PARIS' ENORMOUS PHOTO MONTH
BERNARD FAUCON: GROWING UP
AARON SISKIND, LINDA CONNOR: SPIRIT
GEORGE KRAUSE STRIKES AGAIN
RAY METZKER: A LIFE'S WORK
NAKED IN PARIS:

PART TWO

(In the Winter 1984 issue of SPOT, Dave Crosby wrote in this space about the abundance of flesh on exhibit all over Paris during a recent trip there to see Le Mois de la Photo, which is exhaustively described in this issue. Crosby's treatment was light, to say the least, and writer Ruth Schilling felt a little further discussion was required. That follows.)

The nude is ubiquitous in Paris. Statues of unclothed gods and goddesses prowl in the parks and gardens of the chateaux and palaces of Paris and its environs. The nude is everywhere in the public domain and the commercial domain as well. The sight of a representation of a naked human body is almost banal, as common as are golden ar- ches here in the States.

In French art the nude as subject has a long history, one that has not been without controversy and scandal. Manet's Luncheon on the Grass afforded public sensibility not for its nude female, but for the presence of clothed males. When Dufy exhibited his Nudes Descending a Staircase, it shocked the masses for its treatment of the figure and angered his female cubs for including a nude at all, the favorite subject of the academic art they were reproducing. The abundance of nudes in French photography reflects both the cultural climate that ac-
cepts the nude and the place of the figure in French art. A nude is a nude is a nude is not the case with French photography any more than it is in Paris, nor in Paris. However, the more ac-
cepting atmosphere of Paris results in a wider range of work that gets shown. Some of the work I saw in Paris would just not be exhibited here easily. Ours is a more
Punctual culture. Nudity is often synony-

mously with sexual not sexuality, and that's a very politicized arena in our culture. (See: "Private Parts and Public, 1984," in "Private Parts and Public, 1984," in "Private Parts and Public, 1984,"). Exposure 22.3 for a recent article on censorship.) We don't see much nudity on TV because it is not allowed or condoned. You see a fair amount on French TV, but not much.

Now this less restrictive atmosphere in France produces better photographs and another issue entirely. Of course, it's not a causal relationship. Ignoring the cultural context of the work, though, would be a mistake and misleading. Hetru Gern-

shem once wrote: "Photography is the only language understood in all parts of the world." 1 Certainly we don't need translation to recognize a nude, but cross cultur-
el photographic exchange may be more complex. To judge or simply to understand the photographs, it may not be enough just to see them. Of course, if its true pretenders won't reproduce the photographs of nudes, as has been the case with this magazine, then we're held hostage to a mentality that precludes discussion of the work in any language.

Ruth Schilling


LETTERS

WRONG

In the relative calm between semesters, I have begun to latch on my reading. While at the Society for Photographic Edu-
cators conference in Amherst, I picked up

the fall 1984 issue of SPOT. Today it was dusted off and read with gusto. It was most interesting to read the article "Clouds with Depth" and find that "the world has never seen before" the likes of David's "three-di-

mensional photographs of clouds." Humburg, Arthur W. judges book TENEXCIAL Phot-
tography: Its Application to Science, Industry, and Education, published in 1926, discusses on pages 108-109 how to take stereoscopic photographs of clouds with a single camera. As a member of the oldest photographic group in America, The Stereoscopic Society, I can say that I have personally viewed a dozen or more stereoscopic clouds by fellow members and have produced a couple myself. An excellent reproduction of clouds in stereo can be found on pages 225 of The World of J.D. (1869), by J.G. Ferriol, which is a very interesting book in a scene which is normal stereo and clouds which are pseudo-sopic (negative stereo) in relief. These are among many which are quite a permissible find on your brain . . .

Ruth Young

Lecturer in Photography

The University of Texas, Austin

PS. What is more interesting visually is a scene which is normal stereo and clouds which are pseudo-sopic (negative stereo) in relief. These among many which is quite a permissible find on your brain . . .

PLEA

The news broke this week that the Reagan budget proposes a 30 percent cut in fund-
ing for the National Endowment for the Arts. Nonetheless, the brave Houston Cen-
ter for Photography plans to continue allo-
cating a significant portion of its budget for three photographer's fellowships. President Reagan evidently feels that spending on such things as the arts, employment and edu-
cation programs, and school hot meals is superfluous when compared to national de-
fense. Many of my colleagues apparently agreed when they voted for Ronald Reagan in 1984. Regardless of the particular issue that motivated them to vote for Reagan and his policies, the butchering of the arts funding is a part of the package. I'd imagine they would also want to help their leader fulfill his goals by happily digging into their private-sector pockets to make up the NEA's missing 30 percent. Anyway, it is com-
mon knowledge that freeholders (and Democrats) participate in the aforementioned programs. I hope that all Reagan supporters act their patriotic, supply-side duty by refining from attending for HCP's fellow-
ships (or any other public grants).

Paul Goldman

Houston

BIG BUCKS

Each spring the Houston Center for Photography awards three fellowships to Houston artists working with pho-
tographic media, to support work in progress. Fellowship winners are awarded $500 each and an exhibition at the Hou-
center the following spring. Deadline to submit portfolio & writ-
en proposal June 2. Winners un-

noted June 18.

The Houston Center for Photography

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APRIL 13 & 14

10am-5pm
By VISIONARY JOE

I have discovered that, by listening to an artist speak, I can divine the likely extent of the artist's success. I will describe my gift, so that you may seek satisfaction in your natural curiosity. I must start with this: I do not listen to what artists say.

The psychology that makes artists prone to falsehoods is little understood. I have thought of it in two different ways. I formerly thought that an artist sought to demonstrate a chasm between his own and his listener's soul. The width of the chasm was shown in statements by the artist which revealed a greater depth of feeling, or a mind astounding in its breadth. The artist's works were then purveyed as tender grubs in a fragile bridge across this canyon, by which a buyer of the oeuvre in sufficient quantity might be enabled to cross. Only in large retrospectives would the public be allowed to tremble on the catwalks to a great artist's spine.

I realized, however, that I had extravagantly inflated the cunning of great artists, and misconceived the prodigious dissemination of fine art. I now see mature artists more as mud-colored hitchhikers, who will say anything just to keep riding in your car. And amateur reference deciding how to dress before starting their hitch, and hope to get to London. So you see, there is little point in truly listening to an artist's speeches. Instead, I judge the destinies of artists by the quality of my daydreams while they are speaking. A great artist's personal vision or dyadic dicta will float off me on a wave of allusiveness as long as the great Pacific. But if I brood, sit brook and fester, I shall seldom allow my mind to wander, and must be judged accordingly.

Ray Metzker, the most recent great artist to visit Houston, inspired grandiose visions. I believe he was speaking of the pecky pieces of cardboard which drifted in the foreground of his landscapes in 1978. He explained these levitating objects as products of his obsessive concentration, and in part due to the camera as simulator of events. I began to picture Friedrich Nietzsche, gazing at the Alps from a Thuringian Pass, where Napoleon bore down upon him. Napoleon rode at the head of troops bound to ravish Prussia, and he said to Nietzsche, "Stand clear," though he then descended to converse. I should have heard their whole exchange, but Mr. Metzker interrupted with discussion of his Alshapen sunbather series, making particular reference to a photo of a dosing woman's Spandexy-crammed I was shaken. I could not resume my listening.

Other artists have also demonstrated and confirmed their greatness. Laura Anderson evoked the apothecary of Gertude Stein, in which thirty pink cherubs struggled to lift her toward heaven, before the assistance of the hand of God. And a brief sentence from Andy Warhol was sufficient for a glimpse of Michael Jackson, frozen in the crystalline Arctic during a bungled exploratory lark, upon his discovery centuries hence by post-nuclear mystics.

The daydreams, inspired by modest talents, allow me no visions of famous persons or great events. For example, the take artist who makes portraits of hypocrates, and speaks of the influence of her parents on her work. She caused me to happen on the stick-and-bone field of a Caucasian shaman, emaciated in the woods near my childhood home. Another artist produces pictures of moles dressed as admirals. During his description of his artistic phases, beginning with his earliest grade-school projects, I gazed at leaping and floating spirals on the Namibian plains. Another mildly talented sculptor couples for wedding cakes from soiled diapers. She discussed divorce as her source of inspiration. I had revere mean while, of angrily waiting Viennese couples. These daydreams confirm the ultimate destiny of such an artist: a regional success.

Of the last, however, the lowest order of artist, there is little to be said. I am never inspired to daydream in their presence. One artist, for example, portrays non-coital human relations on lengths of Velcro, which twine and lacerate while hanging in the wind. She will not discuss her art, but concentrates on global events. She seeks to stir my concern on the shrinking Amazon Jungle. She prays to the action to the U.S. production of half the world's toxic wastes. She compares U.S. and Soviet expenditures on military aid to Afghanistan. It is clear she will never succeed as an artist: she has not the talent to make me dream.

THE STUFF OF DREAMS

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SPOT 4
SPLING 1985
ANDY GRUNDBERG: THE CRISIS OF POST

MODERNISM

Andy Grundberg, a photography critic for The New York Times and editor of several other art periodicals, has written a book, Post Modernist Photography, in which he attempts to define the term "post-modernist". In this article, Grundberg discusses the role of photography in the post-modernist movement, and how it has evolved over time.

The first part of the article covers photography's role in the post-modernist movement, and how it has evolved over time. Grundberg discusses the term "post-modernist", and how it has been applied to photography. He also discusses the role of photography in the post-modernist movement, and how it has evolved over time.

