



"Miss Texas 1956," by Fred Hess & Son, Atlantic City

PATRICK CLANCY'S SIMULATED VOYAGE/THE NON-HISTORIES OF JOHN HEARTFIELD/THE EXTENDED LOGO/FEAR OF PHALLUS TALK SHOW/UNDRESSING THE TEXAS MYTH/ACCOMPLICES OF DESIRE/REVIEWS: JOHN GUTMANN'S SILVER ODYSSEY/WALTER HOPPS' FOUR-WALLS/POST-REVOLUTIONARY CONTEXT OF CASASOLA'S PHOTOGRAPHS/DOCUMENTARY PHOTOS OF CENTRAL AMERICA/STOUMEN PHOTOGRAPHS THE BIG SLEEP

"Miss Texas 1956," by Fred Hess & Son. More on page 3.

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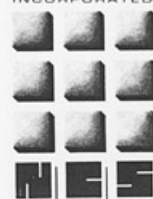
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STAFF

Editor: Lew Thomas

Design: Dave Crossley

Assistant Editor: Julie Lee

Contributing Editors: Cynthia Freeland, Robert Kopec, Julie Lee, Christine Lunceford and Galia Nitzan

Writers: Christopher Burnett, Gary Faye, Cynthia A. Freeland, Carol A. Gerhardt, Paul Hester, James Hugunin, Jill A. Kyle, Julie Lee, Robert C. Morgan, Ed Osowski, April Rapier, Lew Thomas.

Production: Cherie Truax

Advertising Sales: Patricia M. Holleman

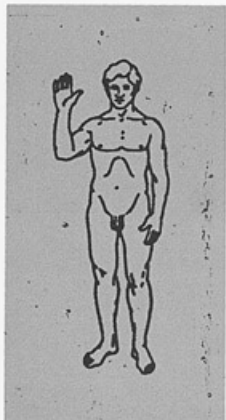
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MESSAGES



Fred Hess & Son; Miss Texas 1956



Pioneer 10 Spacecraft: Cosmic Greeting



Marcia Resnick: Laurie Anderson

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

The cover photograph of "Miss Texas 1956" was taken by Fred Hess & Son, Atlantic City.

Fred Hess was one of the official 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 capital, an object of exchange for publication.

Fred Hess was not a semiotician 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 photograph #230.

If he had an art, it was his ability to objectify the subject so "it" could be read easily by the public. To take a "non-possessive" shot of a subject was something Fred buried in his unconscious. He would scratch those senseless shots from his contact sheet with the swiftness of a shy school teacher trying to cover-up the obscenities of a graffiti artist.

There were 48 Miss Some-Bodies in Atlantic City (besides Miss District of Columbia, Miss Hawaii, and Miss Canada) that year, and one of Fred's assignments was to photograph them in their gowns. You could say his job was pleasant since he was a professional who knew how to properly light his subject. Theories of "objectification," transparency or any other kind of critique of bourgeois verisimilitude would have struck Fred as more an issue of the "Cold War" than anything having to do with photography. It was his job to show us that a natural beauty was a national treasure.

Fred Hess was a craftsman. He posed Miss Texas in what he thought was a precise gesture you could associate with a Texan. He posed her with her right arm raised toward the viewer in a friendly salute of greeting. How could Fred know he was moving toward controversy? How could he know that Apollo 10 would take his pose of Miss Texas and "emblazon" it on the Pioneer spacecraft only this time the raised right arm would belong to a male. That there would be those who felt this gesture might confuse the extraterrestrial recipients of the message by blurring the difference between greeting and farewell, didn't occur to Fred.

Nobody asked Fred what kind of image to send into outer space. Nobody thought of Fred as having insights into gender issues let alone the vast outer space of a galaxy. Perhaps he could have changed Laurie Anderson's mind about the ambiguity of the emblazoned pose if he had been consulted by NASA: In our country, she sang during one of her performances in what sounded like a male voice dropped an octave, we send pictures of our sign language into outer space. They are speaking our sign language in these pictures. Do you think they will think his hand is permanently attached that way? Or do you think they will read our signs? In our country, good-bye looks just like hello.

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 "hyperreal" space would have made Fred rave with incredulous 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 "Miss Texas" looked arched 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 dab of light on her forehead, on the tip of her nose, around her cheeks and chin; her skin painted in satiny warm tones contrasted to the crepey binding folds of the gown; the white color of the gloves and ribbon pinned at her waist. Ah, Fred Hess and Son were masters at making a silver surface glow with radiance and desire!

In America, 1956 was a year of untroubled myth. "Ike was in the White House." General Electric promised a luminous world. Vision from afar had just entered 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 transcendent 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 spectacle seemed to Fred the basic reason for doing a photograph. Fred called it "eye catching."

He knew instinctively that the work he was doing in Atlantic City represented more than a pretty face. 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 photographs of allegorical maidens—national treasures of natural beauty—project an industry devoted to appearances: fashion, cosmetics, dental and bodily hygiene, enterprises suited exquisitely to his talents.

That the contemporary meaning of the photograph he took 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 subjects relax in front of camera—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 30 years ago conjures up a black and white narrative film 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 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 forget you anymore, I've got back into remembering all the love we had before. I've been trying to forget someone that my heart still adores, so I'm not trying to forget you anymore. You're just someone who brought happiness into my life, and it did not last forever—oh, that's all right. We were always more than lovers, and I'm still your friend. If I had the chance I'd do it all again... I'm not trying to forget you anymore, I've got back into remembering all the love we had before...

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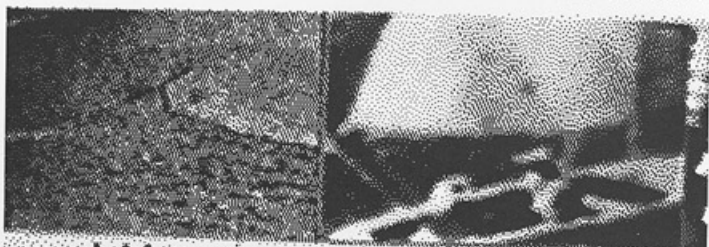
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PATRICK CLANCY'S 365/360 AND THE SIMULATED VOYAGE

Patrick Clancy's 365/360, multi-media exhibition of installation photography, video and performance art, was co-sponsored by HCP and Diverse Works, December 12, 1986—January 25, 1987.



observation post on the balcony.



would be a quick trip across the

Patrick Clancy: 365/360 (digitized photographs)

By Christopher Burnett

365/360, an installation photocollage, relates to practices of audio-visual communications often marginalized or even exiled by modern fine arts institutions. The exile is perhaps unfair since art museums and galleries have a history intertwined with a wild assortment of different shows. In the eighteenth century along London's Strand, the strange abutment of the Lawrence Museum and the Somerset House expresses the mixed-atmosphere where exhibitions vied for the public imagination. The Somerset Museum with its Royal Academy of Art stood futilely aloof from the catchpenny museum world next door with its clanking automata, natural history specimens, and freakish curiosities.¹ Art museums were (and are) just one exhibiting institution among a circus of shows that includes reliquaries, collections, cabinets, street-scenes, fairs, and many such rings of sight.

365/360 relates to these other rings of sight and especially to the history of panorama. During the time that public museums and art galleries were being founded, Robert Barker walked along Calton Hill (or, as some think, sat under an umbrella) and conceived the idea of fixing a square frame on the spot and rotating it, so that he could sketch segments of the 360° Edinburgh view. Following Barker's vision came his Panorama, a circular building showing a huge panoramic landscape. Other panoramas, colosseums, globes, eidophusikons, and panopticons were raised around Leicester Square, London, and the world over. The difference between the various panoramas and history painting at that time was not so clear. Each used expanses of canvas and historical subjects, but panoramas were distinct in their devotion to topics and scenes of travel. For the bourgeois, topographic panoramas substituted for expensive Grand Tours as wonderfully as gift books of landscape and travel.² The wonder of circular views and travel link 365/360 to the traditions of panorama.

For 365/360, traveling, as a mode of viewing, prefigures traveling as a topic. Even in the early shows of London, spectators must have found their wide points of view playing with the heterogeneous elements in a circular viewing situation. The play contrasts with the fixed,

narrow points of view involved in easel painting. The linear perspective of framed pictures structures a fixed point of view homologous to the aesthetics of contemplation given philosophical expression by Immanuel Kant. The absorbed and disinterested contemplation of the product for itself simply as a work of art is not especially pertinent to 365/360 or other major spectacles of our time that involve a traveling view. Cinema, world's fairs and trade exhibitions for instance, use techniques like circle-vision, tableaux beneath domes, and mosaic panoramas to open up fictional space and time for imaginative travel; an imaginative travel where close or extended reading may operate but not a rapt gaze. Simulators, using current audio-visual and cybernetic technology, offer a mode of travel where rapt contemplation seems barely a possibility (at least for long). 365/360 is not, precisely speaking, a technological simulator. But, through its mosaic panorama of imagery and narrative, we can experience the problematic of simulated travel.

The panoramic photocollage unwinds in frequent reference to vacation postcards of the Central American volcanoes, Orizaba and Iztalco, whose contrasting eruptions seem simultaneously to launch our travel of imagery and imagery of travel. Pictorially, much of the photocollage is an extensive "zoom" into the postcards through Clancy's macro-lens. More importantly, the cards generate the twists and turns of narrative, as Louise and Walter Arensberg (with their party guests) speculate on the fate of the proto-Dadaist, Arthur Cravan, after his 1918 travels to Vera Cruz with Mina Loy. Cravan sent the postcards (which Clancy calls "reference images") to the Arensbergs from farflung places. For the Arensberg circle, they are all that remain of the picaresque artist/boxer who was last seen in Vera Cruz on his sailboat. Through panoramic imagery and text, we speculate whether he went out to sea, became lost in a desert, languished finally in a Mexican jail, or was shanghaied by Albertan wheat farmers for their grain harvest.

Other evidence besides the postcards add to stories of travel. Clancy presents the "Lost Notebooks of Arthur Cravan" perhaps as an archeological discovery from Clancy's actual travels in Vera Cruz. The

travelogue tells of Cravan's journey to Buenos Aires where he met up with Marcel Duchamp at the Hotel Limon. Travel Imagery multiplies following that meeting. From the theater balcony with Duchamp, we see Raymond Roussel's *Nouvelle Impressions d'Afrique*. Itself a serially embedded tale about Europeans in *after* lands, (Roussel's travelers were shipwrecked in Africa on their way to Buenos Aires). Duchamp maps his own journey to Buenos Aires with the destination point literally sketched in question ("?"). He relates his art investigations to his state of travel. His optical device "To be Looked at . . ." works in reference to balcony views ideal for travelers. Mail sent overseas instructs his sister and brother-in-law to hang "Unhappy Readymade" from their Parisian balcony. Duchamp packs with him only the collapsible "Sculpture for Traveling," a cut up elastic bathing cap. Stretched out in 365/360, the cap's webbed lines suggest the itineraries of Duchamp, Cravan, and Loy, which Clancy reiterates by pulling skeins of string between the various points marking cities on a globe. Traveling for the modernist crew is a matter of strange meetings and crossed paths.

Other strange meetings throughout 365/360 seem hardly related to the itineraries above, but importantly relate to the conditions of world-consciousness (world-view) in simulation. We meet a contradictory figure, somewhat like a hybrid Hermes, handling a camera (*caduceus*) wired electronically or pneumatically to his slippers (winged sandals). The god of travel seems engaged in recreating Marey's chronophotographic experiments which analyze, in still images, the movement of running in a continuous loop. The Marey-runner, like a Hermes after the Fall, expresses the confused movement/moment of simulators which project whole worlds continuously in time but always by frames and fragments of stilled moments. 365/360 embodies the paradox by at once spreading out images and text panoramically and interrupting the implied continuity by colliding discrete frames as if in the mosaics of montage. 365/360, as simulators do, takes the phenomenological form, "mosaic-panorama."

Instances of simulation in forms of mosaic-panoramas unwind everywhere in contemporary culture. The domes and globe constructions of Disney World and the world's fairs

have arrays of multi-media panels, spectator vehicles, and looped tracks. Media technology has elaborated and proliferated the spectacular constructions. Recently, computers orchestrate video monitors, omnivision screens, audio-animatronics, and live presentation, and they create woven, but extended, fabrics of electronic spectacle. We get a cybernetic bird's eye view (or insect's eye view) of animal evolution or even the cosmic "big bang" in a flash hardly known to the history of picture-making. Still, these sensational mosaic panoramas remain linked in tradition to the shows of the Enlightenment and to its attitude of simulated travel.

A link to literary tradition, especially significant to Clancy, expresses important aspects of simulated travel. In J.K. Huysmans' *Against Nature*, the frail Duc Jean des Esseintes, concentrates a world of exotic splendor within his mansion's thick walls. When, finally, des Esseintes wants escape via authentic travel to London and Holland, he gets no farther than an English tavern in Paris. "After all," he asks, "what was the good of moving when a fellow could travel so magnificently sitting in a chair? Wasn't he already in London?"³ Simulators, even the facsimiles of foreign shops that we see in contemporary malls, replace in proximity what would naturally be obtainable only by distance overcome with effort.

Simulators, despite such extensive screens or complex panels, condense and model experience for imaginary travel. Nicely seated, there is no risk of "spoiling such unforgettable experiences by a clumsy change of locality." Yet, despite such an imploded, abstract locality, what proliferation of worlds simulators produce. Under one domed space and minutes' time, we can travel through the worlds of the South American rain forest, Sahara Desert, Himalaya Mountains, and Arctic Tundra. 365/360, with similar magic, abuts extreme regional differences: plains, deserts volcanoes. The volcanoes themselves are categorized apart: Orizaba is ice-capped; Iztalco smolders.

The proliferating worlds run parallel to the multiple stories and references which remind us that closely reading a text produces intertext. There are major narratives: Cravan's story, Duchamp's story, Loy's story. There are subordinate tales and references to Marey, Roussel, Zuni mud head ritual, Acapulco cliff divers, and Clancy's own trip to Vera Cruz. 365/360 pins together many narrative pieces intertextually.

Like intertextual simulators, 365/360 proliferates worlds using repetition with an uncanny obsession. By simulation, London effectively repeats itself in Paris, as des Esseintes discovered. Today, it repeats itself where the London Bridge stands in Arizona, or where a pub offers ale at Disney World. Simulators, as complexes of mimicry, reproduce a multitude of versions where before, presumably, there stood just one. Moreover, any one version repeats itself again and again in cycles of repetition.

365/360, using photography, spawns reproductions, and the history of the work is a series of photocollages which have evolved by reproduction into the version exhibited at the Houston Center for Photography.

Within this current version, we can discern many instances of repetitions and doubles. In company with paired volcanoes, there are twins doubled picture frames, paired divers. Cravan seems as duplicitously linked to Duchamp (Waterman/Glassman) as he does to Mina Loy where, after a jabbing interplay of frames, their heads seem to merge. In 365/360, the limits of identity are always tested by the ambiguous merging of repetition and the same.

Patrick Clancy: 365/360 (The City and the Plowed Field)

1. Richard D. Altick, *The Shows of London* (Cambridge and London: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1978), p.99.

3. J.K. Huysmans, *Against Nature*. Translation of *À Rebours* by Robert Baldick (Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1959), p. 143.

5. Hans Jürgen Holstein, *Homo Cyberneticus—The Simulation of Everyday Life: A Synopsis* (Uppsala: Sociografica, 1974), p.1.

SPOT

THE NON-HISTORIES OF JOHN HEARTFIELD

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 modern 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, in the context of the revolutionary working class movement in Germany.

During the early 1930's, Heartfield's work reached millions of people in the pages of one of Germany's famed illustrated magazines, the most advanced form of mass media at that time, precursors to Life

as an artist. Other political artists from before WWII of similar stature that have received far greater attention include: George Grosz, Kathe Kollwitz, and Otto Dix in Germany; Los Tres Grandes, especially Diego Rivera, and Frida Kahlo in Mexico. Heartfield's standing as the first and most important artist of the mass media makes him unusually relevant to present-day artists. Of course, in a world turned upside down this relevance may indeed be the very best explanation for his historical exclusion.

In the book's introduction I said that the lack of scholarly attention

is not a non-issue. Unfortunately, the interest expressed has had to rely on a dearth of information resulting in skewed perspectives. A film on Heartfield made in West Berlin as part of a large curatorial project is subtitled and becomes popular in the U.S. An essay from the same project is reprinted in *Photography/Politics One* from England. Both are seriously misleading on a number of counts, not the least concerning the central political issue of any discussion of Heartfield, i.e., his position toward fascism and social fascism. *Black*, a very good arts journal from England prints a

to describe a few locations on the meandering map of neglect.

If art history writing does not happen exclusively in academia, the institutional momentum sets the agenda. This is no less true of the post WWII era, the time in which research on Heartfield should have been initiated. This was also a time of political purges and self-censorship. That Heartfield was a member of the German Communist Party would point to an obvious reason for historical banishment. The red scare of those times blushed pinkophobia, although we have entered rosier times with Reaganism. This does not account for all the New Leftists who made the "long march through the institutions." But it should be remembered that few march through the hallowed halls of art history. Art history, of all the disciplines, recruits disproportionately from the upper classes (sociology is on the other end of the scale). The leftists that do inhabit these regions have spent a much needed but ultimately imbalanced amount of time debunking conventional wisdom. But the institutional problematic has them blinkered to the type of study of oppositional culture which would bring them into earshot of Heartfield.

