MESSAGES

New Jersey, USA: We live in the void of our metamorphoses.

The cover photograph of "Miss Texas 1970" was taken by Fred Hess & Son, Atlantic City.

Fred Hess was one of the original photographers of the Miss America Pageant at Convention Hall, and it's not likely he gave a damn about art—modern or postmodern. He needed a picture of a body, a body that could be immobilized photographically in order to turn it into a form of classical, as objects of exchange for publication.

Fred Hess was not a sentimentalist or a "deconstructionist," he was a commercial photographer who had a job to do. He had to make his pictures saleable. He wasn't interested in theory. If he had been asked to do a picture of a corpse, he would have gone about the assignment with the same skill and clarity that he applied to Miss Texas in photographs #220.

If he had an art, it was an ability to objectively subject the subject to "It could be real easily by the public. To take a "non-psychological" shot of a subject was something Fred trusted in his unconscious. He would discard loneless shots from his contact sheet with the swiftness of a sky school teacher in order to cover up the inconsistencies of a graffiti artist.

"There were 48 Miss America's in Atlantic City (besides Miss District of Columbia, Miss Hawaii, and Miss Canadale) that year, and one of Fred's assignments was to photograph them in their gowns. We could say his job was pleasant since he was a professional who knew how to properly light his subjects. Thees of "objectification," transparency or any other kind of critique of bourgeois values would have stroke Fred as more an issue of the "Cold War" than anything having to do with photography. It was his job to show them in a way that insured beauty was a salable treasure.

Fred Hess was a craftsman. He posed Miss Texas in what he thought was a precise gesture you could associate with a Texas. He posed her with her hands on the shoulder of the man, she was beaming with a smile that would make a model's face. How could Fred know he was moving toward controversy? How could he know that Apollo 10 would take his pose of Miss Texas and "embroider" it on its pioneer spacecraft only the time the raised right arm would belong to a man. That there would be those who felt this gesture might confuse the extremal moments of the message by blurring the difference between greeting and farewell didn't occur to Fred.

Nobody asked Fred what kind of image to insert in outer space. Nobody thought of Fred as having insights into gender issues or the "next outer space" of a galaxy. Perhaps he could have changed Laurie Anderson's mind about the audacity of the embroidered pose if he had been consulted by NASA. In her country, she sang during one of her performances in what sounded like a male voice dropped an octave, we send pictures at sign language into outer space. They are speaking our sign language to our nearest neighbors. Do you think they will think his hand is permanently attached to that wall? Or do you think that will bring our agents to our country, good-bye lords just like that.

Fred never thought of that possibility. He knew instinctively that anything problematic, especially a photograph, was not good for business. For Fred the correct pose was foremost in his plan for the shot. "Time and space went hand in hand when it came to the execution of the assignment. The idea that he might be working in a "hypnotized" space world would have made Fred raise with innumerable indignation. "What are these people saying in the eighties?" Fred would have thought. There was only one "issue" for Fred and that was the way the sign "after Texas" looked embroidered above her. He didn't need to know anything about "Photography and Language" or whether a sign was motivated or arbitrary to make a picture fit into the larger system of communication.

On the other hand, Fred's real love of photography came in producing the tones of the photograph exactly as he had intended: the white shining smile of Miss Texas, the dial of light on her forehead, the ten of her nose, around her cheeks and chin; her skin painted in satiny warm tones contrasted to the crisp white folds of the gown; the white collar of the gloves and ribbon pinned at her wrist. Ah, Fred Hess and Son were masters at making a silver surface glow with radiance and desire.

In America 1970 it was an era of entwined myths. Fred was in the "White House." General Electric promised a luminous world. Vision from afar had just won a seat in the American household. Fred could see that the "world wasn't getting any smaller, it was just getting busier" (Fred's thoughts would later become radio commercials).

The transcendental world of information had not yet arrived when Fred Hess & Son worked Convention Hall. The display of the body for drawing the viewer into a spatially seemed to Fred the basic reason for doing a photography. Fred called it "eye catching."

He knew intuitively that the work he was doing in Atlantic City represented more than a pretty sight. He understood the projected value of his work which would confer on his subjects the status of a model, a thing worthy of imitation. In Fred's country, photographers of allegorical male models—socially correct images devoted to appearances: fashion, cosmetics, dental and bodily hygiene, enterprises suited eccentricity to his talents.

That the contemporary meaning of the photography the look of Miss Texas would have a fresh value because it was taken in the past would have seemed to Fred a sure sign that the country had gone to hell. When it came to doing a job, he didn't care about the past or the future—nostalgia or simulation. There was no "meaning gap" for Fred. Fred Hess was not a hard man. His colleagues trusted him and his clients considered him a gentleman and a professional. He knew how to make his subject more classic in face of convention—how to look "natural." If you told Fred his pictures reflected an ideology, he would have looked at you with a puzzled expression. If the body in the photograph looked like a statue, what could he do about it. Furthermore, there was nothing wrong with statues, especially those of beautiful American women. They were not only a tribute to the American way of life, they were emblematic of national happiness. And happiness was serious business in 1956.

Looking back at Fred's photograph of Miss Texas 1970 30 years ago conjures up a black and white narrative filled with postmodern potential. The casting comes quickly to mind with Richard Prince playing Fred Hess, Barbara Kruger starring as Miss Texas, and Craig Owens as the director. If Laurie Anderson wouldn't write the music for the film, perhaps Willie Nelson could be persuaded to score the words and lyrics to set the appropriate mood for the return of Miss Texas.

I'm not trying to frighten anyone. I've got back to reminding all the love we had before. I've had to try to forget someone that I used to adore, I'm not trying to frighten anyone. You're the last one I thought I might have. You're not the last one I thought I might have. You're not the last one I thought I might have. You're not the last one I thought I might have. You're not the last one I thought I might have. You're not the last one I thought I might have. You're not the last one I thought I might have. You're not the last one I thought I might have.
The awareness of repetition, doubles, and simulacra concerns the feeling that they overawe the secure, common sense relationship of original to copy in acts of reproduction. Simulacra do not exist as a copy in representation of some preexisting reference or world. Nor do they exist as an independent artificial reality. Slightly off kilter and in between, they generate a reality of parody that exists without origin. As "pseudo cyphernets" with simulator views, "we understand reality only to the extent to which we can model it." From the time of the simulators like Michel de Nostalgia, we have seen travel as an instrument of knowledge in image and word. Now, as work like 365/360 tells us, we must come to grips with simulation as a primary instrument of knowledge.

Instruments of knowledge, especially instruments for reproduction of knowledge, reflect culture's apparatus of ideologies. Travel simulations are an important such apparatus. The voyage of Disney World drum out endless ephemerisms about how corporate capitalism and technological evolution provide infinite convivial possibilities. Features of a problematic, the simulation sketched above, are suggested by the corporate "imagineers" but others are represened. We live, as the Undine at the 194-455 world's fair symbolized in a "shrinking world and expanding universe." Despite the death of the frontier and the cementing over of cultural differences, we are blasting off toward the future, the frontier of time. Despite decentered progress micromelodramas, and proliferating jargon, universal languages (International Signage, English) and universal ethics (humanism) lent the world together as "family" or "village." With the excitement of travel and progress in images, we may cut securely within ideological loops of a comprehensive universe. The travel simulations of postmodern culture reproduce contents of knowledge that effect global totality. 365/360, by involving paranoia, mosaics, condensation, proliferation, and repetition, meditates in a problematic of travel, but hardly with the same ideological effect. Clancy usually identifies 365/360 as a "imaginative work." On the fringes of video, media and in between discursive modes, these are not the same interests in totality to propagate; Clancy pays attention to totality only to bracket them, in contradiction. A breach occurs most obviously and paradoxically at the site of the installation's title. The longevity of 365 ideas to rove the sun breaches the geometric ideal of Earth's 360 degree orbit. In 365/360, the totalities of completed tours failed victim to the contingencies of extended voyages.