The second part of the article covers the role of photography in the post-modernist movement, and how it has evolved over time. Grundberg discusses the role of photography in the post-modernist movement, and how it has evolved over time.

The third part of the article covers the role of photography in the post-modernist movement, and how it has evolved over time. Grundberg discusses the role of photography in the post-modernist movement, and how it has evolved over time.
CALENDAR

SPRING 1985

EXHIBITIONS

MARCH

Through March 31, Houston Center for Photography, 144 W. Alabama, “Aaron Siskind and Linda Connor,” Wed-Fri 8-11, Sat & Sun 12-6.


April 3-26, Blaffer Gallery, Univ. of Houston, Entrance 16, Cullen Blvd., “1985 Masters of Fine Arts Exhibition,” Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat & Sun 1-6.


21 — AUG 4 Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, 200 Bissonnet, “Golden Age of British Photography, 1839-1900,” Tue-Sat 10-5 Sun 1-6 Thursdays 1-9 pm.

23-26 June 22-23 McClellan Gal- lery, 2200 Bissonnet, “Garrard Black and White Photographs” Mon, Tue-Sat 11-4 pm.

28-11 August 31 Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, 200 Bissonnet, “Garrard Black and White Photographs” Mon, Tue-Sat 11-4 pm.

WORKSHOPS/ CLASSES

MARCH

14-30 March, 10:30 AM 10:30 AM

15-20 March 10:30 AM 10:30 AM

Photography Works: George Hwa

Photography Works: George Hwa

sion and Gary Retherford,” Mon, Fri & Sat 10:30-11:30 am. Wed & Thu 1-4 pm.


22-May 3 Tall Heights, 4161 Oxford "Leonard Hart: 50 Years of Photographs” Mon-Thur 9-11 Sat 9-5 Sun 1-5.

Through April 7, Laguna Gloria Art Museum, Austin, “Figure It Out: Exploring the Figure in Contemporary Art,” Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thur 10-9 pm.


5 - May 4, Afterimage, 280 Routh St., Dallas, "Jacques-Henri Lartigue," Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

11 - April 12, Southern Light Gallery, Amarillo College, 220 S Washington St., "Tom Chambers: Over Ster," 9:00 pm Mon-Thur, Fri 9-5, Sat & Sun 1-5.

19 - May 1, University of Texas Institute of Texan Cultures, 805 S. Bowie, San Antonio, "Panoramic Photographs by E.O. Goldbeck,” Tue-9-Sun 9-S.

April 17, Jumeau I Gallery, "Panoramic Exhibition: E.O. Goldbeck, Mary Jek, Pelo Mosquera, Michael Rust," Month of April, Moody Gallery, 2815 Colquitt, "Group Show of Contemporary American Artists," Sat 15 for more info call 526-9991


24-May 11 Sawall Art Gallery - Rice University entrance, "Two New Art Student Exhibitions" Mon-Sat 2-5.

23, 30 May, Southwest Craft Center, 308 Augustus, San Antonio, "Jerry Uhlmann," 10-4 Mon-Sat, UHartman workshop May 23-24 June 6-8 pm.


7 — June 29, Afterimage, 2800 Rooth, Dallas, "Goldring Harding: Platinum/Palladium Prints of the Northwest," 9:00 pm Mon-Sat.


EXHIBITIONS

SPRING 1985

MARCH

Through March 31, Houston Center for Photography, 144 W. Alabama, “Aaron Siskind and Linda Connor,” Wed-Fri 8-11, Sat & Sun 12-6.

Through March 16, Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, 200 Bis- sonnet, “Lilac: Eleanor & Barbara: Photographs by Harry Callahan,” Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-6 Thursday til 9 pm.

Through April 15 Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, 200 Bis- sonnet, “Houston Photographers from the MFA Collection,” Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-6, Thurs 1-9 pm.

3-5 Blaffer Gallery Univ. of Houston, Entrance 16 Cullen Blvd., “Major Exhibition on the History of Art,” Mon 10-5 Sun 12-5.

April 15 30 April 15 30

Slides for use in lectures.

Submit slides, photographers and printmakers using exciting and innovative photographic techniques, for inclusion in exhibition Jan 18. Send to: Maggie Olvey, The Photograph Print, HCP, 144 W. Ala- bama, Houston, TX 77006.

Submit slides, photographs, visual art, visual arts, Visual East Texas Photography Exhibition, deadline April 15, send SASI for prospective KX Photo Contest, Box D E. T. Station, Commerce, TX 75429.

Submit Work. The Houston Center for Photography awards three fellowships to Houston artists working with photographic media, to support work in the visual arts. Each fellow- lowering winners are awarded $500 each and an exhibition at the HCP the following spring. Please mail or submit portfolio & written propos- al, June 21, 1985. Announced June 28 HCP, 441 W. Alabama, Houston, 77006.

CLUBS

American Society of Magazine Photographers, (ASMP), Meets 6:30pm 1st Mon- day of each month, at the Houston Graphic Conference Center, 1324 West Clay. An international association whose members " תפקיד" in every category of published photographic media. Affiliated with national ASMP. Welcome. Charge for monthly meetings, 521-2000.

Brooklyn Houston Chapter of Associo- na for Multilim, meets 3rd Thurs. in July Stever San- dier 667-9467.

Association of Students in Photography, Houston Community College, 300 Holman, for HCC students, meets 3pm. in Mon of each month, call 281-9271.

Bayside Camera Club meets 7pm 1st and 3rd Mon monthly at Bayside Community Center, 2407 Market, Bayside, 925-8414. Vernon Hagen for details.

Brazoria County Camera Club, meets 7:30pm 2nd Tues monthly at Continental Savings & Loan Assn., Lake Jackson, TX, call (903) 655-5691 Bone Denton for more details.

The Houston Carneb Club, meetings 7:30 pm 1st and 3rd Tues monthly, at the All Saints Medical Center, Debakey Bldg, Room M-12, Texas Medical Center. Competitions, programs, and lectures, call 665-0639 Gwen Kinz for more details.

The Houston Photocrome Club, meets 7:30pm 2nd and 4th Thurs monthly at the First United Methodist Church, 801 Sage Road, Room 2, call 451-4671 John Patton for more details.

The Houston Photographic Society, meets 8pm 2nd and 4th Tues monthly at the Bering Church, Malabir, Harold proteins and critiques, call 621-9071.

The Houston Photographic Collectors of Houston, meets 7:30 pm 4th Wed monthly in the basement of the Aloma Park Church, 9143 Hermann Park, public welcome, featuring feature auctions, buy- sell-trade, show and tell, and lecture, call Steve Granger, 498-6888.

160 Photographic Society, meets 730pm 1st and 3rd Tues monthly at Cypress Creek Community Center, 621 Cypresswood Drive and Durbin, call 922-1882 or 353 9604 Dave Manwaring for details.

Society of Photographers in Industry, meets 3rd Thurs at La Marca Social, 9805 S. Main, 6-10pm, coffee, dinner, speaker, visitors welcome, call 983-3585 Dave Thompson for details.
PARIS IN THE FALL

In which two speckers of new truths and lasting beauty find instead elaborate shock and awe but are saved after all by total immersion in photography.

Stringing along, we were setting criteria for our evaluation of the thousands of photographs we would be seeing over the next three days. We were in Paris to see as many as possible of the nineteen-nine-exhibit that made up Le Mois de la Photo — The Month of the Photo at the Palais de Tokyo. Among other things, a model for a similar event to be held in Houston in March, 1986, called Foto Fest, it will be the first such spectacle in the United States. As staff mem-
bers of the Houston Center for Photography (which supports but is not part of the event), we were curious about what might be in store for that month, and we were quite eager to get a sense of some notion of what was going on in the Parisian photographic scene.

So it was.

The first night, right off the plane, we walked aimlessly for five or six hours. There was lots of evidence of Le Mois de la Photo everywhere: posters and lighted signs were abundant. Bookstores and galleries had set up booths, and without photography exhibitions, many of them not related to the official event. It was a truly mind-blowing, if not such photographic saturation in an American context.

The following day, a Monday, the galleries were closed, so we visited the exhibit that made up the Museum d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, the site of the official launch of the festival. We wandered, partook of snacks and tickets, and began to ponder about Le Mois de la Photo. We wandered to find an exhibition about 30 years of Japanese advertising photography, only to see a terrible, terrible, terrible, and the most interesting image: the one that had been reproduced in the catalog. By Tuesday night, the greyness of what we were seeing had improved as we sat in the grand courtyard of the American Center, watching the fog swirl up through the lights burning Notre Dame. As we stared, we wondered what causes gourds, humps. What has Notre Dame been mangled with that brings up emotion? Is there something in the idea of universal mind that carries across centuries, bringing to new generations the love and commitment of the past? The main question in our minds was what could go into art, into photographs, to pluck the same

siveness, the next day was clear and crisp and sunny, and began to yield up surprises. We walked past the Galerie Sequer and saw the works of photographers we had been pleased that the gallery, which had just opened, was showing pho-
tography that we wanted to continue to do so.

In the afternoon we went in search of the Galerie Daguerre, to pay homage. We found the Rue Daguerre and the Hotel Daguerre and the little side street the gallery should have been on. Raking our heads in what we thought was the right door, we found a nasty little man who appeared to be managing a 1950’s-style Communist cell. As he mumbled on, surrounded by a crowd of people, he blandly told us the Galerie was out on the street, so we looked around for another twenty minutes, then went back and asked him again. The second time he said that the space was the Galerie Daguerre. Sure enough, behind the door a few small free-standing walls covered with photographs — terrible Ciba photoes of bees and flowers. We bowed, thanked him and left. For some reason it was funny that the Galerie Daguerre was showing bees and flowers.