The fact that he was a photomontagist is of importance. Photomontage falls between the conventional objects of study for art history and photography history. Until recently, anything photographic has been an intruder in the eyes of art history and the very act of montage represents the hand of subjectivity (read, art) disrupting the plane of the photograph thereby destroying the academic object. Add to this factors that generally remain anathema to academia—the avant-garde, mass culture, journalism, political parties, etc.—and the main reason for neglect becomes clear: what he did does not constitute an academic object because of the way academics themselves are constituted.

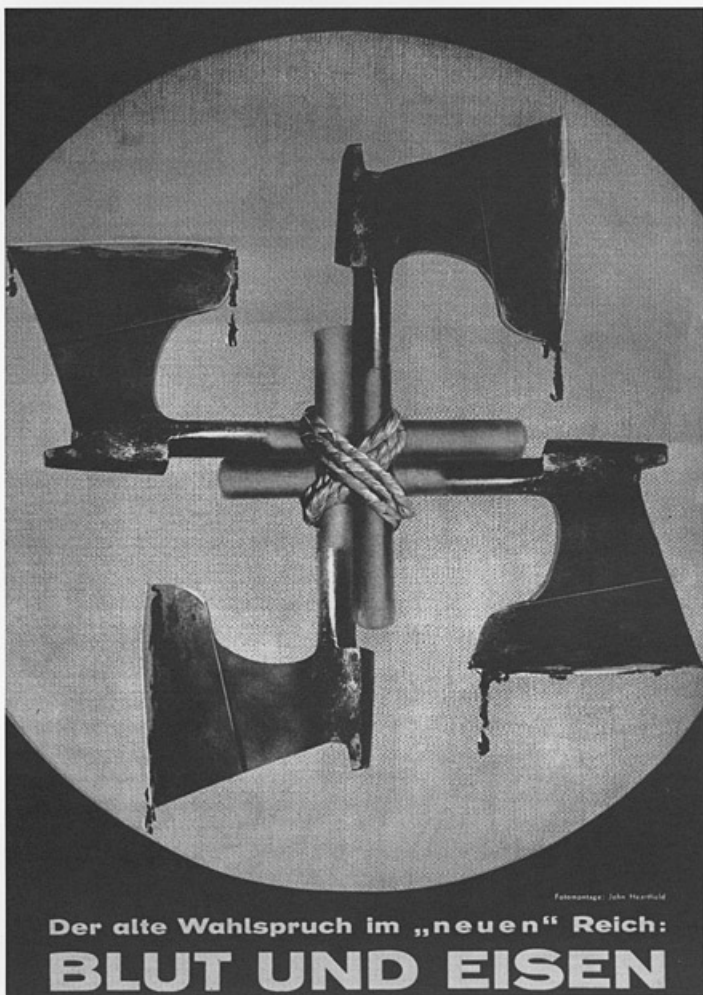
The exclusion of objects which interact with too many spheres of life can be traced furthermore to a celebration of instrumentalist reason within a strain of modernism. This modernism was something of the nationalist fortress complex and the eugenic moment as manifested within aesthetics, reaching its phalocratic heyday with Greenbergian formalism. Much earlier, in 1922, Paul Strand typified this modernism in warning against the mongrelizing of media.

The full potential power of every medium is dependent upon the purity of its use, and all attempts at mixture end in such dead things as the color etching, the photographic painting and in photography, the gum print, the oil print, etc., in which the introduction of hand work and a manipulation is merely the expression of an impotent desire to paint.³

To look at this type of structured neglect in another light: instead of saying that photomontage does not fit neatly into either art or photographic writing, we can turn it around and say that Heartfield actually has had twice as many avenues of historiographic entry than would an artist or a photographer alone. A two-fold neglect then, twice as many opportunities squandered.

Heartfield's art historical entry would most likely be through research into Dada. Research in this area has recently heated up and is now relatively active. However, a single article of greater than introductory depth has yet to be written in English. This simply ignores the fact that Heartfield was a central member of Berlin Dada. It would be impossible to go over the range of treatment Heartfield has received within this literature. Instead, I will look briefly at just one very influential book, Robert Motherwell's 1951 anthology *The Dada Painters and Poets*,⁴ and an exhibition from the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Heartfield receives passing mention within the book's treatment of



John Heartfield: Blood and Iron, 1934 (Collection: Museum of Fine Arts, Houston)

Magazine in the United States and Picture Post in England. Even after fleeing Hitler's Germany for Prague, Heartfield continued his work unabated, achieving an international reputation for his scathing indictments of the Nazi regime.

This remarkable integration of artistic avant-garde, political vanguard and mass media is unique to the art practice of John Heartfield. As we confront the overwhelming impact of the mass media on our culture, along with the increasingly scarce critical capacity of most current art, Heartfield's relevance grows. Growing also is the need to discuss his work, to translate it into the present day.

So reads the backcover blurb to a book I wrote about Heartfield.¹ The first sentence can be qualified to point out that he is the most neglected political artist, suffering unprecedented historical exclusion in the English language relative to his sta-

suffered by Heartfield is itself in need of scholarly attention. The book, while remaining historically specific, never promises such scholarship. Instead, it seeks to break the Anglophone silence on Heartfield by proposing general parameters for understanding his work. I am an artist, not an art historian. That such a project was left at the doorstep of the untutored is indicative of the degree of Heartfield's neglect. In fact, artists of one stripe or another have played a disproportionate role in venturing comment.² Their comments vary a great deal, but never are they the comments of an outsider. They speak from inside their own work of the provocations of Heartfield's work. And all have spoken toward the development of an oppositional culture.

The steadily increasing interest in Heartfield shows that his non-his-

lead article which, among other errors, has the Weimar Republic beginning in 1912 and which makes an argument for Heartfield's politics of women that simply cannot be supported. Another person in the College Arts Association Arts Journal constructs a method, based on the scantiest of quotes concerning Heartfield's work, to analyze composite photographs. Apparently, the little information about Heartfield circulating in English has become naturalized to an extent where it now disguises itself as a summation.

With the following I would like to propose some features of Heartfield's non-histories, i.e., the histories of neglect. This is actually a larger task than writing about his histories. To fully account for the sustained exclusion from art and photography writing, from cultural critique, would be to interrogate the disciplines themselves. The following will mere-

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 Nummer: Cpt. 15 holl. Crt. - Jahrgang XIII. - Nr. 36. - 14. September 1935

In Leipzig werden am 21. September neben dem Provokateur Lubbe, vier Unschuldige — Opfer eines der ungeheuerlichsten Justizverbrechen — vor Gericht stehen. Der wahre Reichstagsbrandstifter, Goering, wird nicht vor den Schranken erscheinen.

Fotomontage: John Heartfield // Umschlagbild des „Braunbuchs über Reichstagsbrand und Hitlerterror“ // Das Gesicht Goerings ist einer Originalfotografie entnommen und wurde nicht retuschiert

PROZESS/GEGENPROZESS

What is important is now hidden else-

Scholarly attention in photographic history writing is hardly worth mention because it so rarely mentions Heartfield.⁷ The exemplary

The US left has never manifested such a photomontage practice. Neither in the interwar nor postwar periods. It is to be found in the work of Madison Avenue (Heartfield's work was featured in the late-40s issue of *Graphic*). This is only an apparent similarity; of course, Madison Avenue's use of photomontage, as capitalist advertising's core technique, submerges social relations, whereas Heartfield's photomontage sought to expose them. His work did not provide a simple vehicle for a message but dismantled formal, ideological and institutional surrounds and, at its best, the dismantling reflected back upon the photomontage itself. Therefore, it cannot be characterized as "advertising for the left." Ironically, the most extravagant forms of adver-

tising have yet to employ Heartfield's innovations in book design, graphics and advertising proper, wherein critique was kept to a relative minimum. Unfortunately, the left and alternative culture has similarly ignored these innovations.

Heartfield's positioning vis-à-vis mass media affords us the most accurate perspective, over and above the frameworks of art or photography proper, with which to understand his work. "Art and mass media" is a field of consideration yet to be freed up to the point where it can (undoubtedly) provide not only a powerful historical retrospect, but keys to a potent present-day practice.¹⁰ In this respect, we can note another non-history of cultural practice, that within the broadcast media. This non-history begins during the Weimar Republic with the absence of a cultural practice in radio commensurate with Heartfield's in the print media. This is especially crucial now that broadcast and cablecast have secured a fully hegemonic position in processes of socio-political literacy.

One of the most remarkable non-histories of Heartfield has been the recent one of the photography championed in the artworld under the name of postmodernism. After all, one of the main concerns of this work has been the appropriation of mass media imagery performed, no less, under the sign of politics.¹¹ Minimal art had taken up Malevich, conceptual art Duchamp, but this New York artworld photography never looked up nor took up Heartfield, the obvious frontrunner to be its historical darling.

I speak in the past tense here because the stable of postmodern photographers is, with a few exceptions, the stable of a dead horse—no matter if the slab of morgue marble is now being stood on end to form museum walls. The critics who once championed this photography have since busied their retreat. I therefore do not want to cover old ground. What is the pleasure in kicking a dead horse after the mourning of its trainers has ceased? Any political life this animal could ever claim came primarily from contraposition to Neo-Expressionism, with its unapologetic return to male genius, myth wrenched from history, art market rejuvenation, the critic as sensate explicator and consumer advocate, etc. As Neo-Expressionism hearkened back to its German Expressionist incarnation, so too New York art photography echoes *Neue Sachlichkeit* photography. *Neue Sachlichkeit's* pretense of representing phenomenal reality by way of surface inspection is displaced to representing representation *per se*. A Neo-Neue then.

Instead of jumping into the post-modernist theoretical (free) playground, I'd like to consider a practical example, the work of Barbara Kruger, someone I consider to show signs of actual political life from the beginning. Her work is usually lumped together with that of Sherman, Prince, Levine, et al., although I tend to think of it being closer to the analytical and critical vein of Martha Rosler. She is of particular interest here because her photomontages have evoked mention of Heartfield on more than one occasion. The association is not very apt. The first difference is obvious: her work doesn't share a similar breadth of distribution, neither

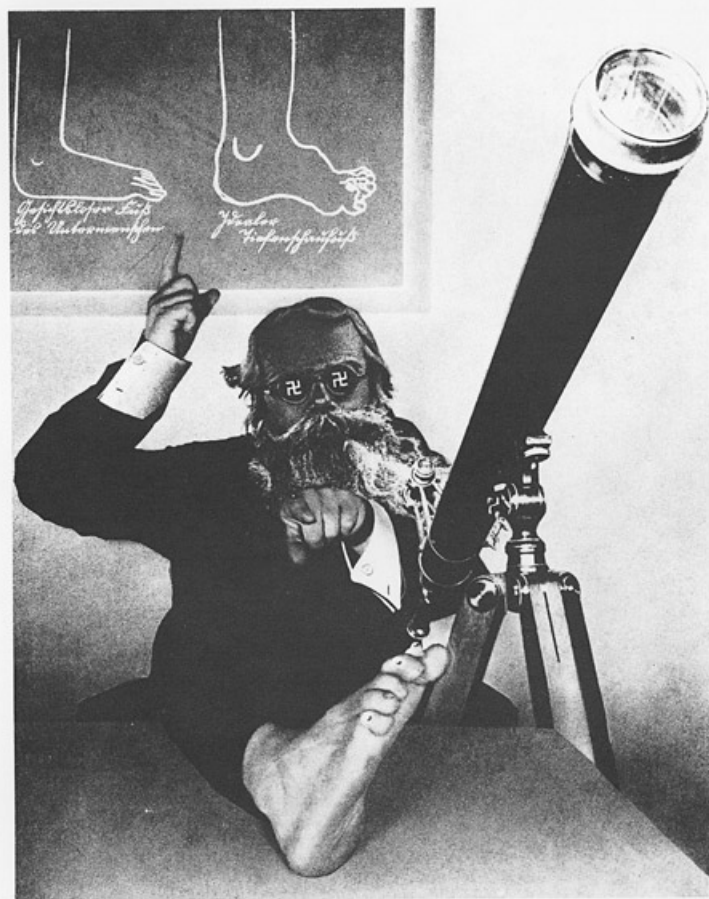
without severe compromise to a photomontage's political intent and totality of meaning. The photomontages do not always achieve this, but when they do, an exemplary model is offered for an art of containing and negating the giddy intertextuality of mass media inundation.

One thing should be clear in a comparison with Heartfield's work. His photomontages were, during the late-Weimar height of his artistic practice, situated both representationally and institutionally in relation to the photojournalism of Germany's illustrated magazines. These publications were the most influential form of mass media at that time; Heartfield published in

tomontages critique representation, the critique is not situated in daily encounters, the operant literacy, of representation. Such encounters on the field of representation are crucial, because without an institutional assurance of regular and broad-based distribution, the work of art must practice its negativity well beyond its immediate reception, i.e., in a memory of it.

The last non-history is the biggest one—the future (or at least all that has not gone before). Heartfield worked within an era in which revolution within the Western nations was thought to be an inevitability. The grand historical narrative upon which that inevitability was based

4. Robert Motherwell, ed., *The Dada Painters and Poets*. New York, 1951.
5. *Artforum*, September 1981, p. 2.
6. Richard Heuserbeck, *Memoirs of a Dada Drummer*. New York, 1974.
7. Notable exception is made for Aaron Scharf's *Art & Photography*, where Heartfield is given fair shake in the text and in an extended bibliographic note. So too David Mellor, ed., *Germany: The New Photography, 1927-1933*. Arts Council of Great Britain, 1978. Interest in England is also demonstrated by Dawn Ades *Photomontage*. London, 1976; John Berger's review of Heartfield's ICA exhibition; Jo Spence's essay in *Block*; scattered essays in *Camera Obscura*; and the inclusion of Eckhardt Siepmann's essay in *Photography/Politics*. One.
8. Van Deren Coke, *Avant-Garde Photography in Germany: 1919-1939*. New York, 1982.
9. See Abigail Solomon-Godeau's discussion of documentary vs. "productivist" mode—à la Heartfield and Walter Benjamin, in "Reconstructing Documentary: Connie Hatch's Representational Resistance" in *Camera Obscura: A Journal of Feminism and Film Theory*, Nos. 13-14 (1985). She cites Heartfield's "radical photographic practice" as "an exemplum virtutis for artists of the left," an observation which brings into relief the absence of discussion by those who have contributed greatly to the conceptual development of radical photographic practice in England and the U.S. This can be attributed in part to the degree of attention given critiques of dominant ideological phenomena over explicitly oppositional practices. Solomon-Godeau's article is a welcome departure.
10. For many, John Berger's *Ways of Seeing* broke the ice on the topic of art and mass media. See John A. Walker's *Art in the Age of Mass Media*. London, 1983, for an interesting attempt at an overview from a radical perspective. See also Douglas Kahn, Diane Neumaier, eds., *Cultures in Contention*. Seattle, 1985, for practical instances of cultural activism relative to the mass media. For an incredibly banal treatment of the subject see Robert Pellrey's *Art and Mass Media*. New York, 1985, a text book domestication which makes no mention of Heartfield whatsoever.
11. Some people think Benjamin Buchloh addressed the relationship of Heartfield and postmodernism in his "Allegorical Procedures: Appropriation and Montage in Contemporary Art," *Artforum* (Sept. 1982). However, a reading will show that he merely presented Heartfield, along with Rodchenko, Grosz and others, shifting quickly to the appropriate tactics of Duchamp. From Duchamp he moves to Rauschenberg and then onto post-modern present. No link is made with the present and Heartfield, et al. Thus, he stays, like Duchamp, in the comfortable institutions and discourses of the artworld and does not travel, as did Heartfield, et al., in larger social spheres.
12. She might have abdicated potential for distribution outside the artworld, however, by moving recently into 3-D lenticular material, thereby limiting the work to those who traverse pristine white spaces, confusing their body shifts with shifts of meaning in the world at large.



John Heartfield: Ein Professor Witlawowsky von der Universität Heidelberg

In sheer numbers nor in the context of a mass political movement. This is, however, more a reflection upon present communicative conditions than on Kruger's work. There's only so far an artist can be held responsible for monopolistic media or the absence of an oppositional public sphere. Besides, unlike most New York art, Kruger's photomontages have ventured outside the confines of the artworld, probably without pay (Grosz's high priced activity in the Weimar art market defrayed expenses of popular distribution of the same work).¹²

Her work has been able to migrate because of the skill with which meaning within the photomontage itself migrates polysemically amid the modes of address, narratives and commentaries of the image/text, as well as the broad range of social reference. Her skill has been to coordinate these passages to form and formulate a depth of interrelated critical meanings which can be understood from a range of (audience) perspectives

one which existed in the competitive sphere of the major magazines. Thus, his photomontages operated with a remarkable social centrality. Per Kruger, the institutionalized centrality, cannot be compared, but neither can matters of representation. Heartfield's appropriations from within the mass media activated a constant critique of the vernacular found there. Kruger's photomontages, on the other hand, have no such position vis-à-vis the mass media, her photographic material coming instead from atypical sources many years old. It's to her credit that she hasn't fallen back on the easy critiques offered by nostalgia and has been able to wrench the photos from their dated framework.

