

El Asombrado, 1985. Pedro Meyer

REESE WILLIAMS: HOUSE OF CARDS/HESTER IN HOUSTON/WATRISS & BALDWIN INTERVIEW
MANUAL: CENTERPIECE/RAPIER ON REGIONALISM/SIEBER: APPROACHING THE 4TH WARD

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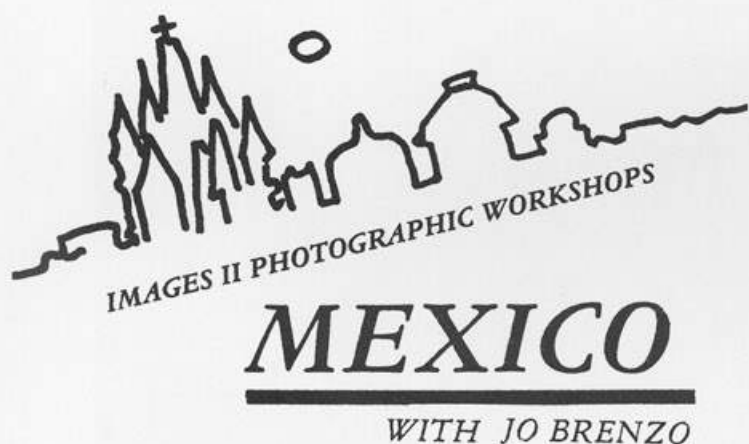
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That we know not how to name what awaits us is the sure sign that it awaits us. (Jean-Francois Lyotard)

Let me begin.

One editor does not replace another — each has his own agenda. The finely crafted sense of language and design that distinguished SPOT under the editorship of David Crossley now changes with the introduction of a different ideology to be applied to the meaning and value of photography. In a note to Mr. Crossley before I came to Houston, I wrote: . . . as for SPOT, I find it stimulating and visually attractive. I enjoyed the Messages column and your honest commentary on Avedon's Western Sideshow. Looking at his portraits, even in the form of reproductions, puts a great burden on the viewer's critical intelligence. The burden is made heavier by the aura of Avedon's reputation. Gifted with great iconic skills, Avedon casts his subjects within a formulaic system derived from commercial originality and art world shrewdness.

Avedon's success is mostly a symbol of the economic celebrating itself as art. The identity of the subjects have been appropriated more for their exchange value as photo objects than for any higher purposes. There is a fetishized look encoded in these stock portraits that gives Avedon's public the imaginary thrill of participating in the myth of the Great American West. This look obscures the repressive function of the portraits by unifying subject and spectator in a passive spectacle . . .

Before photography is an art, it is first a system of representation, a coded view of the world. The construct behind the photograph is difficult to see because of the photograph's sovereign analogical connection to the world it displays. Nevertheless, the photograph reflects the self-interests of the photographer more than it serves any truth about the subject regardless of the analogue present in the frame. We see only what is seen by the photographer, and are forever sealed off from the view of the subject. In classical photography, "no reverse shot is possible." (Jean-Luc Godard).

Whenever the opportunity arises to publish theoretical writings examining representational issues of voyeurism, the aestheticization of violence, and the cult value of the photographic object, this material will preempt essays that simply canonize the formal values of photography.

As a newcomer from California, I have chosen to devote my initial editing of the spring issue of SPOT to articles focusing on the state of photography in Houston and in Texas. Because of April Rapier's extensive writing on the subject of photography, she has consented to do an article in two parts on the broad context of photography in Texas, and the problems facing individual artists within a regional support system. In a conversation months ago when the regional issue was presented to her, she rejoined unhesitatingly, "you mean, why Texas photographers don't take themselves seriously." Was this a statement of fact or a question of psychology?

"Hester in Houston" is another exploration of the regionalist dilemma from the perspective of the subject. I asked Paul Hester to compare and analyze his experiences of working in both fields of commercial and creative photography. How does one affect the other without exhausting the desire and personal commitment necessary to succeed in either? As Warhol says, "if you look at something long enough, I've discovered that the meaning goes away."

Reese Williams's essay, "House of Cards," elegantly references certain books whose subject matter brings together ideas about the "ecosystems" governing art. Without knowing one another, Reese Williams and Paul Hester, coincidentally quote not only from the same author, Martha Rosler, but from the same essay. I like to think that this kind of conceptual resonance is manifested structurally throughout the spring issue of SPOT.

It was David Portz's idea to interview Wendy Watriss and Fred Baldwin, social documentary photographers, whose work with the people in the German Hill Country of Texas has occupied them for several years. The interview raises specific questions concerning the value of the still photograph as a visual and emotional record whose inscription on human memory may be deeper than the transient immediacy of video.

It is also timely due to the arrival of Foto Fest, "Houston's Month of Photography," for which Fred Baldwin and Petra Benteler are singularly responsible. Foto Fest is a monumental undertaking that will radically enhance Houston's future as a center for the international exchange of ideas affecting cultural communications and photography.

This is also the first issue of SPOT in which artists have been invited to create a unique image for the centerpiece of the journal. MANUAL, (Suzanne Bloom and Ed Hill), have produced the digital image, "Temptation (Drama of Signs)" to spatially fit the scale of the two pages.

Photography and art that explores the conflicts of cultural differences in an attempt to "unite art with social need" (Wendy Watriss) will be given ample space such as Ann Walton Sieber's review of Diverse Works' multifaceted exhibition, *Architecture and Culture: The Fourth Ward*. It's my belief that the nature of this issue is now more important than whether there is a "Houston School of Photography and/or Art."

We live in an age of economic fetishism and technological complexity. The "terrain of the sign" is rapidly fading in the abundance of information that constitutes our period of change from an analogically directed society to an electronic environment of simulated experiences. *The electronic world is rooted in language — primarily the language of artificial intelligence.* (Lyotard)

Art remains one of the basic forms of individual expression strong enough to loosen the bondage of mass media and its totalizing impact on culture. However, the history of photography is itself dominated by the "good intentions" of photographers from Western culture who homogenize the differences of "the other," whether they are Women, Hispanic, Oriental or Black. The critiquing of an "over-determined" history involves the reversal of our pictorial gaze and its concomitant discourse so that desire of "the other" can be seen and heard without risking the paranoia of the dominant culture. Constructing picturesque spectacles out of the misery of the unfortunate may relieve the guilt of the photographer, but it does little or nothing to change the conditions of life. Critical theory is one of the directions a serious journal must follow while continuing to provide the basic coverage of "mainstream" photography in all its richness of history.

Given the extraordinary events surrounding Foto Fest, and the quality and quantity of exhibitions and programs, which are equivalent to a year's worth of shows in New York, we plan to invite Houston writers to review most of the major exhibits for the summer issue of SPOT. In this way SPOT will not only serve the vital functions of a critical review, it will also serve as a record for the future exchange of cultural views on photography.

Finally, I must confess that I find it ironic (outside my personal practice as an artist) that this issue of SPOT is predominately concerned with the "documentary". *You can't always get what you want, but if you try sometime, you will find, you get what you need.* (Jagger)

Lew Thomas

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PHOTOGRAPHY IN MEXICO SUMMER 1986

Rice University will offer during the summer of 1986 a two-week guided excursion through central and southwest Mexico for intermediate and advanced photography students. The dates of the trip are June 29 to July 13, 1986. Guide and instructor for the trip will be Geoff Winningham. Academic credit is available for qualified students. The itinerary will include San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Morelia, Patzcuaro, Playa Azul, Acapulco, Taxco, and Mexico City. There will be a limit of 10 students.

For full details write: Geoff Winningham, Rice University Media Center, P.O. Box 1982, Houston, Texas 77251. Or call (713) 527-4894 or 527-8101, extension 2369 or 3345.

REPORT ON AWE

AWE: The Comet Project will be a series of color photographs recording the emotional, spiritual, and scientific fascination with the return of Halley's Comet.

By Igor Alexander
January 13, 1986

Awe is a word describing a mixed emotion of fear, respect, and wonder. According to the ethnographer and paleohistorian Joseph Campbell, the "Birth of Awe" was the key incident in the psychological development of the human race: the moment people became consciously different from animals.

As with other highly internalized emotions, we may know at the moment it happens or in retrospect that we have felt awe. It is much harder to perceive the state in others. Actors may be able to mime a feeling and find a way to depict it through external gesture. A gifted painter may be able to remember all the details of a particular moment and then reproduce it on the canvas. A writer can create the feeling in the reader with the right selection and arrangement of words.

All those situations require a skilled artificer. The camera, on the other hand, exactly reproduces what is placed in front of it. With a camera, the fleeting gesture, the passing grimace, the unique moment can be recorded exactly and reproduced endlessly. Or can it?

The AWE project is an attempt to create a series of images of the emotion. The trigger for that emotion is the once-in-a-lifetime, historically

resonant return of Halley's Comet. Kevin Clarke, the photographer engaged in this quest, and I developed the idea in the early part of 1985 and are currently engaged in traveling around the world in the pursuit of people under the influence of awe. The first image was made on December 7, 1985, another historically resonant date, at the Griffith Park Observatory in Los Angeles. Since then, we have traveled to Japan twice, passed through Hong Kong and Macao and traveled across the People's Republic of China. I am writing this in London on the morning we depart for Moscow and Samarkand in the Soviet Union.

In the process, we have become the first Westerners allowed to make formal photographs at the Beijing Ancient Observatory since 1949, have photographed the heads of the Japanese space science effort and will do the same in the Soviet Union, and have made a portrait of a Chinese peasant looking up into the evening sky. It is our feeling that the project is moving ahead splendidly.

It should perhaps be explained that Kevin Clarke is the sculptor-turned-photographer, who, along with West German photographer Horst Wackerbath and the writer William Least Heat Moon, produced the 1984 photo-book *The Red Couch—A Portrait of America*. The hundred images in that book all contained one element in common, a red velveteen sofa which once graced a suburban Long Island living room. The people on or near the sofa ranged from former President Jimmy Carter to a group of derelicts waiting for breakfast at a Catholic relief mission in Philadelphia. The photographs themselves were all made using a 5" x 7" Sinar monorail view camera on



Kevin Clarke: Well dressed group in observatory—members of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art art-buying committee at the Griffith Observatory,



Ektachrome—a process that involves moving around with a collection of equipment as heavy and awkward as an eight-foot long couch.

A large format camera, a heavy prop, carefully selected portrait subjects; all these things fly in the face of much of modern photography. Why not take advantage of the speed and mobility of the small format equipment which has been undergoing constant improvement for the past fifty years?

Prior to working on the four-year red couch project, Clarke published an essay on photography which explained the rejection of what he termed “wet-eye photography.” The phrase is meant to convey a sort of random collecting of images that happen to present themselves to the photographer’s lens.

Nature is random. Culture knows it’s own mind. Images never simply happen. They are created to serve an end. For this reason Clarke insists on using large format equipment (our current traveling rig and a bit of personal luggage consists of fifteen assorted pieces of luggage weighing around 160 kilograms, or 350 pounds). The search for images of such an elusive and transitory emotion as awe, the choice of locations such as the roller-coaster-steep Great Wall of China on an evening in January, all underscore the nature of the process involved.

The Houston Center for Photography is the non-profit sponsor of the AWE project. Material donations to the project have come from a number of sources. We are especially grateful to Pan American Airways, the Eastman Kodak Company, the Sinar Company of Switzerland, the Balcar firm, and Fujinon of Japan has donated three large-format lenses.

HOUSE OF CARDS

By Reese Williams

Beginning with language, as a doorway.

Consider for a moment the current rhetoric of the “art community,” that amorphous group of people who either practice art or who service, champion or sell it. Words in common usage include *appropriate*, *deconstruct*, *neo*, *post*, and a number of others that begin with the prefix *re-*. Once inside the house, a rather melancholy mood, as if the words are carrying the subliminal message, “It’s all over.” The motivation behind the words has to do with follow-up work: categorizing, measuring, positioning, formalizing — i.e., pure logos..

If one accepts the premise that the basic impulse of language is to establish connection (eros), then how does one begin to describe the connection or communication we are attempting within the art community? And, if you were to magically position yourself outside the art community, in some other cultural sub-group, and then look back, what would you see?

In New York, not too many people want to talk about it — it’s bad for business, and the art community is now a special interest group like any other. But the news has leaked out, you can read about it in *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Vogue*, the *New York Times Sunday Magazine* or even your local newspaper. The art world is in trouble. It’s dog eat dog, a time of hype, careerism, fast art and low imagination with the fashion industry will no longer be the key to a successful career, the important thing will be a good publicity agent.

Among young artists especially, there is a sense of desperation under the surface (which fuels the hyped-up nihilistic imagery so prevalent right now), as if time and money are running out. Better get while the getting’s good. No one can afford to spend time reflecting on the possibilities of their art. This scarcity mentality is breeding two offspring (which also happen to be time-tested business strategies): the recycling of previous styles and “formula art.” Once an artist has experienced financial success with one piece of work, there is tremendous pressure to repeat this work again and again, for several years if necessary, until a market position can be established. Given the economic situation in the U.S. (the large amount of money now needed to cover basic living expenses — compare this to the situation 20 years ago) the pressure is a very real one, with the alternative often being a dreary job.

The dynamics I have touched upon in the preceeding few paragraphs have been described in detail by others, I pass over them only to set the stage for questions to follow. For more reading in this area, try Robert Hughes who writes regularly for *Time Magazine*, a publication which does not sell advertising to galleries (one of his essays was reprinted recently in the anthology, *Art after Modernism: Rethinking Representation*, and for a wider view, *The Post-Modern Aura* by Charles Newman, which offers some of the best writing on contemporary arts culture in the U.S. (focusing more on literature).

In any period a certain percentage of individuals flourish, regardless of cultural conditions. Needless to say there are many artists who I admire, and the generalities in this article do not apply to their work. But if one looks at the art community as a whole, it is out of balance. For individuals pursuing their need to make art, it is often an alienating environment, rather than a nourishing one. We have arrived to a very narrow idea of what art can be or do.

There appears to be a large scale rhythm at work, a cycle of expansion and contraction, with the art community moving in parallel formation with the larger culture. While the sixties and seventies were a period of experimentation and change, the eighties are about contraction. In

twenty years we may look back at much of the art being produced in lower Manhattan, and call it “Reagan Art.” This art, like a Reagan political strategy is obsessively preoccupied with surface, with appearance, and like a Reagan speech, it has a hollow quality. We are a culture that has mastered the art of self deception.

Let’s hope it doesn’t take twenty years to acknowledge what’s going on! How does one give perception and attention to the art community without making matters worse (the inherent danger of articles like this)? A number of writers and artists have made the dynamics of the art world transparent: it is an ecosystem, a web of interconnections and interdependencies (a good essay on this is Martha Rosler’s “Lookers, Buyers, Dealers, and Makers: Thoughts on Audience” in the same anthology as the Hughes article). Some basic questions. How are you giving and receiving art in the ecosystem? Do you feel connection or alienation? How is art moving and where to? And money, is it being used to generate art, or is art being used to generate money? Are the institutions and formalized behavior patterns that make up the ecosystem really serving us?

In his book, *The Turning Point*, one of Fritjof Capra’s main themes is that the various on-going world crises, the threat of nuclear war, pollution of the environment, widespread poverty, rampant inflation and violence etc., are all really different facets of the same crises. He proposes that it is a crisis of perception which derives from the fact that most of us subscribe to the concepts and values of an outdated world view, including the view of the human body as a machine, the view of life as a competitive struggle, the belief in unlimited material progress and a patriarchal social system. Although the stakes are not so high within the art community, Capra’s theme can easily apply here too. At the peak of the neo-expressionist selling craze a couple of years ago, Soho had a sort of a medieval quality to it, a blatant, parade-around-in-your-limo reminder that the gallery-museum-collector structure and the art patronage policies of the major corporations are based on models first developed in the middle ages. Perhaps there would be a certain humor to all this except that the use of these models in the late 20th century leads from mindless competition to envy to greed to alienation to waste.

One new model did enter the ecosystem in the sixties, public funding for the arts, and its impact is not to be discounted. But, by in large, we continue to accept the status quo: gross maldistribution of wealth with the community, and systematic marginalization of the many diverse aesthetics which happen to be out of synch with the New York power structure. What a loss! Who’s benefiting from the use of conceptual models that allow this loss?

Most of the critique on socio-economic aspects of the art community has taken the form of a debate between an “individualist-capitalist” position and a ‘socialist-Marxist” position. This debate has served to expose the dynamic forces of the situation, but to continue on with it is just to spin round and round. It’s a dead end. In his book, *The Gift, Imagination and the Erotic Life of Property*, Lewis Hyde offers new language and new thinking on the practice of art with an intensely market-oriented society. Further, he sets up a context to allow spiritual and emotional desires to enter the discourse on socio-economic issues. The ideas are not really “new,” some are ancient, and they don’t belong to Hyde, his contribution is synthesis and articulation. *The Gift* is one of those books that appears every now and then bringing together ideas that seem to be “in the air” with many people. Hyde ranges across anthropology, art, literature, economics and

psychology, discusses the old gift-giving cultures, provides a history of usury, gives inspired readings of Whitman and Pound, and much more — all in relation to the practice of art in our market culture. To quote one paragraph from the introduction, ‘It is the assumption of this book that a work of art is a gift, not a commodity. Or, to state the modern case with more precision, that works of art exist simultaneously in two “economies,” a market economy and a gift economy. Only one of these is essential, however: a work of art can survive without the market, but where there is no gift there is no art.” (Briefly, Hyde uses the word “gift” to refer to the experience we receive when we have been touched or moved by a work of art; call it inspiration, delight or whatever, this experience then circulates to become the source of new works of art. “The gift must always move.”)

In the art community of the 1980’s, the “market economy” has overrun the “gift” economy with the result that many people have been pulled away the source and the destination of their art(gift). Our institutions are oriented around converting gift wealth into market wealth. For example, if a young artist does manage to make a great painting, during the ensuing decades, it will move about the ecosystem generating money for various individuals at each step along the way. But this wealth does not come back to the artist or to the art(gift) community.

To establish a new balance, clearly, our work must involve imagining new ways to convert market wealth back into gift wealth. This work will not take place in existing institutions, it will come from within individuals. It will come from letting the cards fall, from stripping away the adaptive behavior patterns which we use to hold on to the old world view.

The Books:

The Gift by Lewis Hyde, Random House 1983

The Turning Point by Fritjof Capra, Simon & Shuster 1982.

The Postmodern Aura by Charles Newman, Northwestern Univ. Press 1985

Art after Modernism: Rethinking Representation edited by Brian Wallis, The New Museum/David Godine 1984.

Reese Williams is a writer and publisher of Tanam Press from 1980-85.

TEMPTATION:
DRAMA OF SIGNS

By MANUAL (Hill/Bloom)

It no longer makes sense to talk about the future of photography per se. Which is not at all the same thing as saying photography has no future. The fact is, its future has been purchased wholesale by the digital age. For good and/or ill, that ineluctable condition structures our present reality. Shifts in terminology are by no means merely superficial; for example, we hear increasingly expressions such as, "lensing systems" and "digital arts." The pertinent issue now is the future of the former when embraced — as it is being — by the latter. The optical world of the 19th Century (the authority of imperial perception) has been fully computed and simulated by the binary code.

HESTER IN
HOUSTON:
QUESTIONS OF
A MIDDLE-CLASS
PHOTOGRAPHER

By Paul Hester

"As a matter of fact, economic gain per se defines neither amateur nor professional. Certainly professionals can love their work and in that sense also be amateurs- in which case the most important thing about them is their amateurism. Conversely the amateur can be a professional, but in a different sense: one who is ethically or politically motivated, one who needs to communicate rather than simply earn a living in communications.

"The relevant distinctions between the professional and the amateur, then, have to do with commitment, values, and ethics . . ."

Gene Youngblood L.A. WEEKLY
Dec 13-19, 1985

"How's your business? . . . Do you have any time for your personal work?" This greeting which confronts me and other photographers who flock to the margins of the art scene, segregates earning a living from self-expression. The assumption is that somewhere in the future, if I'm lucky and work hard, it will be possible to live off my art. In the meantime, it's necessary to turn a few tricks, pushing technology, techniques, or trivia.

The first question is: **How much money are you making?** The second is: **Have you sold out yet?** As a college-educated photographer who learned my trade in an art department, I find it difficult to escape the class prejudice against using photography to make money. This attitude works out fine if you find another way of making money or go to graduate school and teach.

In school I learned that to be art, photography must be useless. I pursued images that were restricted to an esthetic purpose. A photograph made for utilitarian purposes could, of course, be appreciated for its formal or surreal qualities, provided it was removed from the context of its production. Art ideally existed in isolation from any social or political question. ("Arnold Hauser observed that the doctrine of art's uselessness was the result of the fear of the upper classes after the French Revolution that they would lose control of art".)¹

Tradition elevates art to a sacred plane, above utilitarian image-making. Here art is somehow free of the conditions which influence commercial work. By appealing to our higher, spiritual nature, it is above

market determinants. As long as genius or divine inspiration is the source for art, any questioning of the conditions of art's production is sacrilege.

Fundamentally, however, the worlds of art and commerce are one. Art is a business. It has its market strategies, targeted audiences, investment consideration, promotions, and advertising. Perhaps the only thing missing is a *Consumer Reports* for art, although numerous buying guides exist. Ironically, when we discuss questions of art, we use the term "work" to imply seriousness. Work is hard, noble, and manual. We are referring to what a person does for real; calling it work makes it legitimate by conferring the status of remunerative employment.

Books about art photographers rarely show pictures made for utilitarian purposes. Only much later can photographs that once performed "work" be stripped of their usefulness and enter the pantheon of art.² There is a long list of photographers whose museum careers were supported by their commercial photographs. Such economic determinants are denied in the art history of photography. Imagine, for example, the influence that traveling for assignments had on Friedlander's book of self-portraits, where we see his shadow walking the street or his reflection sitting in motel rooms.

Many of the choices made by photographers can be seen as efforts to distinguish serious work from its commercial counterpart. Consider the use of large-format camera, or the use of the 35mm when the 4x5 was the only commercially acceptable format. Techniques are used to make photographs appear unprofessional such as gum bichromate or hand-tinting. Until recently the strict use of black and white avoided the vulgar color of commercial work.