Notes
2. Ibid., pp. 128-181.

Christopher Barney will review the recent activities of the British photographer and writer Victor Burgin, who is in residency at MIT, in Afterimages.

Field Formation: Stand...
By Douglas Kahn

John Heartfield is one of the most important artists of the 20th century and also one of the most neglected. He was responsible for the development of an entirely new art form, that of political photomontage. This development took place within the context of the avant-garde, especially Berlin Dada, around the time of WWI, and then later, is the context of the revolutionary working class movement in Germany. During the early 1930s, Heartfield's work ranged widely, although in the course of one of Germany's famous illustrated magazines, the main advanced form of mass media at that time, pressures to Life

turn as an artist. Other political art-
stories are not a novum. Unfortu-
ately, the interest expressed has had to rely on a dearth of informa-
tion resulting in skewed perspec-
tives. A file on Heartfield made in

WINTER 1986
The profound disruption to the left cultural tradition that occurred in the U.S. after WWII has consequences for the photomontage practice. After the war, many factors came into play: McCarthyism and the Cold War, distrust of the spread of communist culture and the ascendancy of broadcast media among others. By the time radical culture was repressed in the sixties it had lost contact with its progenitors. The context that was made most often of a U.S. political culture that never did incorporate an anarcho-gente's criticality that could be found in antebellum Europe. Another reason can be found in the depoliticisation of the artistic avant-garde following WWII as typified in Abstract Expressionism - and for every sensible painter there's a corresponding photographer for every tenet an Aaron Siskind.

Heartfeld had a 1938 Photo League exhibition in New York City that assured that those who were to become the resistance activists for photomontage practices were familiar with him. But when someone like Barbara Morgan spoke one evening on occasion of that exhibition, ostensibly because she also made photo montages, serious questions are raised about the nature of reception and production of history. It points to the absence of a left modernism of the type which existed with great viability during the Weimar Republic. In its absence, documentary photography and the photomontage practice equated with political action. There was never one which took up a crass of representation enjoyed with conical political critique. In Heartfeld's work there is a clear contrast between the documentarian and the photographic in his photomontages appeared for the working class press by using a technique toward his color needs in which his photomontages appeared for the working class press as well as in such a way that is not unproblematic in representation.

The U.S. left has never manifested mass movements for its own ends, neither in the interior nor postwar periods. It is likely, though, that the visual dimension of the political project subsumes social relations. However, his role is greater than just providing a written account of the visual dimension of the political project. He would never have the ability to make the photomontage work of the WPA, he would not have the ability to make the photomontage work of the WPA. He would not have the ability to make the photomontage work of the WPA. He would not have the ability to make the photomontage work of the WPA.
instead of jumping into the post-modernist theoretical fray. Playground... I'd like to consider a practical example, the work of Barbara Kruger. Someone considers to show signs of actual political life from the beginning. Her work is usually tangled together with that of Sherman, Prince, Levine, et al., although I tend to think of it as being closer to the analytical and critical vein of Norberto Robert. She is of particular interest here because her photographs have anticipated visions of Heartfield on more than one occasion. The association is not very strong. The first appearance is obviously her work doesn't share a similar breadth of distribution, neither without severe compromise to a photomontage's political intent and totality of meaning. The photomontages do not always achieve this. But in the modernist image, the eye is an offered an experience of art, of containing and regurgitating the pictorial insubstantiality of mass media insinuation. One thing should be kept in mind: in a comparison with Heartfield's work, his photomontages were... 

In this new historical era, the work of Heartfield in its mass media form is especially valuable. The first appearance is obviously his work doesn't share a similar breadth of distribution, neither...
by Robert C. Morgan

Logograms are word-pictures which represent complex ideas. Some trademarks and company emblems function this way. When a company name is stylized with a particular typographic letter, it is called a logotype. The Xerox Corporation, for example, uses a logotype derived from an archetypal letter as an identifying signature. It is simple and direct, no frills. Similarly, Paul Rand's design for IBM is a straightforward logotype, a bit more complex than Xerox, but clear and concise. A good logotype reiterates visually and conceptually what the company represents in a highly reduced and refined manner. One of the most successful in this regard is the logotype for The Bowery, an investment bank in New York City. The strength, smarts, security, and confidence which this logotype represents, is accomplished graphically by the word the first word "The". The two words run together as a single word, a single entity. Two words form a pictorial idea which reinforces and restates the kind of image that the Corporation wishes to project. The smaller capital "E" from the word "The" fills the open spaces of the larger capital "E" in the second word. As a result, they appear incomically bound, inseparable. In an interesting way, this form of capitalist security is reinforced by other expedient associations given to "the Bowery" as a place in Lower Manhattan. The Bowery is the name of a street on the lower east side which runs between Cooper Square and Canal Street. The name has significance as a place littered with refuse, wide bottles and dirty bars, with loose revelers and drunks, reeks of a society which withdrew from them, or from which they withdrew. "The Bowery" as a place has an immediate reference to the sort of urban environment that one would rather forget, but at the same time is necessary in order to reinforce the parnasial notion of salvation for those who have managed to cope and to work hard and thereby excel within the system. Thus a reverse psychology about and within the symbol of an investment bank as a place secure amidst the riff-raff of society, visualized by the two interlocking letters in the logotype.

When a logotype is combined with a photographic reference, such as the symbol of Athena holding her shield for the Equitable Insurance Corporation, it can be referred to as a logotype with symbol. This is the format most frequently used by large corporations, as for example the logotype and symbol designed by Morten Goldfield for the International Minerals and Chemical Corporation. According to Goldfield, who designed the trademark in 1977, the overall configuration represents a cross section of a phosphate crystal which formed a Hexagonal Prism.

Barclay

Unexpected Pleasure

By Paul Hester

The questions posed by the Houston Center for Photography’s Seasonal Offerings program, "Photography: Is... Or What Do You Say to a Naked Texan?" are not only for the audience and the artist, but also for the landscape and the subject.

The required subjects are representative of the cotton, corn and livestock of the rural Texas landscape. The question that constitutes certain definitions of a mythical and a cultural checkbook of the subjects: cowboys, Indians, desert land and flora.

The landscapes, cows on a school bus, topographical landscapes, violated landscapes, sacred landscapes, political, personal and cultural, hands, oilfield tracts, mummies, beauty contests, malfunctions, aesthetics, performance, biographies, death, and the disassembler of war. Many of the photographs show the question of whether it matters in the definition of Texas. Which raises the primary question: how can this exhibition radiate around a geo-political context? The concomitancies and incongruities which give the state of particular configuration were not established; the content is convenient, but offers no content for understanding or connecting the different photographs. Perhaps the "new" in the title refers to the photography, but to Ronald Reagan we have "lonely hearts" here in a glass case we are presented to a peephole of the Mississippi 1961 waving from the rear of the "50A. A man and woman dress for the part. The male lifts his body up the ramp of an airplane. These are the days when beauty contests were adorned by inquests of feminism and voyeurism. Men were not interested in women. When the movies would have us believe that Ronald Reagan was simply a savior for General Electric Theater.