Her photomontages cannot be said to have a practical resonance with a socially central practice of representation. They cannot engage the residuary function of Heartfield's photomontages which were set homeopathically adrift amid the journalistic objects of their critique. In other words, although her pho-

has since lost credibility. Heartfield was at the very beginning when the mass media began to successfully supplant the grand narrative with a plethora of smaller ones. These little narratives in turn supplanted the not-so-grand conditions of daily life and the cynical machinations of class and patriarchal society. The provocation of Heartfield does not require adherence to a story of historical inevitability. It does require, however, that the power that seems to inevitably remain, be resisted.

Footnotes

1. John Heartfield: *Art & Mass Media*, Tanam Press (40 White Street, New York, NY 10013), 1985. To be published by Comedia, London.
2. For example, Sergei Tretyakov (Russia), Louis Aragon (France), Joseph Renau (Spain), Klaus Steack (West Germany), Jo Spence (England) - from the 1930 to the present day.
3. "Photography and the New God" in *Classic Essays on Photography*, Ed. Alan Trachtenberg, New Haven (1980).

Douglas Kahn, co-editor with Diane Neumaier of *Cultures in Contention* (Real Comet Press, 1985), had a long essay on violinist/composer Malcolm Goldstein published recently in *Fire Over Water* (ed. Reese Williams, Tanam Press, 1986). "Hotel," a half hour work of audio art, will be aired this spring on public radio as part of the *New America Radio Series*. He currently lives in Middletown, Connecticut.

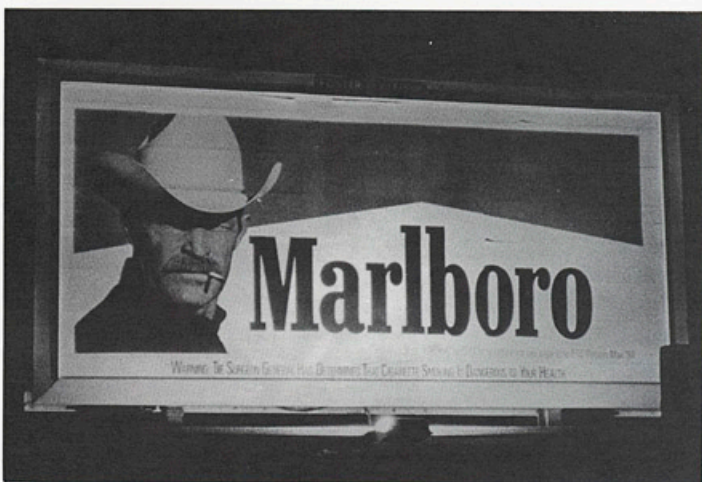
Ideograms are word-pictures which represent complex ideas. Some trademarks and company emblems function this way. When a company name is stylized with a particular typographic layout, it is called a logotype. The Xerox Corporation, for example, uses a logotype (derived from an acronym) as an identifying 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, tenacity, security, and confidence, which this logotype represents, is accomplished graphically by the way the first word "The" interlocks with the second word "Bowery." The two words run together as a single word, a single entity. Two words form a pictorial idea which reinforces and reiterates 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 "B" in the second word. As a result, they appear inextricably bound, impenetrable. 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, wine bottles and sleazy bars, with louse-ridden derelicts and drunks, rejects 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 puritanical notion of salvation for those who have managed to cope and to work hard and thereby excel within the system. Thus, a reverse psychology abets and codifies the symbol of the investment bank as a place secure amid the raffish of society, visualized by the two interlocking letters in the logotype.

When a logotype is combined with a pictographic 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 Morton Goldsholl for the International Minerals and Chemical Corporation. According to Goldsholl, who designed the trademark in 1959, the overall configuration represents a cross section of a phosphate crystal which formed a Hexagonal Bipyramid. . . .

We cut across the hexagonal center, placed the two forms side by side and gave the right panel to the "Tree of Life" symbol which meant that the phosphate had the secret and the capacity to grow food for man. We then included the letters IMC in the left panel to symbolize the fact that this company knew how to release this power to feed a hungry world.¹

Occasionally, the logotype and the symbol are used separately from one another, as for example in the case of Mobil Oil. The Art Deco-style, red Pegasus, enclosed within a white circle, often appears on gasoline stations in a separate location from the blue and red letters which spell "Mobil" on a white rectilinear sign. The "Pegasus"—at one time, a symbol of power and transport, was used by Greek gods who travelled to and from Mount Parnassus. These mythical and once magnificent winged horses now function as design components, symbols of

THE BOWERY



BARCLAY
UNEXPECTED PLEASURE

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Surprising richness in an ultra low tar.



nostalgia which signify the history and "reliability" of the company name. Concurrently, the two signs function as a split ideogram and are used to identify the location of prefabricated Mobil stations, installed throughout the world. By separating the word (company name) from the symbol ("Pegasus"), an enlarged architectural reference is given to the ideogrammatic structure which allows it to function in a more dominant way in relation to the visual environment. This is a similar technique to what is used by fast-food restaurants. According to Buzz Spector, a Chicago based art critic, the logotype phenomenon began to spread rapidly in the United States after its initial adaptation by the military-industrial complex in the immediate post-war period. By the 1960's, logotypes were in heavy use by the major corporate conglomerates and had become common fare in most American businesses.

The sheer size and diversity of such corporate operations led to problems in the presentation of a public image not experienced by corporations in the past. Many corporate designers of the post-war period saw the phenomenon of the all-purpose logotype as a literal perceptual analogue to the social phenomenon of the multifaceted corporate conglomerate, and to a considerable extent, the new use of geometric, systemized modular configurations as logotypes was a manifestation of their analogy in their professional concern.²

Logotypes with symbols are often abbreviated and simply called "logos." In graphic ads, for example, the "logo" functions somewhere on the page (but not always) in relation to the visualization of the image/text. Coca-Cola billboards and magazine ads hold fast to their trademark identification. As the Coca-Cola trademark has evolved into a more streamlined logo, it is questionable whether the "new" can of Coke, photographed in close-up detail, really needs a supporting logotype. In such cases, the traditional logotype functions more as a design code; it is transformed, semiotically, into a sub-logo for the purpose of codification, similar in fact, to the Mobil "Pegasus."

Leo Burnett's famous Marlboro campaign, which associates the rugged cowboy with a red and white geometric mountain peak, the logo for Marlboro, is an example of an extended logo. In an extended logo, the logo is "enlarged" by a figurative presence. In recent years, other cigarette companies have followed suit, each of them selecting the particular archetypal model to which the company brand is making its appeal. Camel cigarettes show the proverbial mountain man, dressed in khaki, wearing boots, always off in the wilderness someplace, alone and isolated. Given the personal narcissism which supports the psychological part of the smoking habit, this notion of isolation is very important in both the Marlboro and the Camel ads.

On the other hand, Barclay cigarettes present a different image of a male alterego. This is the Rudolph Valentino image, the alluring philanderer who shows up at a gala evening soiree, somewhat hidden in the shadows, mysterious and

debonair, fraught with unknown passions and romantic intrigue. The Barclay man, like the Marlboro and Camel men, operates as an extended logo. He is also a loner, but in a different sense. Instead of the outdoor wilderness, the Barclay man is subject to the urbane wilderness, enveloped in his eternal narcissism. The audience target is very specific: the appeal of the Barclay ad is toward another social class. The Barclay man is not a beer-drinking hard-hat, a mountain man, or a lonesome cowboy, but a young, presumably "sensitive" (though ironically "cool") executive, independent and unattached, ready for a romantic quest as he delivers a suggestive glance at the boss's wife.

The use of narcissism as an underpinning for women's cigarette ads is particularly intriguing and no less subtle. With varying success, the "feminine mystique" has been utterly co-opted and submerged into the image/text package. Virginia Slims is the classic example. In many ways, the counterpart to the rugged Marlboro man, the slogan for the Virginia Slims ad is: "You've come a long way, baby!" A young "slim" woman is shown in sporty, fashionable dress, usually kicking her heel up and holding a cigarette. The backdrop offers a necessary point of historical tension, namely the place of women in relation to men around the turn of the century. To accomplish this effect, a posed, sepia-toned photograph shows a woman or group of women from Victorian times who are clearly being exploited by their male counterparts. Freed from this backdrop, the new woman emerges as an extended logo for Virginia Slims, a symbol complexly intertwined with "liberation" for the female sex.

If one reflects upon the juxtaposition of elements, however, the level of signification is only a superficial sign which encompasses another level of meaning entirely. The issue is really not about sexual liberation of the female gender so much as it is about a distinction based on class differences and the kind of sexual glamor that the upper middle class understands. The posed Victorian photographs used in these ads show women as part of another class structure, working-class women doing menial chores, working in factories, wearing common dresses with their hair pulled tightly against their heads. In contrast, the new woman of the late Twentieth Century is an alluring sex object, not a liberated woman. Thus, a kind of moiré pattern is constructed, linguistically speaking, by laminating the new "liberated" woman against the backdrop of a Victorian vignette: the pattern does not quite match. Something appears incongruous. The new woman in the foreground does not emerge from the past, but is lifted out of the present and used to imply a logical progression from one class to the other. Yet in spite of her class status, she is made to appeal to all working women who need and want this independence for themselves; thus, suggesting that any woman who acquiesces to the power structure will find it. Virginia Slims, in turn,

provides that special allurements every woman needs in order to fulfill the fantasy of being ahead of the game within her own social milieu, as if the issue of economic class was somehow insignificant. The ambiguity between sexual allurements and class liberation is not accidental; it is another co-optation of a more serious ideological concern, a covert intervention, that ridicules the efforts of women who are legitimately striving to achieve concrete legislation which guarantees them an equal place in society today.

Many of the devices directed toward women (and men) through advertising are analyzed by the sociologist Erving Goffman who believes that the tone of most ads appealing to women is playful, not serious: "as though life were a series of costume balls."³ The appeals are made by showing women as if they were immature adolescent girls. Models are posed in a manner resembling "a sort of body clowning." By seeing the model in the ad, it affords the spectator the opportunity to "mock one's own appearance" and thus displace one's unlikable physical identity by projecting oneself into the appearance of the model; this action and response, however, is completely superficial.

The critic Judith Williamson maintains that the "multiple-identity" factor in recent women's advertising is essential to the notion that today's women can choose who they want to be because they are no longer forced into a single role model.⁴ This notion of multiplicity is important in order for the ad to make it's appeal to the newly "liberated" woman. Instead of the specific role models presented to women in magazines of the 1940's and 1950's—teen-ager, bride, housewife, elegant lady, debutant, military career woman, woman on puppet strings, woman as adorable wife, woman as "cracker-jack" secretary—the new multiple role woman is more open-ended in its interpretation, more unpredictable and adventuresome.

The "multiple identity" image of women requires no more than a single model positioned on the page (although some ads employ several models within the same ad in order to get the point across). This single "anonymous" woman fulfills the requirement. The criterion is to manifest a composite sign, one of independence (yet fully dependent upon male approval) and implied liberation, thereby allowing the spectator to take this open-ended role in whatever direction she may choose. Of course, the choices are not really all that open-ended. The standard is also one of total superficiality: it is directed toward the "collective self." Similar to Lester Beall's comment that "look-alikeness" has implications toward security in the design of a corporate logo, the appeal toward the female gender in most ads is based on the same paradox, somewhere between individual identity and group anonymity.⁵ In this sense, the female role model in advertising functions as an extended logo which carries the company name wherever and whenever she may appear.

Footnotes

1. Goldschill as quoted in Spector, *Objects and Logotypes*. Exhibition Catalogue, University of Chicago, 1980; p.8.
2. Spector, p.7.
3. Goffman as quoted by Vester-gaard and Schroder, *The Language of Advertising*, New York, 1985; pp.100-102.
4. Williamson as quoted by Vester-gaard and Schroder, p.100.
5. Lester Beall as quoted by Spector, pp.7-6.

Robert Morgan's article, "The Extended Logo," is an excerpt from a book in progress. *The Trade in Ideograms*.

VIDEO

TALK SHOW

Due to the importance of the video tape Dick Talk the opportunity to print another review of the work by a leading specialist in film theory and criticism provides the reader with more insight in a crucial area of representation.

By Peter Lehman

Several years ago, I was critiquing the representation of homosexuality in a popular movie, when a student noted that she had several gay male friends who liked the movie very much. That fact alone seemed to her to undermine my argument that the film was disturbing in its representation of gay men. During the last decade, both artistic and theoretical practice have attempted to move away from a heterosexual male domination. We want to hear other voices; we want to hear a plurality of voices. But all of us—speakers and listeners—have to be careful. We should never presume that the voices of gay men, lesbians, or heterosexual women speak to us with insight simply because now we are finally hearing from those who have been silenced too long. Appealing as such a thought may be, all of us are caught up in dominant ideologies; none of us is simply outside them.

Even if gay men like a certain film, that doesn't seal the film off from ideological criticism nor does it give us much insight into the film. Gay men, by virtue of being gay, do not necessarily have deep insight into patriarchal culture and the symbolic phallus which supposedly lies at its center. This does not mean that their responses to a film are uninteresting, invalid, or unjustifiable. It just means that we must be careful to maintain a truly critical perspective. We have to know more than what someone's responses are. To really understand the issues, we have to analyze why someone may have such a response and then evaluate whether such a response is politically and socially progressive. Ideologies invisibly structure us to want and desire what is in the best interests of our culture. This is just as true of the kinds of orgasms we want as the kinds of deodorants we want. There is no way we can simply speak of our authentic responses, because they are neither ours nor are they authentic. Still, it is important to speak and to listen.

Dick Talk gives us a unique opportunity to do some listening. A video tape produced anonymously by X, it presents five women talking about just what the title suggests they will talk about. The tape is broken down with titles into the following sections: "the first," "images," "size," "best/worst," and "mystery." All the participants are anonymous. As we hear them talk, the camera shows their bodies up to their faces, but never above the mouth. Thus, we see how they are dressed and how they gesture while they speak, but we never see who they are. According to the producer, the reason for the anonymity was to protect these women, none of whom are independent of men in their lives.

The anonymity, however, has further consequences. At the simplest level, it unfortunately creates an unusually voyeuristic atmosphere. The way the camera scans parts of the women's bodies may create a desire to see the whole. It, in fact, invites us to fantasize about these women to complete the picture. The sound works similarly. There is an aural equivalent to voyeurism which, in its clinical form, gives an erotic pleasure to someone who overhears or listens in. Dick Talk creates more of such an atmosphere than would have been necessary had it been less secretive in its mode of presentation. In fact, over the opening credit it can barely hear the women talking and laughing before we see anything. This immediately eroticizes the tape as we strain to hear one of the women ask if they should talk about width or circumference or whether they should tell personal stories. The answer is personal stories and the stage is set for us to "listen in" on a private conversation which we would normally not have access to. This is a pleasurable invitation.

I do not wish to criticize the use of personal stories. Anyone who teaches gender studies knows there is almost no other way to discuss these topics. As men and women, we fall back on our own experiences in order to articulate our feelings about our struggles with cultural notions of masculinity, femininity, and sexuality. For heterosexual men and women as well as gay men, talking about penises is certainly highly charged in personal ways. Such personal experience can be incorporated into larger perspectives which make use of the anecdotal material. Dick Talk, however, sustains the personal anecdotal mode almost exclusively. We simply enjoy hearing more and more about these women's personal lives which, contrary to some assumptions, is neither challenging, threatening, or disturbing to men. The tone of the conversation much of the time is closer to gossip than serious discussion, although two of the women frequently avoid dwelling on personal details and articulate issues.

Just because the women wanted to remain anonymous does not mean that they had to remain mysterious. We know nothing about their backgrounds in terms of age, class, and education. This information could have been provided without compromising their privacy and I think it is revealing that X found it unnecessary to do so. All of our responses are shaped and formed by the cultural, historical moment we live in as well as by our unique individual psychoanalytic histories. Certainly, age, class, and education are important parts of our historical positionings. That does not mean that if we knew that one of the women had a Ph.D. and that one of the women never went to college, we should privilege the former over the latter, but we might learn something about how class and education help structure sexual response. There is, as the five women in this tape make clear, no such thing as a woman's response to penises. There are many responses, none of which can be meaningfully cut off from history—both cultural and personal.

Dick Talk could have acquired a critical perspective in two ways. A moderator could have pushed the women to examine their responses, rather than merely report them. It is not clear who, if anyone, is formally in charge of moderating the conversation or even if X is one of the participants. The woman at the far right of the room who is dressed in a white blouse and brightly patterned white slacks seems to be the person fulfilling that function. She gets things going and at one point even says that she has a friend who is a "great dick talker." She relishes the personal stories and urges the speakers on with more details. But except for expressing enthusiastic agreement or surprise, she never probes any of the responses. Thus, neither they nor us have to think about the implications and significances of the stories; they are simply offered up as personal truths.