The intermingling of art and commerce to validate each other is pervasive. Art is used within the commercial world to add status to a product, as in advertising which displays art in the homes of consumers depicted on television. We know immediately these are cultured, sophisticated and rich people. The practice of attaching signatures to fashion photographs attributes a status of art to the products being sold. Corporate approval in the form of collection, display, and exhibition support of the visual arts and artists is the indication of legitimacy and lends authority to an artist's growing

career. The corporation enhances its own image by rubbing shoulders with King Tut, Picasso, and other brand-names in the art world.

Objects of high culture are used in the photography of interiors to signify wealth and status. An open book is placed to suggest the cultured intelligence of the owner, who appears to have just momentarily stepped away. The viewer is offered the teasing sensation of voyeurism, sneaking a peek into the private lives of the very rich (similar to the *National Enquirer's* gossip about the stars.) This illusion of intimacy seduces the outsider with visions of grandeur, as if we might know the rich as equals. These staged sets are surrounded by the advertising photographs which offer products with which to make ourselves in their image. Art galleries offer other objects to be arranged within the still-life of status.

When I returned to Houston from graduate school, my photographs were "topographic" views of the city: formalism with a little bit of alienation. Aloof, distant, cool. I was seeing it in books and photo magazines, but it wasn't showing in Houston. I kept getting these comments that indicated people thought I had made the pictures on assignment, so I decided to actually solicit some assignments. Work in the documentary style was not welcome, however, in the advertising world. I learned that you can't say, "But that's the way it looked," to a dissatisfied architect. Suddenly it was necessary to rearrange the scene to make it look the way the client imagined it. Work for hire is based upon this predictability. The client knows what he wants and the photographer's job is to illustrate that knowledge.

This condition is repeated exactly within the art market. No art buyer is looking to have his values attacked. In the same way that a commercial photographer fills the demands of a market survey, art is produced and purchased which conforms to the patron's view of what art is supposed to be about.

Ironically, it was the necessity of earning a living and learning the skills of non-documentary commercial work which forced me to break out of the confinement of naturalism in photography.

Architectural photography is primarily about the representation of perfection. It is similar to portraiture except that it sits still and you don't have to talk to it while you're working. You don't show people in ar-

chitectural photographs unless for scale, that is, to demonstrate how important the building is and how insignificant the people. Another convention removes any evidence of modification by the people using the building; this suggests that the designer thought of everything.

The one-point perspective of the camera is essentially one of surveillance; it resembles the camera covering the entrance to the bank. It functions as an instrument of control; the viewer is allowed to see the space only in the way the designer intended it. The meaning of the space is limited to that of form. The image is sold to a buyer concerned with control, either the judge of a design competition looking for a controlled space, or a client in need of a controllable space.

Another reason to do buildings without people and cars is to not date the photographs. The absence of people has remained a convention in architectural photography since film emulsion was too slow to record their presence. As a consequence, that emptiness of city streets which occurs, for example, in Atget, is associated with an earlier, romantic period. The absence of people is translated into a timeless quality, to mean enduring, absolute, unchanging. It suggests that the values present within a moment of the building's existence will be applicable for all times, absolutely and universally. Concurrent with this illusion is the possibility that the building will not change, deteriorate, require maintenance, or outgrow its design.

I started photographing nudes with this same illusion toward creating a sense of timelessness by removing not only their clothes but all other clues to the historical time and place. I wanted what I thought would be universal feelings related to the form of the human body. I forgot to anticipate that women looking at the pictures wouldn't respond "universally" to the ways I treated female subjects.

I enrolled in a workshop at the Houston Center for Photography (HCP) and took one photograph in particular that encompassed feelings of attraction and hostility. By presenting it within the context of an exhibition for Amnesty International I was able to exploit this ambiguous reading. I had located an audience that determined its own reading of the work. A picture of a woman wrapped in toilet paper with only her breasts exposed was accepted as symbolic of torture in Central Ameri-

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ca. Another woman told me that it was so expressive of the way she was feeling. Outside of this forum, I was criticized for my anti-woman activities.

After working in this manner for over a year in my spare time from commercial assignments, I became involved in the anti-nuclear movement and organized an exhibition at the HCP, open, and unjuried, for personal responses to the threat of nuclear war. My piece converted a revolving post card rack into the shape of a missile. Appropriated images and various quotes were offered in multiple copies and in exchange for donations to the Freeze Campaign. Under the pretense that I was threatening our non-profit status by soliciting funds for another organization, an attempt was made to censor my piece. As a compromise, I covered the solicitation and donation box with a rubber Ronald Reagan mask. The HCP was trying to be an institution with a high art audience, a kind of minor league for the big-time museums and galleries. This direction involved showing the kind of images that meshed with the assumption that photography looked like art, could be bought and sold like art, and in fact was art. This distinction between high photography and low photography had to be maintained; the exhibition of commercial, amateur and political production was limited. Big names and big prints from the art world had to be delivered in order to attract big money. The more institutional it became, the more its expenditures grew, and the less brave its policies became.

During the nuclear war exhibition, I came across a Barbara Kruger post card in a local card store. These two events began for me a process which Douglas Kahn defined in the work of John Heartfield as "a progression from privatized to socialized culture practice, progressing from biographically centered to broad societal considerations."³

Fred Lonidier was in Houston to participate in a seminar at HCP concurrent with an exhibition of his work, *I Like Everything Nothing but Union*. In this exhibition he combines pictures of union members in their jobs with their statements about their unions, and addressed the public perception of unions. He asked me what audience I intended for my pictures combining nudes with Reagan's mask; did I think I was going to convert them or merely reinforce their opinions? It was a question I had never considered. I had assumed that other photographers and slightly non-political urban sophisticates might be amused by them and perhaps be reminded to vote in spite of their indifference.

As long as I pursued the idea of success in the gallery market, my audience was one of high culture. The removal of photography from its social context into the hush-toned reverence of the museum involved "an insistence on the private nature of photographic meaning (its ineffable mysteriousness) . . . For the art world audience, the knowledge that informs their taste recedes into unimportance compared with the compliment to their inborn sensibilities (taste) that an appreciation of high art offers."⁴

Further reading of Martha Rosler, Allan Sekula, Victor Burgin, Peter Wollen and Douglas Kahn expanded my awareness of audience considerations and the political implications of photography. I had come to the conclusion that I wasn't going to support myself by producing the kinds of photographs purchased in galleries. The commercial market with its less ambiguous criteria became more viable as a means to escape the repression of an art world in which artists are kept in their place through the tyranny of the prevailing publicization and distribution system. The dominant myth is the artist "as utterly alone, unassimilable within bourgeois social order, and, finally, uncomfortable in



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his own existence. This image has entered the folklore of advanced capitalism and is responsible for the unsympathetic mass-culture view of the average artist as a kook and a misfit, or at best a lucky (because financially successful) fraud. This mutual dislike has effectively reinforced the confinement of a positive relation to high art to the socially elite."⁵ Consequently the artist is romantically appealing but politically ineffectual.

What kind of art would I make if I had to give up my alienation and sexual repression? Can I still be a relevant contemporary photographer without detachment?"

Another exhibition became the third challenge to my questions about audience. I was asked to participate in the *Diverse Works* exhibition about the Fourth Ward as an architectural photographer. Collaboration on a series of street scenes was in a sense a surrender of my traditional attitude toward authorship and authority. It was also a good lesson in the possibilities and responsibilities of working within the dy-

namics of a group.

In addition I wanted to contribute some photographs of people within the ward. I emphatically did not want to illustrate my liberal, middle-class stereotypes nor did I want to use the Fourth Ward residents as models for my private symbols. I began by offering my services to one of the activists in Allen Parkway Village. My intention was to photograph what he thought should be pictured. He would be the client and I the camera operator. He introduced me to several residents and I took a few pictures but we were all nervous. They were accustomed to press photographers coming in for a few quick shots, and I sensed a mistrust that limited their behavior to a kind of performance. I made prints of all the people and returned with copies for them. In later visits I was more relaxed; offering something in return seemed to indicate that I wasn't there for personal gain. I wasn't sure what the pictures would look like, and occasionally lapsed into a condescending approach when I was frustrated with the uncertainty.

When it came time to prepare these images for exhibition, it was so hard not to edit for "the most in-

teresting pictures." Because they would be shown in an art space to an art audience, my pride wanted to treat them as individual moments of art; but my intent was to communicate the predicament of people struggling to keep their homes. So much information was needed to inform the audience about the misdeeds of public officials that I chose a poster format, indicating an educational stance. I stopped work on the piece without including all the descriptive text that I felt would be necessary to complete it. At this point I intend to return to the people with the posters to find out how they react to the presentation.

*"We must simultaneously widen our opportunities to work with and for people outside the audiences for high art, not as annunciatory angels bearing the way of thought of the haute monde; but, to rupture the false boundaries between ways of thinking about art and ways of actively changing the world. . ."*⁶

Footnotes

1. Martha Rosler, "Lookers, Buyers, Dealers, and Makers: Thoughts on Audience," *Exposure*, 1979, p. 24
2. *Ibid.*, p. 24
3. Douglas Kahn, *John Heartfield: Art and Mass Media*, Tanam Press, 1985
4. Rosler, *Ibid.*, p. 21
5. *Ibid.*, p. 14
6. *Ibid.*, p. 25

WHY REGIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS DON'T TAKE THEIR WORK SERIOUSLY (ENOUGH)

Part I: Houston. After the truth, not just the facts . . .

By April Rapier

The innocence! The obviousness that dominates visually and viscerally. Up through the (mostly social) ranks we march; pandering and plodding, the work waits, while many other things — jobs, family, exercise — assume priority. Some of us say the work is everything, yet that doesn't seem to help. The most possessed are often the most derivative. No one is inclined to impose a different hierarchy, based on artistic pureness or new ways of seeing. The spaces and systems touted as alternatives seem corrupt, false. Art has been in a constant state of decline in direct proportion to its over-production. Is it possible to detail the growth of defeatism? It has reigned, unchecked, amid the once-best and brightest, since the demise of merit (art for art versus saleability vis-a-vis the crony network). That the local market is so problematic makes it seem all-the-more important and desirable; the larger picture (the nation, the world) looms dimly in the distance, unattainable. Thus does local recognition become prosaic.

Everyone wishes to gossip. Appalling, irksome fear presides at every off-the-record remark. Generalizations are sweeping, and serve to caricature, not illuminate.

Imagemaking matures differently now, based on economics from an idea's inception.

OUTLINE

- I. I do not know what percentage of this information I believe to be true.
 - A. It all seems to be true.
 - B. The work confirms it.
 - C. Very few exceptions can be called upon.
 - D. Disagreement is encouraged and assured.
- II. The local economic climate stinks, although it used to be better.
 - A. Things weren't appreciably better in the good old oil days.
 - B. The politics of hunger dominate warring nations; hungry artists (be that hunger spiritual or physical) aren't above catering to base interests for some (ostensibly) good reasons.
 - C. Resulting success is normally marginal.
- III. Our town has been accused of being backwater.
 - A. In the aforementioned good old days, taste didn't run higher minded. When Houstonians wanted a little culture, they went out and bought it. Still do.
 - B. Sofa-sized paintings (or photographs) and coffee table art books were not invented here, but elsewhere.
- IV. Tortured souls fare no better or worse than blythe, free-spirits (or intelligent business people posing as artists, or vice-versa, or dilettantes, or rich artists who, if only

- they were poorer could be better artists — in everyone else's estimation, anyway.
- A. No cold-water walk-ups remain; various coalitions exist to insist upon industrial-sized elevators and splendid quarters for all. Demands have been met for the most part, although unscrupulous anti-art landlords raise rents without regard to practical concerns (other than their own).
- B. Where are the communal darkrooms, communicative spirit?
 - 1. Darkrooms for rent fare poorly
 - 2. Some institutions have so litt they have to keep supplies under lock and key. Others suggest one not use too much all at once, although one is perfectly within one's rights to do so. This suggests disequilibrium right off the bat. Mean-spiritedness is often a consequence.
- V. The spirit of sharing — one's ideas, work, blockades, misery — isn't practiced regularly in this region, a useful option sorely lacking.
 - A. The element of surprising one's contemporaries does come into play, often with sad results.
 - B. Commercial opportunities, strangely, are networked (a loathsome term, indeed).
 - C. Whereas it was once considered a mark of great distinction to be in a collection (of any sort), it now has all the honor of a booby prize. A book deal is where its at.
 - D. Oz lies in the holy museums, where funds either (a)lie in waiting, available but never instantly accessible or (b)instantly dry up when a regrettably unsuitable or imminently forgettable portfolio walks in the door.
- VI. Unlikely heroics emerge from the most reluctant debts.
 - A. The above-mentioned are pure-of-heart; they abandon their art from time to time, but only as necessary, and toil, with pride and vigor, elsewhere.
 - 1. They re-emerge unscathed, and resume the making of art, renewed. Or
 - 2. They return to lip-service, bitterer than before; some are represented by galleries, while others profess to teach. The latter group, curiously, continues to be given jobs; often grants are forthcoming. Those who make commercial photography their business risk diluting energy and creativity.
 - 3. Notable exceptions exist in both cases.
- VII. Reluctance to think (imagine) the unthinkable

- A. Myth: the South is populated by overly polite gentlefolk, whose concerns do not exceed the inadequate.
 - B. The above is hogwash; however, people believe and do what they are told, which affects and imposes severe limitations upon creativity.
 - 1. Childhood is a dangerous and limitlessly important period of time, measured in increments of goodness and submission of will.
- END

These themes are illustrative of a regional malaise, although many variations suggest themselves. When people work all day at jobs they despise, they begin to imagine night life of inflated importance. Fantasy is, at this point, hard-pressed to take a back seat to a more organized, less parenthetical sensibility. Perhaps this isn't exclusive to our region. Anyway, most artists are commercial entities, instituting new norms.

New Yorkers (among others) love to admit to seeking fame as well as fortune through the making of art. We are of loftier notions here; that we sell is secondary to being seen, (by peers, anonymous but-appreciative audiences, critics alike). Local priorities, although noble, seem backward.

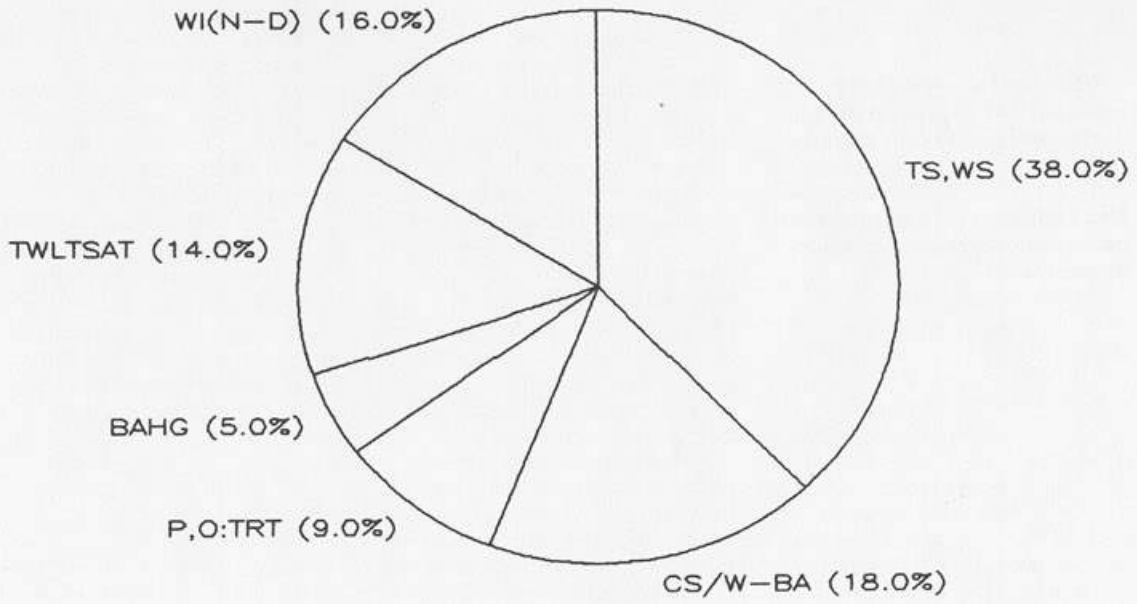
There exists a very tangible difference in work being produced in NYC and work produced in other regions. Of course, NYC is an exceptionally fecund part of the world with regard to creativity, associated with risk-taking (by both artists and galleries alike). The indictment against the local populace falls on all sectors; everything here reeks of false humility based on faithlessness in the work itself.

It is often mentioned that the work that sells best here isn't very good. One is loathe to address the implications of this, or form a conclusion. In the New England region, the effort of self-sustainment and growth through mutual support at least partially justifies lapses in taste.

There seems to exist very little rationale or reward for doing one's work. The logic of making images occasionally or half-heartedly, with the knowledge that exhibition possibilities are minimal and audiences disinterested, eludes understanding. One is hard pressed to name more than a handful of individuals who continue to work obsessively and hopefully.

A conclusion of sorts leads to the business aspect of art: those who make it don't see it as much of a business venture, whereas those who collect it do. Collections purchased for decoration, corporate investment art (vast portfolios, selected by art consultants) exist. Behavior is infrequently admirable in any quarter. The spirit of private collecting filters in one direction, but not in the reverse — the artists who falter are out of the running.

TS,WS: Tortured Souls, Wheels Spinning
CS/W-BA: Commercial Success/Would-Be Artists
P,O:TRT: Purists, Obsessed: The Real Thing
WI(N-D): Wandering Imagemakers (Newness-Dependent)
TWLTSAS: Those Who Live To Show And Sell
BAHG: Books As Holy Grail





TRADITION

Wendy Watriss/Frederick Baldwin: Grapetown (Brother and Sister), 1972

CULTURAL MEMORY

Interview with Wendy Watriss and Fred Baldwin: December 15, 1985

Wendy Watriss, formerly a newspaper writer and producer of television documentaries in New York and Europe, is a freelance photographer, writer, and photojournalist. Fred Baldwin, formerly a Peace Corps Director in Borneo and leader of photoscientific expeditions to the Arctic, is a photojournalist, director of the Photo Communications Program at the University of Houston, and co-founder of Houston Foto Fest. Together and individually they have published in *Life*, *Geo*, *The National Geographic*, *The Smithsonian*, *The New York Times*, *SPOT*, and other respected periodicals. Numerous books feature their work, including *We Ain't What We Used to Be*, *Africa: Images and Realities*, *Contemporary Texas: A Photographic Portrait*, and *This Favored Place*. Their recent exhibition at the Benteler Gallery, December 11 through February 1, was comprised of photographs selected from those to be included in *Coming to Terms*, published by Shearer Publishing, and expected to be available later this year.

By David Portz

DP: Wendy, why did you go from being a producer for public television to being a free-lance photographer and writer?

WW: I wanted to work more independently than is possible in television and film. There was so much team work involved in television that I found it frustrating, actually. And when I was in television, because of the nature of the cameras, physically, it was very difficult for a woman to become a camera person. The unions weren't accepting them, and there were very few within the television networks either for public television or the commercial networks. And I wanted, I liked, that sort of "hands on" feeling. I didn't want to become an editor because I didn't want to be locked up for days in the editing room, which was the most creative role available to women in television. Now it has completely changed. I taught myself photography and then I studied with a Photo League photographer, Harold Feinstein, in New York, while I was still working for television. Then I took a summer and went to a technical school in New York, which Fred always laughs and kids me for. Then I started to freelance. The journalistic background probably was my greatest help in terms of contacts and knowing how to put together a story. I was lucky in that a family friend was going on a trip to Africa and was married to the then head of the *Yankees*, and *Signature* magazine was interested in having her write a story, so I took in a small portfolio. Today it would be laughable, but they said okay. That was my first assignment.

DP: And after you came back from Africa you met Fred in New York. Is that how that happened?

WW: Yes, accidentally.

DP: How was that? Just out of curiosity . . .

WW: At a party. We started talking about photography and traveling and

he had done a lot of traveling. He had a career doing the kind of photography that I wanted to do. He was one of the first still photographers that I had met.

DP: Fred, you had already done civil rights work when you met Wendy. Was the civil rights work an assignment or was it done on your own initiative?

FB: It was by accident. I happened to come back from Europe and I was living in Savannah, Georgia — that's where my home was, originally — and I observed it. Then I got involved out of curiosity. I hadn't been particularly involved in any social activism, and as I followed and photographed I became involved in a little bit of organizing and fund raising for these people, and then became involved on another level, which was documentary photography.

DP: You concentrated primarily in the area of civil rights . . . ?

FB: Civil rights, poverty things that I felt needed correcting. Our society was beginning to take note of the problems, and by making the photographs, my intent was to help actuate the change. Some of the poverty work I did was used by the McGovern Committee to raise money for clinics in very poor areas. The photographs showed the terrible conditions, and we raised about \$600,000. My photographs were part of the testimony.

DP: And once you and Fred met, then you just naturally started talking about projects which you would be interested in doing together?

WW: We talked about Chad, going to Africa, but the one project that seemed to strike a note with both of us was to do something called "Backroads of America" because both of us had been out of the country a lot and covering major kinds of issues. Both of us felt the need to become more experientially acquainted with the nature, the character of our own country. We felt that you had to do that away from the major urban centers because of the impact of the media on those centers. We

felt that in smaller towns, and along the backroads, you would find three and four generations still in place, so there would be a kind of continuity of consciousness that could be traced. We had both been with our work before we met, very politically involved in many ways, a long time. And really the idea of trying to become better acquainted with what made this country what it is was part of that whole interest.

DP: It does seem like the Texas work is more a historical inquiry than a subject so political as the Agent Orange story or civil rights.

WW: Well, except I think that kind of inquiry is just as political.

DP: How so?

WW: Because I think it has to do with the concept of ourselves as a country and as a nation. The Texas work, very much in terms of the text, focuses on the kinds of political, economic and social forces at work in these various places. The East Texas work, shown at the Rice Museum here in 1977, goes very very heavily into the whole question of Black history and Black-White relations and the political activism of Blacks through the 19th century — a history which really has not been told very much in Texas.

FB: Also, the combination of using oral history and researching the records, and going deeply into one place had not been done very much, if at all. Methodologically, hadn't been done.

WW: Even in terms of subject matter . . .

FB: Yes. Although I thought I knew what was going on during the civil rights movement, I in fact had never lived in heart of some rural culture and seen how it really worked on a day-to-day basis. During the civil rights movement everything was highly polarized and you were one of the troops, in a sense, and rode on this crest of optimism and hope — that there was going to be change and that this work would lead the change and so forth. It is impossible to understand where all that came

from unless you go back and examine in great detail over a long period of time in a totally unpolarized way, just the normal rhythms of southern life. We went to Grimes County, we lived on a Black farm in a small trailer and were able to observe first hand how things worked. That was very very important to a basic understanding.