Other photographs in the exhibit can show this issue of Texas Mythology, few question it. Jane Van Cleave’s "A Texan’s View of the Images platinum prints that could be considered from a romantic Western movie. A formalist of multiple prints arranged in a grid offers the potential and ambiguous expression of the elements of this myth. She has not revealed these meats, however and provides the closeup shots of dried mud, footprints. This old school picture is not a film, but a direct effort to convince us. But rather than being denied the vitality, I even” which gives a negative effect. I admire her skills, but recent the value of the chaparral leaves. The image could be used to address the question of how the photographer is involved with a new generation, and the conflict between a traditional and a contemporary challenge, in a new generation of conflict on itself. It would sharpen the description of what is going on here: and in such a brief attachment might be more strong left by the woman, a new kind of Texas woman. The high school acting out of the "Texas cowboy myth with all the technical skills and envisioned distance to be expected of a Rhode Island School of Design graduate, the recent being ripe for the kind of trendy consumption that we have come to expect from the less-educated motorists of Gerry Varnum, perhaps. The surface sampling includes the incivility to grasp his larger inten- tions beyond his statement that he seeks to present a "mythic narrative through the continuous conflict of life itself."

There are no visible limitations to understanding the importance; these activities have for these young people. However, the surface high school rodeo in any historical, social or economic context. To focus on the physical aspects, the context between the animal and the social possibilities of their adolescent development. But the photographer

DE-UNDBREIT THE TEXAS MYTH, OR WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A NAKED TEXAN?

16 photographers were selected by April Pipkin and Lee Thomas to show work in "Photography: Is... Or What Do You Say to a Naked Texan?

``New School Photography,`` September 5 - October 12 at HCP. A con- ventional version of the show will open at the Southeast Chicago Centre, Sam Houston, January 31. MATT

Photography Included: by Keith Carl, Carol Davis, Demetra, Darrin Draine, Brian Enis, Ed, Ingrid Franks, Michelle Green, George Grady, Gail, Susan Grant, T. R. Mansel, Sue McAlister, Ross Nave, Bob and Janie Smith, Louisa Smith, Elizabeth Waid, and Bill Wright

Sarah Kent, Nac-Nude, California, 1952

But he would talk to them in a lower speech, so much lower, how much longer and higher footsteps toward the west, that the idea that there were like the molder of one of these, he wore in and with crossed, she, was not, you can't just laugh big ill's or "Really? if someone said they preferred small ones. No knowledge about why men felt their women's bodies would emerge. None of us was particularly interested in talking about something, like so, only talk about the more sizeable things. The only one you've got it figured: Some of the others voice display, as the woman continued. It is that real crude and I don't want to know about the woman, and of course many of these women have been speaking truly about men and which I believe they're not, but don't, by being spoken about that way. Nor can one do good things by saying that turning a particular fierce, that I'm talking about men, but it is worth saying about women, gives some women passe, true but genuine pleasure does not help promote insight.

"Wester," the last section of the tape is along with the first section, one of the most interesting. The women express their feelings about their bodies and what they think. They suggest, in the ability of the body to speak to the image, implies, some of them feel there is a mystery to women's sexuality which lies behind male modes of compre- hension. They are able to tell men about the scope of their desires and what is that they think they feel the men will react negatively. They want to express desires for longer, less directed sexual experiences. Many feminist theories have discussed how the male linear notion of sexuality, build-up, and clim- ax implies a masculine structure of pleasure on women and much of what we hear in this conversation does not follow that pattern.

During this section, the woman in the white suit introduces the idea of at times these images into the tape. Unfortunately she gives a highly inaccurate summary of La- ques's Lacon's psychoanalytic ac- cess of sexual difference and of its place in the body. Instead, she describes a cultural myth of a self-referential relationship between men and women based upon a male principle and a female principle. She wants to encourage women to believe that it was a few years ago, the intellectuals going to movies and movies, and they were married, and this group of a really good movie. See the good picture, the group, the way he knew the man, would accomplish something, he would fall in love with this woman, the boy, and the man for herself to him and for the woman...
is too far away, and not merely in
the distance of the camera. In his
photograph of three young
women—high school girls—seated
in the stands and statically avoid-
ing the photographer’s gaze, I
understood his request for “the
viewer to experience these places
and people the way I see them.”
He’s caught up in the same game,
trying to make them look at the
camera, seeing how close he can
get, teasing. He has no desire to
expose the myth as long as he can
continue to benefit from it. He
enjoys his role, not in the fashion
of a photographer, but as co-conspira-
tory, male voyeur. He enjoys the
myth pretending to be an outsider,
and perpetuates it as he simultane-
ously mocks it.
Several photographers in the show
have dealt directly with the
problems of myth, although not the
predominant Texas myth. I say
problems because when a photog-
rapher chooses to celebrate a myth,
it seems the options are to describe
it from the outside, as voyeuristic
journalist, or from within, as actual
participant.
Bill Wright, through extensive text,
has described in a form of journa-
ling the conditions of the Taos Indi-
ans. He walks us through his own
steps of gaining familiarity, and
assists in his subjects various
interpretive responses to him and
his camera. We, and he, however,
remain visitors, spectators to the
festivities, in a kind of textbook
experience of a minority type. In
several of the photographs it
appears that events were happening
so quickly he wasn’t able to keep up
with them, perhaps he wasn’t
familiar with what was happening.
It’s disappointing, because I sense
his sincerity in wanting to tell their
story. But it remains on that frustrat-
ing level. If the Taos voices had
become primary, then the entire
story would have been as compel-
ning as the last image: “Licking by
members of the tribal council.” His
outsider’s position does allow him
to note the niceties of Indian anim-
ism, but they exist only in the con-
text between our distortions of the
Indian myth and the Indian reality.
Sally Grant’s allusion at the
opening to the exhibition poses the
equally difficult problem of com-
munication by a participant. The
repetition which Grant finds relies
heavily upon the true believer’s faith
in the myth. The reinforcement
through this repetition is a powerful
act for the truly initiated, but it
requires a history of common
experience so that the assemblage
of shapes, sounds, and recall for the
true believer their original
experience of a profound truth.
But, for the uninitiated, repetition
is boring. The sameness of shapes
and redundancy of picture size and
distance leads not to enlightenment
but to indifference. Without the
shared background, the mysteries of
first encounter are lost when the
approach focuses on stressing
existing attitudes and fails to bring
in an outsider.
Elizabeth Ward has made a deter-
mixed effort to give the viewer a
complete package of information. A
slide projector perched on a
column, blueprints, Poloroid ac-
tive sheets hanging in sequence
from the ceiling, all orchestrated in
an impressive corner of the gallery
to present “both profound and
mundane concepts of celestial
motion, time, and space.” We are
confronted with a dazzling collec-
tion of hallucinogenic spires, and
revels that seduced me with their
pseudo-scientific manner. I wanted
to give this presentation the benefit of
my doubt, but finally I lost patience
with the abundance of sagas. At the
opposite side from repetitive results
this piece suffered from too many
dimensions. Without belief in the
myth, the buzzwords failed to
enlighten me.
A similar obsession with the mys-
trium providit: provided the photographs of Ric, Dangus, but rather than layers of information, he attempts to enhance the mystery he has experienced by suppressing the details with mythological markers that produce not even a hint of obscurity. "The cryptic scribbles are the 'products of inner states and external circumstances," says the artist's statement, which demonstrates: I suppose, their profundity but could be applied equally to a variety of visual products. We know his heart is in the right place when he aims to demonstrate for us an emotion of regeneration: a prophecy of life's river. A pair of dying men, and 3) a photograph.

In spite of these efforts, his view of a group somewhat inappropriately dressed in sport coats in an arid landscape walking toward what appears to be a dried-up talik, is strangely evocative of some peculiar ceremony from an Anasazi movie.

Barbara Bay is hand-painted and glittered landscapes occupy similar territory in their attempt to mystify and add sparkle to what began as external circumstances; the form of their images is the result of their stances toward the myths of history and their choice to subvert or perpetuate prevailing ideology.