X could also have introduced a critical perspective by intercutting an analytical narration with the documentary footage. The Fall 1986 issue of SPOT featured a very interesting article which presented some anonymous women responding to the anonymous women in the tape. Whoever had that idea (no credit is given) understood precisely what Dick Talk lacked. Yet, X could have intercut such footage with her original footage. Either the use of an analytical narrator or of a group of analytical respondents would have broken the voyeuristic, personal eavesdropping tone of the piece and would have opened articulated questions about the individual responses, preventing a simple reification of them as authentic expressions of personal truth. As the tape

is structured, only those spectators who bring an active critical framework with them will get beyond the very real fascination of listening to these women talk about their intimate lives.

So, what sort of things do they say? In the first section, they tell about the first time they saw and/or thought about penises. The woman in the blue dress tells a particularly poignant story about voyeurizing at a naked little boy. The woman in the striped blouse tells of her ignorance at imagining an erection since clearly she pictures a penis as something that hangs down. Furthermore, the notion of the penis thrusting during intercourse was unimaginable to her. "I wasn't born all knowing," she says of her early sexual performances. "But basically you were, don't you think?" responds the woman in the brightly patterned white slacks. "I'm not talking expertise. I'm talking a real good response." "Well, I waited a long time for actually—not that I think about it, for now—not even knowing what the word was about what my fulfillment was supposed to be. And what the experience was. I knew there was something more to the whole thing than just watching the skilled person go in and out." The moderator's glib remark about being born with a "good response" actually blocks one of the most insightful comments made by the woman in the striped blouse. A more analytical moderator may have picked up on the phrase "what my fulfillment was supposed to be" as revealing how a great deal of our sexual responses are learned. When analyzed symptomatically, the first section of the tape reveals just how significant the penis is in determining sexual difference in our culture. All of the women remember and speak about it with near awe. The tracings of patriarchal culture's "successful" emphasis on the phallus are evident. These reminiscences about penises do not tell us something "essential" about women; they tell us something about how women are formed within our culture. Dick Talk never makes that clear.

The second section on images is equally revealing. Of her early childhood interest in the penis, one woman in the blue dress remarks, "It was just a visual fascination. We didn't touch each other." "Why did you want to look at it?" the moderator asks. "It was just fascinating. That little, bitty, tiny pink penis was sticking out there ['so lovely,' another voice adds] was fascinating." The moderator's question presumes the speaker should be able to answer why she had the fascination. Not surprisingly, all she can do, in fact, is add more personal anecdote to what she has already told us. It should be the moderator's job or the video-maker's job to address that question. The "why" here, which should be the most important part of this tape, is simply thrown back to the speaker.

The moderator then produces some pornographic magazines with images of penises. She mentions that she is not aroused by these kinds of images which she finds are full of oppression, force, and aggression. But then she wonders why pornographic pictures and movies always show the male ejaculating. "But see the little drop right here. . . Apparently there's something to do with watching the cum come out. In all the fuck movies I've seen, everytime they start sucking, he never comes in her mouth. You have to see the squirt or the semen. Is that for men or for women?" But we need something more than a personal response to answer those questions. Obviously, it's for men since they are the market for the pornography in question. Paul Willemen has argued that this development in pornography (like all images these are in part histori-

cally determined, though no one in the tape ever reminds us of that) stems from a desperate, current need to make the "truth" of male sexuality visible.¹ I will return to this point later, since I think it is not unrelated to porno's emphasis on big penises, though none of the women make that connection either here, or later, when they speak about size. Richard Dyer's fine analysis of male-penises carefully explicates why they so notoriously "fail" to arouse viewers.² Whereas female models either acknowledge the male look by shyly looking away or by offering a come-hither look of their own, the males typically stare aggressively out of the frame at the spectator or else they avert their eyes in a way which suggests they are distracted by lofty, profound thoughts. In either case, they are not made available for the viewer like the female is. Dyer also notes that the penis is an almost awkward failure since the literal organ collapses under the symbolic weight which the phallus imposes upon it. The gap between the literal and the symbolic is too great. For this reason, the myth of the phallus benefits from keeping the penis hidden.

If no one adequately examines why the pornographic images fail to satisfy any of the women, the same thing is true of the images which apparently do please several of them. "This arouses me," one of the women remarks (voices of approval are heard). "Calvin Klein has the best touch. Where does he get this stuff?" "Real life," the moderator replies and someone adds, "Yeah." Someone cautions that the images in the ads are not images from their lives, but the important issue is still not addressed. If Calvin Klein's ads provoke an erotic response in some of these women, that is not necessarily positive. We need to find out not only what is different between his images and the pornographic images, but we also need to place his images within the same phallic mode which structures the pornography. One of the dangers of dismissing pornography too quickly without understanding it is that then presumably other kinds of images (in this case advertising) appear entirely different.

Both Neale's and Dyer's points are crucial to understanding "size": the next section of Dick Talk. The moderator sets the tone by stressing that size is important to her. "If you get a grown man with a little Vienna sausage, that's a sad day because he's so proud of himself." Someone says, "I know," and asks, "But what can you do?" "Well, you should send him home," the moderator replies. "They're the ones that say size doesn't matter because obviously the guy who wrote the book, the guy who said that, has a real little dick." Later, the woman in the blue dress refers to a study that indicates that although women have been saying that size doesn't matter, it isn't true.

The representation of the male body and the penis in medical and scientific discourse should receive the same critical scrutiny that artistic representations receive. Anyone who looks at medical texts should realize that the standard representation of the penis cannot be understood as a neutral, objective image. Penises vary greatly, but not in medical texts. Similarly, the way in which books on sex quickly and confidently assert that size doesn't matter, clearly betrays a male anxiety. It is comforting for men to "know" that they have nothing to worry about.

But rather than using this as a starting point for further inquiry, the moderator uses it as a virtual excuse to revel in her love of big penises. She never questions why big penises are so attractive to her or whether that attraction betrays another way of being trapped in a patriarchal shaping of her desire. In



Helen White: Man in Bath, 1979

one of the most revealingly contradictory moments in the tape, she says, "The first time I saw a pornographic movie and I saw this enormous dick. I said that's for me. Why shouldn't they be big?"

Although she consciously traces her desire back to pornography, she is not troubled by that nor does she feel any need to link it back to the earlier discussion of pornography. I would suggest that the large penises in pornography are an integral part of the domination and aggression which she finds so repulsive in those pictures. They are closely linked to the emphasis on male ejaculation which she finds so puzzling and unerotic. Size is linked to power. We see this symbolically displaced onto the whole male body in our culture which values height in men as a sign of attractiveness. It explains why many people find the sight of a tall woman and a short man together ludicrous. The man "should be" taller than the woman precisely because he should dominate her. It is no coincidence that big, powerful men like John Wayne are associated with Westerns which treat masculinity like a serious drama and short men like Woody Allen, Peter Sellers, and Dudley Moore are associated with a comic tradition of men who fail to live up to our culture's notions of masculinity.

Large penises in pornography are also part of the need to both make the "truth" of male sexuality visible and to affirm the serious visual drama of sexual difference which revolves around the penis as phallus. Our culture has so much invested in the construction of sexual difference around the sight of the penis that it is not surprising that the penis is either hidden or dramatically exaggerated. Hardcore pornography ensures this drama with its star system which actually circulates information on how large the penises are. Even this does not seem to be enough, however, since the films themselves seldom show the men unerect. Scenes of undressing are usually elided as the actors get down to business. Seeing these large penises ejaculate is a double affirmation of the visual drama of

sexual difference. Logic might seem to dictate that the men in the audience would find these films anxiety producing since their penises do not match those on the screen. But another logic takes over. They identify with the symbolic notion of the powerful phallus which, the films assert, women need for their satisfaction. The women frequently mumble their desire for the "big cock" and even the supposed lesbian lovemaking scenes invariably include a dildo which stands in for the absent penis. This is a desperate male fantasy about the central importance of the big, highly visible penis to woman's sexual satisfaction. The desire for possessing big penises like those in porno films, just because it denies the male desire to assert that size doesn't matter, cannot be simply accepted as an expression of female desire which escapes male domination. There are more male myths than one. If it is true that men have attempted to block women from contemplating penises and from expressing any sexual desire in them, it is equally true that they have, in another way and at a different level told them to be impressed with big penises. These are, after all, the same men who like to tell penis-size jokes. It is quite possible to move from one oppressive myth to another equally oppressive one.

Like one of the women in "Bringing up Dick and Jane," I am reminded of "Saturday Night Live." There were two hilarious skits where first Jane Curtin, Gilda Radner, and some of the women sat around talking about men's problems (including, of course, worrying about size) and then John Belushi, Dan Ackroyd and some of the men sat around talking about women's problems (including, of course, their periods). At the end of Dick Talk the woman in the striped blouse suggests that it would be very interesting for the video-maker to do a session like this one with all men and then one with men and women. Imagine for a moment the all-male session. If five men sat around talking about sex in this fashion, undoubtedly various fetishes would come out. Some would talk about how much big breasts

Robert Mapplethorpe: Patrice, 1977





Sarah Kent: Male Nude, California, 1982

turn them on (if they spoke like the women in this tape, they would call them "tits") and others about how much long legs and high-heel shoes turn them on. If the moderator of that session were like the moderator of this one, he would chime in with comments like, "Oh yeah, don't you just love big tits?" or "Really?" If someone said they preferred small ones. No knowledge about why men fetishize women's bodies would emerge. None of us would be particularly interested in hailing such talk as insightful. Knowing that some women need big penises to get aroused is, in and of itself, not more interesting than knowing that some men need big breasts to get aroused.

These obvious contradictions build in the "best/worst" section where the women tell about what they like best. As they talk about oral sex, one of them tells of a man who said, "If you can get past the smell, you've got it licked." Several of the others voice displeasure as the woman continues, "I thought that was real crude and I don't want to be talked about like that." But of course many of these women have been speaking crudely about men and, no doubt, many of those men don't like being spoken about that way. Nor can one defend such things by saying that turnabout is fair play. If talking crudely about men the way some men talk crudely about women gives some women pleasure, fine. But such pleasure does not help promote insight.

"Mystery," the last section of the tape, is, along with the first section, one of the most interesting. The women express their feelings about their own sexuality in ways which, they suggest, lie beyond the ability of men to understand. As the title implies, some of them feel there is a mystery to women's sexuality which lies outside male models of comprehension. They are afraid to tell men about the scope of their desires and what it is that they want, since they feel the men will react negatively. They express deep desires for longer, less goal directed sexual experiences. Many feminist theorists have discussed how the male linear notion of foreplay, build-up, and climax imposes a masculine structure of pleasure on women and much of what we hear in this conversation makes that poignantly clear.

During this section, the woman in the white suit introduces the one attempt at theoretical analysis into the tape. Unfortunately, she gives a highly inaccurate summary of Jacques Lacan's psychoanalytic account of sexual difference and of its application in film theory. She describes a cultural myth of a love/hate relationship between men and women based upon a male principle and a female principle. "And in fact, it got to the point that a few years ago, intellectuals were going to movies and they were saying, 'Oh boy, this is gonna be a really great movie. Let's see the good woman die.' Anytime the hero, the man, would accomplish something, he would fall in love with this woman and she would sacrifice herself for him and to move the story

along, she would die. And this was the scriptwriter's unconscious, touching down beneath into this myth that one of them is going to have to die in this struggle. And that because men were producing and making all the movies, unconsciously or not, they were killing all the good women in the movies."

It is true that Lacanian based psychoanalytic film theory has attempted to analyze the structural place of women in narratives, but in a quite different way than that described. First of all, the good woman is not seen as the problem. Women who are outside the control of men are the problem. They may be physically punished, killed, dropped from the narrative, or brought under control through marriage to the hero by the film's end. The problem of forward narrative movement has nothing to do with killing the good woman. Narrative momentum is threatened by the desire to fetishize the woman's body. It is this desire which, linked in Freudian/Lacanian film theory to castration anxiety, turns the woman's body into a spectacle. Some movies virtually come to a grinding halt to dwell on the fetishized spectacle, and the demands of Hollywood pacing require the containment of these tendencies as much as possible. Nor is Lacanian film theory primarily used as a means of aesthetic evaluation. Aside from a dangerous appeal to anti-intellectualism, nothing is gained by claiming that "intellectuals" love movies because the good woman is killed. Psychoanalytic theory is used to explain structures of pleasure which traditional aesthetics simply ascribe to "good form." We can, in other words, explain why certain structures which recur in films are pleasurable. This is quite different than making them pleasurable simply because they conform to a pattern which joyfully confirms our alleged notions of the regrettable state of affairs between men and women in our culture. But neither the moderator nor the video-maker ever challenge or put in perspective anything that anyone ever says. So we simply hear agreement of how appalling it is that "intellectuals" go to movies to enjoy watching the good woman killed to forward the narrative.

Dick Talk is part of an important development in both art practice and theory. Rosalind Coward has observed, "Under the sheer weight of attention to women's bodies we seem to have become blind to something. Nobody seems to have noticed that men's bodies have quietly absented themselves. Somewhere along the line, men have managed to keep out of the glare, escaping from the relentless activity of sexual definitions."⁷ It is important for both artists and theorists to turn the light back upon men who have for so long stood in the darkness directing the light onto women. Although it is important that men not "escape," it is equally important that they do not just become the object of simple notions of getting even. The purpose of turning attention to men's bodies has nothing to do with the current liberal notion in

popular magazines and newspapers that men should have equal time with women. As long as we leave men and their bodies out of the picture, we simply cannot continue the important feminist work of the last decade. The many contradictions and difficult positions that we hear from the women in Dick Talk significantly underline the need to address the question of heterosexual female desire for the male body.

In conclusion, it is helpful to briefly indicate how Sarah Kent has addressed these issues as both a photographer and a critic. In analyzing representations of the penis, she perceptively argues that they are polarized between images that affirm phallic male power through big penises and images that suggest vulnerability and impotence through small penises: Robert Mapplethorpe's "Patrice" exemplifies the former and Helen White's "Man in Bath" the latter. As a photographer, she tries to pull the male body outside that polarity. According to Kent, in her two photographs entitled "Male Nude: California," "The genitals are seen not as symbols of dominance nor as evidence of vulnerability, but more matter of factly as known source of intimacy and pleasure."⁸ Although I do not fully agree with her interpretation of her own photographs, Kent's work significantly attempts to avoid reproducing dominant ideologically determined representations of the penis. She titles the section analyzing her own work "Gentle Men."⁹ She doesn't try to deny the pleasure of the body in a Mapplethorpe, but she does try to understand it. Such understanding is crucial, if we are ever to break new ground.

Dick Talk never attempts to understand why some of the women are so insistent on certain types of penises nor whether new ways of responding to, talking about or representing penises are possible. Much of what we hear in Dick Talk seems to me caught within the conventional poles that Kent analyzes. Nevertheless, Dick Talk is an important video tape. At a certain level, it is a courageous act by a group of women to talk about something which their culture tells them they should not talk about. Interestingly, several of the women in the published response positively remark that were it not for this tape, they would never have had the opportunity to discuss these issues with other women.¹⁰ Clearly there is a legitimate need for Dick Talk, and it should be widely shown. To maximize the benefit, such showings should encourage a critical and analytical response to what we hear. "Bringing Up Dick and Jane" did just that and I hope that this article further contributes to that goal. The male body has been hiding for too long.

Footnotes

1. Paul Willemen, "Letter to John," *Screen*, Vol. 21, No. 2 (Summer 1980), p. 60.
2. Richard Dyer, "Don't Look Now: The Male Pin-Up," *Screen*, Vol. 23, No. 3-4 (Sept./Oct. 1982), pp. 61-73.
3. Rosalind Coward, *Female Desires: How They Are Sought, Bought, and Packaged* (New York: Grove Press, 1985), p. 227.
4. Sarah Kent, "The Erotic Male Nude," in *Women's Images of Men* edited by Sarah Kent and Jacqueline Morreau (New York: Writers and Readers Publishing, 1985), pp. 75-105.
5. Kent, p. 102.
6. Anon., "Bringing Up Dick and Jane," *SPOT*, Vol. 4, No. 3 (Fall 1986), p. 13.

Peter Lehman is an Associate Professor in the Department of Drama at the University of Arizona. His current work on the male body includes analyses of American Gigolo and In the Realm of the Senses.

UNDRESSING THE TEXAS MYTH, OR WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A NAKED TEXAN?

By Paul Hester

18 photographers were selected by April Rapier and Lew Thomas to show work in the exhibition New Texas Photography, September 5—October 12 at HCP. A condensed version of the show will open at the Southwest Crafts Center, San Antonio, January 23, 1987.

Photographers included were: Keith Carter, Roger Cutforth, Dennis Darling, Rick Dingus, Roy English, Jim Estes, Bill Frazier, Steve Goff, Sally Grant, Susan Grant, T.R. Mackin, Sleet McAualey, Margo Reese, Barbara Riley, Luther Smith, June Van Cleef, Elizabeth Ward, and Bill Wright.