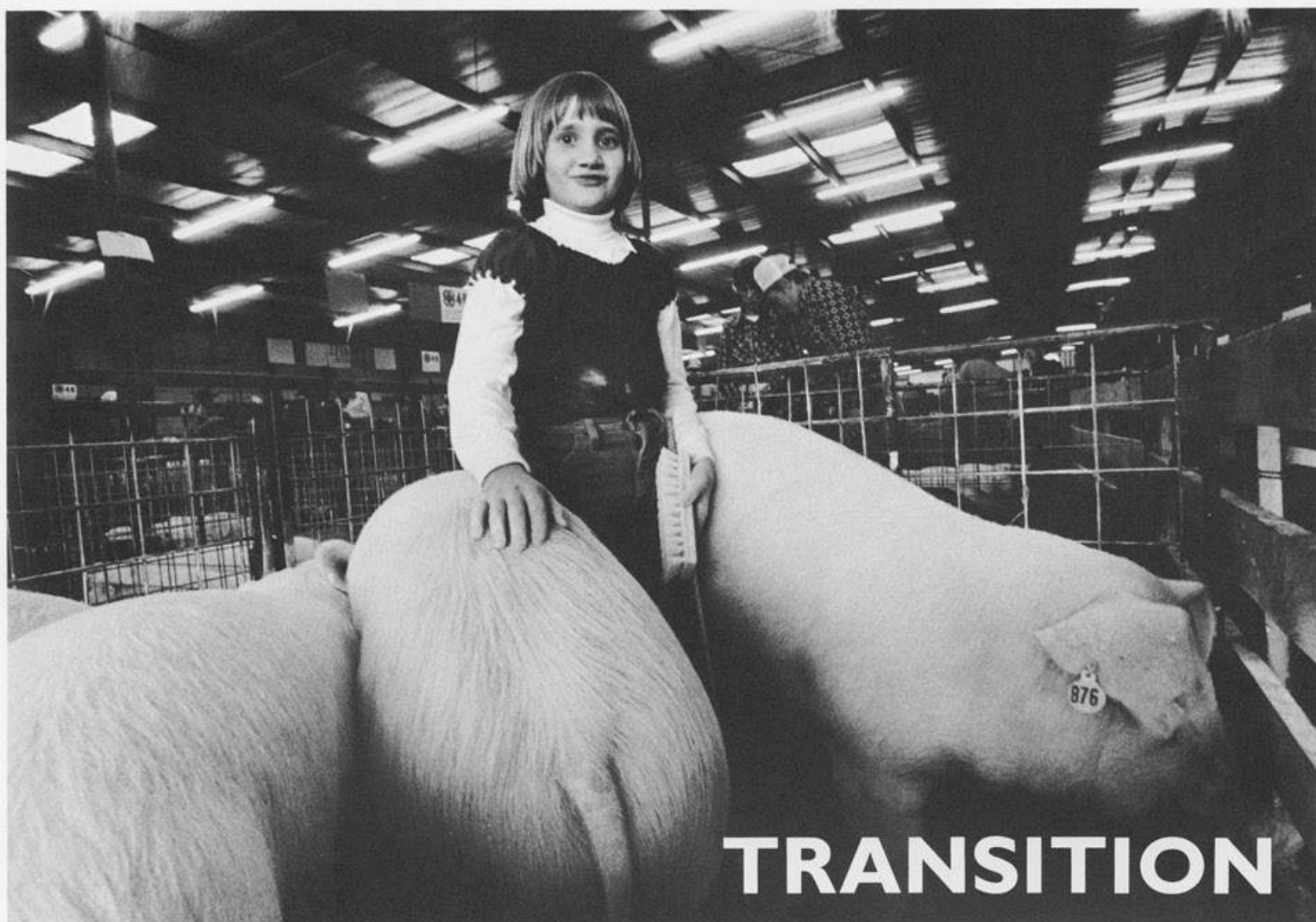
WW: What we had originally wanted to do, "Back Roads of America," became, we decided, too amorphous and too broad. We had gone to several places in the South and then ended or began in Texas because Texas is mythically or literarily an apotheosis of a certain American view of itself. It has been an expression of the American dream, its success story . . .

FB: "Super America"

WW: In the stereotype, it is still, from white cowboy to white oilman, predominantly white and Anglo-American. We decided what would be really interesting would be to look at the state which in a sense symbolizes all the mono-ethnicism of America, and examine those elements which came together in the state. It just so happens that there are major 19th century frontiers in Texas, of very vastly different cultural origins. So we decided we were going to look at four of these frontiers, now three, of which two are finished somewhat. One was Black and one was German and one was Hispanic.

FB: . . . it was Southern, it wasn't just Black . . .

WW: It was, but the point is that what we were looking at was the interrelation of non Anglo-American groups to the majority group which was Anglo-American — the majority in terms of who dominated the economic and political structures, locally and statewide. The kinds of things that happened to the Germans were different certainly in degree from what happened to Blacks and Hispanics, but similar things, in fact, did happen in terms of their interrelationship with the majority Anglo culture.



Wendy Watriss/Frederick Baldwin: Gillespie County Fair

DP: Your methodology included, even before you took photos, a concentration on the oral history, is that right?

FB: First the research, then photography and then the oral history. The first thing we did in Austin when we came to Texas was to spend time in the library reading about Texas.

DP: And in terms of oral history you went around with a tape recorder and talked to people on their porches? And did you use video too?

WW: Not very much on their porches. In their houses mostly. I feel I want to make this point. I don't know if Fred agrees with me or not. I spent three or four intense years working with film and in television, and I am not particularly enamored of film and video. Personally, I like the fact that still photography creates an image which is accessible and permanent over and over and over again. I think that is important in terms of culture and our time in history where so much of our information is transient and transitory. The still photograph freezes something in a very, very important way. As powerful as film and video can be, and they can be much more powerful in certain ways than a still photograph can, they cannot compete with the still photograph in terms of capturing a moment of history. When I organized that news photography show for the HCP, I thought over the last 20 years of major issues in my lifetime. What did I remember? Inevitably they were photographs. I had seen reams and reams of film on Viet Nam because I was in the business. We were making films on Viet Nam. We were seeing everything that was being done. But the pictures that I

remember are the still photographs, and the same is true of the civil rights movement . . . That's why I have no particular interest in doing film or video myself.

DP: It's interesting that in your method of recording this, acting as historians, you feel you don't need to use video.

WW: Well it's not a question of feeling that 'you don't need to' . . . I know in some ways video is the thing that people like to see today. But in terms of my personal kind of expression, to me, it's something that is too inaccessible, it's not something that one can go back to all the time and contemplate. Now with the VCR's, that may change, but people aren't looking at documentary kinds of things. I think that if you want to make something that people have to stop and look at, and can look at over and over again, then it really has to be a still photo.

FB: I was just looking at the picture of that old Indian guy over there. And if that were not a still photograph, but a tube which gave you that amount of quality and resolution, it would be nice to be able to go up and push a button and have the thing begin to move. Say you have 50 feet on that and you hear the sounds, and when you turned it off it would pop right back to that image again. That would be sort of a fascinating piece of tech. But I don't particularly care about something that requires that much apparatus and that much technology to orchestrate. But if it could just be in a box and come out and then regain its life without a machine to bring it to life, that would be very nice.

DP: You like low fuss or no fuss information . . .

WW: I think for me it's more than that, though. I don't mind the technology, that doesn't bother me so much. But a photograph, you can hold, you can put in a book, you can put your nose up to it. You can feel it, see it, and it requires you to stop.

FB: Also, from a practical standpoint it is something that the person whom you photographed can also share with you in exactly the same way.

WW: I like its proximity, too. You hear the kind of debate now that goes on about video. Those of us who worked in the medium in the mid-60's debated these same questions over and over and over again. It was a constant debate of how you utilize film and video in a way that's really experiential and gets out there and so forth.

DP: In a way, the show at the Benteler Gallery seems to be a departure from the way you usually use photographs, as information-giving documents. Was it hard to put this show together?

WW: We talked a lot about what we thought were going to be the problems of this show versus our intent about the work. Whether to do a gallery show or not . . .

FB: Well, we did a gallery show . . .

WW: In that sense it was difficult to do, because of the requirements of the format versus what we feel is the purpose of the work. And the purpose of the work is not as completely revealed by the exhibit as it will be by the book.

DP: You didn't put captions with the photos in your show. Beaumont Newhall says you're not documentary photographers if you're not using text . . .

FB: Oh good. We can be art photographers. (laughs) It's my biggest dream. (laughs)

WW: Well, I think captions are very often as misleading as no captions, or as difficult to read as no captions. In the *Agent Orange* show, I had paragraphs because there was a very specific amount of information that I felt people needed, in order to look at those photographs. In the Rice Museum show, we created a narrative through a dense grouping of images, over three hundred images. But we didn't use text there

either . . .

FB: If captions are very short, they tease you. If they're longer, they can be hard to read . . . they cannot be long enough to make it worthwhile using them. Because what you often have is another cliché being set in place with the caption. You say "German Dressed as Indian at Bunny Rabbit Festival" or " . . . The Easter Fires, a Tradition Since Its Inception in 1947 . . ." Where do you stop? . . . "and Written by Someone Who Thought it Would Be Fun To Create This . . ."

WW: We would have to do this for every photograph in this show. We just felt that it was better to err on the side of perplexity than didacticism. It's so boring, so obvious to everybody. God. Leading people around by the nose! The essay in the catalogue accompanying the exhibition is a little oblique, but it really does cover the points of the show.

FB: But the one thing we should have done was more clearly indicate the relationship between the three rooms or sections. Survival, transition, and myth.

DP: Your work is labeled with both of your names and seldom with one or the other person's name. Can you nevertheless indicate aspects of one another's style? Does a difference show up?

WW: Actually, a lot of times it doesn't show up. But I think there are certain things that Fred is better at than I am.

DP: Such as . . .

WW: Certain action things.

DP: Getting in close to people?

FB: No, we both do that. No, simply I can hold a long lens long lens a little bit more easily than Wendy sometimes. I'm not sure that's even true. That could be the kind of difference.

WW: Yes, I don't hand-hold a 400 mm lens very well. Fred can hold it pretty well.

DP: But in terms of the design of the visuals, or formal qualities in the

photographs, you don't see any difference in approach?

FB: I don't, do you?

DP: I haven't, nor have I isolated separate concerns particularly.

FB: There are some personal concerns that are very similar which bind the thing together. I think we're both extremely concerned about the dignity of the people in these photographs. And our work has a certain warmth and a certain humor. We share those three things.

WW: Where you say 'concerned with dignity', I would say that we're extremely conscious of trying to minimize the inevitable exploitation.

FB: Yes.

DP: By doing what, for example?

WW: By not making a mockery of your subjects. It's very easy to take mocking pictures of the human condition, I mean, we're a pretty sad species. But I for one take our mutual condition seriously, so I don't see any point in caricaturing it. I think it is too serious, and sometimes too tragic. I feel I'm in it, those people that I am photographing and myself, we are all in it together.

DP: From most of the portraits in *Coming to Terms*, I have the feeling you have already spoken with these people a long time and gained their consent and then nevertheless you achieve a very natural look to the people. They are outgoing toward the photographer . . .

FB: Actually, that's not the case . . .

WW: Sometimes it is and sometimes it isn't.

FB: However, I think there exists something that creates that appearance, and that is that we usually spent enough time and know enough about the people, even if we don't know the particular individual. But we feel totally comfortable and therefore probably don't project any unnecessary barriers between ourselves and the subject. I would say 90% of the people we photograph, we don't know, but we know a lot about them, and they probably accept us as part of the things that are going on around them. We've been in these places long enough. We don't project any kind of foreignness, even though we are always 'foreign'.

WW: Maybe fifteen people at the opening made some comment, even news photographers, about the invisibility of the photographer. But a lot of the people that were at the gallery are used to looking at photographs made for the art audience where, in fact, the role of the photographer becomes a very important part of the total process. Our style comes out of a different sort of genre. As a photojournalist, you at least make the effort to minimize for the viewer your own imposition. It's always there, but stylistically, you try to minimize it. It doesn't seem to me that we are particularly invisible, but I was really struck by the number of people that said that.

DP: I actually read a rapport between your photographic subjects and yourselves.

FB: Yes, I think it's more rapport than invisibility.

DP: I couldn't see much Germanness in the people who were in the photos at the Benteler Gallery. Where does the Germanness show up?

WW: Well actually, I think you are correct. It is extremely difficult to visually distinguish their Germanness. Actually even in the Hill Country it's hard to see. But in the first room in the show, most of the people in those photographs are second generation immigrants and they show a direct kind of continuity of life style with their German forbears.

FB: But there are visual clues in the show: the rock buildings, the kind of card games the men are playing, the target rifle event (a *Schuetzenfest*), the two musicians.

WW: It's important to know we are not trying to do an ethnic study. Nor should the work be interpreted as some kind of expression of nostalgia for the lack of preservation of ethnic



Wendy Watriss/Frederick Baldwin:Fredericksburg Easter Pageant

culture. What we are trying to do is to characterize or depict the character of a certain place that had distinct kinds of cultural origins, and then what happens to that expression of culture over time. In the case of the Hill Country Germans, it was affected by physical isolation, strong commitment to community, and interaction with the majority culture—in everyday life and through major historic events such as the Civil War and World War I. The second room presents a kind of transition from the older culture. The animals and the building blocks of rural life which were once essential, have become basically play-things, the objects of a new kind of commerce. Many of the people who participated in the county fairs aren't going to be farmers or ranchers. In fact, many of those animals shown by kids may be the only animals that the family has. What the kid is doing is going through is a socialization process into the market economy, using the tools of the past that were, at one time, essential to making a living but, now, are no longer essential.

DP: And in the third room, even the tools of the old life have disappeared and it's cars and beauty pageants and fund raisers.

WW: Yes, the tools have become symbols. By the time it gets to the third room I think the symbology has become corrupt. It has lost its relationship to the past and, in fact, becomes a distortion of the past. Even the beauty pageants, which are not a modern invention of course, are used more and more as a way of bringing young women into a certain role in life.

DP: Do you disapprove of the process that you call corrupting and distortive? (laughs)

WW: What I really disapprove of is the Luckenbach Texas syndrome, seen in the third room. I think it is purely exploitative. It's fun, and that part I certainly don't disapprove of. But it oversimplifies and it exploits

the nature of struggle and survival, which is neither heroic nor dramatic nor necessarily positive. It exploits the past in a way that is false.

DP: You'd better explain that.

WW: It feeds the heroic romantic notion of what America is, the frontier, the American West. This symbol of the cowboy, the lone individual who overcomes all kinds of physical obstacles. What I regret is the reductionism. It's not just ethnic reductionism. It's reductionism of the whole concept of struggle and survival and their relation to culture.

DP: Reductionism?

FB: Okay, Luckenbach today represents to me, the opposite of the process. Luckenbach was purchased by some people who thought it would be fun to buy a town. It was done as a joke in a way. So they bought Luckenbach. The old men were still there, drinking beer, and it had kind of a natural aspect. Then it was purchased and taken over by people who were very interested in creating, "capturing" Texas, as a fun project, as if Texas and the evolution of history are things that can be converted for one's amusement.

WW: Yes, tall tales and nostalgia.

FB: There is a destructive aspect in this—if you understand anything about history and the kinds of things that made those places possible. They are just physical structures, those little towns like Luckenbach, but there was a very complex fascinating and long-term struggle that took place to get them there. Then to have someone come in and just buy it because it's crusty looking and filled with things that appear to be historical, and then turn it into a kind of instant nostalgia trip so that young . . . anybody can come out from Austin or Houston, and sit around and pretend to be TEXANS . . .

WW: And moan about the loss of the past.

FB: They don't know what the past is . . .

WW: Their past, or its past, for

that matter.

FB: Or anybody's past. But it's as if you can slip the uniform on, the costume, and go out and pretend that you have a past. Now the best analogy I can give you and this is not a good one but it's the one I feel most strongly about. In the 60's I never said anything or did anything about it because I realized my reaction would not be understood. But it makes me angry to see people wear military uniforms and badges unless they served in those uniforms and earned those badges. For the sake of costume, it ticks me off, because I have a real understanding about what could have gone on in that person's life wearing that uniform—I experienced it myself. But that someone will walk around with a bush commando thing because they bought it at the second hand store when they didn't earn it—that really bothers me. I don't believe they have a right to slip into this kind of costume. In their eyes they are going on to a better or higher level of something, or they wouldn't bother to do it.

DP: And you think that impersonating a cowboy is the same?

FB: Yes, I think it is destructive because of what it does, the whole country does it. You smoke Marlboro cigarettes because you light up a Marlboro and you think you are a little bit taller and you're white, and there's a whole country filled with this delusion that if you take a certain product that you somehow are altered. And the fact that you can create a new mythology based on some commercial act that you perform leads you into the position that you can then begin to behave in a certain manner because you have a cowboy hat on; you can feel a little bit taller because you are wearing cowboy boots, and it's not too many more steps before you can get into political office and decide the ultimate way of behaving is to have shoot-out at the O-K Corral, only now you are deal-

ing with atomic weaponry. It's the beginning of a path to unreality which I think is extremely dangerous. We all need a little fantasy in our lives, that's fine. But people are working at this fantasy.

WW: Well . . . that goddamn Indian at the end . . . that's what we are talking about.

DP: It is an Indian, right?

FB: No!

WW: It's a German!

FB: It's a German dressed up like an Indian . . . There's no Indian that looks like that! What has happened to the Indians? The Germans, who suffered enough and had a relationship with the Indians that worked out for them, do not now understand enough of the whole process to say I will not get into a silly five-and-dime Indian outfit for the sake of some fantasy that we are going to perform, that has to do with bunny rabbits and Indians . . .

DP: Have you . . . just for curiosity's sake, have you looked at that Avedon work? (In the American West)

Both: Yes.

DP: Do you think that he's perpetuating the myth?

FB: He's doing Avedon . . . it has nothing to do with anything except Avedon . . . The museum world wants to rip off a big name and attach it with a slogan or a title—the way Avedon wants to rip off a lot of interesting faces and grungy possibilities. Avedon would be the first one to tell you that's not the West. I maintain he should have done the whole thing in Connecticut. He would have gotten exactly the same show. It doesn't have anything to do with the West. It has to do with Avedon extending a slightly different dimension to a point of view he has held for many, many years. They're effective representations of Avedon's craft, skill and genius. They're beautiful.

WW: Whether its the West or not, they end up being caricatures. Very few of them have any sense of in-

dividualness about them. Quite similar to fashion.

DP: It seems to me there is a "roughneck" myth going on.

FB: I think you're right . . .

DP: What traditions are you conscious of, when you are photographing, among photo-documentarians or photographers who are considered fine art photographers?

WW: For me, I would say Riis and Hines and some of the European photographers in the 30's, and from the FSA, Dorothea Lange. None of the others particularly. I am not as great an admirer of Walker Evans as a lot of people are. But of Lange I am. And then Donald McCollin, Susan Meiselas, and Philip Jones Griffiths. I am not sure they are a tradition, because I have only known their work after I started photographing.

FB: I was enormously influenced by Life magazine. Not any particular images necessarily but I think just the existence of Life magazine was very important, and the National Geographic, because I remember it as a child. Geographic, because it's more childlike. To be a Life photographer or a reporter, when I was 18 or 19 years old, seemed to be the most ultimately glamorous thing I could think of. Although looking back, as you thumb through those old issues, you can't believe the amount of crap you're looking at. But they were exciting, they showed something immediate, and news was sexy then. The possibility of going out as a Life photographer seemed so fulfilling. All during the early years, I was competing with myself as a Life photographer. I was pretending to be a Life photographer. I'm not sure I was aware of Gene Smith portfolios, I

might have been, but David Douglas Duncan — I remember him particularly. Only now I don't look back on him as being all that wonderful. Of course, Cartier-Bresson was terribly important to photographers who were getting started in the 50's. And Capa and all the Magnum photographers in those days had a special panache. I think it was the idea of being a magazine photographer as much as anything.

DP: Can you see traces of that influence in the way you work now?

FB: No.

DP: No?

FB: It has to do more now with the possibilities of working with light and I think I take references from some fine art photographers. People like Callahan who know how to use light so beautifully. Now Wendy did a particularly beautiful series on one of her *Life* assignments — the arson story she did for *Life*. These are the kinds of pictures I really enjoy, of the Black kid being interrogated by the arson people. I like that kind of feeling in photography—the dense tonalities that it is possible to get, and that combined with really strong material makes me, gets me, very very excited. I want to print that picture, see it, and feel the huge amount of satisfaction involved in conceiving it and dealing with it.

DP: I think that the use of light is one of the first impressions for a viewer of your Texas work in the Benteler Gallery.

WW: Curious, I hadn't really thought of mentioning it, but I studied painting. I've always been attracted to the whole chiaroscuro effect, and I like the way Rembrandt, Rivera and Velasquez used light, and then later, Vermeer. Vermeer in a totally different way. Also in terms of style, it seemed to me actually that when I started I had seen a lot of Hines's work and Lange, but also work by documentary film makers like Flaherty and Strand.

FB: Also Eric Saloman. Those incredible pictures he got of those important people, all those ministers. He'd be sitting there in his white tie and tails, getting these incredible pictures of those incredible, intimate moments, when world history was being discussed, made, and screwed up. It seems to me positively magical that such turning points can be recorded. Curiously enough, I was also inspired, not so much by the tons of good work that I saw, but by how much bad stuff there was out there, and I felt, instinctively, there was great hope for me because all this crap was being published and mine was better. I knew it. I've got something worth publishing because look at this junk coming out and it was being written about, and I knew it was bad.

DP: Is that something that has changed or can you tell your students the same heartening advice?

FB: Well, I am not heartened by the condition of students these days. I think that the vision that fueled me is no longer in place. Those magazines that I could get so excited about and which really kept me going under really tough conditions don't exist any more in the same form. They are all just concerned with trivia and silliness, and I don't see why that would turn them on.

WW: . . . and prettiness . . .

FB: . . . and prettiness . . . I'm not interested in prettiness . . .

WW: . . . and living well . . .

FB: Yeah. Yupp . . . yupp . . . yuppies.

