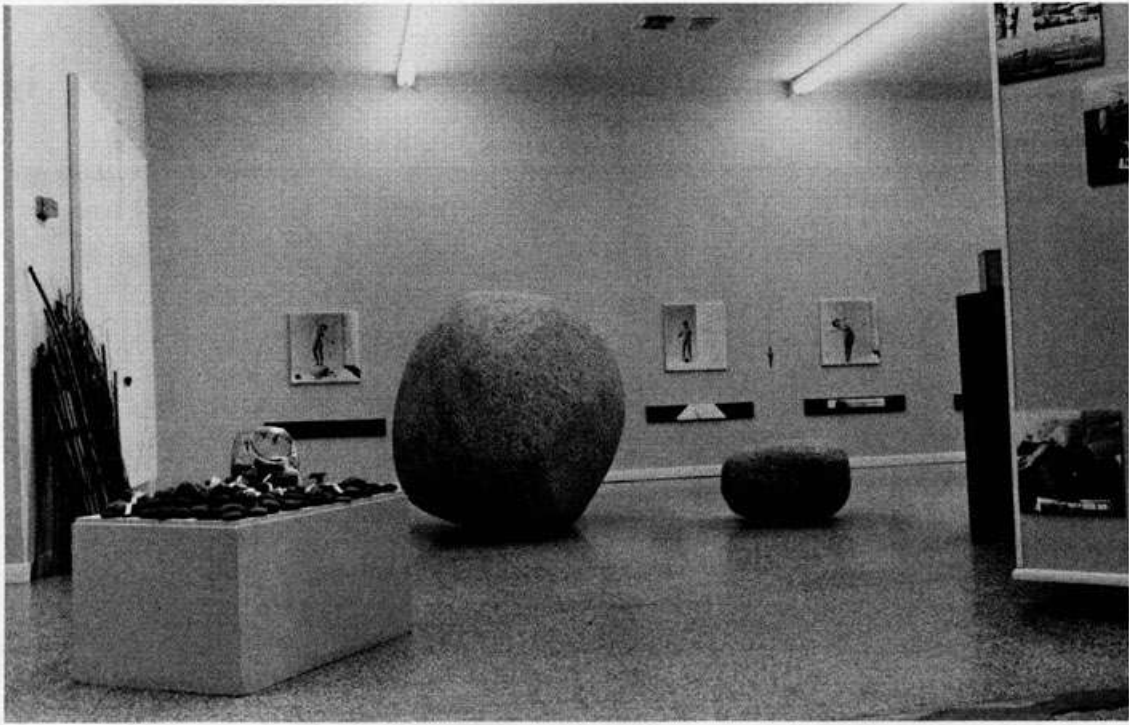
"Untitled (Money Can Buy You Love)," by Barbara Kruger



traveling circus, anatomical illustrations and photographs of nudes (homage to DaVinci throughout) adorned with scale notations and measuring marks that suggest the Eastern idea of being spiritually centered (repeated in a plumb line hanging from the ceiling, which undoubtedly served other functions as well). Occasionally a recurring device became cloying: few attempts were made to disguise the ubiquitous film strip; only when it interacted with the landscape (as part of the Great Wall of China, for example) did it lose its self-conscious stature. On the other hand, rarely did the silicon-stone's presence in an image seem perfunctory — it became a permanent fixture throughout the journey.

The seductive tension between geometric and organic forms in the landscape was discovered incrementally and presented intuitively, and this underlies the most successful aspect of the collaboration (although a more homogeneous, aligned covenant is hard to imagine). It is easy to envision the artists' consummate delight at having decided to include, say, a bolt of cloth or sheafs of dying bamboo. Silver solder and sealing wax were used interchangeably — not new motifs, yet invigorating in this referential context. Hansen and Gerhardt have clearly articulated the rationale behind every detail of the piece, yet the mysteries that remain are self-perpetuating: the bags of powder, welded metal boxes filled (one is told) with gravel, silicon chips, and circuitry offer more questions than answers. Tuning forks, petroglyphs, the siliconstone's jewel-encrusted crevice, the pleasant opportunity to peruse a wall of old postcards and snapshots, a tape-recorded message on a loop that is an oral history filled with recollections, facts, and feminism — although well within the definitions of visual, tactile, and aural art, they seem out of their jurisdiction because of a primitive, collective emotional chord sounded. It is my guess that women responded more favorably than men. Phases of the moon are accessible, of the public domain; it is a risky affair to portray them simply as they are, duly noted. Perhaps that is why, if one allowed oneself the luxury and freedom to dream, the environment beckoned, its offerings rich and sincere.