Thursday the exhibitions were getting sicker. In the enormous complex of buildings that make up the Musee d’Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris we saw the work of several Mexican photographers as a small part of a wonderful mini-

multi exhibition about Mexico’s celebration of Cinco de Mayo. A documentary about The Dead, as well as major shows by Lucien Clergue and Bruce Davidson, and smaller exhibits of the pho-
tographers Jane Evelyn Atwood, Mary Ann Parkinson, and Quentin Bertaux.

Bruce Davidson exhibited — a major retrospective centered on his subway photographs — was the biggest surprise of the week. Mounted by the National Photog-

raphy Center, it was a great instal-

lation. The center of the installation was a slide show of the work of Cornell, a music that was absolutely perfect for looking at the Davidson subway photos. This raised questions about why photographs hang on walls at all. Why should the Great Hall of Photographs in slide shows often have music? The answer, the other question raised that day was why the Davidsen, Ber-

ett, and Magnin exhibitions — and everything at Beau-

<issue>7</issue> bieu was an extension of the hype about Le Mois. The answer turned out to be politics. Le Mois de la Photo is funded by the City of Paris. The others are funded by France, France, and Paris are, politically, two different states these days, the country being run by the Socialists and the city being run by the opposition. We were amazed to discover that some people were associ-

ated with the photography of the Davidsen exhibition and that none, we had seen it yet — yet it was without, the question the most spectacular photography show in town.

Bringing photography to the people means exhibiting in some pretty unusual places. There were museums and galleries, of course, but there were also photos to be found in subway stations, department stores, business offices, bookstores, embassies, cultural centers, train stations, atop skyscrapers, and underneath covered sidewalks. Some of these more innovative spaces worked brilliantly, others were offensively, of the Lisboa exhibition in the Saint Augus-

 agree to be part of a temporary structure to be installed on a train platform.

The basement gallery of Le Chamber Claire on opening night.

Davos Crossley and Alexandra Zarei in the Paris Audios Visuals offices.
BERNARD FAUCON:
GROWING UP

By LYNN McLANAHER

Bernard Facon’s large group of color photographs made an exhibition you could really sink your chops into: meaty, challenging, and rewarding. It was one of the few real diamonds among an otherwise lackluster series of exhibitions at Le Mois de la Photo.

Born in 1952, this French photographer is best known for his images of children acting out a variety of strange and mystical rituals. More often than not, the children aren’t real, but rather are mannequins. Facon acts as the costume designer, make-up artist, and director in his “mirages on scene photographs.” He even has to adjust the bodies of his “actors” (arms up, head to the left, right leg forward, etc.). In Facon’s work we can see the directorial mode at its utmost.

The result of his mummery efforts is a re-creation of his own little world around the countryside with him and staging scenes is a body of rich and complex tales. Casual placers often remember his photographs as happy visions of childhood: children having fun at parties, playing in fields, and doing things kids will do. Those willing to look closer quickly see their oversight. Each photograph challenges the viewer to interpret a wealth of symbols and the task is never easy. These are not pat, one-liners. Just when you may be congratulating yourself on a religious interpretation of what’s happening in the foreground, you notice unusual games being played in the background.

Facon’s world is inhabited by young children, mostly boys, both real and artificial. The viewer is forced to become a child as well: Facon allows us entry to his world from a lower, child’s eye level. We are not looking down upon his world, safely casting judgement. Rather, we are a part of his world and it is not always a comfortable feeling. You are constantly batters by sexual, political, religious, social, and economic questions, the kind that are piled high in our subconscious, and which we generally prefer to leave behind.

In “Le banquet” (1978) we have a royal feast in the countryside which has been interrupted by an approaching fire. In “L’enfant qui voie” (1978) we have a boy “flying” off a cliff, his friends playing in the field below. Facon adds to the tension by sometimes juxtaposing real children with his mannequins. In “Le boulard” (1977) a young girl tentatively stands amidst a group of young male mannequins on a hillside, all of whom are in uniform pajamas, stumbling around blindfolded. Possible interpretations seem endless in so many of these photographs.

Facon has chosen to use the Fresson process to print his photographs. A Fresson print is similar to a gumtypechrome print: various pigments can be mixed with the light-sensitive potassium dichromate and the colors can be modified by using different pigments. The degree of difficulty involved in making Fresson prints scarces most artists aware of Facon is in Paris where the process was invented at the turn of the century and where the L’Atelier Fresson de Savigny still operates, he can take advantage of professional printmakers.

Unlike color prints on commercially manufactured paper, Fresson prints are made on archival printmaking paper and have a soft, soothing quality that enables us to bypass harsh reality allowing us to shift into Facon’s fabricated world as believers.

In this exhibit, work from Facon’s “Children” series was dedicated to the downstairs exhibition space, and on the main floor was a “new Facon.” Gone for the most part are his children, yet one does not feel a stranger amidst the new work. Studying these landscapes and interiors, one quickly becomes aware of the rich iconographic vocabulary Facon included in his earlier work. The children may be gone, but the symbols remain. Northern Renaissance painting fans will delight in the wealth of symbols to be found tacked to the walls, casually arranged on the floor, even leaping out of cliffs. The abundance makes you want to run to your bookshelf, dust off your Ferguson’s Signs and Symbols in Christian Art, and get down to decoding.

While you may find fire, grapes, and assorted flowers in Facon’s, you won’t find many of Facon’s other trademarks, such as aesthetic bits of garbage and flying envelopes. These symbols took on a somewhat secondary role in the earlier mannequin-dominated work, but now Facon has to survive on his own and Facon has subtly prepared us for this transition by introducing these elements in his earlier work. Viewers with a bit of the detective in them will enjoy spotting the Facon iconography in this new work.

The question becomes — can these symbols hold their own without the children? Some do so better than others, but it is a bit unfair to judge because in this exhibit we seem to have experiential work, work that hasn’t yet arrived at a point as highly developed as his earlier series in some of these landscapes and interiors, Facon appears to be wearing himself out of the children by including only one huddled by
PARIS:

A discussion of the art of photography shown during November’s Le Monde de la Photo in Paris. This is part one of a two-part feature. Part two will appear in the summer issue of SPOT.

The Larousse Photographic Archives at the Dawn of the 20th Century. Gizoulin
Photographic Agency, 92 rue de Richelieu.

When you least expect it, you stumble on a jewel. Dark, rainy, up a nifty staircase hoping to find an exhibit, walking into an office space with people pulling transparents out of drawers, typing, and talking on the telephone — this was it? They ignored us so we began to look at the photographs scattered about on the walls. Larousse is Francis E. Foundos’s Photographic Archives and was a selection of images from their archives. One began with wonderful, rarely seen 19th-century portraits by French greats such as Carant, Narbon, and Reutlinger of celebrities including Pierre Loti, Maurice Musterlinck, and even a fat Sarah Bernhardt. Drawn by the photographs, one ceased to worry so much about stepping on a computer sticking out from underneath the man’s desk you were squeezing behind, trying not to get caught in his telephone cord as he was talking. The variety was impressive: landscapes, street life, portraits by known, unknown, and anonymous photographers, Chinese fish merchants, clippers in the Swiss Alps, both in Scotland, Romanian countryside: the work ranged in style from the refreshingly naive to the more sophisticated and technically proficient. The interesting selection and the unique ambience which I soon began to appreciate made this an exhibition I learned to go back to as I moved on to less than inspirational exhibits.

Lynn McLachlan


Going to this exhibit on the 56th floor of the only skyscraper in Paris was a bit like going to the top of the Empire State Building. One buys a ticket, goes through several turnstiles, and suddenly has a breath-taking view of the city. The black and white photographs from the archives of Ciné-Revue present a movie stars as we have come to know them in front of the camera, and also on the set behind the scenes, contrasting the real with the unreal. The old stars are there: Ava Gardner, Elvis Presley, Betty Davis, Elizabeth Taylor, and yes, Ronald Reagan are all depicted for the most part as we were meant to see them, glamorous stars full of “sex appeal.” Hollywood’s themes and power over fashion become very evident. The photographers included Raymond Voinquel, Sam Levin, Clarice Rull and Virginia Ager; yet their roles in the creation of these pictures seemed to receive back seat treatment: their subjects easily dominated the exhibition.

In the spirit of Hollywood, it seemed appropriate that the exhibition was surrounded by souvenir shops where one could buy anything from placemats of Paris to lottery tickets.

Philippe Chauveau

Foreign Bodies.

Gabriel Séguier, 40 rue Séguier.

Philippe Chauveau has made a series of photographs of a person entirely wrapped in toilet paper. posed in exotic settings in North Africa. The pictures are beautifully
made and presented, so the first reaction is not that they are stupid, although that is the second reaction, which turns out to be writing. These pictures are proof that images can have their own lives, and that they continue to do their work long after they've been dismissed. Even though it is patently clear what the images are of, they become mysterious, and they impart a sense of gladness, somehow, that Chaveux has done this job, and that the ancient columns and temples have espoused his presence and given to his paper-clad figure a gift of time, a sort of ribbon between the past and the present. And people who didn’t exist before Chaveux made his journey.