The questions posed by the Houston Center for Photography's Sesquicentennial show, New Texas Photography, are few, redundant and for the most part unprovocative. The required styles are representative with a nod to the old school of Texas rodeo and minority documentation that constitutes certain definitions of a mythic Texas.

A brief checklist of the subjects: cowboys, Indians, desert landscapes, river landscapes, Chinese landscapes, cows on a school bus, topographical landscapes, violated landscapes, manipulated landscapes, psychoanalytic landscapes, high school girls, old photographs, hands, oilfield trash, mummies, beauty contests, male/female antagonisms, religion, and the disasters of war. Many of the photographs were not made in Texas, not that it matters in a definition of Texas. Which raises the primary question: Why organize an exhibition around a geo-political construct? The compromises and intrigues which gave the state its particular configuration were not exactly divine revelations. It's a convenient label, but offers no context for understanding or connecting the different photographer's work.

Perhaps the "new" in the title refers not to the photography, but to Texas. Are we offered a "new Texas" here? In a glass case we are presented a time capsule of Miss Texas 1956 waving from the Texas of the '50s. A man and woman dressed for business escort a swimsuit clad body up the ramp of an airplane. Those were the days when beauty contests were unclouded by issues of feminism and voyeurism. Men were men and women were women. When the movies would have us believe, life was simple; and Ronald Reagan was simply a salesman for General Electric Theater.

Other photographs in the exhibit dance with this issue of Texas Mythology, few question it. June Van Cleef produces elegant, eulogistic images (platinum prints) that could be stills from a romantic Western movie. A format of multiple prints arranged in a grid offers the potential for an ambitious examination of the elements of this myth. She believes what she is telling us, however, and provides the closeup shots of dried mud, footprints, old buildings, and horses in her efforts to convince us. But rather than being persuaded of the vitality, I'm more aware of her straining for effect. I admire her skills, but resent the vague, diaphanous longing for a distant past. Any vitality that might impress a more directly communicated passion is smothered. I would think the format could be used to contrast these prevalent feelings against another conflicting present tense. It would sharpen the description of what is given here; and in such relief, her attachment might be more strongly felt by the viewer.

Luther Smith has approached the high school acting-out of the Texas cowboy myth with all the technical skills and emotional distance to be expected of a Rhode Island School of Design graduate. The events seem ripe for the kind of trendy conception that we have come to expect from the less-skilled imitators of Garry Winogrand; perhaps the small sampling included is insufficient to grasp his larger intentions beyond his statement that he sees it as a "metaphor for the continuous conflicts of life itself."

There is no visible evidence of his understanding the importance these activities have for these young people, no photographs or text to place high school rodeo in any historical, social or economical context.

I sense his attraction to the physical aspects, the conflict between the animals and boys, the symbolic possibilities of their adolescent development. But the photographer

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 studiously avoiding the photographer's gaze, I understand 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 explore the myth as long as he can continue to benefit from it. He enjoys his role in it, not so much as photographer, but as cowboy-out-law, male voyeur. He enjoys the myth, pretends to be an outsider, and perpetuates it as he simultaneously mocks it.

Several photographers in the show have dealt directly with the problems of myths, although not the predominant Texas myth. I say problems because when a photographer 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.

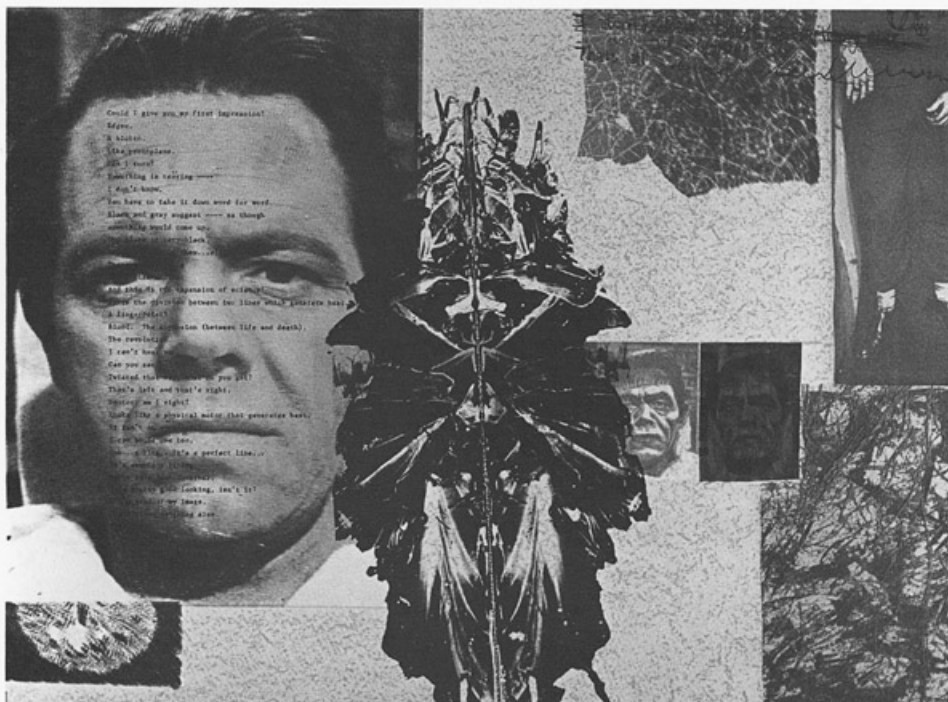
Bill Wright, through extensive text, has described in a form of journalism the conditions of the Tigua Indians. He leads us through his own steps of gaining familiarity, and ascribes to his subjects various interpretive responses to him and his camera. We, and he, however, remain visitors, spectators 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 frustrating level. If the Indian's voices had become primary, then the entire story would have been as compelling as the last image: "Lashing by members of the tribal council." His outsider's position does allow him to note the ironies of Indian assimilation, but they exist only in the contrast between our distortions of the Indian myth and the Indian reality.

Sally Grant's altarpiece at the entry to the exhibition poses the equally difficult problem of communication by a participant. The repetition which constitutes ritual 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, smells, and sounds 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 communion are lost when the approach focuses on reinforcing existing attitudes and fails to bring in an outsider.

Elizabeth Ward has made a determined effort to give the viewer a complete package of information: a slide projector perched on a column, blueprints, Polaroids, acetate 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 collection of handforms, spirals, and text that seduced me with their neo-scientific manner. I wanted to give this presentation the benefit of my doubt, but finally I lost patience with the abundance of jargon. At the opposite side from repetitive rituals, this piece suffered from too many diversions. Without belief in the mystery, the buzzwords failed to enlighten me.

A similar obsession with the mys-



Margo Reese: Fear of Rorschach, 1986, screenprint, 22" x 30"



Barbara Riley: Violet Cliffs of Lost Maples, Texas, 1984, hand colored



Bill Frazier: Disasters of War/Will She Live Again? Color



Keith Carter: from the series, Letters to My Father



Elizabeth Ward: You Are Here, 1986, Installation

terium tremendum pervades the photographs of Rick Dingus, but rather than layers of information, he attempts to enhance the mystery he has experienced by suppressing the details with mytho-magic markers that produce not awe but obscurity. The crypto-scribbles are the "product 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 erosion as regeneration: a triptych of 1) a river, 2) a pan of drying mud, and 3) a pictograph.

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

Barbra Riley's hand-painted and glittered landscapes occupy similar territory in their attempts to mystify and add sparkle to what began as external circumstances: the form of their images is the result of their stance 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 irreverence for these exhibited images expresses my doubts about the efficacy of their particular postures.

Keith Carter's series "Letters to My Father" presents copies of very personal pictures—a man and young child snapped in the duets of parent/child interactions—building with a hammer and saw, riding on the man's shoulders, embracing 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 (a conventional approach, not objectionable here). Am I exhibiting patriarchal prejudice in my response to these artifacts? The myth of the good, loving father, the suppression of deep-seated rejection, the desire to create a newly-remembered childhood? Perhaps they are promises of higher expectations for my own patriarchal behavior.

The darkly painted backgrounds are bothersome. It wasn't enough to represent the chosen records, but vaguely abstract expressionism supports the snapshot, aiming for darker, deeper, meanings. Death is evident, but obscured by reflections in the glass. I resent its intrusion on my musings, my creation of childhood myth 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 confers 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 Reese. 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, ambitious questions concealed beneath layers of misleading statements. The visuals are at once the site of her proings of our attitudes, and also convenient supports for her verbal musings.

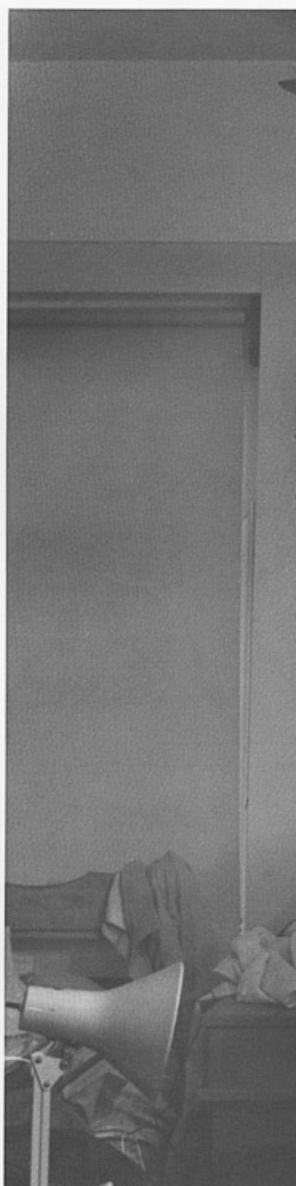


Rick Dingus: Satellite Mansion, Stamford, Texas, 1986



Stew Goff: Industrial Yards of the Permian Basin series, Ektacolor, 14" x 18"

Sleert McAnley: Navajo Tribal School, 1984, Cibachrome, 30" x 40"



Roe English: Untitled

Luther Smith: High School Rodeo, near Fort Worth





ch. Texas



Bill Wright: Tigua Leading the Procession with a Gun



Type bleeds in and out of legibility in a troubling paradox entitled "The Desire for Objectivity," while concentric circles and out of register print shifts the colors.

The prints bring onto one piece of paper isolated individual faces with markings of scientific experimentation, but we are unclear as to their purpose. Fact and fiction are interchangeable. "Fear of Rorschach" confronts the faces of Frankenstein with an individual's typed response to an examiner's psychological interrogation, concluding with "Could I give you my first impressions?" This last line, typewritten, is repeated in a handwritten note that continues, "I don't believe there is anything else" (with a line drawn through it). "I don't see anything else. That's all."

This precarious response to the psychoanalytic tools applies to the individual's inability to profess belief in his own existence, his own interpretations and private meanings in the face of larger, repressive public myths. A massive industry that maintains the credibility of a bumbling movie idol and a crumbling banking industry has no difficulty demolishing the first or last impressions of a few hold-outs.

At first glance Ron English is definitely one of the remaining hold-outs. Anyone sufficiently obsessive to spend that much time rendering *trompe l'oeil* likenesses of self and friends has plenty to fear from Rorschach: besides that, who else but a weirdo puts cows on a

crowded school bus just to mock American Gothic. The guy is clever, skilled, and energetic. But what the hell do they mean? As I was getting lost in the storefront reflections at the gallery, I began to wonder about the implications of his elongated appearance from the camera's lower frame line to the distant house where his wife leans on his forehead, his son appears naked, a drawn cat and dog play in the edges of the frame, and he looks on passively from his easy chair. Remote, elusive, deceitful, playful. I just don't trust this guy. As intrigued as I was when I first looked, once I figured out his angle, he didn't seem to be asking much more of me. So things aren't what they appear.

Bill Frazier knows that things are not what they seem, but doesn't waste our time belaboring the point. His elaborate constructions make no pretense toward fooling our eyes. They most resemble crude dioramas in some under-funded natural history museum where all the wire is exposed. There is no dramatic lighting, no passionate intensity. They are lit as if for TV—flat and even. I don't believe the predicament of these little disasters. They are built for the camera, but I found myself wanting to see the original; perhaps it would have more substance. More texture or depth than these shallow borrowed titles from Goya.

His messages of disaster appear as parodies; he has no foreboding

sense of doom, but instead conveys absurdity. His "consequences" seem of no consequence. His "truth has died." He is not Goya's romantic, nor Cornell's; he is strictly post-modern in his pursuit of the duplicate world of images, calling attention to the duplicity, and then claiming that's all there is to it and that it doesn't matter.

The question is in their fragility. They are playful and tenuous, but mock my faith in a substantial world of normal appearances. What is my status within such a disastrous world?

Susan Grant on the other hand is full of smoke and blood, chiaroscuro and dramatic effects. Her theatrical enactments are intended as quite threatening, dangerous provocative situations—the antithesis of Frazier's mock world.

But instead of responding to her claims for victimhood and feeling sorry for her poor, mistreated womanhood, I could only read her immobilized subject as an ad for a wheelchair—with the brand name Everest and Jennings Traveler being the brightest and most conspicuous part of the picture. It set up a tone of parody and undercut what appeared as a very self-conscious attempt to exorcise some "masculine" evil, but came across more humorous than acerbic. I don't believe my reading is a defensive gesture to her basic hostility, but instead is a humorous interpretation which suggests a failure of her sym-

bolic catharsis to convert me.

Of the other photographers lining the walls of the backroom, Jim Estes' provocative torso study of a black male holding aloft a young white male possesses a confrontational strength, but the other images in the room are pale travelogues, stiff formalism or exhausted comparisons.

Skeet McAuley's oversized landscapes from Utah and Arizona satisfactorily prick the myths of unadulterated mythic landscape by mixing the quixotic into the exotic. Extreme landscapes of the southwest are infringed upon by the signs of civilization. He shifts the camera just enough to the left or right to include what Ansel Adams would have excluded: the high school football field and running track, the sign directing us to a fallout shelter, the dirt house with a kid's bicycle, a concrete truck with the debris of construction.

By juxtaposing these unlikely objects within an heroic monument valley landscape, he modifies the myth and expands upon it. But he still fuels it with the extremes of late afternoon light and long shadows. His pictures make me wonder what it is about late afternoon light that connects so strongly to our experience. Clearly the shadows give dimensions to the contradictory tendency for the camera to flatten out the world; perhaps the yellow light recalls the physical tiredness that accompanies that time of day—

some sort of melancholy takes over. The visual codes work.

Roger Cutforth, 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 self-portrait, companion, provocateur in some of the portraits. In "Self-Portrait with Jean Fisher," he is naked, and she is covering her mouth, trying unsuccessfully to suppress a laugh. A dumb formal coincidence attracts my eye: the small pox scar on her arm mimics the size and shape of his nearby nipple, connecting them in a funny way. The questions arise: Is her black clothing 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 leapt-frogged into exhibitionism? Here is the Marlboro man without his boots and hat, and without his psychological defenses to Dr. Rorschach. What is your first impression? Are we witnessing the undressing of the old Texas myth, or merely a change of clothes?

Paul Hester is a photographer and writer whose photographs of Texas Monuments were shown at Rice University's Farish Gallery.



Susan Kay Grant: Untitled, 1986, color coupler, 20" x 24"

Sally Grant: Untitled



June Van Cleef: Of This Earth (platinum/palladium), 1984

Roger Cutforth: Jean Fisher



ACCOMPLICES OF DESIRE

Designed as a slide lecture with over 100 slides, the lecture was read at Haverford College, Pennsylvania, the University of Indiana, Bloomington, and the University of Houston.



Rembrandt: van Rijn Bathsheba

By Cynthia A. Freeland

"That's the trouble. Hurtle," she slowly said.
"That's what you aren't, you aren't a human being."
"I'm an artist," it sounded a shifty claim.
"You're a kind of perv—perv on people."
—Patrick White, *The Vivisector*

Feminist critics charge that pornography is exploitive: Andrea Dworkin, for example, in her book *Pornography* argues that the specific form such exploitation takes is objectification.¹ She writes:

Objectification is the accomplished fact: an internalized, nearly invariable reaction by the male to a form that is... sufficiently whatever he needs to provoke arousal... The primary target of objectification is the woman (113).

In thinking over whether pornography has to be exploitive, I became increasingly puzzled about what objectification amounts to. Is it simply treating people as objects? What exactly is bad about objectification? Can men be objectified too? For that matter, can animals? And finally, is there such a thing as "subjectification"?

My questions have arisen in a broader context concerning the nature of portraits in general. I am interested in how visual portrayals represent the subjectivity of the person being depicted, and in how such portrayals might differ in the varying media of paint, film, and photography. The portraits I am interested in are not ones done impersonally on commission, but instead, those made under conditions of knowledge and trust. These would seem to supply the best cases of "subjectification"; if indeed such a thing exists, I will focus on what I call "intimate" portraiture, and I will consider a few examples from painting and film as well as photography. Even what seem to be the best cases of intimate portraiture, I will conclude, involve a kind of objectification.

(I) Subjects, objects, and desire: a philosophical survey

Dworkin's account of objectification builds on philosophical notions from Kant and Hegel. So here I will introduce a brief survey of some philosophical notions of subjects and objects, with special attention to any implications for an account of interpersonal desire.