DP: Changing the subject . . . do you believe that there is disinformation that's being promulgated by the media? The idea that there is a selectivity in the way that the news media handles their information so that . . . they're actually engaged in creating national opinion or consent?

WW: There are three different things that you said: selectivity, misinformation and disinformation.

Which one are you asking for?

DP: I'm most curious about disinfor-

mation, I suppose, because that would be the most heinous crime.

WW: I don't, this is a, I don't want to get into this kind of discussion in SPOT magazine frankly, because . . . I don't think it is the place to do it.

It is the kind of discussion that for me, professionally, is very serious, and something I would want to do at length. I think yes, there is sometimes disinformation. There is *always* selectivity.

FB: I think the source of the problem is often the whole format with which you have to work. If you are dealing with a magazine, you have the subject matter, the photographer, and the organization itself to deal with. Sometimes the information is then subjected to the requirements of advertising in the magazine, the editing, the juxtaposition of one image to the next, then the editing of text by people who know nothing about what you are seeing and feeling, but who have an important role in making judgments about this work. There is pressure being put on these people to alter that judgment because of circulation, the need to cut or add pages, or the need to put advertising in. So there are a number of elements that have absolutely nothing to do with the material itself. And then there's the training and taste of the art director and how the thing is laid out. All of those things have an effect on the way the work is perceived. Then there is the character of the magazine — another element. You have a whole bunch of things that possibly adulterate the original intent of the photographer and even the meaning of the subject matter as far as magazines go. One of the advantages of doing your own book or having a show in a museum or a gallery is that you may have more control over the final results. You can show more material for one thing. You can make it the size you wanted and you can select how it is laid out in juxtaposition with itself. So you have more control. But even under those conditions, there are things that happen that alter your perception. If it goes into a museum it's considered to be more serious, particularly if it's in an important museum rather than a minor museum. It has nothing to do with the work.

WW: Also, while on this subject, although I'm often critical of the media, I would like to throw this criticism back in the laps of the audience, the viewers and the readers. Most people don't read enough, and they don't look at enough. In fact, most people criticize ignorantly. While I think there are definite biases, and at times, deliberate disinformation in the media, if you read enough and look at the aggregate information that is out there, even on even subjects as sensitive as Nicaragua or the Soviet Union, you'd be surprised at the amount of information that is reasonably accessible. This doesn't mean that your hometown newspaper or the three networks are going to publish it that way, every day.

DP: Do you feel that you are able to monitor the political spectrum of information?

WW: Yes, I make an effort to do that. Yes, because I read three or four different kinds of newspapers and three or four different kinds of magazines. And if I'm watching television, I jump around, I compare the way people cover the news, and monitor it and think about it. In fact our press gives you a lot of information, and not always the same information.

FB: There are many places in the world which do not have the access to information that we have. Where you have to learn to find information in other ways and read between the lines. Here, we can't even be bothered to read what's available. We are inundated with information. It doesn't take any great degree of intelligence or sophistication to find out what's going on. It's just a matter of wanting to make the effort. There don't

seem to be any immediate payoffs for doing that, unfortunately, for most people. Entertainment has more value than learning about what's going on.

WW: I think in dealing with this whole problem of media misinformation, there should be applied some real public pressure from readers. There has been some really sloppy reporting coming out on Central America, but I haven't seen many letters to the editor . . . and I haven't done it myself. In fact, the newspapers and television, and the people involved, are somewhat receptive to general public opinion.

DP: I was under the impression that some issues just aren't fresh enough anymore to be treated, for instance, abortion, nuclear policy.

WW: I'm not sure these are simply ideological decisions. Some of this situation relates to what Fred has said, but sometimes decisions are made on a simpler basis of what looks more dramatic, or more unusual.

There are thousands of bedraggled people walking in the rain. Saying the same things that they have said for years. Is that really very newsworthy?

FB: Also the press is aware that they are being manipulated very often.

They know that the reason a parade is occurring is partly to get them out, and the signs are designed to be visible to photographers and TV cameras. They realize that they are being used. That's appropriate. But, they know.

DP: One last question. Fred, I understand you will not have your own exhibit in Foto Fest, though you are one of the principal organizers. What's in it for you?

FB: The first time we went to Arles we were very impressed with the possibilities of sitting around in very pleasant conditions meeting interesting people who were involved in photography on some level — magazine editors, other photographers, museum curators, whatever. Then we discovered how *La Mois de la Photo* worked in Paris, and thought we could do a *Mois de la Photo* in Houston. Shortly after our return from Europe in 1984, we met with Petra Benteler, who had similar ideas. She and I became the founders and organizers. Wendy was already too involved in other projects to take this on. In spite of the fact that Houston is very dissimilar to Arles, we are attempting and experimenting to see if we can artificially create a similar environment, and import the people we needed. So we have invited over one hundred people from all over the United States, Europe, and Japan, bringing them over at our expense and putting them up for four or five days at the Warwick Hotel. That is the concept called "meeting place," and that has never been tried before, to my knowledge, anywhere in the world, in connection with this sort of event.

DP: But it's not just for a month of good conversation . . .

WW: It was also inspired by the fact that we saw a lot of good work in Europe that didn't seem to be readily available here. A lot of good European photographers and curators were not all that familiar with what was happening in the U.S.A. I remember Jean Claude Le Magny asking us who we thought were good photojournalists, documentarians in the U.S. Out of a list of 25 people, he recognized three, and he runs the photo collection of the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. So it was partly to generate more discussion, more knowledge, and more networking, more energy . . .

FB: But David wants to know *why the hell anybody would want to do that*.

DP: I get it now.

FB: It's easier for us to work here if there is a community which has people who are really interested in photography, and photographers who are interesting photographers.

WW: And more a part of the world.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINT

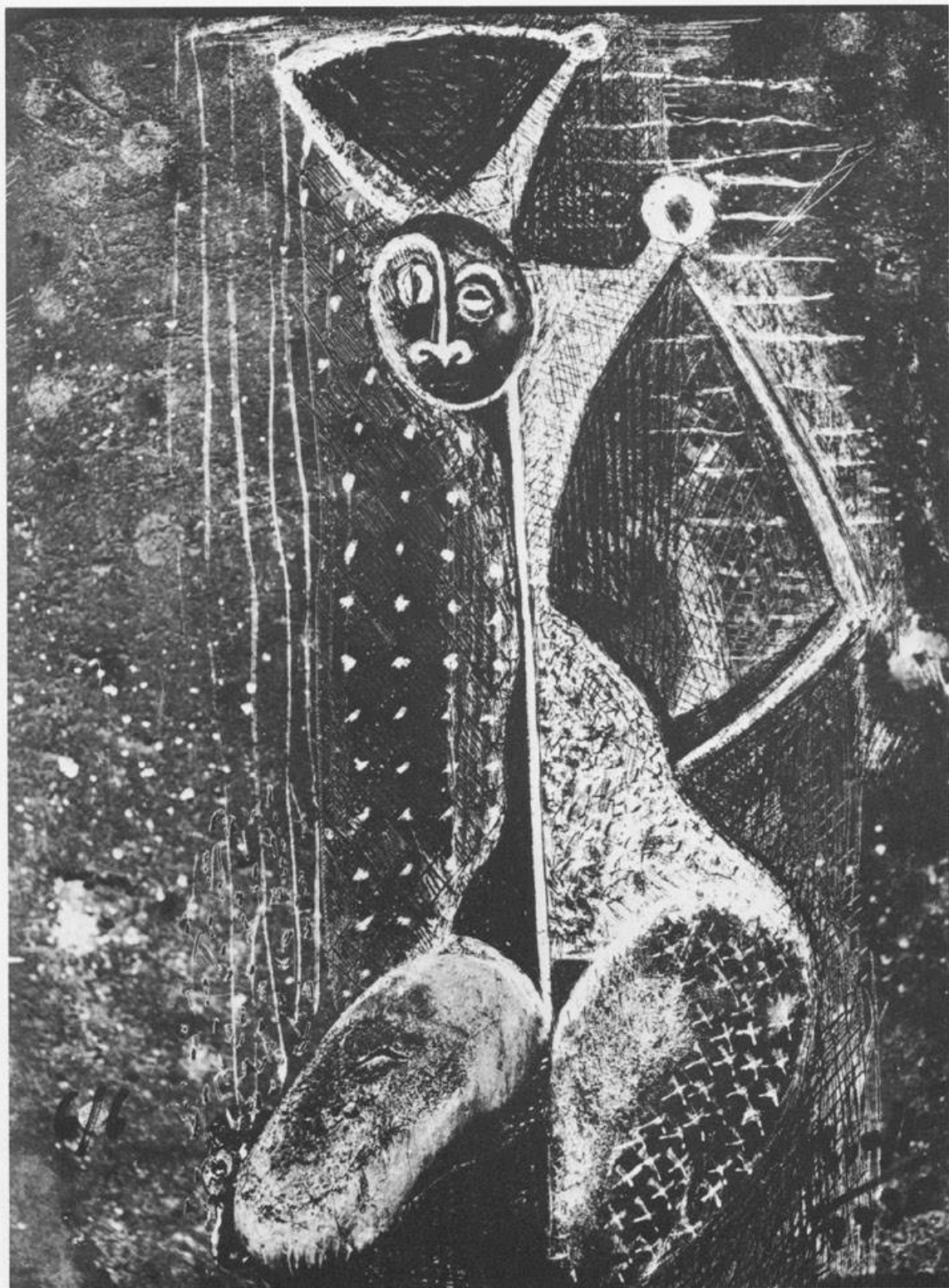
The following essay is based upon material presented in an exhibition of the same name at The Houston Center for Photography, 1985-86 and later to be reworked and traveled by The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston accompanied by an illustrated, descriptive catalogue.

By Maggie Olvey

Just 250 miles from the caves of Lascaux, France, where traces of man's first artistic efforts are recorded, but twelve to seventeen millenniums later, Joseph Nicéphore Niepce produced the first successful photographic image. A relatively simple accomplishment by today's technological standards, the photographic method introduced by Niepce and all subsequent variations on his idea have altered the way mankind views the world. Photographs have represented absolute veracity — nineteenth-century advocates claimed that the daguerreotype mirrored nature,— but they have also been used to distort the truth or even to subvert it. Attitudes of the multitude of photographers active since the time of Niepce's invention have determined what specific techniques offered by the medium are used, and to what end.

While the concept of using a "camera" as a tool in artistic creativity dates back to the Renaissance, the process of photography — the result of the action of light upon a chemically-sensitized substrate — was introduced less than two centuries ago. Thus, the history of photography as a subset of the history of art is remarkably brief. Moreover, photography was originally regarded as a documentary tool for the social and physical sciences rather than as a means of artistic self-expression. William Henry Fox Talbot, the inventor of the first reproducible photographic process, the calotype, was in fact a scientist — not an artist. In order for photography to have been conceived and developed, progress had first to be made in the understanding and control of a variety of scientific disciplines such as chemistry, optics, and physics. The scientific advances which proliferated during the early part of the nineteenth century proved to be fertile sources for investigations into the photographic medium. As the practice of photography became increasingly widespread, improvements to the process were first directed toward ameliorating the chores of the practitioner. Processing times were reduced, papers and emulsions were stabilized, and more prints could be derived from a single negative. Not only did the photographic prints become easier to reproduce consistently, but cameras and negatives became progressively less cumbersome and more practicable.

After scientific progress had made photography precise and predictable, familiar techniques in the hands of more adventuresome artists could, and often did, result in unfamiliar and challenging imagery. For instance, experimentation with cameraless prints (photograms), which had its roots in Fox Talbot's photogenic drawings of the 1830s, was reprised a century later by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy and Man Ray. Fox Talbot's familiar leaf patterns were supplanted by mystical and amorphous shapes with few tangible referents to absolutely recognizable forms. The arrival of the Pop art movement — and its attendant interest in cultural iconography and orientation toward advertising, film, and television — brought with it an upsurge in the use of photography by a variety of art disciplines. Where the finely crafted gelatin silver print had formerly been the sole domain of and the only goal for the photographer, the 1960s and 1970s saw printmakers, painters, and sculptors, as well as photographers, utilizing photographic means for other ends. Alternative processes formerly discarded as being impractical for purely representational purposes have been revived as vehicles for self-expression. (The resurgence of platinum prints in today's marketplace is evidence of this continuing trend.) Today the list of photographic applications to art processes is seemingly endless: from documentation of minimalist sculp-



Brassai [Gyula Halasz]
Hungarian, 1899-1984
Sévilane dénudée, 1935. Cliche-verre,
modern print, edition 6/6. Courtesy of the
Museum of Fine Arts, Houston

From the series "Transformations" this cliche-verre is derived from an ordinarily exposed and processed negative which has been scratched and drawn upon. The original, public persona of the woman who is depicted in the photograph is now lost to us, but by altering the negative Brassai has

provided us with a picture of what he saw as her inner being, stripped of all its outward trappings. In this, he reveals a sympathy for Cubist pronouncements and stylistic mannerisms most thoroughly explored by his Parisian contemporaries, Pablo Picasso and Georges Braque.

ture to projection painting, from darkroom manipulations to copy-room xerography. Thus, the impact of photography on the art produced since its introduction and the influence of other art media upon its inception, purposes, and products are profound. No other medium has produced such a diversity of techniques; none has captured the imagination and engendered the participation of the public at large in quite the same way.

When photographic processes are considered more or less chronologically an interesting phenomenon may be observed: the techniques are not necessarily discrete, unrelated entities. Rather, they tend to form a continuum where certain aspects of one method may be used in the development of another to obtain a subtle, or perhaps even a distinctive alteration in appearance. Just as Fox Talbot's calotype is the progenitor of today's gelatin silver photograph, the silver print has served as the chemical basis for the color coupler process. The light-sensitivity demonstrated by potassium dichromate is the point of departure common to the production of the seemingly diverse gum bichromate, collotype and carbon photographs.

The latitude afforded by a given photographic technique is liberal: in the hands of innovative photographers, the same process can give rise to widely divergent imagery. A

combination of photography and printmaking made possible by drawing directly onto a coated glass plate attracted the nineteenth-century painters Camille Corot and Charles Daubigny to the cliche-verre process. A print of great tonal range and fidelity could be produced, and both men experimented with every conceivable modification permitted by the process. The scratched and manipulated negatives used to produce cliches-verre by Brassai in the 1930s, and by Joel Peter Witkin today are variations on the same technical theme. The essential differences between the resulting prints lie in the content and intended message of the respective images as defined by the choice of technique rather than in the specific alterations applied to the process.

The introduction of color into common usage around the turn of the century put a new kink into an already tangled situation. Photographers who already had to define their personal stylistic identities by their choice from among the black-and-white photographic techniques (Pictorialism, New Objectivity, and the like) were confronted with the possibility of making their photographic prints "naturalistic" by adding the element of color. Slow to catch on, color processes were at first largely relegated to commercial applications such as portraiture, advertising, and news reportage. This is

not to say that photographers pursuing artistic concerns had no interest in color: in fact, over the years many have experimented with non-black-and-white photography. However, for most of the twentieth century it has been generally accepted that photography rendered in shades of black, gray, and white is more "artistic" than its color counterpart. This attitude derives from the limitations of color processes. They were arduous and difficult to control in an individual photographer's darkroom, and their ephemeral nature made them impractical for enduring art applications. Recent advances in the stability of the more commonly used color coupler (Ektacolor, type c), silver dye-bleach (Cibachrome, type r), and dye transfer prints have made color more appealing as an alternative to the gelatin silver photograph. In addition, color photography has been increasingly recognized as a valid art form by curators, critics, and collectors, though it has not yet attained widespread acceptance in the marketplace.

While discussions relating one monochromatic process to another are concerned with tactility and generative problems, the relevant issues with respect to color technology are not about the methodology per se, but about the nature of the color that is produced. After several years of research and experimentation conducted during the 1930s,

Paul Outerbridge, a perfectionist of extraordinary intensity, found that the only color process which merited his dedication was the tri-color carbro — a laborious undertaking whose endproduct was capable of remarkably faithful color rendition. On the other hand, absolute color fidelity is sometimes not at issue, or even desirable. The soft pastels of the autochrome possess the painterly attributes sought by the Pictorialists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. And not only the quality of the tonal reproduction, but also the intensity of its hue needs to be considered. For instance, the vibrant colors required by advertising to attract and hold the viewer's attention (usually produced from transparencies by the Cibachrome method) are unsuited to more subtle tonal transitions appertaining to most landscape photography.

Niepce termed his photographic discovery a heliogravure [lit. sun engraving]. Somewhat later in the nineteenth century, the Louvre reproduced its major print holdings using his process. The resulting heliogravure photographs resemble the original engravings or etchings so closely that they are almost impossible to differentiate. Two relatively young printmaking processes — lithography (introduced early in the nineteenth century) and screenprinting (patented in 1907) — owe their commercial existence to principles of photography. And it is not accidental that the endproduct of the photographic process is referred to as a "print." Printmaking and photography share many attributes, not the least of which is the ability to produce multiple, identical images from the same negative, plate or screen. This particular aspect common to both media has caused a great deal of controversy and discussion as to their relative positions in the hierarchy of fine art. Whether it is a matter of elitism (historically, both have been referred to as "democratic" arts: prints because of their relative affordability, photographs because of their accessibility to the general public), or something as simplistic as the notion that the individualistic statement conveyed by the stroke of the brush is somehow more aesthetically valid than the apparently mechanical, impersonal print, the argument seems fruitless. A beautifully printed photographic landscape by Ansel Adams is as capable of exciting the imagination and stirring the emotions as a nineteenth century luminist landscape painted by Frederick Church. A "sofa-sized" canvas suffers from the same relative status borne by an offset photolithographic reproduction of an Old Master painting. If it is true that the goal of the artist is self-expression, or communication of an idea, a concept, or a way of seeing, then any process or medium which is capable of conveying that message is valid.

Just as there is more than one literary form for verbalization, the expressive choices available to the photographer are manifold. The precise selection depends on the message. And on the particular viewpoint. Historical considerations, out of necessity, enter into the choice of process: at any given time materials and/or technology for a specific method may be unavailable. Social context also plays a part. The insatiable desire for photographic records of distant and exotic lands and scenes from the not-so-far-away directly influenced the development of the infinitely reproducible photographic print: from Fox Talbot's unique and intimate photogenic drawings to albums of albumen prints photographed by world travelers such as Francis Frith; and then from books containing platinum prints and photogravures by Peter Henry Emerson and Edward Curtis — both of whom exhaustively documented regions of their respective homelands — to halftone plates which can provide unlimited accessibility to virtually any

visual record. But the choice of technique is usually a very personal matter depending on individual needs as much as, or even more than it does on external influences.

There is a risk in any process-oriented discussion of photographs to tout the considerations of technique above more aesthetic attributes, just as there is a similar tendency on the part of the individual photographer to fall into the technique-for-technique's-sake trap. The photographic print has suffered from a long-standing denigration in the eyes of the art community for its combined lack of substance on the one hand and its seemingly impersonal, overly mechanized, and multiple image-producing nature on the other. This view of the medium is not unjustified. As in other art forms, the craft and tools of the trade can often seduce the technically oriented practitioner into a formulaic mode, a photograph-by-the-number, so to speak. But for the photographer who happens to use the medium merely as a tool, and not as an end in itself, it is the content as supported by the medium which is ascendant. Rather than choose a process unthinkingly, the artist-photographer is more likely to use the process with which he or she is most familiar and push it to the limits. Or, failing to arrive at the desired effect with the original medium, the artist will alter it, combine it, or even abandon it in favor of another. A craftsman might be a slave to his medium; an artist is generally its master.

While it is the responsibility of the artist-photographer to use the most appropriate means in order to give form and substance to the message, it is the responsibility of the viewer to respect that choice of process, to assess the whys and wherefores of the medium, the message and their interrelationship, and then, and only then, to formulate an opinion. It is not enough simply to understand the process which produced the artwork at hand. The viewer may be beguiled into thinking that if he succeeds in unravelling the mysteries of the method his task is complete. Many experimental and alternative-process photographers in essence encourage this attitude by the sheer complexity of their work. After struggling with the hows of the image, the viewer is often too tired or frustrated to contemplate the whys. The successful use of process manages to strike a balance between purely visual gratification and substantive conveyance of the message (or purposeful lack thereof) thereby encouraging and nurturing a mental dialogue between the viewer and the unseen author of the photographic print.







Earlie Hudnall: Channel 2 News

APPROACHING THE FOURTH WARD

By Ann Walton Sieber

Diverse Works has taken on a "hot potato." Taking a left turn from their usual function as incubator and display-case for alternative art, they are extending their realm of influence into the civic and sociological with their January 25-March 1 exhibition, *Architecture and Culture: The Fourth Ward*. As Project Director Caroline Huber told me, "The idea of doing a show that deals with larger issues than just art issues is compelling."

Although all of Houston was originally divided into wards, the only areas which still popularly retain their ward designation are the inner-loop Black ghettos. Fourth Ward is the oldest of these ghettos. It used to be the largest Black community in Houston, extending east all the way to Milam. Many of the original inhabitants were recently-freed slaves, and they called their neighborhood Freedman's Town — an appellation which is enjoying a come-back.

Architecture and Culture: The Fourth Ward starts with an exploration of the Ward's early history. One of the show's foremost aims was to combat Houston's inattention towards its history and lackluster attitude toward preservation. One of the photographers exhibited in the show, Rob Ziebell, is a relative newcomer to Houston; he told me that when he first saw some of the Fourth Ward historic photos "it suddenly dawned on me that this wasn't an insta-town, they didn't drop a pill in a bucket around 1950 and start

building — they really did have quite a number of nice old treasures around here. You get this weird perspective living here as short as I have that Houston's history started around 1950."

Much of the Ward has already been lost. With the construction of the Gulf Freeway and Allen Center, its boundaries were pushed back to W. Gray, Taft, Allen Parkway, and I-45. W. Dallas divides the Ward into Freedman's Town to the south, and Allen Parkway Village to the north. One significant cut-back came with the construction in 1942 of San Felipe Courts, now called Allen Parkway Village, a 1000-unit wartime housing project originally built for white defense workers.

Curator Neil Printz and Project Director Caroline Huber chose the Fourth Ward as a focus because they hoped not only to confront Houston's lack of historic veneration, but also what they both referred to as "a homogenizing tendency" in Houston. Caroline said, "Neil grew up in New York and I've lived in cities on the East Coast since 1970; there's a very different sort of urban quality there from that in Houston. For us, the idea of a city with a lot of texture, variations, and ethnic qualities is an essential part of the make-up of urban life."