Problems arose early on: many elements and their relationships were inexplicable, no matter how they were approached; one must feel able, after all, to unravel some of the mysteries of a particular concept, in order to appreciate it. Another minor irritant had to do with Gerhardt's signature on what were presumably her photographs: it goes against the collaborative grain to designate artists; the pieces were impossible to differentiate anyway. If asked to intellectualize about the in-



From Siliconstones installation, by Carol Gerhart and Mary Margaret Hansen

stallation, rather than experience it viscerally as well (which takes considerably more effort), one is likely to dismiss many aspects as outrageously self-indulgent diary material — personal odysseys better contemplated in private than public. However, as one was guided through the space from reference to reference, fantasy to reality, ephemeral memory to memento, one could celebrate the often simple truths so carefully and lovingly relayed, and thus be moved through many levels of appreciation.

The line between reality and a recreated facsimile was routinely transgressed; a spectacular effort was involved in the evolution and execution of this serene environment. Unfortunately, responses were extreme, and many faithful followers of traditional photography were put off by negative word-of-mouth. In this case, it was the reluctant purists' loss.

STRUEBING-BEAZLEY, JIM TIEBOUT

Kristen Struebing-Beazley, James Tiebout. May 4-29, 1985, Bienville Gallery, 1333 Sterrett, Houston.

By David Portz

Bienville Gallery's May exhibition featured the photographic work of Kristen Struebing-Beazley, an experienced print-maker from New Orleans, and Jim Tiebout, a photographer and publication designer living in Houston. The two photographers

greatly contrast in their styles, though both are involved in experiments with photographic printing techniques and coloration. Struebing-Beazley's work is dramatic on its surface, but naive and weak in its content. Tiebout's photographs have an appearance so understated as to allow themselves to be overlooked, yet they are persistent and subtle expressions. The work of both artists will continue to be seen in Houston, Struebing-Beazley's photos again appearing at Bienville during Foto Fest, in March, 1986.

"I am most interested in groups of two or more figures self-consciously posturing for posterity in ways that a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep would not do; persons posing for preservation of a vestige of themselves through the ceremony of picture-taking," says Struebing-Beazley in a written statement accompanying her work. Her album-style family groupings are produced from photos she has taken herself or found in other sources, printed as large positive or negative images and then hand tinted. The figures smile and squint from seemingly antique pictures, often chunky and plain, reduced by vivid, opaque colors to their constituent geometric forms. Spherical blue heads and sausage arms, rectangular torsos wrapped in patterned dresses of green and squiggly orange, pants of different, darker blue. The backgrounds are patterned with a printer's instinct so as not to lose the eye. Yet the pictures produced in me a disturbing feeling. "The actual living subjects often find what I have done to their memories quite detestable. Their ability to make a swift mental return to the picture has been impaired." The unease generated by the pictures extends to other viewers too; it is unenlightening. By her use of color, she has blotted the meanings of the pictures out. Struebing-Beazley perhaps hopes to leave viewers wondering where the meanings went, and what they were. The use of this device in this context is not a contribution. The fact that we sometimes feel emotional ties to persons in old photographs, and that we sometimes seek the facts of that depicted time, has already been the subject of many photographs. Those responses and our reliance on old photos that gauge passage of time has also been amply verbalized, by Susan Sontag, for example. To show them again by obscurantist methods is to make superfluous art: necessary for the progress of the artist, maybe, but only in that manner necessary to the arts. The dissatisfaction found in a familiarity with these works is the result, I think, of good technique used for a shallow conception.