The photographs, made in 1983-1984, were shot in places like Touna El Dedet, Louxor, Ramasseum, Magnawish, Nefriht, and Der El-Bahn, Chaveux traveled with a huge garbage bag to carry his toilet paper, which he bought wherever he was. It took two or more rolls to do a wrap job, and he has no idea how many rolls he used. He employed different colors of toilet paper to achieve different tones in the black and white photographs. Sometimes, he says, there was too much stunt, and he couldn’t shoot, even in the evenings. Mau, Avery, writing in the catalog for the exhibition, says of the photographs, "His masks scream in silence, on a background of absence forever. I don’t think they scream at all. They are a little like the masks with Matisse and Dali, just being there, neutral. It is as if they have achieved synchronicity with the movement of these sacred grounds through time and space."
of connection Lamberds seems to have made with his subject, a way of working that's similar to the way Anne Lubov is able to get inside and tear everything up and rearrange the furniture so we can actually see what the place looks like. Something curious is going on in Lamberds' mind. Right in the middle of this exhibition of photographs of famous people is a print of a cow's udder. And in a little axone is a series of square pictures of a fellow wearing a sort of man's robe, little wire glasses, big fake ears, and a beard with a proponent on top. He is seen on horses at a fairground, sitting on lamp posts on horse, being laughed at by a policeman, and almost always with a big armchair, which he drags around the streets of Paris.

Lamberds has obviously been off the deep end for quite a while, and France is surely fortunate to have him around occasionally to lift us out of our melancholy.

D.C.

The Peking Opera in

Holograms. The Museum of

Photography, forum des Halles.

We've all heard of holography. Some have even seen a hologram, thanks to National Geographic and Walt Disney. But I had no idea how they were made, and I looked forward to learning about this relatively new process. The museum had a video running continuously that did its best to explain, but even though it was an American production in English, it covered only the fragments of understanding of the making of a hologram.

There were several different exhibits at the museum. One of the first was the Peking Opera by Jean Morhets which were interesting only because they were holographic. You could see figures in Chinese costumes in the three dimensions. Period. Another presented rather banal subjects, such as vases, which incorporated more interesting colors and capital and holographic qualities a lot more toward artistic expression. The objects appeared to be on the surface of the wall and the space around them appeared to recombine into space, back into the wall, enhancing the illusion of objects floating in space. This created a tension, as I knew the objects were really in a picture hanging on the wall, not floating in space.

Wandering into the next dark room the viewer was invited to stand behind a row of 3D glasses and view slides projected on the front wall. Indeed, they looked three dimensional. Finally, there was a small room with an example of how some artists in France are incorporating holograms into their work—predominantly in a small way and with collage.

As I walked I left the Museum was that holography seems untouched thus far by artistic hands. The process seems to carry with it many limitations both technical and financial, but once we get past those barriers and holography falls out of the hands of techies and into those of some adventurous and sly artists, great things could result.

Venise, Vérden, Wagner: Images from the Opera. Galerie Louise. 1 rue de l’Odéon.

Composers Wagner and Verdi both worked in and were inspired by Venice, thus the title of this exhibition of photographs of moments from the world of opera.


One can just imagine Calvin Klein looking at some of the pictures by Robert Mapplethorpe, Bruce Weber and Noelle Hoppel with his heart in his throat, his joy overflowing. His dreams seeming true, his life infused with hope and longing. Those smooth pretenders, both behind and in front of the camera, seem to be from other worlds, where life has been reduced to extravagant posing in crisp, clean light, or to a kind of permanent dim, smoky hallucination.

Xavier Lamberds

Maurice Tabard.

L.F.M.

Maurice Tabard. Galerie Marion Meyer. 13 rue Guengat.

Tabard died in 1984 and this exhibition was a tribute to the adventurous spirit this man brought to photography. Though not as famous as his contemporaries, such as Man Ray, Tabard's work reflects the attitudes in Paris during the 1950s and 1960s. Tabard tried everything: photographs, sculpture, double exposures, negative images, hand applied emulsion, and combination printing.

Looking through the selection, one could see how these techniques applied to a number of subjects: fashion, nudes, aerial views, still lifes, and portraits.

A fitting tribute to this photographer, who also for a time worked at the Gittings Portrait Studios in Houston.

L.F.M.


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L.F.M.

Xavier Lamberds
Swiss Photography from its Origins to Our Day. Avant la Vingtaine. 100 Rue des Arts, 100 Rue Rombuske.

Good Lord, what a spectacle this was! Hundreds of photographs, old and new, of every conceivable type, in a monster exhibition that must have touched on everything that has to do with Swiss photography. There was a copy of the first lithograph made from a photograph in Switzerland: a photograph of the daguerreotypist Johann Baptist Senning, who introduced photography to Switzerland in 1840, the cover of the catalog of the first photo exhibition in Switzerland, and so on through the ages to Werner Bischof and Robert Frank and then to the contemporary conceptualists.

There were wonderful pictures of such subjects as a family of Russian peasant immigrants outside their cabin, just marvelous in the ability of those people at that moment to ring their spirit far into the future. There was a goofy picture made in 1980 by Johann Link, in which five crazed men and boys — all in suits — cavort in feverish madnness, each leaping over another's back, one tearing down the street with a mysterious board on his shoulder, another casually standing on his hands, and yet another lurching into the frame from the right bearing a stick as though he weighed 500 pounds.

The feeling of delight at this slighty awe-inspiring carried right through to work of the present, with a large representation of the good work of lots of contemporary photographers. This was a terrific exhibition that asks for a tremendous amount of time. It would make a great book.

Bruce Davidson. Centre National de la Photographie, Palais de Tokyo.

(This retrospective exhibition of Bruce Davidson's photographs was not technically part of the Mois de la Photo, but it was a major photography exhibition during that time.)

Davidson is a humanist. He doesn't claim social realism or documentary goals for his photographs, but wishes them to reflect his compassion for his fellow man. He has been consistent in both his concerns and approach. More often than not, he chooses to work in the genre of the photo essay, as opposed to simply shooting at random on the street. His choices are topical and urban (Teenagers, E. 100 St. Subway). Chronologically, Davidson's technique becomes more refined and dominant with each series while the subject matter remains constant (in a sense). Grayscale, usually 35mm portraits give way to more self-conscious and formalized prints, culminating in the large color prints of the New York subway.

Davidson began photographing the subway in black and white and then switched to color, which seems appropriate considering the graffiti-laden environment the subway has become. I wondered what any French person seeing the N.Y. subway for the first time in these photographs would think of it compared to their own rather business-like Metro. Coupled with the use of flash and the effects of flourescent lighting, the noise of the color is often deafening. The trains look more like rides at Coney Island than public transportation. Unlike Walker Evans, many Are Called, which focused on individual facial expressions caught in a moment on an anonymous train, Davidson's photographs the color alone seems to be the reason for the photograph. People's clothes become mere 50's to the graffiti surrounding them.

The installation reinforced the often circus-like atmosphere of the photographs. They were hung in a sort of labyrinth that distanced the distance you could stand from them. Notably, this arrangement gave one the feeling of being on a subway car. The prints are large and this scale combined with the shortened viewing distance heightened the trapped, anxious feeling reflected in some of the photographer's subjects.

Not all the photographs focused on the train interior or even the urban center of the city. In one photograph two women standing on an elevated platform (Bklyn.), the soft summer twilight streams across the platform revealing slightly the women's figures beneath their sundresses. This romanticism with a hint of boyish voyeurism is in evidence throughout Davidson's work. It energizes some of his best photographs, while it is the downfall of others. For example, one of my favorite Davidson photographs is from the 1959 series of teenagers. A young girl admires herself in the mirror on a cigarette machine while her equally self-interested boy friend primpes nearby. There is a directness in the photograph that alludes to the photographer's presence, yet that illusion doesn't interfere with the scene. Too often in other Davidson photographs I am made aware of the photographer at work, using his lens, framing, and print quality to heighten the drama of the photograph.

Davidson doesn't have a cool, dispassionate eye. As a result, his photographs sometimes cross the thin line that separates humanism and concern from mere sentimentality. At his best, though, Davidson shows how his camera can reduce a situation to one dimension. His subway is both horrible and beautiful.


The English photographer Pete Dine had quite a few pictures of animals. Dogs, cats, everything.

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The English photographer Pete Dine had quite a few pictures of animals. Dogs, cats, everything.
Unfortunately the installation was
striking. Most of the prints had at
least one corner hanging outside
the mat, the corners of which ap-
ppeared to have been cut with a
scraper, and no one at the
gallery seemed to care about set-
ing things right.
In the front window was a display
of dozens of 5x7 prints glued not
very well to thick corrugated card-
board and hung on wires in a mad
sort of chaos no one might mean to
convey the vast diversity of the
fairly closed. However, that is all
they did. There was little cre-
vativity in any of the photographs
after 1936, and the print quality
often looked dangerously close to
Xerography.
Perhaps the romantic in me
hoped to find the individual still
alive, but if this exhibit is any
indication, 1930-1960 were not
building years for creative pho-
tography in China.

With The Adjustable Wrench in
the Little Salon: The New
Fashion. Photographs by Dom-
ique Bouchard and Horve
Lecerf, Galerie Step Photo Mont-
parnasse, 23 rue du Commandant
René-Moschotte.
In Paris, you do a lot of old-
fashioned fashion photography and
reduce the image to Xerox-like
toyness, then color it gaudy, and
mount it with big nuts and bolts
through the mats, you can get a
show in this camera store.

Alice OILON: The Intimate
Beauty of Inexpressible
Feelings. Studio 666, 66 Rue
Marte-Clot.