"Most of the time, in an urban area or a downtown area everybody mingles together, you have a lot of overlapping — that's what makes city life exciting. In Houston I find there's not that much of that."

Fourth Ward's cultural texture is presented at Diverse Works through a veritable barrage of approaches. Oral histories with Ward residents are shown on video. The Mount Horeb gospel choir performed at

the opening. Fried chicken was catered from This Is It Soul Food on W. Gray. An entire evening is designated for "A Celebration Of Churches," show-casing a sampling of different Ward choirs. An actual concrete stoop was transplanted into the center of the downstairs space, as well as a Ward porch bracket.

Eight local photographers—Rob Ziebell, Geoff Winningham, Phyllis Moore, Earlie Hudnall, Paul Hester, Sally Gall, Janis Fowles, and Alain Clemont — and one non-local, Sylvia Plachy, presented their personal visions of the Ward, gathered under such labels as "Interiors," "Portraits," and "Porches." Three of the photographers put together "albums," allowing them to present a greater amount of their work, and in a narrative context.

Several paintings and sculptures were included, most notably the

"naive" paintings of life-time Ward resident, Naomi Polk. She incorporates writing and dialogue into many of her paintings, such as her series of variations on "going down that lonesome road."

As the title indicates, architecture was a major focus of the exhibition, done largely with an eye to preservation. Both Freedman's Town and Allen Parkway Village are in imminent danger. APV in particular has been the subject of major controversy. The Housing Authority of the City of Houston (HACH) has submitted a request that the project be torn down, for remodeling costs are too high. Many accuse HACH of inflating renovation costs and squandering funds. For example, Paul Hester's strident photo-essay with incapsulated facts says that "Painting at APV was estimated at from \$910 to \$1360 per apartment. Although the hous-

ing officials noted that Kelly Village and Clayton Homes [other Houston projects] were in 'severe need of painting,' they estimated the cost at \$300 per unit."

The Diverse Works show includes a schemata of a Public Housing Rehabilitation done in Dallas, as well as several APV rehabilitation proposals drafted in April 1984 by the Rice School of Architecture.

Other architectural activities include a lecture by Renzo Piano (co-designer of the Menil Museum under construction, as well as the Pompidou Center in Paris) and a weekend *charette* with the emphasis on immediately implementable "nuts-and-bolts" proposals.

So, in a departure from traditional self-contained exhibits, "Architecture and Culture" was intended to be "an exhibition that raised some questions," as curator Neil Printz expressed it.

"I wanted the show to be a chance, at least," stressed Caroline Huber, "for people to see tangible issues and make a decision for themselves in an intelligent way and not be beholden to the media."

"We want people to be able to see what they might be losing before, its too late — we wanted them to think about what it means not to have it any more."

Although I'm Houston born and bred, when I first started researching this article, I had but a dim image of the Fourth Ward. As my first research, I rode my bicycle over to the Ward one sunny Saturday, a penciled street map of its boundaries in my pocket. I thought I was going to familiar territory — after all, I go down W. Gray and Taft all the time. However, as I pedaled up W. Dallas, coming from my Heights home, I



Earlie Hudnall

realized that although I've often been adjacent to the Ward, I've never been in it. Glancing down the first forbidding narrow side street after I crossed Taft, I realized that this was unfamiliar territory. The next block I glanced down was the same, as was the third; so, not without some trepidation, I turned down it. The atmosphere immediately changed. It felt like a street festival, there were so many people out—sitting on the porches, standing on the street corners, kids out playing, couples taking walks. I saw more people out on the streets than I'd ever seen in a Houston neighborhood. Everything was condensed; the houses very close together, the streets narrow. The poverty was bald, making W. Dallas seem sanitized by comparison. Houses were boarded up, or partly burned. I turned down a quiet block and passed an old woman and a dog as they walked past a church. The woman had curlers on and seemed supremely apathetic. The dog was covered with sores — one whole cheek was raw and his hide was mangy. I admit it — I had never seen anything like that before. I was taken aback. Overwhelmed, after no more than fifteen blocks, I had to head out — my senses were overloaded. And what startled me the most was that this intensely unfamiliar community was in such close proximity to my long-time haunts. Why was I so totally ignorant of the existence of this tiny area? I'd worked in a restaurant that was less than ten blocks away to the south; downtown was within two blocks to the east; I'd frequented a club that was on its southern boundry — yet I'd never actually been in the Ward. I was shocked that there was such an ellipsis in the middle of my mental map of Houston.

That night I wrote in my journal, "Pity was not a dominant emotion. Just sense of neighborhood. Even envy, a little, or at least outsidersness. How can it be so different so close?"

As I rode slowly around, I had trouble meeting people's eyes because I felt as though I was "gawking." On a return trip, I met one young man's eyes and he called out, "Looking for the Astrodome?" Another man yelled out, "Checking out a little Black culture?" When I stopped and talked to him, after a little while the group of people with whom he'd been standing went back and sat away from us. "They think you're the police," he said.

This seems like the first problem in approaching the Fourth Ward — be it as an intrigued Houstonian, a documentary photographer, or a curator organizing a show — how to get past this distance? How to make Fourth Ward feel less like a foreign county and more like a neighborhood in my city with which I have some connection?

My ignorance of the Fourth Ward's existence is indicative of the insularity of middle-class Houston. Because Houston is so decentralized and freeway-bound, one can spend one's life in Houston and scarcely have ventured into any of the ghettos.

However, approaching the Fourth Ward is difficult. When one is an outsider approaching an impoverished area, the differences between oneself and the subject can be intriguing, but misleading. One must beware of unintentionally becoming a racial tourist — in taking pictures, is one unconsciously looking for "Black mannerisms"? This is not going to give an accurate portrait, and it certainly will not help diminish that feeling of outsidersness and ignorant bafflement. To be aware of the differences is not bad — as long as they are viewed against the backdrop of the familiar.

All art has both closeness and distance; when too distant and unfamiliar, the audience doesn't care because it can't relate; when too close, it has no perspective. Most art makes you notice the familiar by introducing an element of unfamiliarity. Documentation art lets you notice



Rob Zeibell

the unfamiliar, by pointing out what is familiar in it.

Over-documentation is another potential pitfall. *Architecture and Culture* has both documentary interest and aesthetic interest, and the "double-life" is what makes the show exciting. Although the aesthetic side of the exhibition is in service to the documentary, it is vital. Facts are not enough — facts are easily ignored, they are alienating. One hears facts about Ethiopia, yet one doesn't understand the country. Mere documentation and facts produce library display cases. The artistic element makes us notice the documentary. What approach did the photographers take to the Ward?

"I was beginning to feel like it was very much of an outsiders' show,"

Paul Hester told me " — people looking in at the Fourth Ward. Which is sort of how it's always been treated. If you live in public housing then everyone else does what they want to with it.

"I had done a lot of pictures in Freedman's Town in the past [in particular, for a feature article on the Fourth Ward in *Cite*, the Rice Design Alliance's quarterly, among others.] But the other thing — and I haven't exactly accomplished it, is to go in there and say — what do you want pictures of? What can I take pictures of for you? Sort of hire myself out to them."

Paul walked around with Lenwood Johnson, the president of the Resident's Association, visiting people who had a variety of complaints, like

a broken stoop on a woman's house who'd recently had knee surgery. He took pictures of whatever the people wanted him to. After he'd developed them, he returned and asked people which they liked and if they wanted anything else shot. With the second visit, Paul said he felt people relaxed a bit more.

Paul showed me a shot of Lenwood with a cigarette coolly clenched in his mouth, cap pushed back, commendeering a Slinky. "From my graduate school training, I'd say this was the most interesting photograph. But I don't know if I'll use it — it might be too . . . stereotypical. I want to capture these people's . . . humanness."

The newest photographer to the ward is Rob Zeibell. Although he'd

done some more journalistic photos for a brief *Houston City* article, all his shots used by *Diverse Works* were shot specifically for the show.

Rob also worked in APV with the help of Lenwood Johnson. After a small resident's meeting, Rob had the participants stand one at a time at the end of a dingy hallway with a bright spot illuminating each subject from the torso up. (Sounds like a firing squad, doesn't it?) The stark candid portraits which came out are a patent departure from the rest of the show's material.

"The thing that struck me when we took a walking tour a couple of times," Rob said to me, "is that these people are kind of desolate. Not only because of their situation financially, but it's as though they're



A. OFFICIALS



B. NEGLECT



C. EFFORTS



D. PEOPLE



E. EFFORTS



F. CHILDREN



Paul Hester

the last hangers-on of this doomed village.

"Maybe I don't know enough about the current state of affairs, but it certainly appears that with nothing short of a miracle, the city's going to get what it wants — all these people are really doing is buying time.

"So that's how I tried to set up the photos — just the environment that I picked, and by not really coaching them to do much of anything."

Janice Fowles has been shooting in the Fourth Ward since 1977. At the same time, she was working as a photographer documenting a group called Panel Of American Students. Lincoln High School (at Taft and W.Dallas) was one of her target schools, and while working with the kids, she got to be friends with one student in particular, a teenager named Charles, who took her back and introduced her to his family and friends and generally helped her shoot. "The first time I went down with Charles, we had been shooting for a while and there were these two little girls watching us, so I turned around and took a couple of shots of them. That endeared me to Charles, because he was impressed that I wasn't trying to exploit Blacks — because I didn't set things up — because I didn't change things."

She went on to say, "When you start getting involved in the politics, that changes your shoot — you don't want to change anything, you don't want to set up any shot — just be a reporter."

Alain Clement's reason for shooting the Ward was most definitely political. He spent several days shooting there in the summer of 1982. When I asked him what got him involved in the Ward, he answered, "I was shocked by the misery and the condition of life there — just one mile away you have downtown, all marble — and so I wanted to do something on the neighborhood, and I wanted to show the pictures, of course, in a public place.

"I wanted to show the bad condi-

tion of life. Not so much in the people, just a few of my pictures are of people. But mainly they are pictures of the houses, the outsides — I hoped that by showing the houses themselves, people would understand how miserable life there was. That was my main concern, about the condition of living, seen through the houses. I am doing a document, I am not doing art — and this document is meant to show to people a bad condition of life.

"I did not see only unhappiness, but still — just because people get used to it, that does not mean it is right — it is an indecent condition of life — some moments may be happy, some aspects, but it is a culture which has been born out of misery and unhappiness. I want to be very hard on this. I will be very happy to talk to any photographer who sees this as a 'nice' sight."

When I said to him that I did not think anyone else had taken quite his attitude, he said, "Well I wonder what would be the other reason for taking such pictures?"

Earlie Hudnall has been shooting in the Ward since the mid-seventies, longer than any other photographer in the show. He's got another edge because he's less of an outsider, since he lives in a Ward himself, the Third Ward. His pictures contained less of that odd distance.

"I mainly use my pictures as a document, because I feel things should be documented. I learned early the importance of recording from my family. I grew up in a Southern rural area in a little town in Mississippi. My grandmother used to always tell us stories about how things used to be in the country — a very detailed description of the way things were, and I used to think how nice it'd be if there were pictures. From this I began to take an interest in photography.

"You move about and you see things that carry back to your childhood and a photographer responds to that. Basically, my pictures

represent archetypes of my childhood. "How do you approach your shooting?" I asked him.

"I'm trying to deal with different aspects of the community — show the elderly, show the very young, the religious aspect — what actually goes on there. To try and show a continuity of what goes on there from day to day, instead of just taking pictures of the people standing on the street corner. I've shot people working on their gardens, kids playing in the streets, women sitting on their porch talking, people moving in and out — I depict a way of life. I'm committed to the documentation of simple things."

Architecture and Culture in the Fourth Ward can be subdivided in many ways, but the most telling division is into 1) a portrait of the Ward, and 2) issues and proposals of preservation. I found that the show's emphasis rested too heavily on the latter without having adequately explored the former.

When I first went to the Fourth Ward I was dazed — both fascinated and uncomfortable in my outsider-ness. Economic facts, political proposals, and even architectural design problems do not help me get over this alienated bafflement with the area.

The first step in any "question-raising" exhibit should simply be portraiture — recreating the Ward in such a way that it becomes familiar — getting intimate enough that an outsider will feel a human commonality with the Ward — not viewing the Ward as a scary other, but as a next-door neighborhood.

Did *Diverse Works* recreate the Fourth Ward, make it accessible? Naomi Polk's folk paintings did, as did the video-taped oral histories, as did the celebratory opening — I was ready to join a gospel choir on the spot that night.

Earlie Hudnall does the best job of the photographers of reducing that distance. Even though his pictures show Ward residents in idiosyncratic moments — an old man sitting on a

laundry-laden porch, or two stately matrons showing off their Easter outfits — they are not fingerpointing "Portraits of Black Life." Other photographers' cameras often betrayed their self-consciousness, or their search for messages.

One of Earlie's photos shows two older men laconically sitting on a porch stoop while a black cameraman with a video-cam peers at them through his bulky machine. Captured here is the entire issue of looking at the Fourth Ward — but that the cameraman is Black opens the situation up.

Despite the show's strengths, it lacked an overall recreative atmosphere. The first problem was simply with the show's hanging; the photos and documents were all cleanly spaced along the walls or in an occasional glass case. Large floor spaces loomed empty in both the first and second floors. How different from the close rife atmosphere of the Ward! I would like to have seen more jumble, more one-item-on-top-of-another. The photographer's albums were in this spirit — more was needed. Neil Printz admitted that "perhaps one thing we didn't underline in the exhibit enough is the notion of streetlife."

Another serious lack is the absence of indigenous photographers. Of the photographs by outsiders, I usually preferred those that were overt about their outsider-ness, such as Rob Ziebell's prison-like photos, Liz Ward and Jack Massing's archeological assemblage, or Paul Hester's propagandistic montage. Each was interesting for investigating the position of being outside. However, these should have augmented a basic familiar intimate portrait, rather than vice versa.

All in all, although *Architecture and Culture: The Fourth Ward* had many vivid moments, I would have liked to have seen the exploration of issues and background take a back seat to cultural evocation and intimidation.

TRANSFORMATIVE
VISIONS FROM
EVERYDAY LIFE

39 Fotografos Mexicanos. Organized by Pedro Meyer. The Houston Center for Photography January 10-February 23, 1986

By April Rapier

HCP was fortunate in acquiring, for exhibition, the portfolio of 39 Mexican photographers (125 images), assembled expressly to raise funds for victims of the recent Mexico City earthquake. This exhibit was held in conjunction with two lectures and a workshop; several video pieces by Manuel Pellicer were available for viewing in the gallery. (Pedro Meyer, the organizer of the portfolio, and Graciela Iturbide, one of the photographers whose work was included, were in attendance throughout, and created a powerful representation on behalf of the effort, as well as speaking eloquently for Mexican photography as a whole). The exhibit and concurrent events generated a great deal of interest and support on numerous and varied levels — there existed a grateful, somewhat more festive mood to the audiences, the freshness (and excellent intentions) of the work being most welcome. The levels of support are incalculable, one such example being the invaluable service afforded by word-of-mouth networking back into the community-at-large. The influx of a new and atypical populus brought energy to the Center; it is fervently hoped that this interest will remain strong. There was also generous private and corporate sponsorship; any portfolio

sales have the double bonus of adding to an institution's collection and aiding victims of the tragedy. The inherent risk that a so-called ethnic exhibit will seem a patronizing gesture from a seemingly gentrified organization didn't appear to be a factor: that the Hispanic community rallied around the event's concept is one thing, but that said community actively participated and quite enjoyed the event itself is altogether different (and most heartening).

The lecture by Iturbide and Meyer managed to be somewhat controversial in spite of the level of respect the audience came (and left) with. Meyer's images of the US were thought to be somewhat cynical, presenting an overall negative view, whereas his Mexican counterpart images (several pairs of slides were edited to draw upon certain demonstrable graphic and intellectual similarities between the two countries) were perceived as more magical and lovingly favored (as with special children, often the failings are overlooked or underexamined). Yet these pairings, and the other images he showed, were well-regarded, illustrating the rational insight of a seasoned pro.

Iturbide's images held a great deal of emotional captivation, indicating that her stance was more involved, less distanced. Her recent work has centered around a remote and simple yet politically active community; although the images are documentary in their intention, many are lyrical and interpretive as well. Iturbide declined to speak to the audience, claiming her English wasn't comfort level; Meyer demonstrated a familiarity and understanding of her work, acting as a most qualified spokesperson. When questioned in Spanish, however, her words swam with the beauty (and her enjoyment of) many voyages through Central and South

America. Her book, entitled *Suenos de Papel* (this and several fine volumes by other photographers in the exhibition, on display at HCP, afford a rare and valuable opportunity to examine representative fine art photography in Mexico), is filled with treasures — transformative visions from everyday life — indispensable to the understanding and interpretation of several aspects of an enigmatic culture.

The workshop was populated by a diverse cross-section of imagemakers — both the interested and the active — and was intimate in setting and tone. Its drama and success lay in the very real interest Meyer and Iturbide demonstrated in the work of the participants (often a difficult task at best). Foundations of understanding were laid on the basis of exchange of ideas and expectations — even on such a small scale, it is precisely this genre of communication that makes a profound difference in the way one views the world.

If the images exhibited can be said to represent current trends (as well as historical) in Mexican photography, then one must conclude that pictures of a documentary nature predominate. The layout of the exhibit heightened its overall narrative quality, referring to the culture as a symbolic, storytelling one. There is a straightforward simplicity, an honesty with little reliance on device — that prevails over other concerns, rendering them, when they do emerge, relatively frivolous. The one example of mixed media, by Aribal Angulo, incorporating toned and altered photographs with a structurally similar sand and gauze collage, stops short in the face of its seemingly under-evaluated craftsmanship. Neither is landscape photography represented often or well, the example here being Nacho Lopez's simplistic over-



Graciela Iturbide: Juchitan, 1985



Enrique Bostelman: Autoretrato II, 1959

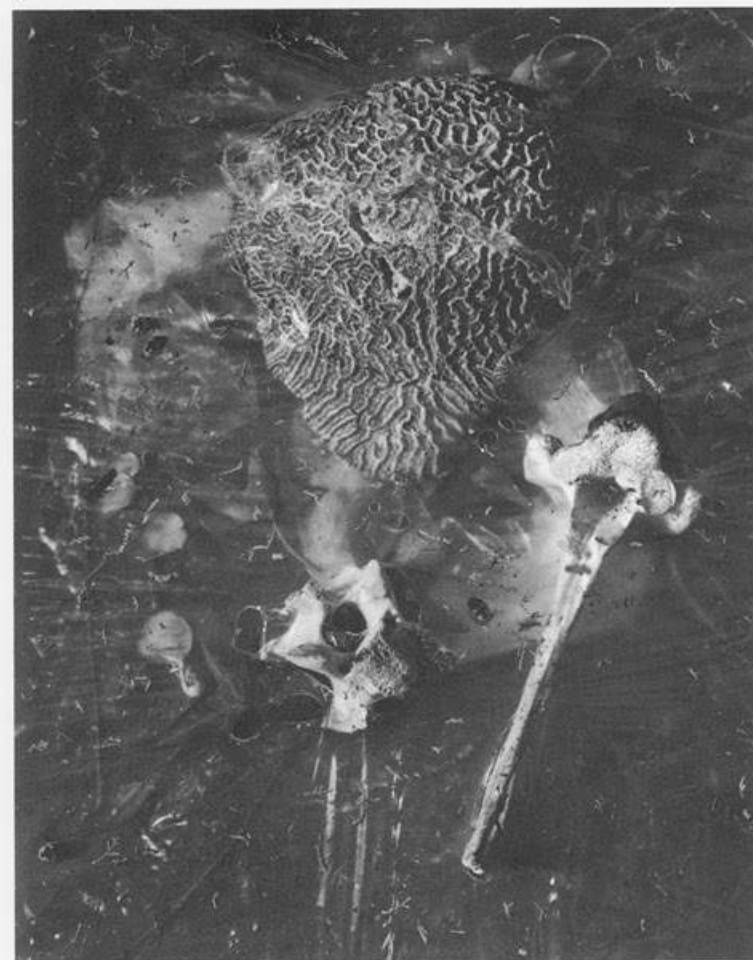


Jose Kuri Brena: Angel, 1985

views, which seem almost as though he is a tourist witnessing the concept for the first time. According to Meyer, the sensibility dictating is that little energy is accorded so relatively unimportant a subject matter. (Prominent throughout, and thus considered important is the recurring iconography of, for example, religion, poverty, symbology.) Just as rarely do transformations take the form of abstractions; when they do, the tendency is toward heavy-handedness. Two exceptional examples are found in the work of Jesus Sanchez Uribe, whose unidentifiable, dreamlike constructions are beautifully mysterious and refreshingly without message, and Gerardo Sutter's Magritte-like studies in shadows and light, inticingly whimsical.

Carlos Somonte's unique approach to street-theatre (where socializing naturally extends) is playful, more easily accepted. This form is useful because in general so much is offered, yet the end impression is incomplete; in Somonte's and Iturbide's work, the intention is both clear and accessible. That folklore figures so heavily is quite correct; what one expects to see, one sees, in myriad variations. It is this variety, mostly free from artistic or historical influence, that so impresses. Yet again and again, one wishes for the transformative voice to appear more frequently, in order that the generic vision be superseded.

Jesus Sanchez Uribe: Metamorfosis, 1985



BOOKS



Kay Sage: I Saw Three Cities, 1944

SURREALISM; THE FEMME-ENFANT AS ARTIST

Whitney Chadwick *Women Artists and the Surrealist Movement* (Little Brown—a New York Graphic Society Book) Boston, Massachusetts

by Theresa Ward Thomas

Women Artists and the Surrealist Movement by Whitney Chadwick focuses on the binary role of women in the Surrealist milieu. Early in the book, Chadwick cites the difficulties and potential problems of writing (and reading) a book solely devoted to women artists. Despite the risk of "unnecessarily isolating and perpetuating their exile" she has ventured forward to legitimize their position in the history of art:

"The subversive power of eros had become one of the most consistent leitmotifs of Surrealism. Surrealism's

language of love, a male language, had as its subject woman, its object woman, and even while proclaiming woman's liberty it defined her image in terms of man's desire.