By contrast, Jim Tiebout's landscape photographs effectively use technique to project a mood of

reflective calmness. Such a mood is a traditional end for many painters and photographers, yet Tiebout's work differs from the strictly dignified order one senses from the works of the Westons, Callahan, Ansel Adams, Strand. Tiebout posits in his prints the vicissitudes of blowing litter: feedbags from farms and plastic sheets from the beds of trucks are snagged on spiny cactus and barbed wire fence. This arrestation of trash is the aftermath of a violent windstorm. Upon the original silver-print image, Tiebout accentuates the forms of the blown debris and landscape with gentle color. Details of disheveled grasses, distant tankcars, ocotillo shrubs, and pricklypear cacti benefit from the subtle handwork in seemingly sunbleached hues. The mood established is not just one of calm, but of calmness restored, a metaphor effectively given. Other work by Tiebout relies on different techniques but often preserves this moodiness. In a group of silver-print photos, shrubs wrapped in plastic and ropes stand prepared in the midst of grassy front yards. They are prepared to survive the Houston winter, but because of their incongruity with the unprotected greenery, are also ghosts. A vestige of Texas living is turned to a frontyard mystery: a cloaked saint, a wraith referencing other photos, paintings, and sculpted forms with which you are familiar. Tiebout has succeeded in expressing in a quiet and simple manner, an impressive depth.

DENNIS DARLING: A COOL HEAD

Dennis Carlyle Darling, Accent Gallery, Austin, Texas, June 6-30, 1985.

In the context of the magazines (*Esquire*, *Texas Monthly*, and others) that regularly publish his photographs, Dennis Carlyle Darling's work seems on the surface to conform to the industry standard: straightforward, clean, no hidden meanings likely to cause any trouble. However, when they are grouped as an exhibition, or he is cut loose on a project (in other words, when he is working on an idea of his own choosing or more to his liking, not on company time), a secret life to all the pictures emerges. The clear eye and cool head prevail. Yet the reasonably normal people who come before his camera are made sinister (far more so in the case of the Ku Klux Klan), or vulnerable, with weaknesses exaggerated. His subjects just give a bit more of themselves than perhaps they had in-

tended. Yet there is no cause for alarm or regret, because everyone is dealt with fairly and honestly. It doesn't appear to matter whether Darling, who teaches photojournalism at the University of Texas, Austin, shoots candidly, is granted only a few minutes, or can take his time — he has the uncanny and unfailing ability to wait until the moment gets slightly, but not too, weird. The invasion begins then and doesn't quit until much is revealed.

One image that could be static ("Glass-Eyed Waiter, Rumania") defies the hazards and, because of the presence of a lone patron in the restaurant where the waiter works, is at once elegant and surprising. These images are orchestrated, but beyond that one feels the subject has relinquished all vestige of control and chosen to interact with the charismatic personality of the photographer. Another ("Dusk on St. Helena Island, South Carolina") portrays a young man, hands clasped as though in prayer, seemingly an uncharacteristically pious posture considering the sexy, shirtless torso and the curious but unreadable package — cigarettes? — tucked in the belt. Darling's acute, mostly cynical point of view (he doesn't have much interest in "turning chicken shit to chicken salad," which is why he has continued in the photojournalistic tradition) rattles one's conventional notions of packaged truths.

Darling's travel documents are graced with his own distinctive attitude. It is quite refreshing to see such pictures made by someone who isn't disoriented by travel; his visual approach is unswayed by the newness of his surroundings. In particular, "Bull Ring, Barcelona, Spain" shows a whirlwind of movement as people run and horses drag a dead bull. Only the bull's head is in focus, and the movement becomes a powerful memory. Another, "Millionaire's Club, Jekyll Island, Georgia," shows the caretaker of a village where one sixth of the world's wealth once vacationed. He is in the empty dining room, and holds an old photograph of the club in its former glory, taken on its closing night. The windows stand out as the last remaining light in a vast, abandoned room. (The stories Darling tells about the pictures are marvelous. One can only hope that he will one day see fit to document them as well.)

Among other projects, Darling has pursued the KKK for many years. In one image entitled "God and Country, Vidor, Texas," are two robed Klan members, one hooded, the other glaring into the camera. The maskless man has heavily lidded dark eyes and his claw-like hand grips his arm under the satiny white robe. He far more resembles a transvestite than a psychotic racist. The rally platform, set up in the middle of grass and trees, has the trashy feel of a used car lot, complete with strings of plastic triangle flags. It is overwhelmingly successful in its reduction of evil to absurd.