The implications of a strict Cartesian split between subject/minds and object/bodies are drastic for any theory of desire and sexuality, as can be seen in Sartre's *Being and Nothingness*.² The Sartre of this text is a Cartesian dualist who sees mind as free, actively projecting our possibilities into the future, while body "symbolizes our defenseless state as objects" (384). Sartre offers a grim analysis of sexual desire as "my original attempt to get hold of the Other's free subjectivity through his objectivity-for-me" (497), and an equally grim diagnosis of desire's fate: "... Desire is itself doomed to failure" (515). Such a failure is really just an instance of what Sartre sees as a more general impossibility of relating to another person as a subject. He describes an inevitable dialectic that goes like this: If I, as subject, look at you, then you are the object or thing seen; whereas if



Wegman: 'Tall Dog'

you as subject look back at me then I become the thing seen, the object.

While Descartes and Sartre share what we could call an "epistemological" notion of subjects, Kant offers an "ethical" conception.³ He views persons as beings capable of apprehending the moral law, hence as autonomous ends-in-themselves. As such they ought never be treated as mere means. Objects or things, Kant says, may have a price, but human beings have dignity and no price. Whereas for Descartes the failure to treat others as subjects is an epistemological affair, a form of skepticism, 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 dictates that we will be guilty of such a mistreatment of others. Thus he explains:⁴

... There is no way in which a human being can be made an Object of indulgence for another except through the sexual impulse... As soon as a person becomes an Object of appetite for another, all motives of moral relationship cease to function, because as an object of appetite for another, a person becomes a thing and can be treated and used as such by everyone (163).

The only virtuous option Kant outlines 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 objectification.⁵ Objectification is, according to him, the necessary process through which mind or spirit realizes itself in the objective forms of culture—institutions and social structures generally. This social expression universalizes what is subjective and personal:

... Self-consciousness is only something definite, it only has real existence, so far as it alienates itself from itself. By doing so, it puts itself in the position of something universal, and thus its universality actualizes it, establishes it objectively, makes it valid (434). Though mind or spirit has created the fabric of social substance, individuals are likely to experience this fabric as alien from them. But in the course of events they will come to recognize their own unity with this social substance. It is crucial to see then that for Hegel, objectification is not in itself something bad; indeed, it is the vehicle through which human possibilities are given expression in concrete forms. Both art and marriage are types of social structures which objectify spirit.

Marriage, for example, is a social institution giving objective form to something personal and subjective.⁶ It has its subjective basis in appetites and inclinations.

But its objective source lies in the free consent of the persons, especially in their consent to make themselves one person... From this point of view their union is a self-restriction. But in fact, it is their liberation, because in it they attain their substantive self-consciousness (111). Like art, marriage exemplifies objectification: both are social forms of expression which build on or incorporate individual, subjective feelings as elements, but which supposedly transcend the merely per-



Stubb's: Hambledonian

sonal or idiosyncratic for something more universal and "objectively" real.

(II) Philosophical bases for a critique of objectification

We can now consider more directly some reasons for criticizing certain visual images as exploitive. What seems crucial for Dworkin's critique of pornography is the ethical notion of subjects, for she thinks pornography treats women as objects ("Women are used in the making and made in the using," she writes (112)). She thinks this represents an aspect of more general forms of oppression:

Through most of patriarchal history... women have been chattel property... To be chattel, even when human, is to be valued and used as property, as thing (101-2).

Dworkin complains that pornography treats women as a certain type of thing subserving a certain type of end:

Objectification—that fixed response to the form of another that has as its inevitable consequence erection—is really a value system that has ejaculation as its invariable, if momentary, denouement (113).

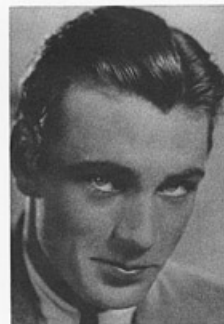
The Kantian-based critique of such treatment of women as things has also been registered on a much broader basis by (for example) John Berger in his book *Ways of Seeing*.⁷ The striking observation in Berger's book is that there is an overall continuity in all forms of visual images of women; he sees few significant differences between treatment of women in pornography, advertising, pop culture and "high art" images. In each case he uncovers the same sort of objectification. Thus he writes about Western art:

In the art form of the European nude, the painter and spectator-owners were usually men, and the persons treated as objects usually women... On the one hand, the individualism of the artist, the thinker, the patron, the owner, on the other hand, the person who is the object of their activities—the woman—treated as a thing... (62, 63).

Berger's claim is that the depiction of female nudes in Western art has always had much the same purpose as it does in pornography; and, like Dworkin, he views this aim as demoting women from subjects to objects. Though I think it is this fundamentally Kantian point which grounds Dworkin's critique of pornography, it is not the whole story for her analysis of pornography. That is, in spelling out just what pornography is, Dworkin relies on a more Hegelian notion of objectification. Pornography is a certain sort of institutional social structure which expresses an aspect of subjective spirit: it is the social expression of (she thinks) male desire. Thus she writes:

Objectification, carried [out] by the male not only as if it were his personal nature but as if it were nature itself, denotes who or what the male loves to hate, who or what he wants to possess, act on, conquer, define himself in opposition to: where he wants to spill his seed... It is taken for granted that a sexual response is an objectified response (113).

Here we must raise some hard questions for Dworkin. There are two aspects of her account of pornography: first, it is (in the Hegelian sense) an objectification of male sexual desire; and second, it takes the form of using women as things, of making them (Kantian) objects. But how interdependent are these two aspects? Does objectification in the sense of expressing desire have to be exploitive or oppressive? Are there any non-exploitive forms of



Paramount: Gary Cooper

objectification, i.e. forms Kant might approve? Is there an intrinsically feminine objectification of desire?

John Berger, whose scope of discussion includes other visual images besides pornography, does claim to find certain exceptions to the general rule about exploitation in art. He considers that certain artworks express (or objectify) highly personal visions of an artist in relation to a distinct and particular woman; as examples he cites Rembrandt's or Rubens' portraits of their wives.

In each case, the painter's personal vision of the particular woman he is painting is so strong that it makes no allowance for the spectator. The painter's vision binds the woman to him so that they become inseparable as couples in stone. The spectator can witness the relationship—but he can do no more: he is forced to recognize himself as the outsider he is. He cannot deceive himself into believing that she is naked for him (57).

I want to examine Berger's idea that there are certain cases of intimate portraiture in which special facts about the artist-subject relationship allow for non-exploitive expression (or "good objectification") of desire. But before returning to his examples, I will explore two non-standard variations on the paradigm of male artist/female model, so as to consider other options for the expression of desire and depiction of subjectivity. The first option involves women artists, and the second option involves depiction of animal objects.

(III) Women Artists

A moment ago I asked whether there might be a "feminine" objectification of desire—or whether men might be treated as objects in visual images. Anyone familiar with contemporary popular culture would think it's obvious the answer is "yes." It might also seem obvious that with more women artists in the role of subjects or agents of depiction, there is increasing room for treatment of men as represented objects.

This was the idea behind a recent British exhibition and book called *Women's Images of Men*.⁸ In their introductory essay, the editors comment about hostile responses provoked by the novelty of placing women artists in a conspicuous role as subjects/observers. In addition, one contributor deplored the absence of any feminine tradition of depicting the erotic male nude.⁹ She suggested women must learn from the tradition of male nudes depicted in homoerotic contexts (such as works by Michelangelo, Carravaggio or in the modern age, Hockney).

But it is unclear that women can simply appropriate this tradition to express their desires, and it is even more unclear that a simple exercise in "turning the tables" is altogether a good thing. For first of all, it may not succeed unless, in the broader social context, men internalize their new status as objects in the way women have been taught to do. The late Simone de Beauvoir wrote about how this process alters women's awareness of themselves:¹⁰

If she can thus offer herself to her own



Manet: Olympia

desires, it is because she has felt herself an object since childhood. Her education has prompted her to identify herself with her whole body, puberty has revealed this body as being passive and desirable; it is something she can touch, like satin or velvet, and can contemplate with a lover's eye.

Second, even if men could be socialized so as to duplicate this internalized split between elements of "surveyed" and "surveyor", this would only perpetuate processes in which people regard their desires for other people as desires for interesting objects.

(iv) The representation of animals as subjects

In the history of philosophy, animals have not been much credited with subjectivity: witness Descartes' claim "Brutes are automata." Berger, in "Why Look at Animals?", has suggested that we look at animals, and ponder their looks in return, so as to tell us things about ourselves.¹¹ Thus what is most striking is their separateness or alien-ness from us, Berger explains.

The animal scrutinizes him [i.e. man] across a narrow abyss of non-comprehension. This is why the man can surprise the animal. Yet the animal—even if domesticated—can also surprise the man. The man too is looking across a similar, but not identical, abyss of non-comprehension (3).

Modern industrial societies have led to what Berger calls the "cultural marginalization" of animals. We remove them from their natural environments for viewing under the artificial conditions of zoos and aquariums, treat them as our property, and in general, assimilate them to ourselves and our way of life. The marginalized animal which has become a pet loses its separate and autonomous look.

Equally important is the way the average owner responds to his pet. . . . The pet completes him. . . . The pet offers its owner a mirror to a part that is otherwise never reflected. But, since in this relationship the autonomy of both parties has been lost. . . . the parallelism of their separate lives has been destroyed (12-13).

William Wegman's series of portraits of his Weimaraner dog Man Ray illustrate Berger's points about marginalization and symbiosis of man and pet. Wegman photographed Man Ray over a number of years and in a number of guises—as a bat, alligator, or Airedale, not to mention in numerous human costumes. Wegman says about this that he loved to stare at the dog with "a mixture of love and detachment": "To stare that way at a person would be too embarrassing."¹² Curiously, the net effect that the viewer gets from these images is some feeling that the dog's basic dignity is being violated and that it is in fact embarrassing to keep looking at him. Wegman seems to have felt this way himself, for as Man Ray grew older, Wegman produced some ennobling and straight portraits depicting his graying muzzle in monumental close-up. Here the dog's presence seems serious and respected.

Contrast this example to another animal depiction done by the English painter George Stubbs. Stubbs was adept at producing the kind of image Berger would decri: showing hounds and horses as the valuable property of English lords and ladies. But he also painted dramatic images of animal confrontations—notably between horses and lions—purporting to convey animal experiences of fear and bloodthirstiness. And in one famous horse painting, of the

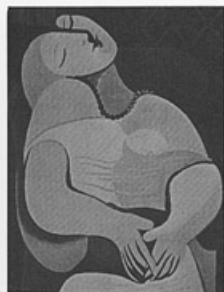


Rubens: Hélène Fourment

great trotter Hambletonian, he may have drawn on his expertise at conveying animal expressions. At least, this hypothesis is interestingly defended in a recent article by Ronald Paulson.¹³ Hambletonian's stance is quite unlike the traditional pose of the horse displayed as gleaming valuable property. He is depicted with neck extended, ears laid back, teeth bared, and hind hoof raised ready to kick. One critic calls this "the image of a creature enduring the aftermath of a terrible, almost sacrificial triumph of which it has been the hero" (29).¹⁴ What was the nature of Hambletonian's trial? He had been mistreated in a notorious match race: he was whipped, spurred and "shockingly goaded"; eventually he won, but with blood streaming down his sides. In this image, then, Stubbs has portrayed Hambletonian's response to his owner, the man who commissioned the painting. The horse's fierce, yet fearful stare is complemented by the looks of stableboy and groom. Significantly, Hambletonian's owner made quite a fuss over this painting, and his dissatisfaction was so great that he refused to pay for it.

(v) "Looking back": preliminaries

What seems crucial in representing the subjective experience or point of view of an animal like Man Ray or Hambletonian is that he is depicted looking back at the viewer. In fact this has been thought to be the major feature of great portraits, so that artists like Titian are praised for their remarkable ability to represent a person's intense gaze and confrontation with the viewer. Their subjects have presence or depth: their eyes hold you or follow you around. This basic notion of "looking back" is a very complicated one. Consider for example what it involves in the two animal cases we just examined. Hambletonian was a real horse, and presumably Stubbs depicted him accurately; perhaps Hambletonian did in fact "regard" Stubbs while the painter was at work. Yet the look which Hambletonian delivers in the painting is Stubbs' creation: he attributes to the horse a set of emotions or feelings about his owner, and he depicts the horse in this way in a painting addressed to the horse's owner, the man who will also purchase and display the painting. In Wegman's case we can presume that the dog Man Ray looked, in actual fact, at him and at the camera. Wegman's skill as an artist is involved in representing the dog as looking at us, the viewing audience. My interest is in what is really going on when a person, not an animal, looks back at artist/owner/viewer. Man Ray looked at the camera, but I doubt he looked at it as such, as the vehicle



Picasso: Woman in a Red Chair

for representing his look or his experiences or point of view: we don't attribute such complex conceptualization to dogs. Nor did Hambletonian strike a pose so as to get his point across to the owner. I want to pursue some investigation of the processes of "looking back" in painting and photography. For this it will be useful to take a brief detour, so as to consider a parallel sort of process in film.

(vi) Looking and looking back in film

In a number of recent writings, Stanley Cavell has considered ways in which film subjects, or characters, are represented.¹⁵ Interestingly, he suggests that movie actors may exemplify a certain presence or power not so much by directly looking back at us, the audience, but rather by allowing us to look—or as Cavell puts it, by "suffering the camera's gaze". The camera here stands in for our own desire to look and observe. Cavell emphasizes the way in which he looks "through" film characters to the actors and actresses portraying them, or what he calls the "transparency" of actors on film. As he sees it, film stars are amalgams of real people with the types of characters they portray.

Cavell also uses the term "photogenesis" to describe the actor's "filmic presence" or "what . . . the camera makes of him" (118). He thinks that the "filmic presence" of the actual men Gary Grant and Gary Cooper was crucial to a certain genre of films which represented men characters of a particular type. Somehow, aspects of these real actors' presence before the camera were involved in their creative portrayal of strong yet emotionally open male characters. (Of course Cavell makes a corresponding point about strong female characters made possible by real women like Katharine Hepburn and Carole Lombard.) In a recent study of the movie *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, Cavell focused on Gary Cooper in particular as someone whose openness to the camera's observation figures into his own characterization of Mr. Deeds.¹⁶

Psychologically, submission to . . . the synchronization between body and camera demands passiveness, you may say demands the visibility of the feminine side of one's character. Capra's mastery of the medium of film, or his obedience to it, guides him to make certain that we are aware of the beauty of Gary Cooper's face, and in one instance he photographs him posed as in a glamour shot of a female star, lying on his back across the bed . . . capturing his full length from a vantage just above his head (19-20).

Thus Cavell sees Gary Cooper as in a way vulnerable to our looks, or an object in front of our gaze—indeed a beautiful object we can enjoy scrutinizing. But, paradoxically, through acknowledging our gaze—the audience's curiosity and desire—Cooper acquires a power put to his own creative use in the depiction of characters. His way of being looked at is, in part, the source of his art. It seems then, that if Cavell is right, at least in film there is potential for a sort of "subjectification": there is a compatibility between the representation of subjective per-

sonality and the desiring or objectifying view of an audience.

(vii) Looking back in painting

As Cavell's story had it, an actor like Gary Cooper might in effect toy with the audience's interest in him, channeling resulting energy into his creative portrayal. The key point here is that the real man Gary Cooper remains aware that he is before a camera which will put him before a popular audience. He is aware of the audience's look in a way that (we presume) the horse Hambletonian and the dog Man Ray were not. So also might a woman be depicted in a painting as aware of the audience's look. In many cases this won't in itself "empower" her, for she may just return an imposed glance of solicitation. But in at least one notable case, the woman's awareness changes the whole nature of a nude depiction of her.

The case I have in mind is Manet's *Olympia*. Because she was shown with dirty feet and some body hair, *Olympia* was criticized as a "female gorilla"; the painting evoked great hostility and became a scandal.¹⁷ Feminist critics explain that her "cool and appraising" stare challenges viewers and reverses power relations between viewer and viewed.¹⁸

What does *Olympia's* look show? There was a real woman who served as the model for this painting (as for numerous others of Manet, including the earlier *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*). But this is a record of her expression? It is possible that she had an expression like this; perhaps Manet liked her because he saw her looking at him this way. But what we see here is his representation of her look. This picture is exactly on a par with Stubbs' portrait of Hambletonian; Manet, like Stubbs, is responsible for designing a painting which will antagonize his audience. Perhaps in fact he conspired with his model to help him do this, but we cannot know this from nor see it in the picture. In this picture it is Manet's *Olympia* and not the real Victorine Meurent who seems to look at us. I would like to take the "*Olympia*" as a paradigm for a depiction of looking back in painting, and proceed next to contrast this medium to photography.

(viii) Looking back in photography

My basic intuition is that the people portrayed in photographs have a greater role in constructing their own depictions than do people in paintings. To revert to our animal examples, although Stubbs gave Hambletonian his baleful glare, the look we see on the dog Man Ray's "face" (if dogs have faces) is his own. But this simple intuition has to be both qualified and further developed. To begin with, it is perfectly clear that portrait photographers may have an individual style and that they may control elements of their medium so as to create what amount to galleries of their own characters. Even what seem relatively "straight", non-doctored pictures have the stamp of style: thus Irving Penn's actors, writers and artists are shown as sensitive, suspicious and slightly neurotic souls; Karsh, depicter of presidents and prime ministers, specializes in the flattering portrayal of majesty and strength.