Beauty isn’t exactly the first word
that comes to mind when looking
at these photographs. Alice OILON
has photographed herself, at least
what remains of herself. An anor-
uck, she has reduced her sensual
body and bone. She is like a skel-
ton covered with skin. She
thrusts herself at, naked usually,
or wearing what might, on another
person, be thought of as less ap-
parent—garters and stockings and
black gloves, or black lingerie. She
photographs herself with her
breasts hanging over a plate of fish,
her arms held over her head so we
can see her thinness and how
misproportioned her head has be-
come. In one particularly difficult
picture she has smeared mud (or is
it her rear end seems to suggest,
menstrual blood?) on herself so
that her emaciated flesh also looks as if
it has been badly burned. She is
playing a voluptuous role, but she
does not appear to be
happening. Always she peers out of
her great black eyes, seeming

DC.

30 Years of Chinese
Photography (1930-1960). Mme du Xie,
78 rue Bonaparte.

I had high hopes for this exhibit of
30 years of photography from China,
held in the grand and gilt
dall of one of Paris’ town halls.
What an opportunity. Unfortu-
nately, the work was very disap-
pointing. The subjects were inter-
testing because they allowed me
to see aspects of China that don’t
make it to Newsweek or Time.
Portraits, landscapes, people at
work, soldiers at war, students
marching, athletes, and children
offered a chance to glimpse
thirty years in China that were
and had lunch.
But then, of course, the pictures
would never have existed.

Mise en scene pour une
Assumption: Etude documenta-
toire no. 190. Orlin. Galerie Art
Contemporain, J. et J. Danguy, 57, rue
de la Roquette.
‘Mise en scene’ is not meant to be
translated in English. But suffice it
to say that the artist is telling you
that this was created, fabricated,
produced to be documented,
photograph, taped, whatever. This
installation was and is memorable,
especially in light of the overwhelm-
sing body of predictable work pre-
sented in the exhibits of the Month
of Photography.
Orlan is one of Paris’ premier
performance artists, and in this
installation she confronts us with
ideas about the Assumption. The
room had “altars” of varying sizes
composed of various media. Orlan
herself takes on the role of Mary
draped in white or black and ap-
pers in photographs, videos, and
holograms. A lyric aria sung by a
female soprano pervades the room,
and Orlan’s voluptuous figure clad
in voluminous drapery and other
dramatic touches overwhelm the
viewer. What we have here is 1980s
banque, use everything available
and make it dramatic. And I mean
everything, even one of those
jokebox contraptions you used to
find at your booth at the cafe, with
pages of hit tunes that were turned
by an automatic arm. Instead of
these, the pages contain photog-
raphs of “the Madonna” in various
guzes.
Orlan herself wandered into the
gallery while I was there and it was
a treat to hear her tell about how
she put this installation together.
One wonders what the men in
the old folks home think when
this presence sweeps in, dressses
them in religious gowns and
photographs them to use as framing
photographs in her altars.
Orlan has a definite flair for
performance and though this exhi-
bition/installation is not for every-
one, it was a breath of fresh air to
this tired gallery goer.

Aline Fleischer: Silverware
and Other Objects. Studio 666, 66
Rue Malbre-Clot.

Aline Fleischer is a filmmaker
in his 50s who lives in Paris, where
he also teaches about film and
photography. For this exhibition he
photographed common reflective
objects—knives, forks, spoons,
hairbrushes—with the faces of
people reflected in them. Six of the
prints are quite large, about six
and a half feet high by three feet wide.
He has an odd feeling for the inter-
nal dimensions and qualities of
these things, and says “To see one’s
face as a reflection in a knife or
spoon makes these objects both
less and more alien; one finds one-
self present in them, the objects
convey a dialogue with the one
using them.”
The images are grainy and slightly
blurred, often because of move-
ment, as though the camera were
handheld, a strange way to do still
photography. But then, they aren’t
really still. In Fleischer’s view, they
are more like lifeless objects, these
shiny commonplaces. For him, “Sil-
verware, copperware, and stainless
steel... seeing passing the images
of our daily lives, of our intimacy,
of those beings who surround us, and
of ourselves.” He speaks of “The
profile of the father at the bottom
of the ashy tray, the smile of the
mother on the back of the hair-
brush, the white hair of the grand-
mother on the sides of the tea lest-
tie, the impish hand and arm of
the maid on the iron, and in the
fascets of the lavatory, oneself, the
laughable self-portrait... the test of
the mirror.”

Alice OILON

Alice OILON

Aline Fleischer.

L.F.M.
SISKIND, CONNOR:
CLEAR VISION

Aaron Siskind and Linda Connor.
February 15–March 31, at the Houston Center for Photography.

Photographs this page by Linda Connor.
BY APRIL RAPIER

There exists an undeniable bond between Aaron Siskind's and Linda Connor's pictures; the obvious connection being the student-teacher relation.

There are other dimensions to the bond as well: they have remained supportive friends over the years, holding each other's work in high regard; the influences remain intact and reciprocal; and as Gay Block points out in the curator's statement for this, their first joint exhibition, "they agree that the human element is the most important ingredient in their work." The exhibition includes retrospective bodies of work (Connor from 1967-84, Siskind from 1937-83), and it is extremely enlightening to witness the respective progressions.

Connor's journeys, both emotional and physical, are not unlike notations in a diary, for they are insightful and introspective. There is no sense of passivity or lack of involvement; nor of the refugee one can take behind a camera, although at times she demonstrates the anthropologist's probing neutrality. The more recent pictures are clearly descended from a progressive vision and understanding established in her work with a soft-focus portrait lens.

As with the work of Emmett Gombrich, this imagery is accessible by virtue of being drawn from surrounding life and visible experience, yet it is magically transformed into an introspective odyssey. She now views things in larger scale, looking at the sum rather than the parts. One is inclined to view this as a distancing from the subject matter (archeology, Peruvian landscapes, life in India and Nepal), because in many instances she is literally documenting from farther away.

Less representational, the associations are grounded in the present, the factual versus the fictive, wondrous specters in captivity versus descriptions of them. As she once drew us closer to her sense of the past, now Connor draws us closer to the inhabitants and treasures of the world. She seems a part of wherever she is, unafraid to feel and experience the connections, heralding new possibilities all the while. The world as she sees it is rhythmic and arcane, the pictures exultant in discovery.

Aaron Siskind's work needs no introduction, nor is it necessary to assay it critically. He is a marvelous legacy of singular devotion, evidenced by faith in and continuation of a clear-headed vision. As teacher, influence, and inspiration, he has been invaluable to so many photographers around the world, and from time to time, we all sound notes of gratitude. But it is likely that he can never fully know the debt photography and its other practitioners owe him.

There is no discordance here, no false note — although he laughs about what "came in between" the experiments and rejects rather, as the pictures flow chronologically, they demonstrate a profound self-awareness. He understands the liabilities of resource and intention, the ultimate act of clarity culminating in the picture.

I spoke with him on the morning of January 20, he was hard at work in the darkroom, enthusiastic about the new pictures from his most recent trip to Sicily, sounding hale and jovial, at peace with his work and the world. It was thrilling (anticipation of new work) and reassuring, his vision and energy are self-perpetuating.

Photographs this page by Aaron Siskind
RAY METZKER:
KNOWING SHADOW

By DAVID PORTZ

Ray Metzker's photographs have begun to behave as a life's work. This extensive retrospective organized by the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, together with an excellent catalogue and appearances by the artist, bring Mr. Metzker for the first time to the view of a mass audience. It is a dramatic introduction. We are met by an artist confident of his inventive techniques, and emerged from the shadows of his predecessors.

The exhibition's title and catalogue emphasize Ray Metzker as an artistic innovator. The exhibition's 100 photographs span twenty-five years of work, and represent the results of twelve projects, or series. Metzker has formulated an approach whereby he structures a "term" for each project — a sort of contract with himself to confine the work by some constraint. Some terms were chosen to confine him to a place, as in, for example, the series photographed within Chicago's Loop, on the series within walking distance from his Philadelphia apartment. In his "Son of Creatures" series, he prowled Atlantic City Beach to photograph the bulbous and unglamorous bathers. Other terms for his series have been more theoretical, designed to exploit, as a viewer's exercise, an excellent photographic technique. For example, in questioning the convention of a photographic print being only one frame, he has combined two in Double Frame, or the frames of a whole roll, in his Composites. The Double Frame series utilized the black dividing line between the frames as a compositional element, which merged with two distinctive images to form a single tainting abstraction. The Composites series resulted in large poster-sized prints which from a distance are highly patterned, the simpler Composites resembling the early motion studies of Muybridge. On closer viewing, each Composite reveals a single sequence of events — a sailor walking, or persons passing through a glass revolving door. Rhythms are often established by overlapping images and multiple exposures, which give some Composites a bewildering complexity.

The Pictus Interruptus series resulted from a term which required that the clearly focused distance be largely obscured by a blurry object set in the foreground. This method confounds the eyes' tendency to see closer objects more clearly. Many photographs in the series are landscapes in New York, Philadelphia, Wisconsin, or Greece, though likes and street details were also interrupted. Metzker returned to city streets to photograph City Visitors, the most recent series presented. Ornate pedestrians are captured in huge silhouettes of brilliant light, which cut the predominating darkness. All of Metzker's work has utilized sparkling white highlights and intense blacks. But following his experiments in printing the underexposed, overdeveloped Dark Prints, Metzker has placed much of his daylight city in detailed shadow. The emotional tone of the photos is lonely and reflective, not the emotions of the unfoundable persons in the photos, but those created by their isolation in the textured darkness. The swaths of light falling on each photographic inhabitant arrive as unacknowledged salvation, skeptical tran- scendence. The results of his earlier visual studies are folded and compressed into the City Whispers series, where it is most evident that Metzker achieves expressiveness, despite his restraint.