Two portraits ("Bill Emerson, former Saturday Evening Post editor" and "Adela Navarro in the bedroom of her great, great, great uncle, on the 115th anniversary of his death") show people with improbable expressions: Mr. Emerson grimaces under an umbrella, eyes tightly shut; Ms. Navarro seems far too grief-stricken over her distant relative. Yet these emotions feel far more correct than the impenetrable camera smiles so often settled for by photographers. "First Communion, Santa Rosa Ranchero, Mexico" and "Boy Dracula, Carnivale, Venice" are ethereal images that must have occurred spontaneously. No amount of fussing or contrivance (or luck) could make them more beautiful or believable. Mr. Darling's pictures speak of a man who has the good sense not to believe wholeheartedly in too much, leaving every opportunity open to be experienced as something new.

April Rapier

From Wildwind series, by Jim Tiebout





Near (modern) Disaster #7, by Nic Nicosia. Original in color.

THE HOUSTON CENTER FOR PHOTOGRAPHY FALL 1985 CALENDAR

EXHIBITIONS

September 6-October 20, 1985
Opening Reception: Friday, Sept 6, 6-8pm
Nic Nicosia: Domestic Dramas and Near (modern) Disasters
Georgia McInnis: Private Moments

October 25-December 1, 1985
Opening Reception: Friday, Oct 25, 6-8pm
Olivia Parker and Rosamond Wolff Purcell
The Photographic Print: Early Processes
John Bernhard: Sidewalk Scene

December 6-January 5, 1985
Opening Reception: Friday, Dec 6, 6-8pm
Richard Misrach: Four Cantos
The Photographic Print: Color Processes

WORKSHOPS

Registration is on a first-come-first-serve basis. Space is reserved upon receipt of check or cash deposit. Checks should be made out to HCP. Deadline for registration is 7 days prior to workshop. Unless a workshop has to be cancelled, late registration is often possible. Tuition refunds are available up to 7 days prior to a workshop only.

LEARNING TO SEE

INSTRUCTOR: Sally Gall
TIME: 7-10pm, Wednesdays, Oct 2,9,23,30, Nov 6,20
PLACE: HCP
FEE: \$60 members, \$75 nonmembers
LIMIT: 15

Learn to use your camera to explore your vision and expression. Gall is an instructor at the Museum of Fine Arts' Glassell School and in this workshop participants will become acquainted with their cameras and explore their own vision. Class will consist of regular critiques of participants' slides (b&w and color) and presentations of slides of past and present photographers.

DISCOVERY WORKSHOP

INSTRUCTOR: Charles Schorre
TIME: 7:30-9, Mondays, Oct. 14,21,28
PLACE: HCP
FEE: \$48 members, \$60 nonmembers
LIMIT: 15

It's time to think about what you're doing. Schorre is a prominent local artist and philosopher who has taught at Rice University and the Museum of Fine Arts' Glassell School. Small assignments for

each class will serve as a starting point to generate discussion about awareness and to help participants think about themselves and their art. Each participant should bring a small photograph or snapshot of him/herself to the first meeting. Guaranteed to enrich you as an artist and a person.

PHOTOGRAPHY SINCE 1945

INSTRUCTOR: Sally Gall
TIME: 11:30-1 (lunch) Tuesdays, Oct. 8,15,22,29, Nov. 5, 12.
PLACE: HCP
FEE: \$50 members, \$60 nonmembers
LIMIT: 10

In this six-week slide/lecture class, Gall will survey the many exciting trends in American photography from 1945 up to the present. Participants are invited to join in the discussion of the work and to bring a bag lunch to the classes.

INTRODUCTION TO LIGHTING

INSTRUCTOR: Jim Lemoine
TIME: 9:30-4, Saturday, Nov. 2
PLACE: 1412 West Alabama (Jim's studio)
FEE: \$40 members, \$50 nonmembers
LIMIT: 15

Lemoine is a working professional photographer in the field of advertising. This workshop is designed for those wishing to expand their knowledge of the creative manipulation of natural and artificial light. Lemoine will explore in theory and practice: the physics of light, color, and color balance, quality vs. quantity, hardware, and para-lighting hardware.