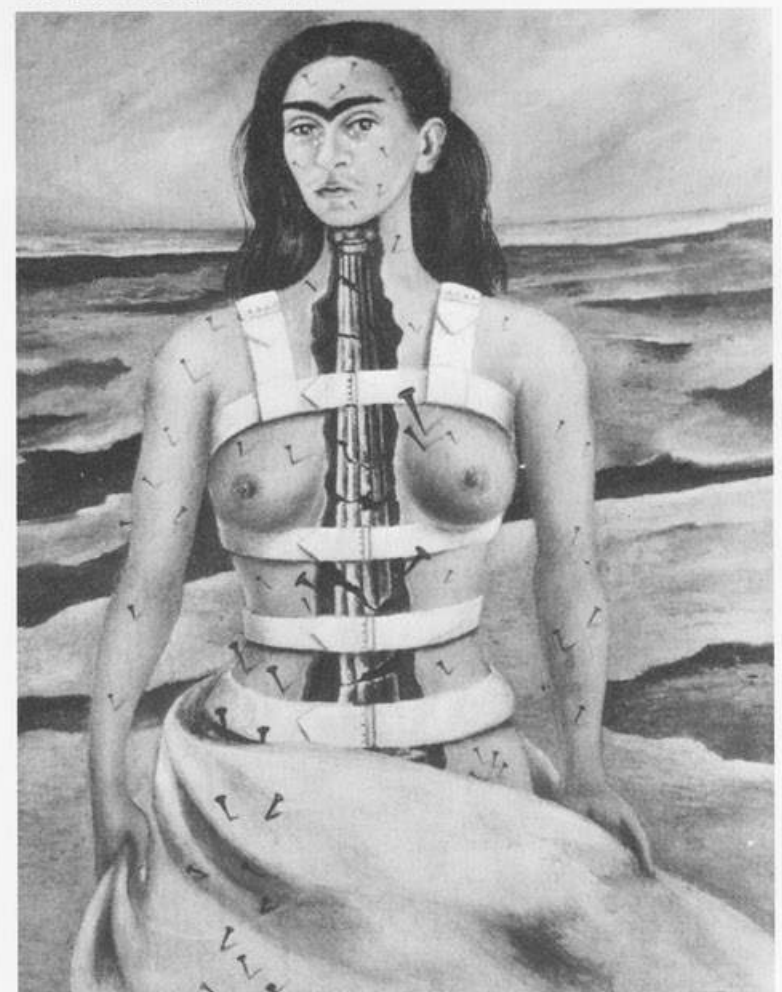
This vision of woman as muse, the image of man's inspiration and salvation, is inseparable from the pain and anger that gave birth to Surrealism."¹

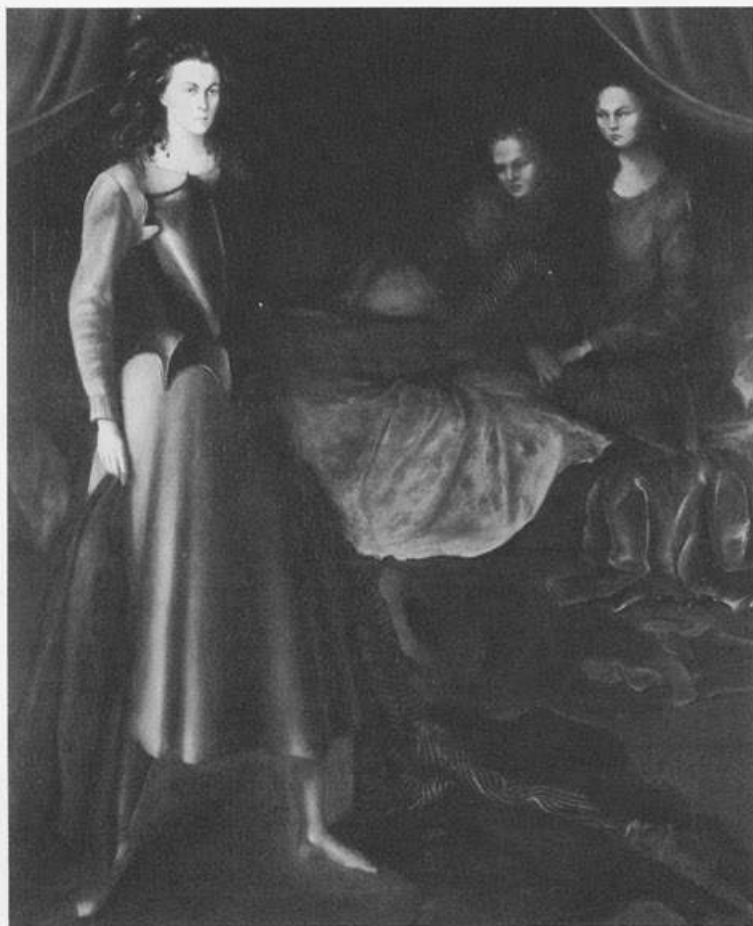
The contradictory images inherent in the persona of the *femme-enfant*, the woman-child, the female "other" is a "peculiarly male invention". This coupling of opposites, a theme close to the heart of Surrealism, would liberate the creativity of the male artist while "suppressing that of his female counterpart."

To establish her autonomy, the woman artist rejected the Surrealist idea of the muse as "other". She rejected the "idea of woman as an abstract principle" and turned instead to her own images and realities as sources for her work. The "internalization of the muse" was a major step in her search for greater self awareness:

"the self portrait became a telling metaphor of the woman artist's

Frida Kahlo: The Broken Column, 1944





Leonor Fini: The Alcove: An Interior with Three Women, c.1939

attempt to resolve the Surrealist polarities of inner and outer reality. Male Surrealists overcame the polarity by projecting inner reality, in the form of desire, onto an external being (the muse); women artists turned to the self portrait as a device for initiating the same dialogue between inner and outer reality.²

The author charts the development and expanding imagery of more than twenty women artists from the inception of the 1924 *Manifesto of Surrealism* well into the years following the Second World War. The numerous plates illustrate a wide range of thematic and stylistic concerns which attempted to re-shape the "given" definition of Surrealism to suit their needs and desires as artists. Neither completely inside or outside of the Surrealist "Center" where Andre Breton, the "arbiter of Surrealism" held court, they participated in many of the group's major exhibitions. They worked and lived along side of their male counterpart, sharing with them the same interest and fascination in myth (both invented and universal), nature and the manifestation of the conscious and unconscious mind.

The muse, the *femme-enfant*, whose clarity of vision and naivete led the male artist to the creativity of the unconscious realm proved to be a liability for the woman artist. The introspective nature of their work placed them in a unique position of being simultaneously the observer and observed. In this guise, the muse was capable of invoking an "element of instability bordering on madness." Though intrigued by the various forms of madness and its relationship to the unconscious, the Surrealists went to great lengths to qualify their feigned madness:

"Adopting madness as a creative pose for men and viewing it as a subject for scientific and poetic inquiry when it occurs in women renders simulated madness a source of man's creativity, real madness a source of woman's. The man's is active, the woman's, passive, powerless, and at the mercy of the unconscious." (Andre Breton, *Najda*)

In defense of their work, women artists strongly questioned the dogmatic and pedagogical theories intoned by Breton by refusing to portray the woman and the idea of woman as submissive in their art. The polemics of Leonor Fini asserted that "my painting has the mechanism of dreams, but is the opposite of dream since it involves objectification." In her painting, *the Alcove: An Interior with Three Women*, she por-

trays her friend and colleague, Leonora Carrington, as a female warrior replete with breast plate and solemn gaze. The painting, says Chadwick, "recalls mannerists portraits of male figures in battle dress, many of which commemorate battlefield victories. Here the woman is the warrior, defended and triumphant, she is presented as an image of power and autonomy."

This enigmatic portrait typifies the seriousness of commitment with which Fina and many of her contemporaries, such as Frida Kahlo, Leonora Carrington and Kay Sage, have approached their art. The personification of the autonomous woman firmly established in her own reality presents a strong counterpoint to the seemingly endless obsession for the female form, the female "other" which dominates the work of the Surrealist male.

In his review of the exhibit, *L'Amour fou: Photography and Surrealism*, Hal Foster presents the "psychosexual scandal" of Surrealist photography: "... so overtly does it fetishize the female body that, even if the Surrealists were so fascinated by fetishism as to be blind to its causes and consequences, we as contemporaries of feminism cannot be."

Chadwick refers to this subverted image of woman frequently in her text. She piques our curiosity; but unfortunately the book contains limited illustration of work by male artists that would stand comparison to the abundance of images proffered in the defense of the woman artist. It is for this reason that a companion text is necessary to illuminate Chadwick's thesis on the dilemma of the *femme-enfant*, the muse as artist. It is appropriate to turn to *L'Amour fou: Photography and Surrealism*, in both its exhibition and book form, since it is a re-evaluation of the concerns of Surrealism produced contemporaneously to the Chadwick text.

In *L'Amour fou* we are confronted with the many guises of woman in Surrealist photography, e.g.:

"Woman as exotic spectacle, woman as nature, as mystery, as castrative, as fetish. . . ."

Rosalind Krauss has contributed two essays to *L'Amour fou*: "Photography in the Service of Surrealism" and "Corpus Delecti." In these coolly analytical essays, Krauss supplies the "concepts necessary to grasp both the photographic procedures and psychosexual complexes active in Surrealist photography."⁴ The two essays which complete the book, "Man

Ray and Surrealist Photography" and "Photography and the Surrealist Text" written by Jane Livingston and Dawn Ades respectively, accompanied by over two hundred photographs, support the posture established by Krauss that "photography is central to Surrealist art and thought."

Whitney Chadwick raises our consciousness to the plight of women artists in Surrealism. Her book fills a void in Surrealist history that has been overlooked by many historians, both past and present. *Women Artists and the Surrealist Movement* is recommended reading to anyone who desires an understanding of Surrealism in its totality.

L'Amour fou: Photography and Surrealism is the title of a traveling exhibition co-curated by Rosalind Krauss and Jane Livingston. The exhibition opened in the Fall of 1985 at the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. and is currently housed at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. Its final destination is the Centre Georges Pompidou in Paris. A book by the same title has been published in conjunction with the exhibit. For a more comprehensive critique of both, see: the Winter 1985 edition of *SPOT*; "Surrealism: A Photographic Reconstruction."

Notes:

1. *Women Artists and the Surrealist Movement*: Whitney Chadwick, pp.103 and 13 respectively.
2. Ibid; pp.92
3. *Art in America*: "L'Amour faux" by Hal Foster, pp.118 January 1986
4. Ibid; pp.120

KILLED BY ROSES

Barakei: Ordeal by Roses Photographs of Yukio Mishima by Eikoh Hosoe. Introduction by Yukio Mishima. Aperture, New York, \$40.00.

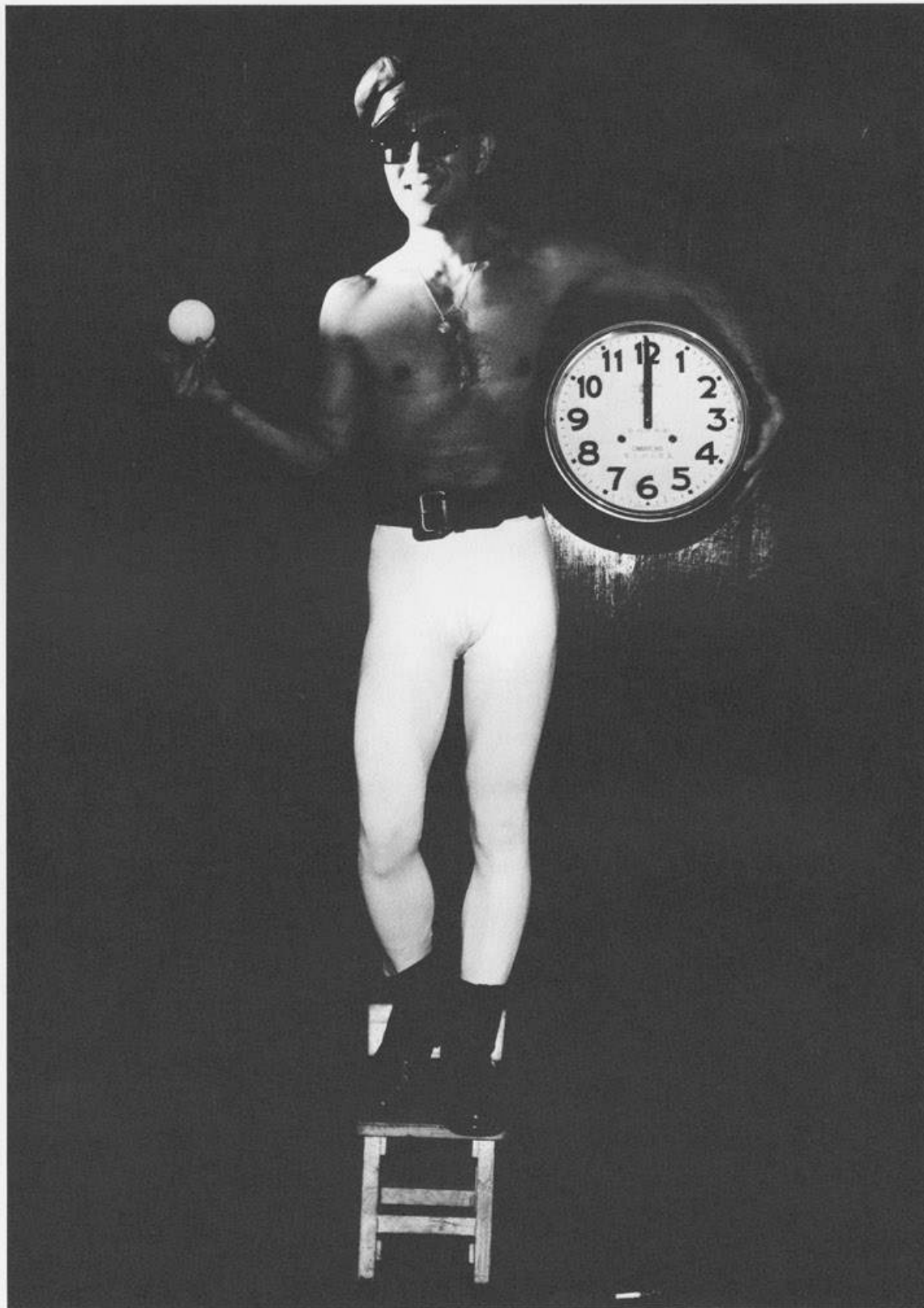
By Sharon Stewart

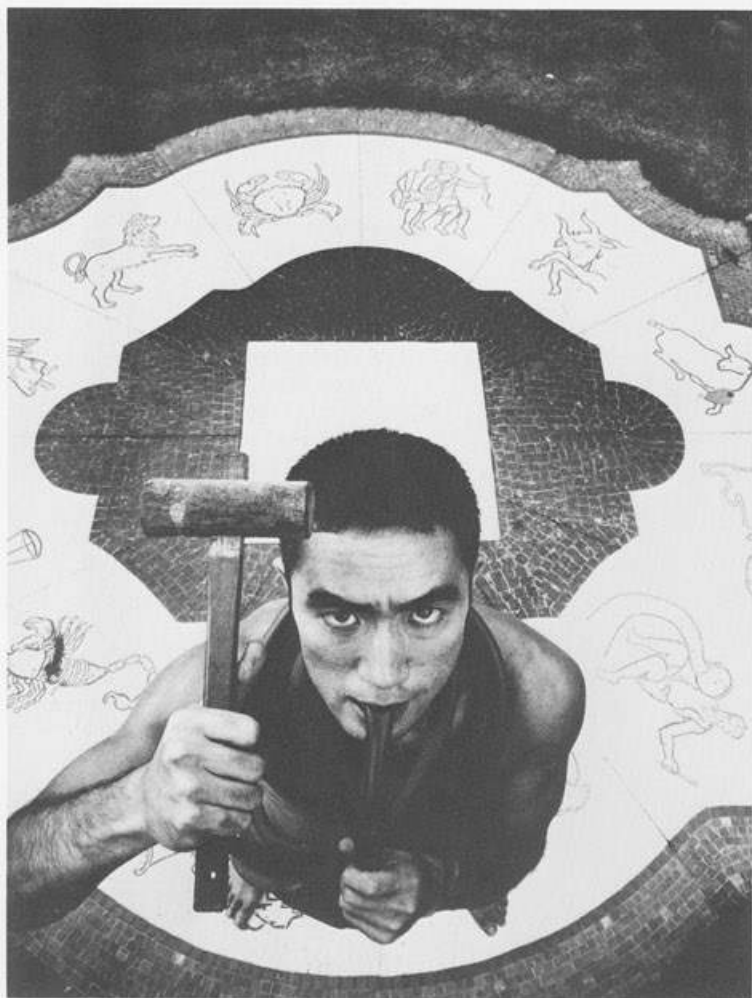
In 1960, Yukio Mishima, Japan's crested novelist and anachronistic imperialist warrior, requested photo prodigy, Eikoh Hosoe, to take his portrait for the book jacket of his critical essays, *The Attack on Beauty*. He knew Hosoe would make an unusual portrayal. Mishima, film and No theater actor, playwright and director, offered himself as subject matter to Hosoe's interpretation — relinquishing his role as author and, significantly, actor.

The portrayal: the revered writer wrapped in a flexible black garden hose. After the session, Hosoe revealed to his assistant that perhaps he had been too iconoclastic in his

薔薇刑
BA · RA · KEI

Eikoh Hosoe





Eikoh Hosoe

approach to photographing Mishima. To the contrary, the author acknowledged his approval of the portrait by agreeing to pose as subject for further studies by Hosoe. It was the photographer's belief that the "soul of a man was residual in his property, and that his spirit was especially evident in the art and possessions" surrounding Mishima. The resulting desires of this process comprise the images of *Barakei: Ordeal by Roses*, published in this its third manifestation, the first by Aperture.

The collaboration's original publication in 1963 carried the English subtitle, *Killed by Roses*, but when in 1970, Hosoe consulted Mishima on a revision, the poet insisted that *Ordeal by Roses* was truer to the Japanese meaning of *Barakei*. And according to Hosoe's notes in the end of the book, the Aperture edition has returned to the original structure, sequence and chapter titles of the first edition.

Yukio Mishima, and the student leader of Tatenoka, his private army, committed seppuku or hari-kari, death through disembowling, on 25 November 1970, in the office of the kidnapped General of Eastern Forces, witnessed by the eager eyes of an alerted press. According to ancient Japanese legend, sincerity resides in the entrails. Thus, this ritual suicide was performed as the final expression of Mishima's disdain for the new Japan: a culture whose spiritual tradition had vanished in the "drunkenness of prosperity and consumerism." This act has been interpreted as the ultimate resolution of the dilemma Mishima faced between the ineffectiveness of words vis-a-vis the effectiveness of action. The consummate artistic act! Perhaps. Is not the Japanese nation giving American corporocracy a lesson in managerial capitalism and commodity expansion? A brilliant author is dead and Japan has not changed.

Significantly, it was a painting of the martyrdom of the young, beautiful Saint Sebastian with arrows piercing his flesh, blood spilling, that Mishima, in a fascinated gaze of the replicated image, experienced his first masturbatory orgasm. Later, there would be several images of Saint Sebastian hanging in Mishima's immodest three story home. Other vestiges of western culture: reproductions of Renaissance paintings by Botticelli and Raphael, Spanish baroque furniture, a black and white marbled zodiac in the garden, brandy and Churchill cigars for dinner guests. Ho-

soe used "whatever Mishima loved or owned to form a document of the writer." He was concerned with the "destruction of a myth" and the portrayal of a great author in terms that were expressively photographic. The allegory set forth in this book plays to Mishima's (and our) fascination with Eros and Thanatos. Hosoe explores life and death through the body and flesh of Mishima photographed with, in, beside, atop, and through his material possessions. Always present are the Renaissance images of Venus and the Madonna and Child. The division of life to death is used in five parts: creation; individual idiosyncratic action; idle observation of human indulgences; eventual participation in the fantasies of the flesh and spirit; self disillusionment with the creator and the created; and the ultimate retribution for the failure to take the difficult path of action against decay and immortality. Thus comes death.

Bara — rose(Jap.)

kei — punishment(Jap.)

Rose: symbol of completion, of consummate achievement and perfection; the garden of Eros; emblem of Venus. *The Dictionary of Symbols*.

Ordeal: a primitive means used to determine guilt or innocence by submitting the accused to dangerous or painful tests believed to be under supernatural control with escape from injury ordinarily taken as a vindication of innocence; a severe trial or experience. *Webster's Third International Dictionary*.

However, in life death did not choose Mishima; Mishima chose death. Here is the man who would not admit to the decay of the flesh; who wrote by night and honed his physical being to perfection by day to deny death's desecration. There was no retribution of an external rose here, but self-retribution of the rose of Mishima; self-created who, upon self examination, rendered self-execution.

The book, *Barakei: Ordeal by Roses*, creates the power of this story. Take it out into the sun's light and view all its layers of imagination that prime the pages edge to edge. The images storm, fade and dissipate into the psyche in a morbid and erotic maze akin to Mishima's writings. Let the radiant energy of the colors and images be absorbed by the mind's eye. Contemplate the various texts from the *Koran*, *Code of Manu*, *Up-anishads*. Remember: "The divinity seen within the eye is the self." (*Up-anishads*)

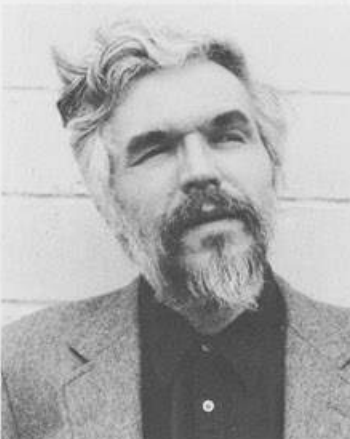
FILM

BRAKHAGE: HIS WAY OF BEING IN THE WORLD

By April Rapier

Stan Brakhage speaks with great authority and conviction, whether through the vehicle of his films and books, or expounding on any number of subjects practical to meta-physical. A great and soothing voice, eyes that do not allow straying, a teller of marvelous tales, a limitless creativity all combine to create compelling and potent magic. One instantly admires his way of being in the world — the gentleness and often sorrowful resignation assure an unforgettable, dignified place in the hearts and minds of those who've made contact.