The recent history of feminism has shown that the personal can be a strong antidote to dominant culture but my immersion for these exhibits images expresses my doubts about the efficacy of their particular postures.

Keith Cazes's series "Letters to My Father" presents copies of very personal pictures—a man and young child snapped in the midst of parental interactions—beheading with a hammer and saw: icicle on the man's shoulders; erecting a child's sad face. I look at the pictures: thinking of my own pleasure of being a father and my memories of being a child. The pictures have not been exaggerated by enlargement and only mildly diffused: as by passing time in a conventional approach, not objectional here but I am examining patriarchal preconceptions in my response to these artifacts. I'm in the midst of the good, loving father, the suppression of deep-seated rejections, the desire to create a new remembered childhood. Perhaps they are promises of higher expectations for my own patriarchal behavior.

The colorfully painted backgrounds are love scenes: it wasn't enough to represent the chosen records but vaguely abstract expressionism supports the snapshot, aiming for deeper meanings. Death is evident but obscured by reflections in the glass. I rejoin to instruction on my musings, my creation of childhood roots is challenged.

You know the experience of remembering not the event, but instead the photograph of the event. The photographic record blocks out the idiosyncratic and personal; it condenses public status to a conventional interpretation of that moment. You are left with the struggle to maintain your own meanings. Even snapshots are subject to this transformation; as Kodak undermines our own observations with guidelines on "How to Take a Good Picture." These "Letters" are a strong argument for the personal. This belief in the personal as a resistance to current forms of power" appears as the core of a provocative group of images by Margo Renee. She admits to a search for explanations; her images are not pronouncements but rather the location of the search: they appear almost as the questionnaires for her research project. They pose difficult, ambivalent questions concealed beneath layers of misleading statements. The visuals are at once the site of her probing of our attitudes, and also convenient supports for her verbal musings.
Some sort of melancholy takes over. The visual codes work.
Roger Cutler, meanwhile, is plugging away at those visual codes, trying to construct alternative ones. His elaborate collages and multiple perspective portraits are in method related to others of late. More intriguing is the use of himself as a self-portrait, companion, preserve in some of the portraits. In "Self-Portrait with Jean Fisher" he is naked, and she is covering his mouth, trying uneffectively to suppress a laugh. A clump formal composition attracts my eye, a small pose skeleton her arm mimics the size and shape of his near-naked, connecting them in a funny way. The questions arise: Is her black clothes formal evening wear, or informal night wear? How did he manage to get undressed and take a picture with such a straight face? Has he bypassed voyeurism and leapfrogged into exhibitionism? Here is the Mardococ man without his boots and hat, and without his psychological defenses to St. Bernhard. What is your first impression? Are we witnessing the unmasking of the old Texas myth, or merely a change of costume?
ACCOMPLICES OF DESIRE

Described as a slice lecture with over 100 slides, the lecture was read at Harvard College, the Pennsylvania State University, the University of Indiana, Bloomington, and the University of Houston.

By Cynthia A. Freeland

That’s the trick, “hardie,” she slowly said.

“That’s what you can’t, you can’t be a man being.”

“I’m a man. It sounded a silly claim. You’re a kind of a person—jerking on people.”

-Peter Wight, The Visitess

Feminist critics charge that pornography is exploitative; Andrea Dworkin, for example, in her book Pornography: men seek to turn women into objects on the premise of the exploitation of the woman (113).

In thinking over whether pornography has to be exploitative, I became increasingly puzzled about what exploitative amount is. It seems pretty interesting to say objects as “the object of another’s exploitation,” a form of exploitation, for Kant such failure would involve morally culpable treatment of others as means and not ends. But interestingly for our purposes, Kant seems to feel that our very nature as subjects of sexual desire indicates that we will be treated as ends in themselves. Kant, for his part, may have a point, but human beings are not machines.

Whereas for (an)marriage the threat to others as subjects is a sexual relation to another as a form of exploitation, for Kant such failure would involve morally culpable treatment of others as means and not ends. But interestingly for our purposes, Kant seems to feel that our very nature as subjects of sexual desire indicates that we will be treated as ends in themselves. Kant, for his part, may have a point, but human beings are not machines.

There is no way in which a human being can be made an Object of送往 for another except through the usual ends. . . . As soon as a person becomes an Object of affection for another, all moral relations are impossible to justice. Justice becomes an Object of affection to another; a person becomes a thing and can be used and used by another (106).

The only virtuous option Kant offers is marriage, which involves a free and reciprocal exchange of privileges for use of partners’ bodies.

In Hegel we first encounter a developed philosophical notion of self-consciousness. Objectification, according to him, the necessary process through which mind or spirit realizes itself in the object.

Self-consciousness is only something definite, it has only real existence, so far as it determines itself from itself. In doing so, it is not yet in the position of something universal, and this infinity of actuality is both effective and effective, it is the only thing (434). Through mind or spirit has created the fabric of social substance, individuals are capable of experiencing this fabric as alien from them. But in the course of events they will come to recognize their own unity with this social substance.

From a subject’s point of view, the object of exploitation is the object of a person, the object of another’s interest, a person in their own right and not something to be used or to be used. But what is wrong with this view? And what is the nature of the exploitation here? Is it the same as the exploitation of the object of affection?

10) Subject and object: the role of the object of affection.

The story of this text is a Cartesian ideal who seeks mind as free, actively projecting our possibilities into the future, the real-world as an image, a-Cartesianism (400), and an equally grim diagnosis of desires fate. Desire is itself doomed to failure. Desire, in this sense, is isolated, just as the separation of the subject from themselves is. From this point of view, an object is itself, but it is in itself discarded, in itself, just as any other separate object.

11) The meaning of the term “subject.”

The object of affection is not in itself, but is a consequence of the subject’s nature. It is the subject in their own right and not something to be used or to be used. But what is wrong with this view? And what is the nature of the exploitation here? Is it the same as the exploitation of the object of affection?

10) Subject and object: the role of the object of affection.

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In the history of philosophy, animals have not been much credited with subjectivity, witness Descartes' famous reflection: "Ich bin komatig, also ich fahre."

But as it turns out, these conclusions are not the same thing: we may smile at the idea of a horse being capable of self-deception, but we do not laugh at the idea of a horse being capable of deception.

10 The representation of emotions as actions
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And so, for looking at his experiences or point of view, we do not have to look to the actions of an animal. We need only look to the actions of ourselves, who have a much better understanding of the animal's experiences than the animal itself has.

(1) Looking back: primitives
What seems crucial in representing the subjective experience of an animal is the point of view. The point of view is the experience of an animal.

In fact, this has been thought to be the measure of great portraits that artists like Picasso and Braque use for their remarkable ability to represent a particular animal's point of view. The viewer, the person who sees it, is the person who can see the animal's point of view.

Consider this basic notion of "looking back". It is a very simplified and somewhat incomplete consideration of what makes the experience of an animal's point of view.

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Rather than threatening the sense of actuality in his images, Gutmann's shooting techniques bring it closer to life. For example, exaggerated cropping and the close-up range in "Mobile," Alabama (perhaps antici-
patching Mark Collins), are not exercises in the presentation of photogra-
tic form. Instead, they are devices that make certain more visi-
able and, by doing so, effects as utilitarian as a particularly inves-
tive, ingenious manner of dress for kenning the lower legs warm in winter.