Concurrent with the Metzker exhibition, the Museum of Fine Arts displayed works of Lazlo Moholy-Nagy selected from its recent acquisitions, and a traveling exhibition of Harry Callahan's pictures of his wife and daughter. Anne Tucker, the museum's curator of photography, is to be thanked for orchestrating the museum's resources to present the Metzker exhibition together with works of these two photographers, who had significant influence upon him. Ms. Tucker is also to be praised for the Metzker exhibition catalogue, which is extremely well-written and commen- datory, though overlarded toward Metzker's preachy philosophizing.

The catalog traces Metzker's photographic pedigree to Moholy-Nagy, who founded the New Bauhaus in Chicago, and to Harry Callahan and Aaron Siskind, who succeeded Moholy-Nagy after the New Bauhaus became the Institute of Design. Metzker studied under Siskind and Callahan, and several of his works are said to be derived from the Institute of Design's experimental spirit, the printing with high contrast of black and white, deep focus, and the emphasis on design. Some of Metzker's prints have particular affinities with Siskind's — the fascination with surface and texture, the tendency toward abstraction. Harry Callahan's work also finds thematic parallels in Metzker's photographs, as in the candid nature of his street photographs and the spontaneous use of imagery. Callahan also worked within parameters for each project, similar to Metzker's use of terms. Most striking of all, however, is the way in which Callahan and Siskind, with the work of Lazlo Moholy-Nagy, particularly in the subject matter of his prints. Some of Metzker's favorite motifs can be seen in the Museum's collection of Moholy-Nagy — blinding looming, foreground shapes which force attention to their own purity; black and white, executed thoughtlessly in the foreground, others focused in the distance; pedestrians hurrying in bustling urban settings, or sometimes only their legs; and Harbor scenes with boat shapes and patterns plucked from vehicles and machines. In the distance of time from Metzker's schooling, however, the similarities with the work of his forbears have receded into his own distinctive photographic language. He is more stringent, for example, in forcing darkness to do his bidding, imposing it where once there was light. Moreover, the tone of Metzker's work is different from that of his photographic ancestors. Moholy-Nagy's work often communicated his exhilaration at the technical and societal changes he was witnessing, and the diversity of those events. Siskind and Callahan, even within their esthetic and abstract preoccu- pations, show a whole-heartedness and playfulness of spirit. Metzker seems instead the solitary man, willfully aspiring to an intel- lectual vision. Though a distancing from human subjects can be observed in the works of all four artists, Metzker's aloofness is most severe. Aaron Siskind, the most recent contender in depersonalizing his prints, nevertheless frequently references the human form, and uses graffiti in a way which communicates vitality. Metzker's photographs contain human figures but deny their consequence over the other elements in the composition. There is seldom anyone against whose distinctive gesture in Metzker's pictures. There is seldom an un- usual face. A viewer cannot make requests of an artist. A viewer may ask: will Ray Metzker for an unusual human situation, a circumstance which brings a fact to light, sympathy, empathy, or an emotional depth which is not Metzker's own. There is much that Metzker excludes from his photography. His efforts to foster city order with his photographic visual content, expressive of an austere ethos, honors his artistic mentors. They are honored too by that other quality that comes from Metzker's efforts, the secret source of many viewers' admiration of his work. We are brightened by his purely visual will of light in darkness, as subtle as the edges of the silhouettes of City Whispers.
PATSY CRAVENS:
DIGNITY AND GRACE

Patsy Cravens, November 2-December 1, at the McMurry Gallery, 1 Chelsea Place, Houston.

This exhibition was a perfect collaboration of physical space and imagery. The gallery itself is warm and inviting, the experience of traveling from room to room exploring Cravens's small black and white color photographs (made from 1981-1984) was quite pleasant. It seemed to build upon the immediate and delayed power of the pictures, at once subtle and strong. Her vision is an expression of faith, the impact emotion has on memory.

In fact, this pure, direct transposition of feeling makes the pictures complex and fascinating — the world is filtered as though from a child's vantage point. This is a completely developed world in miniature, reduced to manageable proportions and allotments of expression. Abstraction of form, light, and color substantiates the background in a majority of pictures. If there is a recurring motif, it would seem to be a "well" in the forward-most plane that serves as a crisp introduction, a discreet keeper of secrets; half-open curtains, dusty windows stand firm yet ephemeral again and again, beckoning all the while. She also creates a frame within a frame in many instances — the overmat encloses a photograph of a window, introducing a reference point beyond which the image is layered; the colors are stacked, not unlike painting. She hands out dignity and grace to strangely, dying growth around her. In her world, flowers are dried, never dead. Her plants are very un-plantslike, and they do not behave predictably in gesture or transition; light catches the dense foliage and animates it in impressionistic color and shadow.

This is where memories live — in comfort and beauty, neither wakening nor sleeping. Often, her use of color is startling, and this is where it most succeeds. In the same way, the less-mannered images, devoid of nicety (journey to the Texas hill country versus journey to the chateau), although rougher-edged, are more accessible because they are well intentioned. They are more from the heart. When the viewer gets what is expected from an identifiable locale, he or she is neither disappointed nor exhilarated. The images that expand to root out a permanent spot within the viewer, both thrill and linger, in spite of being secretive and personal, entries from a journal of recovery and restoration. One is treated vicariously to long and solitary walks (except for the dog that is so clearly a comfort and joy) of patient exploration, yet Cravens doesn't seem to be searching for images. They appear before her and the surprise is contagious. The catch is that it is no easy feat to be casually spontaneous with a larger format camera (2 1/4 x 2 1/4) as it is with a 35mm. Thinein lies the evidence of both commitment and deliberation. She makes no attempt to disguise technical aberrations, nor disclose their sources, but the mysteries aren't a stumbling block — they quietly advise and encourage to proceed as experiences unfold.

The least successful work is the most specific — the playful, defiant nudes that ultimately make little sense. They seem to refer to earlier work — exploration without discovery. They are discrete and self-conscious, drama without substance. It is the work of feelings, not ideas, that is irresistible and enduring.
Each picture in this exhibit is a tribute to the insistence of thought and movement; they are magnifi-
cient, alone and as a group. The photographs are divided into four series with titles that serve as
notations, not barriers — there is great lateral movement among them. It is remarkable to note that,
as singular images, each is so deeply felt, not dependent on a concept or the strength and mo-
mentum of companion pieces. An aspect of their power lies in the synthesis of intimate and intimate —
not in a baroque, passionate sense, nor in an overly romantic sense inherent to much of the sub-
ject matter (graveyards, religious iconography, nudes). One step fur-
ther lies the realm of empathy and a complex and thorough under-
standing of intention and conclusion, where the photographer’s presence
is a constant; he assures us with the clarity of his vision. The assurances are gained with
humility and occasional humor. His photographs are double-edged, iron finding its way to both
sides, he is a seeker of truth, equally an intellectual and a mystic.

Krause explores old terrain, using new premises: he fuses disparate systems, and the sacred and prof-
ane meet as one. In a sense, look-
ing closely can cause one to be less
sure. The series Saints and Martyrs is drawn from religious statuary, icons and altars, and figures on re-
examined and re-positioned bits and pieces. The identities and con-
notations shift dramatically when taken out of context: aging plaster, easily identifiable by its over-wrought
decoration is infused with life of its
own. Krause shows us the essence of collective belief: one has faith in
the heavenly light, the knowing
senses, the ecstasy that is pain and
promise. Postures are studied close-
ly; in one image, we are shown

Jesus on the cross from the waist down; in another, the gesture of his hand touching the cross is empha-
sed. Both are extremely moving, not necessarily from the standpoint of sympathetic belief; they speak
universally. By covering statues of Jesus and Mary with plastic, or
placing them prone (the specifics are understated, which encourages
highly interpretive response), the saints and deities, in watchful vigil, are humanized. A prone posture
also heightens the notion of ecstasy. This approach helps us to under-
stand the iconography unique to certain other cultures; for example, statues of saints are adorned with
photographs of those in need of prayer: medals (lovely represen-
tational medallions fashioned from Silver, tin, etc.) hang from the same
saints’ heraldic glossy with gra-
titude. The pictures celebrate the richness of these rituals.
The series entitled Qui Risposa explores the eccentricity with which
the dead are honored and remem-
bered. These are very real people, beloved and mourned, still all-too
present. Sadly, the old tradition of allowing a photographic image to be the headstone isn’t practiced much
anymore. Krause has recorded hun-
dreds of them, in various parts of the
world; the results are haunt-
ingly sad and beautiful. They are celebratory as well, inviting tact
approval of the memory of some-
one unknown to us. Many of the
juxtapositions are decorative, others unintentionally ironic; the ideology and symbols chosen to comfort the
living and keep the dead company are endlessly fascinating. Often, babies were photographed after
they had died, because no pictures existed prior. Great liberties were
taken — eyes were retouched opened, creating an unhappy and obvious
parody of life. Couples were mon-
taged together for an eternity of uneasy companionship, where
were pictures of them together in 1918. Relationships were re-created, bonds
reformed long after the last of
uneasy tears had dissolved. In one
image the woman is externally a
bride; the groom has faded entirely.
Nature intervenes elsewhere: stone
cracks, emulsion crazes and tales,
sewits climb over the faces por-
trayed, weeds disrupt carefully
constructed sites. Messages are
powerful, considering that they are
contained within such confined spaces. They speak of guilt, sorrow,
disturbance as well as the joy of
memory. Krause includes the angels and saints who watch over the
dead, who live on: in this context,
their ornate splendor is less op-
pressive than in, say, the shop
window that occurs in Saints and
Martyrs. Another image tells of the
organization awaiting death: the
husband has passed on, yet the
wife, still alive, is already beside him in the photograph, keeping him
company, waiting to join him. That
woman is singing "The Lord is
my shepherd..." over her death —
oddly matters least. There
are (light-hearted moments repre-
sented: one (without a photograph)
is a plaster bust; below it is the
jubilant word MAMMA! In another,
a man points at all who look, in
the manner of a comedian, laughing
forever. One is sure that this is
decidedly how he wants to be re-
membered. Elsewhere, one of two
photographs has been rather bru-
tally scratched away, the memory too painful for someone to bear.
Again and again we are reminded that
it is memory that survive •
Krause’s use of the nude is a
similar reminder of mortality and eternal life. The series Nudi (in-
tentionally genderless) is neither
profligate nor pure; in a subset of
pictures inspired by the Leo Stri-
berg article entitled “The Sexuality of Christ in Renaissance Art and
Modern Obsession,” the nudes and
martyrs are humanized in yet an-
other way — they are freed to

Photographs by George Krause.