In town to teach a film course at Rice Media Center as the 3rd Mellon Lecturer (a month seems much too



April Rapier: Stan Brakhage, February 1986

short, considering the volume of knowledge he chooses to impart in any given lecture), he waxes rapturously, deliriously happy, about such disparate matters as nitrate film stock (irreplaceable, the blackest blacks) and the nature of applause ("the most beautiful applause in the world is one person's reaction in a crowd"). His appeal is broad — a typical audience is comprised of film scholars, students and movie goers in general, as well as those who've read or heard of his mythical ability to weave spells, leaving one's ideas forever altered. In fact, at times what he has to say has relatively little to do with film, something literal-minded film aficionados might find confusing. He tampers from the inside out with films that appeal to all the senses — films that create such a wicked sense of wonder. Brakhage brings to film an interdisciplinary attitude; a poet until the age of 24, he immersed himself as seriously in music as a child, with prodigal success. His departures from both were abrupt and less than graceful (he tried to strangle his music teacher at Julliard; as it turned out, the fellow was amiable enough to advise rather than instigate arrest). Brakhage's definition of things places music and film as the closest of artforms, still photography and film the least kindred of spirits. The "music" of his films — rather, any sound at all — has to do with origins: the earliest creatures sharing the pounding of their hearts by way of physical demonstration. He studied and collaborated with Edgar Verez, a precursor of Cage, and the two were among the first to incorporate electronic music into a soundtrack. After a certain point, the films became silent.

The imagery in Brakhage's films is what he refers to as "moving visual thinking" — a hypnagogic/post-hypnagogic synthesis of a vast collective consciousness and unconsciousness, chasing qualities of light all the while. ("Film is not recording events, nor is it literature.") One is able to feel all that can be seen. Seeing a Brakhage film is a challenge, for the visuals act as thought itself — fast, at times disjoint, on the edge of handing it over, yet never giving it away. His identifiable signature of hand-holding the camera is in no way capricious — he practices extensively without film beforehand, in order to "express feelings viscerally". The

most recent work incorporates hand-painting each frame of film to create swimming tableaux. When Brakhage was in his 30's, he was looked to as "the grand old man of the mountains" (of Colorado, where he has resided for years); as difficult and financially unrewarding as his own career has been, he stands in solid support of young independent filmmakers, and has remained an impassioned teacher/spokesperson for historical or obscure films. Much of what is taken for granted in advertising film and video today can be credited to Brakhage. For example, he created the first use of slow motion to demonstrate fabric softness. The list of his accomplishments is endless, as is his ability to tie ideas together to form new ones. He is the first recipient of the American Film Institute Maya Deren Award; having 'sprung from the head of Deren' (and Kenneth Anger), with regard to references, this must be terribly encouraging and heartening, for Brakhage awaits a renaissance (hopefully in this country), long overdue. He has fought the imposition of constraints upon his filmmaking (money being the crux of this issue), drawing a distinction between those who do for money and those who do it out of obsession, inspiration, gift of guidance from "God, muses, angels, demons". (He puts it rather succinctly: "not adjusting investigations to studio whims . . .")

Another stance Brakhage assumes regards the collaborative practicality of filmmaking (a notion unusual to the arts) — "if you say someone is a poet, normally he or she wrote the whole poem". Although he uses people in his films, they are uniquely and wholly his own. A dictum that guides his sensibilities applies to children — at that stage in development, "the brain needs to imagine the worst possible thing that could happen". Thus he is unafraid to invade any territory, regardless of its appropriateness or suitability or popularity. (Perhaps, in Brakhage's mind, Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch* could deal with Khadafi . . .) Earlier on, he and some Denver colleagues were "feeling impulses related to the beatnik movement, in our own way"; in this manner of synchronous thought and conclusion was existentialism superceded and "Desist Film" born. In the face of the unenviable state the world is in, Brakhage is hopeful and forgiving, again referring to the impending renaissance ("people are archetypal when they're willing to go to the outside limits of their dreams"). Brakhage is a harsh but fair critic of the madness that abounds, distracting the world from appeasing its muses. Some of the hopefulness refers to the "larger cosmos" — the unexplored mind. His gestures, markmaking, thought have found a perfect vehicle in film, and he loves all aspects of it equally.

Brakhage edits in the camera for the most part, drawing upon the parallel between this and a rapid, spontaneous sketch — much of the ephemerality inherent is unrecoverable. He changed the grammar of film, far for the better, laying, as Philip Lopate said in his introduction to the film retrospective at the Media Center, "a visionary, mythical groundwork", "all-American, in the tradition of *Moby Dick*". It is my belief that Brakhage feels more deeply than most; it doesn't seem to him as though he belongs on this planet. But he's decided to stay — he's fond of some of us.

Note: While photographing Brakhage after his return from New York (where he received the Maya Deren Award), he asked me to guess what the most exciting part of the trip was. It turned out to be the opportunity to say during a live broadcast that watching television is dangerous to one's health because of the radiation produced. It was his first (and probably last, according to the interviewer's reaction) time to be on live TV.

By Visionary Joe

Joe examines your inmost thinking, and you're a strange bird.

You search the exhibitions all day Saturday for the single photograph that tells it all. Sunday, tired, you stay home, to scrutinize every photograph in the Sunday paper, and then some books. You try to previsualize Monday; its ordinary events are sweetened by Cibachrome carmine. You are living by photography alone. Man does not live by bread, obviously, but various persons exist solely for photography, and you are one of them. Your disposition is sweet in exact proportion to the available light. Your best moments are at sunrise and sunset — your decisive moments. Asleep in bed, you no longer roll over and smash your face against you Leica, though you often wake up with the demarcations of the speed selector ring gauging your cheek. Growing up, you cycled through the visions of others — as a baby, Minor White, then Weston, Maholy-Nagy, Robert Frank, and came out of it an adult, with absolutely no visual system to enhance your ambient events. Similarly, sitting in your easy chair, you are aware that you have passed through various subject-matter fixations, having photographed family, familiar scenes, friends, then strangers, architecture, surface texture, chromic form, abstractions, and light falling on fruit. You've manipulated printing and the photographed event; you've slashed your prints and added text. The residue of all those aesthetic viewpoints and artistic fashions is that you know each package of metaphors cold. You can cruise along in any particular genre in order to make a decent living and a sweet life. You reject however, within five minutes of their conceit, your own ideas for photographic art, and for good reason too.

You feel a community with shooters of cigarette ads, Joel Peter Witkin, macrophotographers of bugs, aerial reconnaissance pilots, printers in commercial labs, and voyeurs who hire whole whorehouses to shoot the stunning nudes they like. You can listen to persons speaking of curatorial mounting techniques for hours, and never snicker.

When walking down the street, driving, you see everything as if it were already photographed and printed. The budding mimosas as if in autochrome, nascent leaves as chunky, dyed particles of starch, big enough to make you sneeze. A Toyota Tercel crashes into a hydrant in a

holographic separation of spectrum colors. You spy a firewoman polishing a truck's tubes outside a fire station as though through a 28 millimeter lens smeared with KY Jelly. For other events, other persons, you imagine captions: "Former Nuclear Waste Dump," "Government-Imposed Suicide," "Not a Photograph." Ignoring, of course, the obvious: "Silo Painted with Turquoise Stars." You leave Untitled an ambulatory retarded adult sporting a "We Are the World" baseball cap.

In off moments, such as this Sunday night, you examine the re-touched memories of your childhood. You're sad there's not a portrait of your sister taken in your mother's hand. (A poor likeness, among those compulsively taken by your craziest uncle, appeared on milk cartons around the country.) Why were the pictures of you, taken by your stepfather, invariably posed beside a stump? You realize that your earliest memories correspond with the earliest photos taken of you, after you were distinguishable from other babies. You remember falling off a fence on which an old snapshot shows you cutely posed.

Postcards are an important part of your life, though you seldom get them. Your reform school sweetheart sends you quarterly a half dozen slides from uncharted places, her celebration of her refusal to tie the knot (with government, church-colored ribbon). Sometimes you imagine meeting her in Sumatra, the only place you've ever been, and making love on a balcony above a stairway curving to a formal room carpeted with skins of pit-vipers. Drawing yourself away, your lover is a member of the dead, a baby, a horse. You are quite capable of imagining this clearly in its visual aspect, before you banish the thought. Only your cinematic day-dreams test your emotional resilience, and you often fail.

You have conquered your tendency to seek the easy-to-understand, and hence avoid movies playing in more than one theatre at once. You ignore the art that tests the bravery of the bourgeoisie, because the obscene and disgusting, mounted on the walls of galleries, are not sufficient tests for the truly daunting. Despite your tolerance of the various uses to which art can be put, you prefer for yourself, enlightenment. You are often disappointed. Old-fashioned, you prefer observation over photosynthesis: resynthesis, countersynthesis, hypersynthesis, hung by curators hoping to promulgate a synthesis of their own.

At galleries you like the photographs by your friends. You recognize your sympathetic wish that they do well, which governs your taste. You realize that the significance of a photo has only to do with the quantity of personal interest invested into it. No photograph will be as meaningful as Notre Dame or Mona Lisa, until an equal amount of attention has been squandered upon it. Centuries from now, Neil's Torso will have grown to be a respected old man.

You like to imagine yourself followed by running photographers, clutching their cameras to their waists. You know that rushing photographers would make your every action seem important, purchasing your cigarettes, or bending your fingernail backwards accidentally. You are confident you will be remembered as a photographer, instead of a bankruptcy lawyer. You don't want to know anyone famous until you are famous too, so as to meet them as an equal. You ignore the slights of photographic art historians, conceding the paradoxical effect of their profession on personal courtesy and grace. Your life is so fast you don't have time for time exposures. Yet no one stares into space as much as you do. Your former spouse has poisoned your name by naming your obsession.

You are living photography alone.

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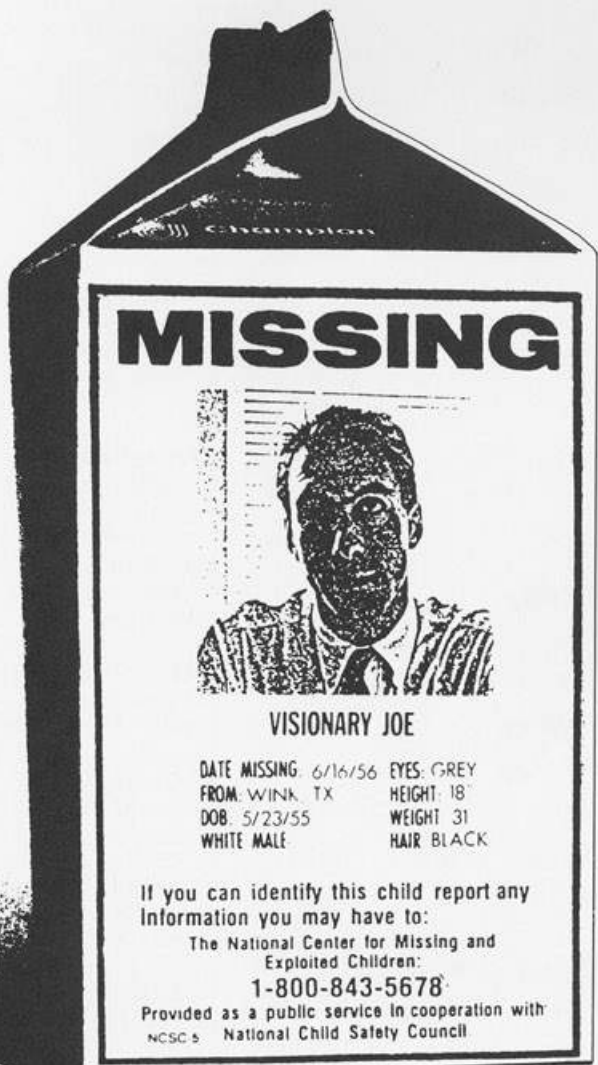


Photo by Paula Golaman; rephotograph, design, by Jim Tiebout

HOUSTON FOTO FEST

From February 28 to March 31, 1986, Houston hosts North America's first international Month of Photography. Besides the exhibitions, lectures, and workshops listed below, distinguished photographers, curators, critics, and editors will meet with people to review work and exchange ideas at the "Meeting Place" in the lobby of The Warwick Hotel, March 3 - 7 and March 10 - 17. For further information, call Foto Fest Inc., 522-9766.

LECTURES/EVENTS MARCH

- 1** Robert Frank Symposium: Philip Brookman, Dr. George Cotkin, Ian Jeffrey, Anne Tucker. MFA, 8 a.m., tickets through MFA.
- 2** French Slides and Lecture: Sherry Barbier Thevenot/Gilles Mora/Christian Caujolle/Francois Hers. MFA, Brown Auditorium, 1 p.m.
- 2** Adam Weinberg Lecture, University of St. Thomas, Jones Hall, 7 p.m.
- 3** Lithuanian Slides and Lecture: Lorenzo Merlo, Rice Media Center, 7 p.m.
- 3** British Slides and Lecture: Sue Davies, Rice Media Center, 8 p.m.
- 3** Bernard Faucon Lecture, HCP, 7:30 p.m.
- 4** "Coming of Age" lecture on British photography: Martin Parr/Chris Kilip/Paul Graham/John Davies/Brian Griffin/Graham Smith, Wilhelm Gallery 5 p.m.
- 4** Swedish Slides and Lecture: Birgitta Forsell/Andres Petersen, Transco Tower Auditorium, 7 p.m.
- 5** Van Deren Coke Lecture, University of St. Thomas, Jones Hall 7 p.m.
- 5** Latin American Slides and Lecture: Pedro Meyer, University of St. Thomas, Jones Hall, 8 p.m.
- 6** Spanish Slides and Lecture: Joan Foncuberta, MFA, Brown Auditorium, 7 p.m.
- 6** Association for International Art Dealers Photographic Fair, Warwick Hotel, Ballroom, 10-5.

- 7** Dutch Slides and Lecture: Els Barents, Transco Tower Auditorium, 8 p.m.
- 7** Association for International Photographic Art Dealers Fair, Warwick Hotel Ballroom, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.
- 8** Andy Grundberg Lecture on Robert Rauschenberg, CAM, 12 noon.
- 8** On Collecting Symposium: Tom Halstead/Pierre Apraxine/Anne Horton/Sam Wagstaff/Stephen White/Anne Tucker/Robert Persky/Daniel Wolf, MFA, Brown Auditorium 2 p.m.
- 9** Sam Wagstaff Lecture on Robert Rauschenberg, CAM, 12 noon.
- 9** German Slides and Lecture: Christiane Gehner/Michael Rabanus/Andreas Muller-Pohle/Joachim Schmid, University of St. Thomas, Jones Hall, 1 p.m.
- 9** Mark Johnstone Lecture, "Currents in Los Angeles Photography," HCP, 7:30 p.m.
- 10** Japanese Slides and Lecture: Eikoh Hosoe/Goro Kuramochi, Rice Media Center, 7 p.m.
- 11** Andy Grundberg Lecture, MFA, Brown Auditorium, 7 p.m.
- 11** Belgian Slides and Lecture: Alain D'Hooghe, MFA, Brown Auditorium, 8 p.m.
- 12** Hungarian Slides and Lecture: Judith Gutman, University of St. Thomas, Jones Hall, 7 p.m.
- 12** Czechoslovakian Slides and Lecture: Anna Farova, University of St. Thomas, Jones Hall, 8 p.m.
- 13** Andre Kertesz Documentary,

- MFA, Brown Auditorium, 7 p.m.
- 14** South American Slides and Lecture: Pedro Vasquez/Jose Sigala, University of St. Thomas, Jones Hall, 7 p.m.
- 15** Photographic Collectors of Houston Camera Show, Holiday Inn, Greenway Plaza, 10-5.
- 16** Photographic Collectors of Houston Camera Show, Holiday Inn, Greenway Plaza, 10-5.
- 21** Symposium, "Re-Presentations of the Self: Multiple Perspectives," Blaffer Gallery, Univ. of Houston, 2-5 p.m.

WORKSHOPS/ CLASSES MARCH

- 1 Children's Museum**, 3201 Allen Parkway, "The Body Language of Children," workshop for children, call museum for details, 522-6873
- 8 Children's Museum**, 3201 Allen Parkway, photography workshop for children ages 6-7, call museum for details, 522-6873
- 22 Children's Museum**, 3201 Allen Parkway, photography workshop for children ages 8-10, call museum for details, 522-6873
- 29 Children's Museum**, 3201 Allen Parkway, photography workshop for children ages 11-13, call museum for details, 522-6873

EXHIBITIONS MARCH

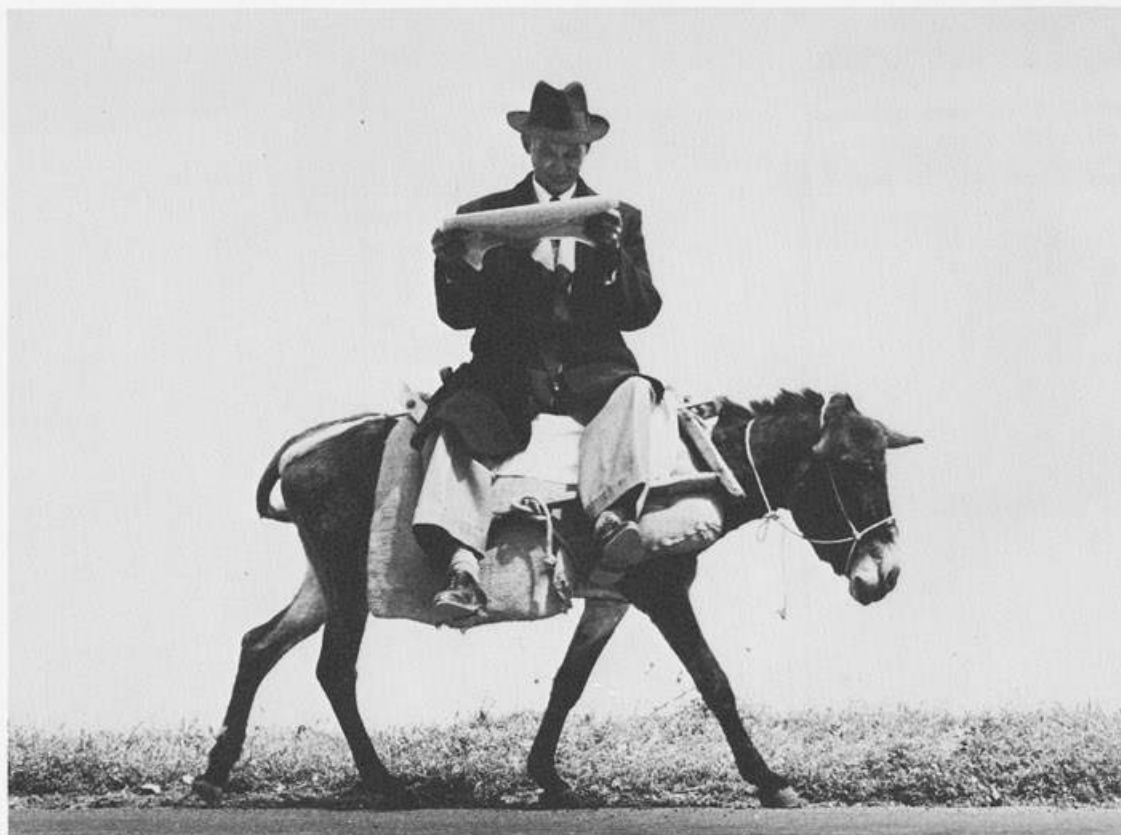
- Through March 19** Farish Gallery, Rice University School of Architecture, 6100 S. Main "Paul Hester: Texas Monuments," Mon-Sun 12-5. 527-4870
- Through March 22** Moody Gallery, 2815 Colquitt, "Nine Photographers/Artists: Christenberry, Fridge, Hall, Kasten, Hill, Bloom, Metzker, O'Connor, Souza," Tue-Sat 10-5:30, 12-4 on March 2 and 9. 526-9911
- Through March 22** Graham Gallery, 1431 West Alabama, "Alain Clement: New Photographs," Tue-Sat 10-5:30, 2-5:30 on March 2 and 9. 528-4927
- Through March 23** Rice Museum, Rice University, University at Stockton, Entrance 7, "The Indelible Image: Photographs of War — 1846 to Present," Tue-Sat 9-5, sun 12-6. 522-0886
- Through March 23** College of the Mainland Art Gallery, 8001 Palmer Hwy, Texas City, "Gay Block: Portrait Pieces," Mon-Fri 12-4, Sat-Sun: call for info. (409) 938-1211 X348
- Through March 27** Pennzoil Place, 711 Louisiana "NASA Photographs: Reaching for the Moon," Mon-Fri 6:30-6:30.
- Through March 28** Univ. Houston, Univ. Park (Special Collections, 8th Floor of M.D. Anderson Library) Entrance 1 off Calhoun St., "FW. Heitmann & Co., Early 20th Century Photographs by George Beach and Joseph Litterst," Mon-Fri 8-5, also 1-4 on March 9. 749-2726
- Through March 28** Museum of Art of the American West, 1221 McKinney — ground level, "Expeditions into Nature," Mon-Fri 10-5.
- Through March 28** Houston Police Museum, 17000 Alsine Westfield at Rankin Rd., "Jill Freedman: Street Cops," Mon-Fri 8-3:30, Sun 12-5. 230-2300 X360
- Through March 29** Plaza Gallery, 5020 Montrose Blvd., "Valentin Gertsman: Houston-Paris," Tue-Fri 10-5, Sat 1-5. 520-8370
- Through March 31** Transco Tower-ground level, 2800 Post Oak Blvd., "Photographic Portrait of Texas," Mon-Fri 8-6, 1-5 on March 2 and 9.
- Through March 31** Lawndale Art & Performance Center, 5600 Hillman, "Integrations: A Structural Approach to Photography — Boezem, Abrahams, Read, LeGac," Tue-Sat 11-5, call to arrange Sun viewing. 921-4155 or 529-7366
- Through April 2** Toni Jones Gallery, 1131 Berthea, "Russell Lee-Photographs from the Depression Era," Mon-Sat 9-5:30. 528-7998
- Through April 5** Pembroke Gallery, 1639 Bissonnet, "Ben Shahn: Photographs," Tue-Sat 10-6. 521-1001
- Through April 6** Houston Center for Photography, 1441 W. Alabama, "Bernard Faucon: Retrospective Exhibition of Fresson Color Prints," also "Houston Photographers," Wed-Fri 11-5, Sat-Sun 12-5. 529-4755
- Through April 6** Ex Voto, 2637 Colquitt, "The Explicit Image," Tue-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5:30, 12-5:30 March 2 and 9. 527-0772
- 8-April 12** Art League of Houston, 1953 Montrose, "Time Frame: A Major Photographic Competition," Tue-Fri 10-5:30, Sat, 12-4. 523-3302
- 9-22** Detering Book Gallery, 2311 Bissonnet, "The World of Reading," Mon-Sat 10-6, 12-4 on March 2 and 9. 526-6974
- 9-29** Phillips/Cowan Gallery, 1720 Bissonnet, "Tomiyasu Shiraiwa: Mirror," Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-4. 522-5581
- 13-April 12** Rice University, Sewall Gallery, 6100 S. Main, Entrance 2, "Visions of a Third Eye: Photographs from the Rice Art Collection — Hines, Kertesz, Lange, Doisneau, and Others," Mon-Sat 12-5. 527-8101, X3502 or 3470
- 15-April 9** Jewish Community

FOTO FEST LECTURE AND EVENT LOCATIONS

Blaffer Gallery: University of Houston, 4800 Calhoun.
CAM (Contemporary Arts Museum), 5216 Montrose.
HCP (Houston Center for Photography), 1441 West Alabama.
MFA (Museum of Fine Arts), 1001 Bissonnet.
Rice Media Center, University Blvd. at Stockton (Entrance 7).
Transco Tower (Galleria) 2800 Post Oak Blvd.
University of St. Thomas, Yoakum at Sul Ross.
Warwick Hotel, Main St. at Montrose.
Wilhelm Gallery, 5201 Bayard.