What most impressed Gutmann about "30s America" was its freedom and abundance. In the hard times of a Depression, everyone, not just the rich, had an automobile and even the humblest, most insignificant people left free to display eccentric-
ities in the most open way. Unlike the conspicuous consumption of the 1950s, group photographic images dwelled on the peculiarities among the poor and migrant in rural settings. Gutmann's pictures during the Depression era are more light docu-
ments aimed at depicting an exciting culture. They departed from the gloom of approaching war in his own country. Gutmann was under-
standably more interested in recording the uniqueness and delinquency of urban Americans, not the
backdrop of social disorder. With the objectivity of a observer, a sort of silent observer, Gutmann watched the show and recorded the diversity of everyday America of the 30s as no US photographer ever could have done. Willing to view the world and draw their own conclu-
sions from his pictures, he used the camera as an instrument of commu-
nication, a complement to what a critic's pen might be.

In 1937 after six months in New York City, Gutmann returned to San Francisco by bus, via what became a photographic odyssey along
southern route through Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas and Arizo-
a. (Photographs in Five States were printed from negatives made on that
trip printed in the March 1938 issue of America's music publication during the long journey back. Climaxed dur-
ing his encounters with Man Ray, New Orleans. No other stopover was as productive, creative or thought
terms of the number of negatives he printed from, nor did any other bet-
er expose the depth of his Expres-
sionist roots in the Germanic and sights, Greek sense as well. To his eyes, the incongruities of art
party parades and carnival scenery that filled the streets of New Or-
leans was far richer than anything a European Surrealist might conjure
up. Besides that, it was like some non-stop theater-in-the-round,
where the mainstay of America's open.

mer, a class structure so differ-
ent from the more rigidly ordered
European scene. He played out as
f every street corner in micromini-
is. Photographs reappearing as a
single frame as a street life
edge in "Easy Rider.
On the other hand, Gutmann's pictures
Orleans, the two sexes crossing
together for hand-outs, Gutmann
the shots then rely on subjects
such as "Black Ink" and "Black and White Broadway" to
expand on his images in his images
less a part of the city life. 

in fact, when the subject is a
woman, the sexuality of Gutmann's vision extends his own interiorized
response to the recording process, and he produces some of
his most self-reflexive images. He presents women both as an eternal presence. A woman's beauty
"20's Students of Spelman College.
into black woman wearing
a white shirt.

"African Negro" culture. ("Class Woman.") In some photographs, he explores her
mythological dimension as a subject
in disguise, intersecting realities or
women. This is the case in "A
Background," "The Poor," "The
New Orleans," behind the outstretched
black hand. A woman wearing
white shirt.

"African Negro" culture.
intersects with the likes of Dianne
Arbus. Then gradually, the entire
Expressionist world assumes a
sinister, existential余万元 distinc-
tion in time and place of
African-American face. We all have
constructing its own space, seems
caught in a movement more cine-
more than photographic. One can
frame space, in which a plurality of
images is being held. At a given
moment, the masked face might
physically disappear, but
appear a second later.

least to the women. Gutmann
was most sensitive to the popular cul-
ture in "30s America, and to the
material manifestations it generated
through a consumer society; the
automobile, of course, was a key
cultural emblem. Gutmann was fas-
cinated, too, with the American use
of advertising and graffiti. The peo-
ple had something to communicate
that could not be contained—words
scrawled on rundown renter walls,
trees, cars, and billboards. And as
Gutmann recorded the signs, he not
even explored language in its
ape in the physical world. As
competent as any photographer
has ever done, he also betrayed a
longing for the visual sense of the
work as a prose language. In some
of Gutmann's pictures, where the
writer's voice becomes the photographic
subject, it is hard to feel the
strength of the image and too easy
to feel conflicts between two seem-
ingly disparate forms of communica-
tion within them. The exceptions
are his graffiti pictures, where Gut-
mann, by including some activity or
content with a subjective frame-
work, creates an image that tran-
sends the words. Now, though, he
perceives a naive energy in human
documents giving proof of emotion
and passion. The waving lines and
crazed words of "Look-Out-
Graffiti" respect the turbulent
course of a private relationship, in
the picture, a shy girl, oblivious to
the graffiti message that she frames.
Gutmann's photographs from the
whole tale while the image, not just
the one carried by words. In one
sense, a need to interpret the photog-
graph rests on the subject matter:
in another, it stems from what
believes to be the photograph-
er's approach or attitude toward
subject, which, with Gutmann, can
be a personal flavor with drin.
human, or emotion's desultory flat
famine than photographic. One can
imagine a temporal flow into off-
frame space, in which a plurality of
images is being held. At a given
moment, the masked face might
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Gutmann recorded the signs, he not
even explored language in its
appearance in the physical world. As
competent as any photographer
goes to the world: A century before, Gut-
mann's pictures are reminders that
imagination is coerced in direct experience, and that spectator
mediation can sever its ties.

WHAT YOU THINK YOU SEE
WHAT YOU THINK, YOU SEE
HOPPS' A PRIORI FORMULA FOR A SPECIFIC SITUATION
GIVEN A SPECIFIC DURATION

Four walls was an exhibition staged by Walter Hopps, Director of the Nauti Con-
clusion, at the Whitney Museum of American Art, in the Houston Center for Photography along with John Gutmann's photographs of the San Francisco, October 17 - November 16.

By Jill A. Kyle

To be successful, an exhibit should elicit a reaction, good or bad, from viewers. It may not be
Many of their are not particular
about the response. Just as long as it is a reaction, there are gallery and museum directors who felt delighted upon seeing what was to be expected. Those who have the hardest time are the nay-sayers, who look for
to communication through encounters with art. Often, they are the ones scratching for a meaning for decoding, but even without them, their curiosity usually keeps them

WINTER 1986
coming back. Four Walls: An Exhibition Staged by Walker Höps is a good one. Nobody who sees it will feel that the mental machinery behind it has been revealed, but there is no need for that, so long as some material in the exhibit can speak to anyone.

Upon entering HCP, and leaning left, anyone between October 17 and November 16, a visitor will be surrounded by Höps' "Four Walls. Whether it be a conscious passivity coming off the street or a veiled gallery-gen, my bet is that the patron's attention will right off be riveted to the wall containing sections from the Menil Collection. There, 33 photographs constitute a concise but chic choice. History of approaches to subject matter by both American and European masters in the medium. "These" is the title Höps, who is a director of the Menil Collection, has assigned to this photographic wall of fame. In the window is Ruth Morgan's powerful "Maximum Security. San Quentin, 1983," the most recent picture in the Menil group. Mentioning a few of the names on labels under the photographs—Eugene Atget, André Kertész, Jacques Henri Lartigue, W. Eugene Smith—will give an idea of the richly diverse catalogue of vocabularies represented. Photographic samples include the organic abstraction of Man Ray's sensual nude, Le Printemps, 1930; the simplicity and elegance in Walker Höps' archetypical description of Charles John Laughton's waxy apparitional image, "At the end of the road..." 