SPRING 1985
explore their potential as sexual beings. To understand fully his work one must look to his sources of reference and inspiration, which are quite often literary and historical. Krause's postulations are the extraordinary musings of a fertile mind, and it is my fervent hope that he will someday write about them: it is not my intention to go into the extensive connections here. He often recreates religious art history in the photographic allegories, sometimes using himself as a model, participating in the same measured tones as those he directs. Women are draped, chaste though not covered, suggesting a Madonna of this earth. Mother and son float in a pool, that she "carries" him is a poignant twist. The freedom in this case is both gravitational and emotional. The Madonnas here are unfraid to acknowledge their sexuality. One very powerful image, both contemporary and historical in tone, sees a long mirror against a wall in an otherwise empty room. Reflected in the mirror are Krause (nude) photographing the whole thing, and to his left, a nude woman, posing. She is upstretched, he assumes a more protected, behind-the-camera crouch. The viewer is given a more descriptive point of view (that of photographer) because the photographer is on the other side, participant and witness. A similarly magnetic image is layered from the floor upward, where the photographer happens to be. A nude woman lies on a mirror, which rests on a sheet spread on the floor. One sees bits of reflection, Krause and camera included, which creates a circular reference, holding us captive within its confines. Little attention is paid, in general, to camouflaging the reality of the studio — its existence is readily acknowledged and included. Nor does it detract from the integrity of the story being told. He goes from the classic (woman swinging a white dress over her head, back to the camera, background colors black) to the absurd (George fully clothed, at a desk, a naked woman on his lap) with the same result being to recreate and thereby destroy stereotypical responses. In a most courageous image, Krause is the only model; he is his own subject, and he wears only a mask with an enormous nose. His hands are drawn back, no pretense of protection, and he is looking down. Presently within the Studio Pictures are random portraits (the mercury intensification of a negative does black skin great justice, resulting in a richer, truer, more beautiful tonality), graphic presentations of architecture and design elements, evidence of secret intentions — the way things really work when man invades nature, more myths in the form of hooded, robed figures, some carrying crosses, others placed in the landscape, calling to mind religion and its antithesis (KIK), heaven and hell as a single image. There is the occasional use of photographic sleight-of-hand, perhaps the objective is to make a sweet, appreciative comment on the wonder of it all. The events aren't momentous but the feelings evoked have great power. A few of the photos are from his book, George Krause: 1, the magic of his images only gets stronger when viewed repeatedly. Krause is all his most demonstrative with the nude, yet never becomes exploitative. The tenets that support one series sustain others equally well. Certainly his subject matter is universal, thoroughly explored, yet without fail he brings to it his own inestimable worth and beauty, giving us the need as well as the desire to think it all through again. Something new will turn up every time.
BLACK, WHITE AND COLOR I: THE INFLUENCE OF PRECEDENT

By APRIL RAPIER

In the curator's statement, Charles H. trajectory, the direc- tor of Divine Works, Inc., says: "Black, White and Color I, the series, is a sort of project exploring five major American cities. Each exhibition will be focused on the artists whose work visually produces and records personal expression. This is ... a chronicle of the moment in which the medium is being manipulated not technically and conceptually." The problem with this idea is that, while the medium is being manipulated not technically and conceptually, the offerings suffer from being derivative of established mannerism, also that nearly break free. Divine Works is to be applauded for surpassing the traditional gallery approach; it is all the more difficult to understand why the notion that visual pro- duction and the rendering of personal expression, a fairly general concept in art, is being touted. The work is a whole is rather mainstream.

Allen Ludwig, by his own admis- sions, works in a very traditional (and rather standard) fashion. Going from piece to piece, it is almost impossible to tell which is modeled more for the particular for the particular technique being used by the work itself. It is not necessary to cite sources, for the artists are aware of themselves: more often than not, the influences overshadow the movement of the pieces. In sum, the images in an art body as a dissonant homage applies to the art world’s rather mainstream.

Mr. Ludwig has included two groups of pictures, his Black Mete series and a portfolio and technical collaboration with Gwen Akin. In the Black Mete series, pictures, he calls upon his own experiences with the conceptualism. The relationship between the reality of the crushed metals and the renovated (hand-painted) photographed metamor- phose. The expression is subverted by the piece. Layers of metals in various colors, some industrial, some tinged with a graffiti quality, oddly compel, although quietly. "Heart Like a Wheel Outtake" is pop in genre (without the attendant colors).

Some titles are strictly descrip- tive, others whimsical and poetic. As with the platinum/palladium collaboration pictures, technique is paramount, although the large size, rather than enhancing the image, renders them less special. Other pieces use multiple, well-formed thinking patterns of color and shape. Pop art asserts itself again in the repetition, with alternating colors, of the number 50 and a soft drink can; motifs the pieces are constructed around.

Mr. Ludwig’s collaboration with Gwen Akin evokes the use of the large format camera, a documental shooting style: beautiful lighting, powerful, deeply printed tech- nique, and griseo (for the most part) subject matter. Akin’s series refers to a toolbox of remembered pigments and endless other dead animals and averie parks, "verse variation contains which are banal, well worn photographic cliches, or even ugly!" This description of photographic biting given the macabre nature of the

photographs offer a concept that is outweighed and uncommunicable, even the evidence of allegory never reaches beyond reference. Models sit for the viewer merely, existing evil myths: one walks away from their artifact in self-defense. Mr. Ludwig, in a discussion of the exhibit, states that Rodriguez’s "color is handled in a partially manner while still adhering to the graphic truth of the photographic medium." Rodriguez believes that "pure color should be dissociated from naturalistic form." He applies un- earthly colors to the skin of his "Gods and Godesses" and uses fragments of larger figures to further abstract his imagery from the literal (Ludwig). Although Ludwig believes that these characters are freed as icons, "from conventional associations and appeal directly to the imagination," it is more likely that they make a brief appearance in the psyche, only to be dismissed as too embarrassingly improbable to invoke a flight of fancy. "St. Peter the Fisher" is an exception.

A gold hand holds a fish, covering most of it; the paint has begun to flake. Its seductive undertow allows the viewer the pleasure of his own undoing. Hirumi Montoro creates a stunning fusion of photography, drawing, light, and air in his very formal, discreetly suggestive studies. As his photographic emulsion is applied to fine drawing paper, after the image is printed, graphite is rubbed into areas to heighten con- trast. The result is flat and shimmery; the roughest of materials take on the smoothness of a paper. Because, too, they use mostly white and light grey, tiny areas of black, used sparingly, take on great

importance, as does part of a leg or a section of torso bending into drooped, flowing cloth. Jim Leach has explored many of the tricks of the trade, most often involving motion and light; the results are printed using the gum bichromate process. The particular combinations, including the male nudes, are confusing of composition, and the muddy colors he chooses (pigments mixed with light sen- sitive emulsion) oppressive.

GORDON PARKS: ACTS OF LOVE

Gordon Parks, December 3 to February 2, 1995, at Parneske Gallery, 1639 Nassau Street, Philadelphia.

Gordon Parks has been heralded under many banners — writer, poet, composer, filmmaker, color- ographer, and photographer. Now in his 70s, he is still an active and still creative artist of the country as he has done since 1937 (when he began photography). For fifteen years, he worked full-time at Life magazine as a photojournalist. This work deeply helped form his stylistic style, yet no one discernible manner holds the work in check. His distinctive style is a repre- sentation here (as well as portraiture and a stunning landscape, "Place de la Concorde, Paris, 1951"), some of it is stylized, true to the vision of the 1950s and 1960s, yet there are many of his so-called fashion images that have far more to do with the soul of the model than with what she is wearing.

This is clear in the portraits of famous people, devoid of sensual- ity, they are thoughtful and revealing interiors. Soft and cer- tainly flattering, they represent a classical way of seeing that is eternal. For instance, a portrait of Gloria Vanderbilt, dated 1960, shows her posed in the position of a formal painting, balanced against a non-competitive background. It is not a portrait of wealth, nor does it deny the reality of circumstance. His touch is non-judgmental. Within this image one senses the integra- tion of other disciplines — notably the written word — by the way in which it goes beyond the limitations imposed by the rigidity of a portrait sitting.