Despite this strong evidence of the power the artist wields to portray people as he (or she) desires, there still seems some sense in which photographic portraits document a person's actual presence and appearance. In recent works two writers in quite different traditions, Roland Barthes and Kendall Walton, have each argued that this feature of photography—its literalness or "transparency". Its tie to what was really "there"—ensures a special presence for the subjects of photographic portraits.¹⁹ Let's look briefly at their views.

Barthes believes that photographs certify the presence of a thing, and for this reason they may touch or even "wound" us (79). Barthes also considers that photographs may capture someone's very way of regarding the world and us. In his own case, he reports finding such a poignant document revealing his dead mother's essential expression: he writes.

Here the Photograph's platitude becomes more painful, for it can correspond to my fond desire only by something inexpressible. . . . This something is what I call the air (the expression, the look). . . . The air is a kind of intractable supplement of identity, what is given as an act of grace. . . . the air expresses the subject, insofar as that subject assigns itself no importance (109).

It is important to realize that Barthes believes photography is capable of this nearly magic representation of someone's "air" regardless of the intentions or abilities of the photographer. He makes this clear about the picture of his mother which moves him so:

Since neither Nadar nor Avedon has photographed my mother, the survival of this image has depended on the luck of a picture made by a provincial photographer who, an indifferent mediator, himself long since dead, did not know that what he was making permanent was the truth—the truth for me (110).

It is hard to imagine a similar lucky accident befalling a mediocre painter: what Barthes is saying here is that, in virtue of its causal history, a photograph may capture not just how someone looks but their "look"; simply recording it for us to see.

Much the same idea lies behind Kendall Walton's claim that photographs are transparent, and that we "literally see" people in them, such as our dead ancestors, or Abraham Lincoln. Walton argues that our visual experiences in looking at a Matthew Brady photograph of Abraham Lincoln are mechanically caused by Lincoln himself, so that we actually see Lincoln in his photo in the same way we see long-extinct stars through telescopes. He writes.

Telescopes and microscopes extend our visual powers. . . . enabling us to see things that are too far away or too small to be seen with the naked eye. Photography is an aid to vision also. . . . With the assistance of the camera, we can see not only around corners or what is distant or small; we can also see into the past.

Now, Walton means to study the epistemology of images, and he does not intend to suggest that, for instance, photography cannot be interpretive or have style. But he does make one aesthetic observation that is interesting for our purposes: he thinks that our responses to visual images may vary greatly depending upon whether we take them to be paintings or photographs (he is pondering photorealistic paintings here). He explains.

If the painting is of a nude and if we find nudity embarrassing, our embarrassment may be relieved somewhat by realizing that the nudity was captured in paint rather than on film. My theory accounts for the jolt (235).

But how does his theory do this? Walton must mean that when we "literally see" a nude in a photograph we feel more intimately connected to it, or feel that the person is more truly revealed to us. I want to consider this hypothesis further in my concluding section, on intimate portraits in painting and photography.

(ix) Intimate portraits

You may recall that above I noted John Berger's claim that certain paintings of naked women exhibited a special love and intimacy which, he felt, prevented their being exploitive. He cited, for example, paintings that Rubens or Rembrandt did of their wives, and his claim was that the woman was depicted as a distinct individual in a close and inviolable relation to her lover/artist/husband. This depicted relation is supposed to place us, the viewers,

in the role of outsiders. I think Berger would have us say of these women that they are painted so as to be empowered; the artist grants them subjectivity—in Rembrandt's case, his wife Hendrickje accepts his loving gaze; and Rubens' wife Hélène Fourment looks frankly back at him from her furry wrap.

Again, in his book on Picasso, Berger finds the artist deserving of praise, for in his obsessive paintings of his mistress Marie-Thérèse Walter, done in the early 1930s, Picasso supposedly achieved a representation of mutual subjectivity.²⁰

It is no longer possible to say whether these "instruments of desire" are an expression of Picasso's pleasure in the woman's body or a description of her pleasure. The paintings, because they describe sensation, are highly subjective. But part of the very force of sex lies in the fact that its subjectivity is mutual. In these paintings Picasso is no more just himself; he is the two of them, and their shared subjectivity in some part or another, the experience of all lovers (Author's emphasis: 158).

We have here a range of examples from vastly different time-periods, but even the earlier examples were done for quite personal reasons. It strikes me that in these images, just as in the pictures of Hambletonian or Olympia, we see a subject's look as it is accorded to her by the artist. He gives her, in the painting, the expressions of love, knowledge, trust, and intimate acknowledgment, and he directs these expressions outward to the viewer. Berger thinks this viewer is, strictly, Rubens. Rembrandt or Picasso himself, only accidentally. These paintings are about a woman looking back at her lover. Though they perhaps represent this, and though I have no reason to doubt these women felt such feelings and maybe even posed (in, say, a fur cloak) smiling such smiles, the paintings do not document the women's own voices. This can be shockingly brought home to us when we hear what the most modern of them, Marie-Thérèse Walter, has to say for herself.²¹

When I met Picasso, I was seventeen. I was an innocent gamine. I knew nothing—life, Picasso, nothing. I had gone shopping to the Galerie Lafayette and Picasso saw me coming out of the Metro. He simply grabbed me by the arm and said, "I'm Picasso! You and I are going to do great things together." I resisted for six months, but you don't resist Picasso.

There is a noteworthy parallel to these examples in the long series of portraits the photographer Alfred Stieglitz made of his friend, protégé, fellow artist and, eventually, wife, Georgia O'Keefe.²² I am interested in contrasting these images to the paintings we just considered. Like his painter-predecessors, Stieglitz wants to pursue visual form and explore a tradition in the context of depicting a much-loved body; here too we see very intimate portrayals where the woman's look is directed toward her lover. But this case is especially interesting because O'Keefe is fellow artist and collaborator: she knew what Stieglitz was trying to do, helped select images and hang prints in exhibitions, and so on. Partly for these reasons she seems to have power in contributing toward the results. In addition the nature of this medium is much more like film, in that the real person being depicted can represent herself. Like Gary Cooper, using our gaze to construct his film role, O'Keefe enacts a representation of herself. The look we see in examining these pictures is not simply one Stieglitz assigns her but one elicited from her under his direction.

Recall that when we looked at Wegman's dog Man Ray we saw a way he actually looked, as we didn't for Hambletonian. The same point holds for O'Keefe in contrast to Marie-Thérèse, Hendrickje or Hélène. But unlike the dog, O'Keefe is aware of and performs before the camera as such. This is almost comically

described in a recent biography:²³ Alfred's eye became insatiable, feasting upon the slender but voluptuous contours of his love. The need to photograph her became insatiable. . . . The experience must have been somewhat disconcerting for Georgia. . . . The requirements of long immobility. . . demanded. . . a kind of formal acknowledgment of this unique and continuous use of her body. She, the most private of persons, was constantly on display, albeit at the time only to the three loving eyes of Alfred and his camera (222-3).

Three loving eyes? how much is packed into this phrase. Walton would say that in these pictures we "literally see" O'Keefe herself—her youthful body, her neck, ears, torso, throat, hands, breasts. Though there are serious problems with Walton's notion of literal seeing,²⁴ I think he is onto something right concerning the intimacy we feel with photographed people. The photographs constitute evidence that O'Keefe has shown us herself. From a painting we may have inferential grounds for supposing that a woman has allowed herself to be seen, but a photograph shows us this directly. In acknowledging the three loving eyes of artist and camera, the model also acknowledges us. She agrees implicitly to allow the artist to make the audience a party to their intimacy.

Berger contended that intimate portraits present a mutual subjectivity closed to outsiders. This is exactly wrong. These images are not closed to outsiders but are released, published, exhibited, purveyed to audience-consumers. True, they do not objectify the woman in the Kantian sense; it is crucial that she be portrayed not as a thing but as individual with power to reciprocate expressions of desire. (Unlike Zeuxis, who constructed his imaginary Aphrodite from bits and pieces of "five beautiful maidens" ²⁵ Rembrandt chose to depict his own wife as Bathsheba—apple of a king's eye.²⁶) These images are, rather, objectifications in the Hegelian sense: instituted social expressions of a particular historical ideal of human (and presumably heterosexual) Romantic Love. Beyond this, they are Romantic expressions which objectify the artist in his role as Man-capable-of-deepest-and-subtlest-feelings. Intimate images are pornography: instituted expressions of male desire. They display the artist's privileged access to a special woman. The woman has, at most, freedom to perform as actress within a story scripted and directed by the male artist. Intimate images solicit the viewer's desire for a relationship (rather than for a woman). But the response of desire is never innocent: in Sartre's words,

"We do not keep ourselves wholly outside the desire; the desire compromises me; I am the accomplice of my desire" (504).

Footnotes

1. Andrea Dworkin, *Pornography: Men Possessing Women* (New York: Perigee Books, 1981); further page references to Dworkin refer to this book.
2. Jean-Paul Sartre, *Being and Nothingness*. Trans. Hazel Barnes (New York: Washington Square Press, 1969); further references to Sartre are to this work.
3. Kant's view is, of course, complex. For one statement see his *Critique of Practical Reason* (New York: Liberal Arts Press, 1956), Chapter III (pp. 90-92); for exposition see Bruce Aune, *Kant's Theory of Morals* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1979), pp. 90-103.
4. Immanuel Kant, *Lectures on Ethics*. Trans. by Louis Infield (Indianapolis: Hackett Publishing Company, 1963) "Duties Towards the Body in Respect of Sexual Impulse"; subsequent page references to Kant are to this essay.
5. My exposition of Hegel's concept of objectification is primarily based on the account Richard Schacht gives in his book *Alienation* (New York: Anchor Doubleday, 1971); see esp. 62-72.

6. Hegel, *The Philosophy of Right*, "Marriage", in Third Part: Ethical Life: Trans. by T.M. Knox (London: Oxford University Press, 1975), pp. 111-116; further references to Hegel's view of marriage are to this book.

7. John Berger, *Ways of Seeing* (London: BBC and Penguin Books, 1985); further references to Berger are to this book.

8. *Women's Images of Men*. Edited by Sarah Kent and Jacqueline Morreau (London: Writers and Readers Publishing Cooperative Limited, 1985).

9. Sarah Kent, "The Erotic Male Nude", in *Women's Images of Men* (see n. 8 above).

10. Simone de Beauvoir, *The Second Sex*. Translated by H.M. Parshley (New York: Vintage Books, 1974).

11. John Berger, "Why Look at Animals?" in *About Looking* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1980), pp. 1-26.

12. On Wegman, see Craig Owens in "William Wegman's Psychoanalytic Vaudeville", *Art in America* (March 1983); Wegman is quoted by Laurence Wieder in his introduction to the volume, *Man's Best Friend* (New York: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 1982) p. 8.

13. Ronald Paulson, "Hambletonian, Ruffing Down: George Stubbs and English Society", in *Raritan* (Spring 1985), pp. 22-43.

14. The critic is Basil Taylor, quoted in Paulson (see n. above), p. 29.

15. See Stanley Cavell, *The World Viewed* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1979), esp. Chapter 4, "Audience, Actor, and Star"; also Stanley Cavell, *Pursuits of Happiness: The Hollywood Comedy of Remembrance* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1981); further page references in this section are to the latter book.

16. Stanley Cavell, "What Photography Calls Thinking", *Raritan* (Spring 1985); the next page reference is to this work.

17. See Nathaniel Harris, *The Art of Manet* (New York: Hamlyn Publishing Group, 1982), pp. 28-33.

18. See Sarah Kent, "Looking Back" in *Women's Images of Men* (n. 8 above), p. 56; John Berger makes much the same observation in *Ways of Seeing* (n. 7 above), p. 63.

19. Roland Barthes, *Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography*. Trans. by Richard Howard (New York: Hill and Wang, 1981); further references to Barthes are to this book; and Kendall Walton, "Transparent Pictures: On the Nature of Photographic Realism", *Critical Inquiry* (December 1984), pp. 246-277; page references to Walton are to this article.

20. John Berger, *The Success and Failure of Picasso* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1980).

21. Quoted in Picasso: *Art as Autobiography*. Mary Mathews Gedo (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1980), p. 139.

22. For further records of this portrait enterprise, see Alfred Stieglitz: *Photographer by Doris Bry* (Boston: Museum of Fine Arts, 1965).

23. See Davidson Low, *Stieglitz: A Memoir Biography* (New York: Farrar Straus Giroux, 1983).

24. See Edwin Martin's "On Seeing Walton's Great-Grandfather", *Critical Inquiry*, Summer 1986.

25. See Kenneth Clark, *The Nude: A Study in Ideal Form* (Princeton University Press, 1956) p. 13. On the other hand, Clark notes that Praxiteles' model Phryne "shared with him the credit for the beautiful figures with which he enriched the Greek world" (p. 83).

26. I owe this way of putting the point to Arthur Danto's book *The Transfiguration of the Commonplace* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1981), p. 195.

Cynthia Freeland is an Associate Professor of Philosophy at the University of Houston. Her most recent article (on Lacan) "Woman: Revealed or Reverted?" was published in the *Journal of Feminist Philosophy Hypatia*. She is a former Mellon Faculty Fellow in Philosophy, Harvard University, 1984-85.



John Gutmann: Mexican Movies, San Antonio, Texas, 1937

REVIEWS

By Jill A. Kyle

JOHN GUTMANN'S SILVER ODYSSEY SOUTH

John Gutmann's photographs of the South and Southwest—taken on a return trip from New York to San Francisco—were shown at HCP, October 17—November 16.

Images in Five States: John Gutmann's *Photographs of Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas and Arizona, 1937* are reportorial, beautifully printed, in rich painterly black and grey tones, and composed skillfully. At times delivering a stylized visual impact, the mechanical precision of Gutmann's camera more than adequately transcribes the objective reality of his subject matter. But his real interest is in the relationships between the content and the structure of the image, the other visual possibilities that can result from an intuitive merger of subject matter with imagination. It is, therefore, possible to see his work as existing outside the norm (outside the photojournalistic genre), without, however, denying its connection to the spirit and trends of their times—reason enough to see these photographs as being unique.

Gutmann had been a young painter and art instructor in Berlin until the Nazis came to power and proscribed him from teaching and exhibiting. In 1933, at age 28, he fled the Hitler regime and resettled in San Francisco. Shortly before his departure from Germany, however, Gutmann had bought a Roliflex camera, experimented in shooting a few rolls of film and, with the results, had secured a contract with the Presse-Photo agency in Berlin. Thus, newly arrived in his adopted country, he was able to begin work right away as a photojournalist, disseminating images to a German public. Reasons for his effortless transition between media and immediate ability to see cogently through the lens go beyond his experience as a painter. Early on, he had honed his vision to the discipline of line in a composition. Not just because he had cut his eye on the raking angles and planes of Weimar cityscapes; but also because he had studied under Otto Müller, a Die Brücke Expressionist, and had been influenced by his teacher's style. Müller was more a draftsman than a colorist, his crisp, abbreviated drawings close to Kirschner's Cubist manner of 1911-13, and close as well to the linear, geometric idiom of Gutmann's emerging photographic style.

Subject matter of some pictures in *Five States* can be read fairly nominally, in terms of iconography; in others, the nature of photographic description is more involved with an experience and what it connotes. In either case, Gutmann's wide variety of shooting strategies—sharp angularity, fragmenting, lofty or low-lying vantage points—is a tool by which he explores the subject. Seemingly guided by a visual value system that courts luck and chance, Gutmann's free, mobile camera manipulation, whether needed to wrest form from an underlying matrix or to make a more thought-provoking statement, is never used to showcase artifice.



John Gutmann: Indian High School Band Traveling through Desert, Arizona, 1937

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 anticipating Mark Cohen), are not exercises in the presentation of photographic form. Instead, they are devices that make detail more visible, and, by doing so, effectuate a clear study of a particularly inventive, ingenious manner of dress for keeping 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 felt free to display eccentricities in the most open way. Unlike the contemporaneous photographs of the F.S.A. group, rhetorical images that dwell on the pathos among the poor and migrant in rural settings, Gutmann's pictures during the Depression era are more like documents aimed at decoding an exotic culture. Newly departed from the gloom of approaching war in his own country, Gutmann was understandably more interested in recording the uniqueness and exuberance of urban American life, not the backdrop of social distress. With the objectivity of a foreigner, a sort of silent observer, Gutmann watched the show, and recorded the diversity of everyday America of the '30s as no U.S. photographer ever could have done. Willing to let viewers interpret and draw their own conclusions from his pictures, he used the camera as an instrument of communication, a counterpart 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 a southern route through Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas and Arizona. (Photographs in *Five States* were printed from negatives made on that trip.) Gutmann's exposure to America's manic eclecticism during

the long journey back climaxed during his encounter with Mardi Gras New Orleans. No other stop-over was as productive creatively in terms of the number of negatives he printed from, nor did any other better expose the depth of his Expressionistic roots in the Germanic and wider European sense as well. To his eyes, the disjunctiveness of fantasy parades and carnival scenarios that filled the streets of New Orleans 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 macrocosm of America's open, fluid class structure, so different from the more rigidly ordered European society, was played out at every street corner in microcosmic proportions. Whites masquerading as blacks ("Street Musicians," New Orleans), the two races queuing together for hand-outs. Gutmann shot the scenes then relied on titles such as "White into Black" and "Black and White Breadline" to expand connotations in his imagery (the later two prints are not in the exhibit, but are in *The Restless Decade*, Lew Thomas' and Max Kozloff's book about Gutmann's photographs of '30s America). He might have become giddy at the chance to fill single frames with such a treasure trove of bizarre discrepancies, and composed images that read like little more than a jumbled dish of nonsense. He didn't, though, because he had an unerring instinct for seeking out and preserving the core of each situation, and the skill to buttress his perceptions when he printed. For instance, the trio of improbable companions in "The Game," New Orleans, coalesces from a strange, fuzzy chiaroscuro background into foreground focus. What emerges is a clever metaphor for the appearance of the fantastic within the banal.