WRITING ABOUT PHOTOGRAPHY: A PRACTICAL WORKSHOP FOR REVIEWERS

INSTRUCTORS: Teresa Byrne-Dodge & Mimi Crossley
TIME: 7-10pm, Wed & Thur, Nov 6-7
PLACE: HCP
FEE: \$30 members, \$35 nonmembers
LIMIT: 15

Byrne-Dodge and Crossley are experienced critics and instructors in writing and art history. This workshop is for writers, photographers and students who wish to know the hows and whys of reviewing photographic exhibitions; current trends in reviewing; how to construct reviews; the language of reviewing; discussions on approaches to shows on view in Houston; publishing reviews. Guest photographers will join in for the final portion of the workshop. For those who wish to submit up to 3 pieces of writing for a written critique, there will be a \$20 additional fee.

INTRODUCTION TO VIDEO

INSTRUCTOR: Janet Densmore
TIME: 9-4, Saturday, Nov. 9
PLACE: S.W.A.M.P., 1519 W. Main
FEE: \$40 HCP & SWAMP members, \$50 nonmembers
LIMIT: 10

Interested in learning how to take better family videos or experimenting with the art? Densmore, a prominent video artist from New Orleans, will introduce participants to portable video production and basic editing. The workshop includes an introduction to video equipment and a hands-on shooting session to be followed by cataloguing and editing.

INTRODUCTION TO NON-SILVER PROCESSES

INSTRUCTORS: Ann Doherty, Paul Judice, Jim Tiebout
TIME: 9-4, Saturday, Nov. 16
PLACE: 801 Editions, 1050 N. Post Oak #280
FEE: \$25 members, \$30 nonmembers
LIMIT: 20

An introduction to dye transfer, gum bichromate, and carbon printing. The instructors will take participants step by step through the printing processes and discuss different options available with such variables as papers, exposure, and chemistry.

PRESENTING YOUR WORK

INSTRUCTOR: Peter Brown
TIME: 1-4pm, Saturday, Nov. 23
PLACE: HCP
FEE: FREE TO MEMBERS, \$10 to nonmembers
LIMIT: 20

A photography professor at Rice, Brown will demonstrate ways to present your work to achieve optimum results in various situations such as submitting to juried exhibitions or presenting your work to galleries or potential clients. Brown will demonstrate matting and mounting techniques and discuss archival issues.

INTRODUCTION TO CIBACHROME

INSTRUCTOR: Sharon Stewart
TIME: 9:30-4, Saturday, Dec. 7
PLACE: 2426 Bartlett (near Kirby & 59)
FEE: \$40 members, \$50 nonmembers
LIMIT: 20

Have you ever wondered how to get good prints from all of those slides you have? Where to go to have it done, or how to do it yourself? How to explain to the lab why the color balance just doesn't look right? Stewart is a fine arts photographer in Houston who has worked extensively

with the Cibachrome process, making prints from slides instead of negatives. In this workshop she will demonstrate how Cibachrome prints are made, the different kinds of slide films and papers, and how to go about making Cibachromes yourself or having someone else do it.

FOR CHILDREN

POLAROIDS FOR KIDS

INSTRUCTOR: Sally Horrigan
TIME: 1-5, Saturday, Oct. 19
PLACE: HCP
FEE: \$20 members, \$25 nonmembers
LIMIT: 10

Horrigan, a prominent local photographer, will introduce participants to photography and teach them how they can use a camera creatively. Students will learn how to use a Polaroid camera and how to see, photographically, with projects such as finding shapes, color and lines in nature. Fun with photography.

LECTURES

Monthly lectures are held at the Center at 1441 W. Alabama unless otherwise noted. Lectures are free to members and \$2 to nonmembers.

Sept. 18, Wednesday, 7:30pm
NIC NICOSIA Dallas artist Nicosia will give a slide presentation of his work including the series in the concurrent HCP exhibit, and will discuss his current projects.

Oct. 16, Wednesday, 7:30pm
AL SOUZA Massachusetts artist Souza will give a slide presentation of his conceptual work noted for its humorous style.

Nov. 13, Wednesday, 7:30pm
JODY BLAZEK: "Tax Planning for Photographers," a prominent local accountant specializing in tax consulting for artists and non-profit organizations, Blazek will discuss how photographers might save taxes, deductions of expenses related to salary and freelance income, and other beneficial tax theories.

Dec. 9, Monday, 7:30pm
RICHARD MISRACH California artist Misrach will give a slide presentation of his work discussing his various approaches to the landscape as subject reflected in the concurrent HCP exhibit.