Another, "Spanish Fashion 1950," doesn’t have the dated feel that signals the eventual demise of most

fashion photography — it is time- less. The filmmaker in Parks also infuses his photographic style; he is able to witness the "perfor- mance" as though he is a movie. A portrait of Ingred Bergman, "Storm- boil 1949," brings to mind the work of Italian photographer Mario Gi- comelli. Bergman looms large in the foreground, yet is oblivous to his presence in the background. As the women dressed in black are equally unaware of her. It is a haunting moment, more so because he par- ticipates at a distance. Parks says that his black pro- foundly influences his style, yet he feels that he has no one to blame his work, except for the people who are being photographed. He does not limit his concern to black issues. A mov- ing photo titled "Flavo 1960" chronicles his intervention in the life of a dying twelve-year old Brazilian boy. That Flavo is now 30 is an ob- vious source of pride to Parks. Nor is it sure that he is more sensitive to any given situation that a white photographer might be. The notion of a black sensibility means little, after all, as it is a sensibility that is gener- ized. The photographs are acts of love.

A.R.
RICHARD ROSS: DUST AND DEATH


Richard Ross's large (5x5 and 30x30) color images of taxidermied animals both startle and delight. He found his subjects in the Museum National d'Histoire Naturelle, Paris, which has been in existence for over 350 years. The lighting—or lack of it—is completely suitable to the spirit of things; during some rather long exposures, Ross had the "distinct suspicion that some of the animals had moved." They seem robust and very alive within the darkness and warmth of the prints, in spite of evidence to the contrary (bowls of mothballs in the display cases). Their postures are eminently spirited, nose-eaten fur and tattered feathers notwithstanding. The faces are especially expressive and dramatic, fangs and claws bared, attack postures recreated, blood drawn.

Hundreds of beautiful birds, the color shifts in their markings distinctive and minimal, are lined up in cases, perched on ornate pedestals, meticulous labels their legacy. Ross presents to the viewer a theatrical aspect missing in modern museums and zoos: The dust of decline is ever-present, thickening the air, most potent and impressive in the large overviews.

Some animals are draped or completely wrapped in brown paper, the shroud a further mystery. Their animation is illustrated lastly by the countless variations in the tilted heads of row upon row of birds—all striking sad poses, gathered to remember.

A.R.

Sandra Schwimmer

At age 24, I am still embarrassed at purchasing sanitary napkins. What is your opinion of my feelings?
SECOND VIEW: ROMANTIC ACTS

By PAUL HESTER

What's wrong with this picture? was a syndicated newspaper attraction in the Sunday comics, appearing just below Dick Tracy and Beetle Bailey. The reader was challenged to find the details of one drawing, omitted from a second one—a door knob or the stripe on a cat. These Sunday afternoon amusements came to mind when I first looked at this new book from the University of New Mexico Press. No matter how grand the vista or unique the geological formation, I could not help but jump back and forth between the images, trying to pinpoint the discrepancies.

Second View: The Rephotographic Project documents the efforts of a group of photographers to return to the sites of 19th-century landscape photographs and remake 20th-century equivalents from the original vantage points. The project attempts a thorough explanation of the methodology and philosophy as justification for this monumental project. The book provides extensive essays, footnotes, appendices, maps, and a list of rephotographic sites, complete with date of exposure, time of day, and who was along for the ride.

"The objective was to repeat variables (vantage point and light) which physically limit the picture-making process...we were interested in which things in photography could be selected and repeated at another time, and which could not. We were photographers interested in seeing the results of a visual experiment. We have found that rephotographs monitor very specific and long-term physical changes in the landscape. We found that the process can offer unusual insights into how nineteenth-century photographs were made and can reveal sources for historical information about the viewpoints of nineteenth-century photographers. In the end, rephotographs cause us to explore, by visual means, our perceptions of the land, and consequently the very ways the landscape has been represented by photography."

Out of thousands of photographs made during the government's surveys in the 19th century, the RSP repeated 12. Many pairs are surprising in the absence of change; others for the repetition of wagons trails, railroads, and interstate highways. In two pictures from Canyon de Chelly, Arizona, time appears to move backward as the ancient ruins in the older picture have been restored and made whole in the more recent picture. Several photographs describe old landscapes that are now submerged below large reservoirs, and others reveal landforms originally concealed by water. Entire mining towns vanish in the rephotographs. All of these are particularly suggestive of photography's link to time and memory, but I don't think their presentation here tells us how the 19th-century photographer worked.

It is an extraordinary sensation to stand exactly where another photographer stood 50 or 100 years ago and experience a time warp that undermines your belief in the uniqueness of your own moment. There are pairs of images in the book through which I can imagine the 19th-century photographers, convinced that what they saw would last forever. Only a half dozen pairs allow us to exceed our curiosity about their obvious discrepancies to sense a resonance of changing time.

In the preface, Mark Klett, the chief photographer, declares that "our fieldwork taught us there were many perspectives from which to evaluate rephotographs, but here we are concerned with the mechanical and conceptual aspects of the process rather than with the interpretation of individual rephotographic pairs." Indeed, the essays and appendices are loaded with measurements and coordinates. Precise distances on topographical maps, exact times of exposure in Mountain Daylight Time, with additional information available for each site, including equipment type, exposure.

William Henry Jackson, 1873

Johann Butsch, 1977

Mark Klett and Gordon Butsch, 1979

Timothy O'Sullivan, 1872
Lectures

Monthly lectures are held at the Center at 1414 W. Alabama unless otherwise noted. Lectures are free to members and $2 to non-members.

April 10, Wednesday, 7:30 pm
ANNE NOGGBLE This pioneer in portraiture will present and discuss her highly acclaimed series of self-portraits and portraits of the elderly.

April 17, Wednesday, 7:30 pm
ANNE TUCKER Photography Curator at the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston. Tucker will present a slide lecture: "Contemporary Photography."

May 1, Wednesday, 7:30 pm
JEFF SILVERTHORNE Silverthorne is currently a visiting professor at the University of Houston. He will present various series including his most recent one, Broken Myths.

July 16, Wednesday, 7:30 pm
LAURIE MACDONALD The Houston video artist and curator of the concurrent HCP exhibit will present several videos from around the country and discuss current trends in this medium.

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 workshop.

Lectures and Workshops

Discovery Workshop
INSTRUCTOR: Charles Schorre
TIME: Mondays, 7:30-9 pm
March 8, April 15, May 13
PLACE: HCP
FEE: $40 members, $50 nonmembers
LIMIT: 20

It's time to think about what you're doing. Schorre will be 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 be a starting point to generate discussion about awareness and help participants to 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.

Underlying Questions
INSTRUCTOR: Ray Metzker
TIME: Tuesday, 9:15 am
March 10, 24
PLACE: HCP
FEE: $95 members, $200 nonmembers
LIMIT: 15

Metzker, who lives in Philadelphia, is an internationally recognized photographer and thinker about photography whose 25-year retrospective was at the Museum of Fine Arts last fall. In this intensive, thought provoking, workshop participants will discuss various issues confronting photographers using their own work and other work as a starting point. Participants are asked to bring 5 examples of their work to the HCP 10 days before the first meeting so that slides can be made to use in class. The work progresses, participants are invited to bring their more recent and problematic work. Fee includes dinner on Thursday and lunch on Saturday.

Introduction to Portrait Photography
INSTRUCTOR: David Crosby
TIME: Tuesdays, 9-11:30 am
April 6
PLACE: 3201 White Oak
FEE: $40 members, $50 nonmembers
LIMIT: 12

This workshop will cover basic studio lighting for portraits as well as the use of flash and light outside. To demonstrate the results of light manipulation, Polaroid exposures will be made. Participants should be ready to photograph and be photographed.

Highlights of the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston's Collection
INSTRUCTOR: Maggie Overey
TIME: Thursdays, 7-10 pm
March 18, April 1
PLACE: Museum of Fine Arts, Houston
FEE: $20 members, $25 nonmembers
LIMIT: 12

Overey is the curatorial assistant for works on paper at the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston. She will present highlights from the Museum's collection of over 5,000 19th and 20th century photographs. Overey will acquaint participants with the breadth and strength of the collection and welcome special requests for the second meeting. There's nothing like seeing the real thing, especially when it's a private tour of one of the nation's premier collections of photographs.

Hand Coloring Photographs
INSTRUCTOR: Casey Williams
TIME: Tuesdays, 7-9 pm
May 5
PLACE: HCP
FEE: $40 members, $50 nonmembers
LIMIT: 15

Williams has extensively investigated hand coloring techniques and is currently working on hand-colored photo murals and smaller studies. There will be a demonstration of different coloring techniques, including the use of oils, water colors, and dyes followed by hands-on experimenting with these techniques. Participants are asked to bring bw work prints (matte surface ideal) and different exposures of the same print.

Learning to See
INSTRUCTOR: Sally Gall
TIME: Thursdays, 7-10 pm
June 5, 12, 19, 26
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 (bw and color) and presentations of slides of past and present photographers.

Introduction to Video
INSTRUCTOR: Laurie MacDonald
TIME: Mondays, 9-11:30 am
July 13
PLACE: HCP
FEE: $40 members, $50 nonmembers
LIMIT: 15

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

For Children

Magic with Polaroids
INSTRUCTOR: Sally Gall
TIME: 11:30 am, Mon. Wed.
June 24, 30
PLACE: HCP
FEE: $40 members, $50 nonmembers
LIMIT: 15

Gall, an instructor at the Museum of Fine Arts' Glassell School, 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.

Casey Williams