Henry Carrion: Marcel Duchamp

Men Ray, Le Printemps, 1930

"The sense of the installation is that it is a kind of performative, an exhibition of ideas and objects, figurative in the history and theory of art and photography. And overlapping all with very humor, is a photograph by Henry Carrion. In Marcel Duchamp, a cropped portion of his readymade Bicycle Wheel at 1913 to come into Duchamp the most influential precursor to Conceptual Art, is given a fitting location—almost in the exact center of "These." Duchamp's vision and his Bicycle Wheel are reminders that when he ripped the ready-made object, aesthetically out of context, he assigned to the status of art, and at the same time, implied that part of its meaning as an art object could be found in the subversion of the wheel's function. What Höps gently peppers throughout his exhibit, and what unifies it, is the idea of art through selection, the same idea honing back to Duchamp and vastly enlarged in scope through the use of photographs. Because of their documentary function, photographs are crucial to the exposure. If not the making, of practically every manifestation of conceptual-type art. In his exhibit, Höps shows how the medium has nurtured the development of idea-oriented art in other ways. Ascending to various structural strategies through combinations of several main or parts of photographs, Höps reconfigures a conceptual complexity that would not be possible in the use of a single picture. "Now," the south wall contains three abstractions made a few nights before the exhibition opened by H. Dettinger, J. Gormann, and L. Iversen. Each of the three arrangements consists of a reproduction, a photograph, and a text, which Höps has made available for the overall work by calling attention to the process involved in making choices. "10 Hours," the fourth wall, displays photographs by HCP members and a portrait of a 10 minute installation. Within a "10-hour period on October 4," HCP invited any HCP member to bring in work to be hung in his exhibit. When seeking criteria for communication within the exhibit, codes can be useful: time, place, invitation, selection, etc. However codes, like figures of speech in language can become clichés if one were to ask about "Here" and "Now," what are they supposed to mean?—an answer might be they are coded to time and space/place. Fine, but what is the advantage of this code? Getting to meanings in "Four Walls" is to recognize all at once both a single view and as a concept-type work. It would not be out of place to regard "Four Walls" as a "process" in that implying that what is most important is not the result, the completed work, but the creative processes appropriate to bringing it about. And to be sure, something that generates a definite energy and intimacy about the exhibition is the viewer's awareness of the photographer's perspective, his analyzing and synthesizing, having his own logic and relation to content, which is knowable to him; but maybe to no one else. An awareness that, in fact, stimulates systems of thinking and encourages artistic dialogue.

A. Kyle is a frequent contributor to SPOT and other art periodicals published in Houston such as Antenna.

PATSY CRAVENS' FANTASY PLACES

Photography by Patsy Cravens were shown at Balmain, November 2nd — November 7th.

By Jodie Lee

Good food and good company are pleasantly anticipated and fondly remembered. Even alone, you can find both at Balmain's or Montrose. Since relocating in the Cheeks Market, Balmain has been there for customer enjoyment, the work of two Houston photographers, Peter Brown was first. We came to know his work in a leisurely way over the summer. Leigh Farnen's work was given an same amount of August. Now in early fall, we are finding new friends in the world of Patsy Cravens. All of these exhibits have been curated by Bob Shillock. Those interested in pur- chasing and framing photos obtained from the McGuire-Wall Gal- lery, Balmain's remains a popular neighborhood eating place— not a gallery. But this is an opportunity for patrons to have the work of master photographers and customers alike. We who have lingered there in shorter hours over coffee or wine have enjoyed a pic- ture or two or three. One picture near the entrance is an inviting offering. I like that I will return soon to make friends with another. Some of these are gifts which will keep on giving. If you prefer, you can meet each and everyone on the first visit, but im- memory is something we do not care for. A change

Patsy Cravens: Untitled (original in color)
that one day she would like to do a show of all portraits. Can her sensibility for humanity be applied directly to the self without removing the layers of the new directors being considered. She offers us six. Her view is that she is about the subject but lacking in the luminosity with which the other portraits are done. And she speaks of her frustra-
tion with single isolated images of her need to sell a longer talk.

Other pictures by Mary Craven are to be shown at Chocolate Barro Pavilion: in conversation with a John Faulk play. Deep in the Heat. October 21-28. The exhibition will be held at 16 Guyard Street, which is owned by Colorado Street. It will be included black and white color, a mix of different techniques. Her paintings will be

on her writings. Her work is included in the Shehab Collection. The Annual Sheet 1990, at Laguna Glad Gallery Museum. November 21 - January 12. The show is curated by Walter Hoppe, director of the Masculi collection and part of the show will travel to other locations in Texas. Her work is also included in the Dallas, Women Caucus for the Arts show entitled 1989 Women Six Sally Artists. This show is curated by Ann Reitche and can be seen at the Dallas City Hall, November 3 - November 30.

Craven's show at Butera's lasts through November 7. Then we look forward to the show at the National Collection of Fine Arts (October - December) and Robert Coonans (January - February) and Charlotte Lailey (February - March). The show on Shepard will be put up some early January. We are told that the two shows will be the show of a unique installation by Mary Margaret Hansen based on photograph negatives that Hansen was given a negative. This is a very different space, and it will be interesting to see what exhibitions are selected for it. Kodye Cast of Buxar is the person to create with direg tone of the exhibition. She is quick to point out that photography is a new improvisational process evolving with the process.

Artists who have in the past, Listedtcp (1964-1966) have vol-
teered their assistance and can help the process is interested in having work shown.

TRUTH

OVERSHADOWS ART

Wendy Nairn: Central America. An Exhibition of Documenta-
tography was shown at College of the Minne-
sota. Wendy Nairn's essay is avail-
able on request and can be requested at the Center for Photography at the University of Houston or the Houston Center for Photography.

By April Reiner

“What we see in Central America . . . is the absence or weakness of political institutions.” -Wendy Nairn

As part of a statement accom-
panying the photographs taken in the College of the Minneverland, Wendy Nairn cited a poll which determined the participation of American citi-
izens don't know what side the US supports in Nicaragua and Salvado or where those countries are locat-
ed. Historically, one might conclude that ignoring the lack of a political truth the less informed the public might determinedly remain about the situation. One of American citi-
sin (or comply, ever by maintaining elections that are not free and fair. Such an illustration is inescapable addled to in the world. No one is able to support the democratic status, and the image.

What turns the danger inherent in any outsider or non-partis-
panic, photographing poverty and

1987

in a cast of the world where the politics of human dignity, and tempered the images in their pre-

sentation and physical layout. Di-

vision is constantly pervasive and Salvador- -the exhibit was designed to re-

ect as a book or magazine might: the narrative enhanced by text, dyptch and cuoue dyptch, and color and black and white pho-

nography. The images are mont-

ded and put behind glass. The cost of resource monogramed and behav-

ing, for example, a 50 piece show not to mention life and lab costs, would be an appealing concept in the context of day to day reality for many average Central Ameri-

can citizens. Nairn focused attention on the images, and gestured respect-

ful in defense to the excessive need engendered by life in coun-

try, and the effect of such effec-

tive and moving: although it is clear that the issues are thoroughly examined and deeply felt and that Nairn is a politici-

cal and being concerned. One is left to conclude for oneself. This is the result of an illustrative position, the information sifted by at least. Truth is bad gods and good gods all live alike.

Women have it tough, their lives are full of challenges, and tempered the images in their pre-

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The exhibition, The World of August Victor Casasola, Mexico 1986 (1874-1978), is at the University of Houston's Blaffer Gallery. The exhibition is a Small and Standard size. Beaumont Newhall's History of Photography was published in 1967. This exhibition (1971) from the Editors of Time-Life books fail to include him in her new work. Nikolai Rubinstein attempts to correct these situations. "Photography is the first photographer in his country to think himself a professional," lamented "sale" and praises him for being surprisingly modern in Mexico. What Rosenberg laments is that Casasola's prints remain largely unseen.

Two exhibitions in Houston this fall. The World of August Victor Casasola, Mexico 1986 (1874-1978), is at the University of Houston's Blaffer Gallery and a group of eight photos at the Interna-
tional Photographic Information Agency, Cuba, or Casasola's name and attempted to correspond. Rosenberg has published some of the two exhibitions aimed as many questions as they tried to answer. "I am interested in the curva-

tion of his work. His place in the history of photography by means of the nature and function of docu-

mantine photography. Here in 1974. Casasola began his career as a photojournalist. Around the turn of the century he turned his camera to the powerful, the common man, and the poor. For El Imparcial, the official newspa-

per of the dictator Porfirio Diaz, and for El Tiempo an influential Catholic paper. Casasola took photographs of workers and peasants, but also of the occasional.

popular events spots. Iachs, Iach. And the images of these were printed and would be called today little more than in addition, the people of the world. In 1911 he founded the Society of Anonymous Photographers, and in 1914, the independent Photographic Information Agency. Following the death of Diaz in 1915, Casasola moved to Mexico in 1920, he was hired by Presidente Obregón (1920 and Cárdenas (1924) as the director of the office of the various government departments.