Floris M. Neuss: from Self-Portrait, The Sarah Campbell Blaffer Gallery.



Toni Schneiders, from The World of Reading, The Detering Book Gallery.

Center, Deutser Gallery, 5601 S. Braeswood, "17th Annual Juried Photography Exhibition," Sun-Thur 9a.m. to 10p.m., Fri 9-5, Sat 1-5, 729-3200

24-April 6 Foley's Willowbrook, 7925 FM1960 W, "Gay Block: Faces of Houston, Sally Gall: Shapes of Houston," Mon-Sat 10-9:30, Sun 12-6, 651-6975

Through April 6 Allied Bank Plaza, 1000 Louisiana, "Color and the Italians," Mon-Fri 7-7.

Through April 8 Hooks-Epstein Galleries, 3210 Eastside, "An Artist's Collection of Artists by Artists," Tue-Sat 10-5:30, 1-5 on March 2 and 9.

Through April 9 Rachel Davis Gallery Presenting at Hooks-Epstein Galleries, 3210 Eastside, "Paul Caponigro — Photographs," Tue-Sat 10-5:30, 12-5 on March 2 and 9.

Through April 12 Benteler Galleries, 2815-A Colquitt, "Benteler Galleries Honors," Tue-Sat 11-5, 1-4 on March 2 and 9, 522-8228

Through April 20 Contemporary Arts Museum, 5216 Montrose, "Robert Rauschenberg: Photographs 1949-1983," Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-6, 526-3129

Through April 27 Museum of Fine Arts, 1001 Bissonnet, "Robert Frank: New York to Nova Scotia," Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-6, Thurs 'til 9, 526-1361

Through March 31 Transco Tower-ground level, 2800 Post Oak Blvd., "Photographic Portrait of Texas," Mon-Fri 8-6, 1-5 on March 2 and 9.

Through April 30, Goethe Institut, 2600 Southwest Freeway, ground floor, "Photographic Poster Exhibition," Mon 9-5, Tue-Thur 9-7, Fri 9-3:30, Sat 9-1.

1-14 Davis/McClain Gallery, 2627 Colquitt, "Vera Lehnendorff, Holger Trulzsch: Oxydationen," Mon-Fri 10-5:30, Sat 11-5, 1-5 March 2 and 9, 520-9200

1-19 Perception Galleries, 2631 Colquitt, "Jerry Uelsmann: Recent Works," Tue-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, 1-4 on March 2 and 9, 527-0303

1-28 The Drawing Room, 3209 Montrose, Tue-Fri 10:30-5:30, Sat-Sun 1-5.

1-29 Texas Gallery, 2012 Peden, "Close, Mapplethorpe, Nicosia, McCollum, Friedlander," Mon-Sat 10-5:30, 524-1593

1-29 The Firehouse Gallery/Houston Women's Caucus for Art, 1413 Westheimer, "Contemporary Women in Documentary Photography: Leibowitz, Mieselas, Morgan, Watriss," Tue-Sun 1-5, 520-7840

1-29 McMurtrey Gallery, 3508 Lake St., "Local Focus: Armstrong, Cozens, Cravens," Tue-Sat 10-5:30, Sun 12-4, 523-8238

1-29 Watson Gallery, 3510 Lake St. at Colquitt, "Twelve Canadian Photographers," Tue-Sat 10-5:30, 12-4 on March 2 and 9, 526-9883

1-29 Butler Gallery, 2318 Portsmouth, "Joel Peter Witkin," Tue-Sat 10-5, 522-4430

1-31 Children's Museum of Houston, 3201 Allen Parkway, "Suzanne Szasz: The Body Language," T-W-Th-Sun 1-5, 10-12 Fri, 10-5 Sat, 522-1138

1-31 Sakowitz Post Oak, 5000 Westheimer, "Houston's Forgotten Memories," Mon-Fri 10-9, Sat-Sun 10-6.

1-31 Houston Public Library, 500 McKinney, "Views in Texas: Photographs Taken in Texas 1895-96 by Henry Stark," Mon-Fri 9-9, Sat 9-6, Sun 2-6, 222-4456

1-31 Hadler-Rodriguez, 2320 Portsmouth, "Barbara Riley: New Photographs from China," Tue-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, 520-6329

2-30 Blaffer Gallery, Univ. Houston, University Park, "Self Portrait in the Epoch of Photography," Mon-Fri-10-5, Sat 1-5, 749-1329

3-16 Foley's Sharpstown, Southwest Frwy at Bellaire, "Gay Block, Faces of Houston," Sally Gall: Shapes of Houston," Mon-Sat 10-9:30, Sun 12-6, 651-6975

3-31 Robert I. Kahn Gallery, Temple Emanu El, 1500 Sunset Blvd., "Mischa Bar-Am: Israel Diary 1956-1982," Mon-Fri 10-4, 529-5771

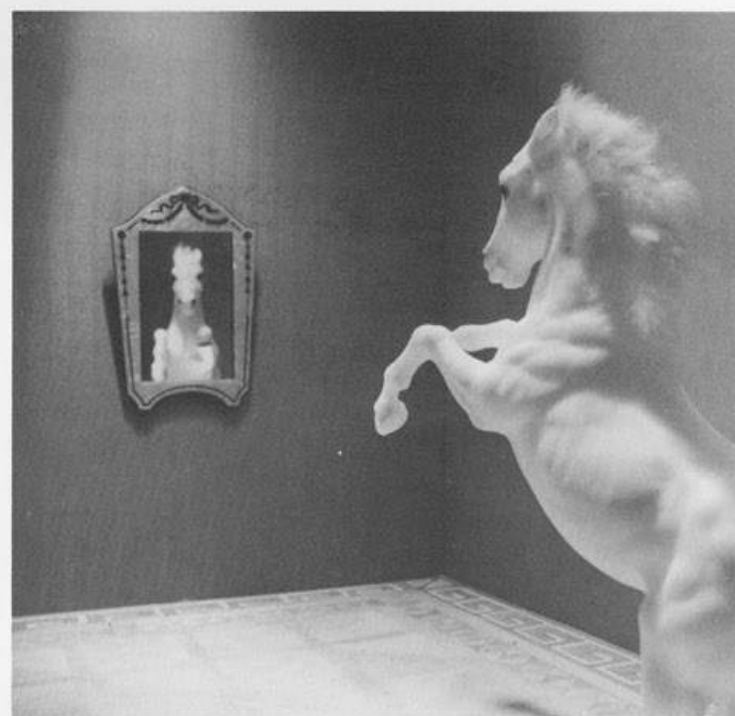
3-31 The Houston Post, 4747 South-



"Observers, Operation Greenhouse" from The Indelible Image — Some Photographs of War, Rice Museum.



Bernard Faucon: from Bernard Faucon, The Houston Center for Photography



Alain Clement: "Horse and Mirror" from Alain Clement, New Photographs, The Graham Gallery.



Robert Frank: "Political Rally, Chicago" from Robert Frank: New York to Nova Scotia, The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston.



Ruth Pine Morgan: "San Quentin — Maximum Security" from Contemporary Women in Documentary Photography, The Firehouse Gallery.



George Krause: from "Peter Brown, George Krause, and Geoff Winningham," Harris Gallery.

west Frwy at 610 West, "Contact Press Images," Mon-Fri 8:30-5:30, Sat-Sun 12-5. 840-5600
3-31 University State Bank, 5615 Kirby, "Eighty Years of Autochromes: From the Albert Kahn Collection," Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 9-12. 526-1211
3-31 Interfirst Bank, 1100 Louisiana, "Harry Ellis," Mon-Fri 8-5.
3-31 C.G. Jung Educational Center, 5200 Montrose, "Taishi Hirokawa," Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 10-4. 524-8253
3-31 Texas Commerce Tower, Sky Lobby, 60th Floor, 601 Travis, "Houston and the Rodeo," Mon-Fri 8-5.
3-31 First City National Bank Bldg, 1001 Main, "Enzo Sellerio."
3-April 13 RepublicBank Center Lobby, 700 Louisiana, "Reinhart Wolf," Mon-Fri 7-6.
4-31 One Shell Plaza, 910 Louisiana, "Bob Busking: Man-Made Landscapes," Mon-Fri 7-6.
5-15 Kauffman Galleries, 2702 West Alabama, "Ernst Haas Photography," Tue-Sat 10-6, 12-6 March 9. 528-4229
6-April 6 Rice Univ. Media Center, University at Stockton, Entrance 7, "Interiors," Mon-Fri 9-5. 527-4894
7-April 19 Midtown Art Center, 1419 Holman, "Painted Pictures," Tue-Sat 12-6. 521-3097

7-30 Saks Fifth Avenue, 1800 Post Oak Blvd., "Fashion Photography: Klein, Horst, Dahl-Wolfe, Turbeville, Hoyingen-Huene," Mon-Sat 10-5:30.
7-April 7 Diverse Works, 214 Travis, "Black, White, and Color," Tue-Fri 10-5, Sat 12-4. 223-8346
8-21 Dubose Rein Galleries, 1700 Bissonnet, "Robert Capa Retrospective," Mon-Fri 9-5:30. 526-4916
8-26 Plain Folk Gallery, 1114 Barkdull, "Kristen Struebing-Beazly: Reunion: The Fifth Family Picture Show," Tue-Sat 11-5. 521-2639
8-29 Eve France, 2039 West GRay, "Two by One: Thomas Mann's Techno Romantic Jewelry Interpretations fo Two American Photographers," Mon-Sat 10-5:30. 526-9991
8-31 Wilhelm Gallery, 5201 Bayard Lane, "British Contemporary Photography — Coming of Age," Mon-Fri 10-5:30, Sat 11-5. 526-5628
8-31 Jack Meier Gallery, 2310 Bissonnet, "Meridel Rubenstein: Lifelines," Mon-Fri 10-5:30, Sat 10-6, 12-4 on March 9. 526-2983
8-31 Harris Gallery, 1100 Bissonnet, "Three Houston Photographers: Brown, Krause, Winningham," Tue-Fri 10-6, Sat 11-5, 12-5 on March 2 and 9. 522-9116

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CALENDAR

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EXHIBITIONS

APRIL

Through April 2 Toni Jones Gallery, 1131 Berthea, "Russell Lee. Photographs from the Depression Era," Mon-Sat, 9-5:30. 528-7998
Through April 5 Pembroke Gallery, 1639 Bissonnet, "Ben Shahn: Photographs," Tue-Sat 10-6. 521-1001
Through April 5 Rice University Media Center, University at Stockton, Entrance 7, "Interiors," Mon-Fri. 9-5. 527-4894
Through April 6 Foley's Willowbrook, 7925 FM 1960 W, "Gay Block, Faces of Houston," and "Sally Gall: Shapes of Houston," Mon-Sat 10-9:30, Sun 12-6. 651-6975
Through April 6 Allied Bank Plaza, 1000 Louisiana, "Color and the Italians," Mon-Fri 7-7.
Through April 6 Ex Voto, 2637 Colquitt, "The Explicit Image," Tues-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5:30. 527-0772
Through April 6 Houston Center for Photography, 1441 W. Alabama, "Bernard Faucon: Exhibition of Freson Color Prints," also, "Houston Photographers," curated by Lew Thomas. Wed-Fri 11-5, Sat-Sun 12-5. 529-4755
Through April 8 Diverse Works, 214 Travis, "Black, White, and Color," Tue-Fri 10-5, Sat 12-4. 223-8346
Through April 8 Hooks-Epstein Galleries, 3210 Eastside, "An Artist's Collection of Artists by Artists," Tue-Sat 10-5:30. 522-0718
Through April 9 Jewish Community Center, Deutser Gallery, 5601 S. Braeswood, "17th Annual Juried Photography Exhibition," Sun-Thur 9 a.m.-10 p.m., Fri 9-5, Sat 1-5. 729-3200
Through April 9 Rachel Davis Gallery presenting at Hooks-Epstein Gallery, 3210 Eastside, "Paul Caponigro — Photographs," Tue-Sat 10-5:30. 522-0718
Through April 12 Rice University, Sewall Art Gallery, 6100 South Main, Entrance 2, Sewall Hall, "Visions of a Third Eye: Photographs from the Rice Art Collection — Hines, Kertesz, Lange, Doisneau and Others," Mon-Sat 12-5. 527-8101, ext. 3502 or 3470
Through April 12 Art League of Houston, 1953 Montrose Blvd., "Time Frame: A Major Photographic Competition," Tue-Fri 10-5:30, Sat 12-4. 523-3302
Through April 12 Benteler Galleries, 2815A Colquitt, "Benteler Galleries Honors," Tue-Sat 11-5. 522-6440
Through April 13 RepublicBank Center Lobby, 700 Louisiana, "Reinhart Wolf," Mon-Fri 7 a.m.-6 p.m.
Through April 19 Midtown Art Center 1419 Holman "Painted Pictures," Tue-Sat 12-6. 521-3097
Through April 20 Contemporary Arts Museum, 5216 Montrose, "Robert Rauschenberg: Photographs 1949-1983," Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-6. 526-3129
Through April 27 Museum of Fine Arts 1001 Bissonnet "Robert Frank: New York to Nova Scotia," Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-6, Thur open 'til 9. 526-1361
Through April 30 Goethe Institut,

2600 Southwest Freeway, ground floor, "Photographic Poster Exhibition," Mon 9-5, Tue-Thur 9-7, Fri 9-3:30, Sat 9-1. 528-2787
18 through May 18 Houston Center for Photography, 1441 W. Alabama, "Fifth Annual Members' Exhibition: An Exhibition of Work by HCP Members," Wed-Fri 11-5, Sat-Sun 12-5. 529-4755.
22 through May 10 Sewall Art Gallery, Rice University, 6100 S. Main, Entrance 2, Sewall Hall, "23rd Annual Rice Art Students' Exhibition, Mon-Sat 12-5. 527-8101, X3470
22 through May 24 Benteler Galleries, 2815A Colquitt, "Flora: Color Photographs by Tony Catary, Cay Lang, Reinhart Wolf," Tue-Sat 11-5. 522-6440

MAY

Through May 10 Sewall Art Gallery, Rice University, 6100 S. Main, Entrance 2, Sewall Hall, "23rd Annual Rice Art Students' Exhibition," Mon-Sat 12-5. 527-8101
Through May 18 Houston Center for Photography, "Fifth Annual Members' Exhibition: An exhibition of Work by HCP Members," Wed-Fri 11-5, Sat-Sun 12-5. 529-4755
Through May 24 Benteler Galleries, 2815A Colquitt, "Flora: Color Photographs by Toni Catary, Cay Lang, Reinhart Wolf," Tue-Sat 11-5. 522-6440
17 through September 7 Museum of Fine Arts, 1001 Bissonnet, "The Texas Landscape, 1900-1986," Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-6, "til 9 on Thur, 526-1361.
23 through June 29 Houston Center for Photography, 1441 W. Alabama, "Recoding Sexuality: Photography and Video by Women," also "Peter D'Agostino: Four-part Interactive Videodisc Installation, Double You (and X,Y,Z)," Wed-Fri 11-5, Sat-Sun 12-5. 529-4755

EXHIBITIONS ELSEWHERE IN TEXAS

MARCH

Through March 29 Afterimage, 2800 Routh St., Dallas, "Morley Baer," Mon-Sat 10-5:30. (214)-871-9140
Through March 30 500X Gallery, 500 Exposition Ave., Dallas, "Houston Artists," Thur-Sun 12-5, Wed 6-9. (214)-828-1111
Through April 4 Galveston Art League, Rosenberg Library, 2310 Sealy, Galveston, "Thirteenth Annual Juried Spring Exhibition," (409)-762-5710
Through April 6 Allen Street Gallery, 4101 Commerce St., Dallas, "New Faces," also Associates' Exhibition, curated: "Interior Spaces," Wed-Fri 12-5, Sat 10-4, Sun 1-5. (214)-821-8260
Through April 13 Amon Carter Museum 3501 Camp Bowie Blvd., Fort Worth, "An Enduring Grace: The Photographs of Laura Gilpin," Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5:30.
March 23 through April 19 Arts Warehouse, Austin, "Eighth Annual Juried Spring Exhibition," (512)-451-5990.

APRIL

Through April 13 Amon Carter Museum, 3501 Camp Bowie Blvd, "An Enduring Grace: The Photographs of Laura Gilpin," Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5:30. (817)-738-1933.
5 through April 27 500X Gallery, 500 Exposition Ave., Dallas, "Frank Brown, Kevin Strickler, Renee Tanner, Denise Brown," Thur-Sun 12-5, Wed 6-9. (214)-828-1111
11 through May 18 Laguna Gloria Art Museum, 3809 W. 35, Austin, "New American Talent 1986," Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thurs 10-9.

11 through May 18 Allen Street Gallery, 4101 Commerce St., Dallas, "Joel Meyerowitz," Associates' Exhibition, "Altered Images" by Reinhard Ziegler and Ron English, Wed-Fri 12-5, Sat 10-4, Sun 1-5. (214)-821-8260

MAY

10 through June 1 500X Gallery, 500 Exposition Ave., Dallas, "Big Space," Thur-Sun 12-5, Wed 6-9. (214)-828-1111
23 through June 22 Amon Carter Museum, 3501 Camp Bowie Blvd., Fort Worth, "People of the Forest: Photographs of the Maya by Gertrude Blom," Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5:30. (817) 738-1933
Through June 29 Allen Street Gallery, 4101 Commerce, Dallas, "Aaron Siskind," also, Associates' Exhibition, curated, "People 'in' Places," Wed-Fri 12-5, Sat 10-4, Sun 1-5. (214)-821-8260

LECTURES/EVENTS

APRIL

22, HCP, 7:30 p.m., Elizabeth Glassman, curator and author, slide presentation of emerging photographers who have studied and continue to work in Houston. "Photography in Texas" lecture series.

MAY

20, HCP, 7:30 p.m., Skeet McAuley, Assistant Professor at North Texas State University since 1981, slide presentation of the current work in photography in the Dallas area. "Photography in Texas" lecture series.

JUNE

10, HCP, 7:30 p.m., Roy Flukinger, Curator of the Gernsheim Collection, will present examples of current work in photography by Austin artists. "Photography in Texas" lecture series.

LECTURES/EVENTS

ELSEWHERE

MARCH

6 Terrace Room, Stephen F. Austin Hotel, Austin, Slide Lecture by Peter Plagens, juror of the Texas Fine Arts Association's exhibition, "New American Talent, 1986," 8 p.m., for info, call Scout Carr (512) 478-7742
7 Galveston Arts Center, Galveston, Southwest Film/Video Tour, for info contact Southwest Alternate Media Project (SWAMP) at (713) 522-0165

APRIL

12 Allen Street Gallery, 4101 Commerce, Dallas, Joel Meyerowitz lecture, for time, call (814) 821-8260
19 Stephen F. Austin State University, Nacogdoches, "Southwest Film/Video Tour," for info contact Southwest Alternate Media Project (SWAMP) at (713) 522-0165

WORKSHOPS/

CLASSES

APRIL

5,12,19,26, May 3,10 HCP "Exploring Landscape," instructor Sally

Gall, \$68 members, \$80 non-members, info: 529-4755.

MAY

5,7,10,12,14,17, Southwest Alternate Media Project, 1519 W. Main, "Introduction to Video," instructor Tom Giebink,\$115 HCP and SWAMP members, \$130 non-members, info: 529-4755
5,12,19, HCP, "Photography and Language," instructor, Lew Thomas, \$40 members, \$50 non-members, info: 529-4755

JUNE

2, HCP, "Polaroids for Kids," instructor Debra Rueb, \$20 members, \$25 non-members, for ages 7-10 years, info: 529-4755

WORKSHOPS/

CLASSES

ELSEWHERE

APRIL

4 through 6 Southwest Craft Center, 300 Augusta St., San Antonio, Photography Workshop with Jay Maisel, 50% tuition discount for students from any educational institution or crafts school, for info, call Suzanne Brennan, (512) 224-1848.
12 through 13 Southwest Craft Center, 300 Augusta St., San Antonio, Music Video Workshop with Tim Hamblin, 50% tuition discount for students from any educational institution or crafts school, for info, call Suzanne Brennan, (512) 224-1848.

CLUBS

American Society of Magazine Photographers (ASMP), meets 2nd Mon. monthly in the Graphic Arts Conference Center, 1324 W. Clay. International association "whose members work in every category of published photography," 6:30pm social; 7:30pm meeting. Visitors welcome. Charge for monthly meetings. 771-2220.
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 Mahayier 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.

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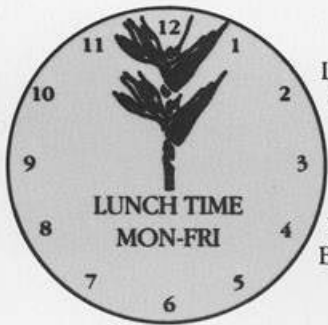
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