Around the time he established the Photographic Information Agen-

cy. Casasola recognized a need to establish a photographic archive to preserve his own works and the works of others. In 1920, Casasola emerged from the archive was Gifted History Alliance (1921), which covered

...
BOOKS

THE BIG SLEEP/FLAT DEATH:
AN APOCRYPHAL
DIALOGUE

The Big Sleep by Raymond Chandler
with an introduction by Lawrence Clark Powell;
Illustrated with 40 photographs by
1994. (Edition of 400)

By James R. Bogard

"I'm a secret photographer. My camera eschews listic." Lou Stou-
nor grunted softly, put his hand in his
bag and clipped his pencil on the
vest. Across from him sat Andrew
Hoyem of San Francisco's Art
Nouveau and we were seated in
make photographs (Illustrating Art).
new edition of Raymond Chandler's
1939 detective novel The Big Sleep.
My camera hungered for natural,
unfinished light. For the catch
images of city people working, play-
ing, going crazy, bustling and liv-
ing each other. There is the steer
Stoumen is "where visual truth manifests itself.
"The more to myself he added. "I've
made 100 movies in my life and
won two Academy Awards for film
based on fact, not fiction. I teach
film now as full-time professor at
UCLA. My days are paid. I'm
eighty. Why should I once more turn
my peaceful, tree-shaded, book-
lined home into a casting office,
rehearsal stage, production studio,
film lab, crisis center and fast food
coffee shop?"

As a persuasive tactic, Hoyem
described the book to be:
"My design of the book will incorporate
Paramount's black and white fades
in Art Deco design. If it is protected
by a handmade hard plastic cover,
remade in Mohawk Superfine paper,
and your photographs will be
blueblack duotone over double
opaque white ink and finished
with an acrylic varnish. That's my impres-
sions. Think about it!" challenged
Hoyem.

The book had been ten years since a copy
of The Big Sleep had rested on the
polished wooden coffee table in
Laszlo Steiner's West Los Angeles
home. It had been since I had
visited there and it was already
two months since Hoyem had
approached Stoumen about the
project.

It was about eleven o'clock in the
morning with the sun not shining
and a look of hard wet rain in the
clothes of the football when I
drove up to Stoumen's residence.
We sat directly across from each
other, the camaraderie space
between us bridged by a low coffee
table supporting a disposable and
penciled paragraph of the Chandler
text, one of a foursome of great
Chandler stories.

I've been asked to illustrate a
new edition of The Big Sleep with
glyphs," he confessed.

"Andrew Hoyem wants new
glyphs that would conserve motion
picture purity stills."

I thought of Lou's prestigious body
of photo images: real images, auto
accidents and bold nude
teenagers. He sensed my hesitation.
"Last night I did it. I've
forgotten how clean and sharp-eyed
the man wrote," argued Stoumen,
never taking his eyes off my face.
"No fat. Lots of small, tasteful
weird and true surprising people.
Casting ideas started in my head.
I began to see faces.

He was looking for a graphic from
approval from me when I,

She was worth a stare. She was trouble.

Leaned slowly back in my chair,
crossed one ankle over my knee
and rubbed my aching bone with my
thin nervous hand in preparation for
a formal protest. His tone took on
more urgency.

"It began not to matter that the
book was listic. Truth seems to be
true, even in a costume."

I made a mental note of his obser-
vation. "A good, succinct summation
of postindustrial existentialism."

I thought, "It's a lecture in an essay,
so further modify any protest and

surpassing some of those scenes
"How many...? I hadn't gotten
the sensation fully out of my mouth
when he started to ask the question
with his reply.

"At least forty stills—sort of, at least as
I can figure," informed me. "Spent
the better part of two months in
deciding which scenes in the narra-
tive needed to be shot, who to cast
in them and where to shoot them."

He stood up to stretch his long legs,
towering over me and continued.

"This is going to be the obsession
of photographing my life," Mr. Natel Eirg
I shot him four times. The Cost againsting my ribs. The gun jumped out of his hands as if it had been kicked.

**Meet Phillip Marlowe, a private eye who's in a jam:** Corrigan locked me over as he was looking at a photographic

captured and double-tracked photograph linking narration and photographic process—came suddenly to mind. I flipped the book open, paged toward its center and finally found the image. Three very suspicious characters are staring at Marlowe (and out of the page at me), and yet I am also confronting them while looking at Stourmm's rendition of them. I compromised to render the captions: "Weer Phillip Marlowe, a private eye who's in a war." Corrigan looked at me over as he was looking at a photograph

The True Story of the Civil War. In them I brought a series of still photographs, or flat drawings as Roland Barthes termed them, to cinematic life. Now I've got to create narrative photographs to bring cinematic form to a book. With Howey as designer-producer and Chandler as script writer, I'm directing and photographing a 'papier-mâché.' As a stunt I used cancer probably on its way to an accident on the San Diego Freeway. I thought of similarly staged productions by other photographers: the soap opera-like scenarios set up in the "directional mode" and recorded by Lee McCoubrey photographer-sculptor. East Coast artist/activist, Wright's photographic commen-
taries on mother's acting career, the AIP-issued monthly, which incorporated actual publicity stills in conjunction with loose clichés made of her mother off-stage at home. From my art history text-books, I remembered Dr. Donald Stone's Renaissance Art History course and his student reminder that Italian documents and sources contained so word for our 'scenic' scenes were invariably called stage sets. Each arc I recall him expounding, "was an inc-
dent from a continuous drama, and based on a simple, human relationship of figures." I brought back to view the man and the woman as painted by Giotto—The Nativity of the Child God—The Lamentation—so I imagined what Stourmm's photograph-
graphic of his "Big Butler" might look like. I felt I should let him in on my thoughts.

"What you're doing," I told Stourmm softly, "the bear eating my vocal cord," is not unlike Giotto achieving to, and magnificently illustr-
ating, the story narrated in the Golden Leaf by Jacopo da Voragine: a thirteenth-century Italo-Greek bishop. I drew a long breath and let it out softly. Then I looked back and crossed my legs and continued: "Your illness and books all seem to be anchored in a verbal text; all your narrataries are visual fabrica-
tions and..."

Chandler's style: boomed in Stourmm as a storyteller as a part-
turned-on radio in a funeral parlor. "A telling in a wealth of precise obser-
vations concerning place and people..." Photographers, unable to use the camera-eye implied in Chandler's narrative, will be multiplied by my photographic illustration of that narrative..."

I've always been a known, knowing screen: I went out at the French doors and along a smooth reddish-pink path that led to the wide open panel of the garage. I was holding a week-old carton of championed fresh ink, felt of hard plastic and opened eagerly at my touch. I sat down in my battered Nagra shoes and leaned back and read: "She caught her under the armpit and she went rubber-legged on me and turned..." under the photo-

graph of Marlowe played by Gene O'Kelley already carrying a coyly falling Carmen Sternwood (played by Sally Hallet). The characters were in period costume and ad-
hered to Chandler's textual descriptions quite closely. I paged forward un. Under a photo text: "for a batch buddy?" and saw a young kid's interest. Nearly till the frame, same palm trees making up the difference around the edges. Unintentional by the film codes hobbling the representation of sexuality in the Howard Hawks production, Stourmm's paper movie acts somewhat operably faint their allure; they invite their objectifica-
tion by the male viewer, a gaze text-
ually embedded in Marlowe's observations.

"For instance," I thought: "there was that pair of photographs of Carmen Sternwood reclining in bed: the captions under them read respectively. 'She inserted her small sharp teeth gleaming. 'Came, aren't I?' she said,' and, 'the book held of the covers had passed dramatical-
cally, and swept them aside.' Of course, Mame's climax come to mind. But there's a difference here: the viewer's gaze has now shifted 90 degrees to the right. We are viewing her naked flesh Man Raylike, from the outstretched foot tip. Escalating modesty, now longer does the pho-
tographer permit the female model to hide her pubis. I swiveled my chair a few degrees clockwise and recalled: 'The first of several photographs double tracked across the expanse of the book. Here a soggy Mrs. Vivian Sterling

begun (played by Alma Hecht), poses on a chaise-longue: her image was doubled in the mirror behind her, recalls a plethora of both theatrical scenes and fine art photographs. 'This reflection,' he asserted out loud to an imaginary audience, "constitutes an internal duplication, a synchronic imprint like a blotted ink.' As such, I further mutter: it suggests the very process of book production itself, while also using photography to comment upon photography itself.' We also another internal reference: a
POETRY

STOVPEKE WELLS

Gary Fey's photographs have been shown in numerous exhibitions throughout the United States. The poems were taken from a forthcoming book of Gary Fey's written photography in Dead Valley.

By Gary Fey

Another dawn explodes in the horizon... morning stretches 6 years, and orange rings out across the valley.

Distant mountains lower, as the first visible heat invades above the sand.

Grays shift toward white, time wears on... the saucy of morning, a tale on an imperceptible edge, becoming more aggressive, then penetrating, and finally a shining gleam radiating withering waves, bleaching color from stones.

The plague of heat, now a random rage, roams contemptuously throughout the day, increasing unashamedly its thirst, its fury, as a fire consuming its own oxygen.

It finally turns upon itself, and becomes vulnerable.

A foreign breeze sneaking up on the horizon through the haze of low afternoon, eclipses the remnants of heat, and rescues the survivors.

Breakfast softer, shadowing the mark of newly forged dunes, standing, gray green in the afternoon light.

There is an overwhelming sense of vastness, that comes to Death Valley just after sundown.

Looking west, across the power sand dunes chained innumerable miles, behind the blue silhouette of Sierra.

The surface temperature hot, the sun having climbed a hundred degrees;... the lastest breeze has passed, and for a few moments, the sound has been suspended, and the dawn's angry heat is replaced by a starting peace... if the growing dunes had a sound, they would screech of glint with a silence that did, make you embarrased with the ringing of your own ears.

There is a sacred silence that accompanies a flush of awareness in the valley... this place has been here for billions of years, mamals may seem important... I'd love to photograph that, but I think Angel already did.

The stringing heat of this desert place gives off, day and night, to the chorus of crickets & birds announcing: the sun is setting, and the healing of night.

—Gary Fey, "Stovpeke Wells, 1986"}

NOTES

PHOTO FELLOWSHIPS

REGIONAL PROGRAM

Mid-America Arts Alliance (M-AAA) will award up to $15,500 grants in a statewide photography competition. Organized by the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA), the competition is open to photographers resident in the states of Arkansas, Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska. Deadline for application is January 14, 1987.

According to M-AAA Visual Arts Director Edna Stinson, the fellowship program is established to honor artists in the six-state region whose work deserves more recognition and visibility than it would otherwise get.

"We're looking for photographers of exceptional talent at all stages of their careers" Stinson said, "so we expect an applicant to already have created a substantial body of work."

Winners, to be announced in March, will be selected by a panel of three nationally recognized artists and one curator.

Eligible applicants must reside in one of the six states pictured in this article. Full-time graduate or undergraduate students and recipients of NEA Visual Arts Fellowships will not be considered.

For information on application procedures contact: "Artists of the Heartland, 10 Maple Hill Rd, Suite 130, Kansas City, MO 64015; phone: (816) 332-3816.

The M-AAA/NEA Fellowship Award Program was created by NEA in 1981, was the first in the country to give recognition and support to established and emerging artists on a regional level.

1986 NEA PHOTOGRAPHERS FELLOWSHIPS

The National Endowment for the Arts recently announced a $100,000 fellowship for photography. As in previous years grants were awarded to 25 photographers in amounts of $5,000, $15,000 and $25,000. In recommending awards panels considered several criteria: applicant's work, a career summary, and—based on thourough evidence that the "applicant's work reflects continuous serious and exceptional aesthetic investigation, and will be a critical point of development during the proposed grant period."

The photography panel reviewed 1,337 applications. Of 1,337 from 663 from women, this year, compared to 1,107 in 1984. However, 143
total funding for this category fell to $73,000 to $45,000 this year.

Robert Heinecken who heads the photography program in the School of Art at UCLA, was awarded the fellowship.

The following 17 photographers received awards of $15,000: Paul Berger, Seattle; Ian Frances Descbar, New York; Philip Brazil, Minneapolis; Virginia Giuffre, New York; Richard Cheek, Washington, D.C.; David Braine, Tallahassee; Richard Peterson, Minneapolis; Charles Kleger, St. Louis; Edward Avedon, New York; Christine Pelz, St. Louis; Michael Ginzberg, Minneapolis; William Davis, New York; Jay Wynn, Memphis; James Whitlow Bell, New York; John Yash, San Francisco; Susan Ragan, New York; Donald Fishback, New York.

LETTERS

Sally Gall's review (SPOT, Summer 1986) of the Self Portrait in Photography photographs by Alice Neel is greatly appreciated but I should point out that I did not sponsor the grant for the work and I never saw the final result. The exhibition at Blaffer had nothing to do with the " tuition exhibition" which combined and contrasted the genre of self-portraiture in the traditional medium of painting and in the modern medium of photography. (I do mean a good, solid, thoughtful exhibition that the Blaffer Gallery was not the major, but for the exhibition, both for the photography program. The Blaffer show was the photography component: but an even further derivative, part of the photography component. It looks like a part and needs the larger group of work in the catalog to make sense as an exhibition. There is a tension on the horizon to acquire or not falling over the catalog when it really had very little to do with the exhibition at Blaffer again. I quote from my review to the far to Eric Holie. This exhibition was intended as sort of an, huge blow to the self-portrait in Latvia. The writer's work is an introduction and a strong image of an important historic. European presence."

Sally Gall replies:

"I was not able to visit the Blaffer show, but I have seen the exhibition in person and I believe that the work is of high quality. I have always been interested in the way that self-portraits have been used in art. I have seen many different types of self-portraits, from the serious to the humorous, and I believe that this exhibition is an excellent example of the variety of ways in which self-portraits can be used.

Sally Gall"
CALENDAR
WINTER 1986

EXHIBITIONS
DECEMBER
Swell Hall Gallery, Rice University, Through Dec 6. "Rock 'n' Roll--An Artfully Illustrated History" by Peter Brown and Good Wishing. 6100 South Main. Contact: Enron. Mon-Sat 12-5; 7:30-9; Sun 1-5. 713-661-6800.

Buxton's on Montrose, Through Jan 17. Photographs by Jenice Rahm. Mon-Fri 10-1; Sat 12-6. 529-8142.
Buxton's on Alabama, Through Jan 17. Photographs by Mary Margaret Hansen. 801 West Alabama. Mon-Sat 10-6. 529-8141.

EXHIBITIONS ELSEWHERE IN TEXAS

January

February
PHOTOGRAPHERS
ARTISTS

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