Gutmann's camera was an extension of his eyes; and as a foreigner in a strange land reporting to other foreigners, he was always on the lookout for the particularly American combination of largeminded-

ness and lunacy. Periodically though, he played around with ideas that record not the era or a happening so much as his own state of mind. At these times, Gutmann's photographs manifest both his knack for contrast at exactly the right point, like a composer changing keys, and his aptitude for seizing the combination of mind, mood and role in its most articulate physical form. A good example of this is in "Jitterbug," New Orleans. A Mardi Gras gamine, her outstretched arms like glistening batwings, seems on the verge of ascent. In contrapose, her slow, shuffling partner is impounded to earthborn status by an aura of heavy shadow. While Gutmann's New Orleans sprite suggests some mysterious, free association with a previously experienced moment, the hidden sexuality in her grace and energy requires less subtle intuing.

In fact, when the subject is a woman, the sensuality of Gutmann's vision mingles his own internalized responses with the recording process, and he produces some of his most self-reflexive images. He presents women both as an eternal presence, knowable by clear beauty ("Two Students of Spelman College, First College For Black Woman," Alabama), and situationally as products of the '30s melting-pot culture ("Texas Woman"). In some photographs, he explores her mythological dimension as a subject in disguise, intimating revelations or secrets. Such is the case in "In the Background: The Pimp," New Orleans: behind the out-of-focus head shot of a black woman wearing a white mask is a background blurred into shadowy relief. At first glance, she is intimidating and accusatory in the manner of Diane Arbus. Then gradually, the entire Expressionistic milieu assumes a sinister, existential unreality of dislocation in time and sense of place. The masked face, like an image constructing itself in space, seems caught in a movement more cinematic 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 enigmatically disappear, then reappear a second later.

Next to the women, Gutmann was most sensitive to the popular culture 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 fascinated, too, with the American use of advertising and graffiti. The people had something to communicate that could not be contained—words spilled out randomly onto walls, fences, cars, and billboards. And as Gutmann recorded the signs, he not only explored language as it appears in the physical world, as competently as any photographer has ever done, he also betrayed a longing for the visual sense of the work as pure language. In some of Gutmann's pictures, where the written word becomes the photographic subject, it is hard to feel the strength of the image and too easy to feel conflicts between two seemingly disparate forms of communication within them. The exceptions are his graffiti pictures, where Gutmann, by including some activity or content within a subjective framework, creates an image that transcends the words. Raw, tough, they preserve a naive energy as human documents giving proof of emotion and passion. The wavering lines and scrawled words of "Love-Hate Graffiti" recount the turbulent course of a private relationship. In the picture, a shy girl, oblivious to the graffiti message that she frames, enhances the poignancy of the whole tale within the image, not just the one carried by words. In one sense, a need to interpret the photograph rests on the subject matter; in another, it stems from what the viewer believes to be the photographer's approach or attitude toward the subject, which, with Gutmann, can be a personal flavor (wit, humor, emotion) so decisively felt that it takes on a palpable, definable presence.

It is hard not to compare photographs in this exhibit with work being done today by young photojournalists, those in their thirties and forties. One of the changes fifty years is bound to bring is a different approach to subject matter. Although many young photographers currently working within the genre produce documentary-style pictures, they are more interested in creating narrative material with built-in ironies, concerning photographic representation itself, than in presenting the world as it is. One could ask, which are the greater pictures, Gutmann's or the new? It may be too soon for an answer. But perhaps there is a clue to be found by making one more comparison, in another medium. Why does so much of the best Neo-Expressionist painting seem remote, even insincere, in comparison to any of the German artist Max Beckmann's major paintings from the '30s and '40s? The "new" photojournalism of the '80s often seems the same way when compared to Gutmann's pictures from the '30s. Perhaps it is because figures that people the work of both generations are signifiers, but both Gutmann's and Beckmann's figures refer to a world of flesh and blood, thus their signifiers have a strength and credibility that the new generation's do not. Born of the earth, and not the media spectacle of '80s world culture, we can identify with the people in Gutmann's images, either by memory or imagination. In contrast, figures in the "new" work descend from the simulacrum, from hyperreal models of the mass media, which according to Jean Baudrillard, the French sociologist, have no origin, no reality.

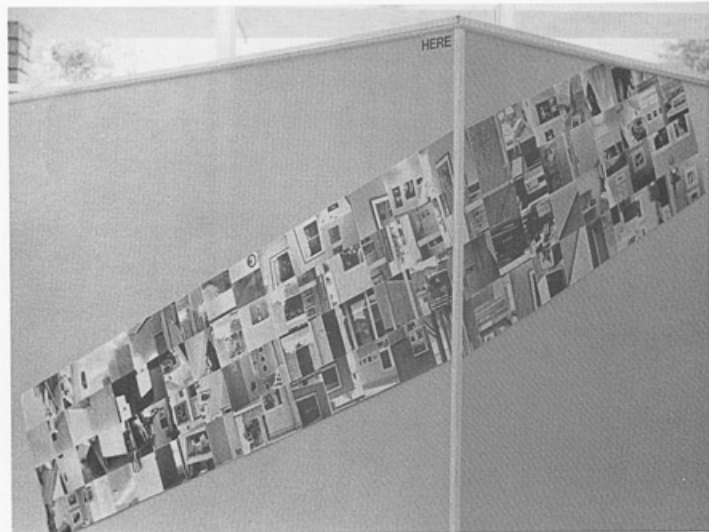
As touchstones echoing both a historical era and a historical fact, Gutmann's images are unique in another sense. Because the figures peopling them still burn with the immediacy of direct witness, Gutmann's pictures are reminders that imagination is rooted in direct experience and that spectacular mediation can sever its roots.

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 Menil Collection, to celebrate the Fifth Anniversary of the Houston Center for Photography along with John Gutmann's photographs of the South and Southwest, October 17—November 16.

By Jill A. Kyle

To be successful, an exhibit should elicit a reaction, good or bad, from those who come to see it. Many curators are not particular about the response, just so long as it occurs. For example, there are gallery and museum directors who feel delighted upon hearing "what is that supposed to mean?" Those who have the hardest time are the naive, yet earnest, spectators looking for communication through encounters with artworks. Often, they desperately need clues for decoding, but even without them, their curiosity usually keeps them



Walter Hopps: HERE

coming back. *Four Walls: An Exhibition Staged by Walter Hopps* 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 bearing left, anytime between October 17 and November 16, a visitor will be surrounded by Hopps' *Four Walls*. Whether it be a curious passerby coming in off the street or a veteran gallery-goer, my bet is that the person's attention will, right off, be riveted to the wall containing selections from the Menil Collection. There, 33 photographs constitute a concise, but choice, history of approaches to subject matter by both American and European masters in the medium. "There" is the title Hopps, 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—Eugène Atget, André Kertész, Jacques Henri Lartigue, W. Eugene Smith—will give an idea of the richly diverse catalogue of vocabularies represented. Stylistic samples include the organic abstraction of Man Ray's sensual nude, *Le Priere*, 1930; the simplicity and elegance in Walker Evans' architectural descriptions; Charles John Laughlin's wispy apparitional image, "At the End of the Road Idi-

ocy Awaited," June 1949; the starkly graphic quality of Brassai's "Graffiti Heart," 1940.

Most of the photographs on this wall are silver prints, except for some of the earliest ones—Eadweard Muybridge's collotype, "Woman Dancing," 1887; Frederick



Man Ray: *Le Priere*, 1930

Henry Evans' platinum print, "Durham Cathedral: High Vaulted Passageway," 1900; and an unattributed, untitled group of five daguerrotype *cartes de visite*, of which one is a portrait of Frederick Douglass. Within the structure of its own environment, and spreading to the larger one that houses it, the contents of the wall invite response to

the "museumness" of the entire site. At least for the duration of this exhibit, all the walls of HCP form a museum, a repository of ideas and objects figuring in the history and theory of art and photography. And overlooking it all with wry humor, in a photograph by Henri Cartier Bresson, is Marcel Duchamp, a cropped portion of his readymade *Bicycle Wheel* of 1913 to one side.

Duchamp, the most influential precursor to Conceptual art, is given a fitting location—almost in the exact center of "There." Duchamp's visage and his *Bicycle Wheel* are reminders that when he ripped the readymade object ostentatiously out of context, he assigned to it the status of art, and at the same time, implied that part of its meaning as an artwork could be found in the subversion of the wheel's function. What Hopps gently parodies throughout his exhibit, and what unifies it, is the idea of art through selection—the same idea harking 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, Hopps shows how the medium has nurtured the development of idea-oriented art in other ways. Resorting to various structural strategies through combinations of several, many or parts of photographs, Hopps vehiculates 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. Detering, J. Gutmann, and L. Thomas. Each of the three arrangements is constructed from photographic material provided by Hopps. On "Here," the north wall, Hopps himself has arranged pictures he took at HCP a week before the exhibit, into various suits of random orientations—right side up, upside down, sideways. Neither serial nor sequential, but somewhere in between, the group of "Here" and "Now" expand the content within the overall work by calling attention to the process involved in making choices. "10 Hours," the fourth wall, displays photo-images by HCP members as part of a timed installation. Within a 10-hour period on October 14, Hopps invited any HCP member to bring in work to be hung in his exhibit.

When seeking conduits for communication within the exhibit, codes can be useful: time, place, invitation, selection, etc. However codes, like figures of speech in language, can become clichéd. If one were to ask about "Here" and "Now"—what are they supposed to mean?—an answer might be—they're coded to time and space/place. Fine, but what is not? Of greater value than codes in getting to meanings in *Four Walls* is to recognize it as both a single entity, and as a conceptual-type work. It would not be out of place to regard *Four Walls* as a "process" piece, this implying that what is most important is not the result, the completed work, but the creative process(es) appropriate to bringing it about. And to be sure, something that generates a definite energy and intensity about the exhibition is the viewers' awareness that Hopps' prefiguration, his analyzing and synthesizing, has its own logic and relationship to content, which is knowable to him, but maybe to no one else. An awareness, in fact, that stimulates systems of thinking and encourages artistic dialogue.

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

PATSY CRAVENS' FANTASY PLACES

Photographs by Patsy Cravens were shown at Butera's, Montrose, September 2—November 7.

By Julie Leo

Good food and good company are pleasantly anticipated and fond-

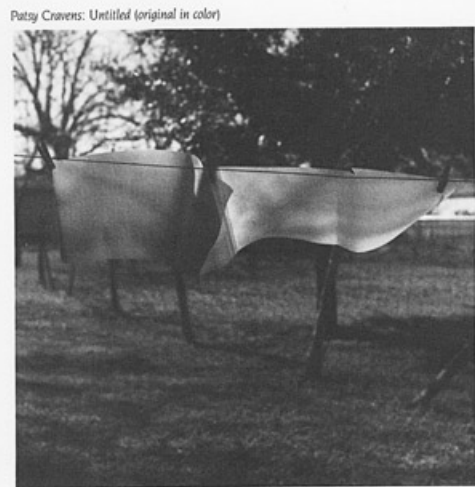
ly remembered. Even alone, you can find both at Butera's on Montrose. Since relocating in the Chelsea Market, Butera's has hung, for customer enjoyment, the work of two Houston photographers. Peter Brown was first. We came to know his work in a leisurely way over the summer. Leigh Farmer's work was up during most of August. Now, in early fall, we are finding new friends in the work of Patsy Cravens. All of these exhibits have been curated by Beth Beloff. Those interested in purchasing any of Cravens' photographs are referred to the McMurry Gallery. Butera's remains a popular neighborhood eating place—not a gallery. But this is an opportunity full of promise for photographers and customers alike. We who have lingered there in quieter hours over coffee or wine have enjoyed a picture or two or three. One picture near my table seems a generous offering. I like to think that I will return soon to make friends with another. Taken in slowly, these are gifts which will keep on giving. If you prefer, you can meet each and everyone on the first visit, but lingering is something we don't often do. It feels good for a change.

Cravens' pictures at Butera's represent a change for her as they are printed larger than her usual 5 or 6 inch size. She tends to prefer the intimacy of the smaller size. But these are right for the space and do evoke a feeling of intimacy. They give me something to relate to in this relatively wide and airy space.

Cravens' statement which accompanies the show makes for good reading. She asks, "My favorite pictures are of fantasy places in my head anyway." Her pictures are all grounded in places which seem familiar, even ordinary, but they become "little windows into a private world." The strength of her work lies in its evocative power. A fantasy place has no boundaries—mine, yours, anybody's.

"A successful work of art gives me the discovery of things half seen and only partly understood, a sense of mystery and revelation, questions asked and only hints of answers, like a poem." Were she not a photographer, Patsy Cravens would have to be a poet or a painter or who knows what. No doubt that she is fascinated with wonder and mystery and revelation. Doors, windows, screens, plastic sheeting panes and plates of glass, rain, veils of light, tangled vines and branches. Usually there is a tantalizing luminosity which invites us into her world. I am wondering if the places to which she draws us are not all the same infinitely varied place. Or perhaps they are places in the heart, something of a self-portrait.

She does have two more literal self-portraits in the show and says



Henri Cartier-Bresson: Marcel Duchamp



that one day she would like to do a show of all self-portraits. Can her sense of wonder and discovery be applied directly to the self without metaphor? She shows us some of the new directions being considered. She offers us six smaller, handpainted pictures which are subtle but lacking in the luminosity which is so important to her other work. And she speaks of her frustration with single isolated images, of her need to tell a longer tale.

Other pictures by Patsy Cravens are to be shown at Chocolate Bayou Theater in conjunction with a John Faulk play, *Deep in the Heat*, October 23 - November 15. This work is entitled *Colonado County Realities* and will include black and white, color, a mixture of formats and some of her writings. Her work is included in the Texas Fine Arts Association's *Texas Annual* 1986, at Laguna Gloria Museum in Austin, November 21 - January 4. This annual show was juried by Walter Hopps, director of the Menil collection and parts of the show will travel to other locations in Texas. Her work is also included in the Dallas Women's Caucus for the Arts show entitled *150 Works by Texas Women Artists*. This show was juried by Ann Sutherland Harris and can be seen at Dallas City Hall, November 3 - November 28.

Cravens' show at Butera's lasts through November 7. Then we look forward to Janice Rubin (November - December) and Robert Cozens (January - February) and Charlotte Land (March - April). The Butera's on Shepherd will be putting up some exhibitions as well. In December, they will show a unique installation by Mary Margaret Hansen based on photographs made from a single negative. This is a very different space, and it will be interesting to see what exhibitions are selected for it. Kathy Craft of Butera's is the person to credit with developing the exhibition program. She is quick to point out that photography is a new interest for her and that policy is evolving with the program.

Beth Beloff (789-3513) and Maud Lipscomb (526-0266) have volunteered their assistance and can help those who are interested in having work shown.

TRUTH OVERSHADOWS ART

Wendy Watriss: Central America—An Exhibition of Documentary Photography was shown at College of the Mainland, September 11 - October 22, 1986. A lecture by Wendy Watriss is available on videotape, and can be requested either through the College of the Mainland or the Houston Center for Photography.

By April Rapiere

"What we see in Central America... is the absence or weakness of political institutions..." Carlos Fuentes, 1984

As part of a statement accompanying an exhibit of her work at College of the Mainland, Wendy Watriss cited a poll which determined that 65% of American citizens don't know what side the US supports in Nicaragua and Salvador, or where those countries are located. Historically, one might conclude that the more appalling a socio-political truth the less informed the public might determinedly remain about it, for to know better and persist (or comply, even by maintaining silence) defines evil at its purest. Such an illustration is inescapably alluded to in the work: no one is allowed to leave with innocence intact.

Watriss foresaw the danger inherent to any outsider or non-participant, photographing poverty and



Wendy Watriss: Campesino Family, Salvador, 1986

war in a part of the world where the politics of hunger dominate, and tempered the images in their presentation and physical layout. Divided in two parts—Nicaragua and Salvador—the exhibit was designed to read as a book or magazine might: the narrative enhanced by text, diptych and double diptych, and color and black and white juxtaposed. The images were modestly mounted and put behind glass. The cost of museum mounting and framing, for example, a 50 piece show, not to mention film and lab costs, would be an appalling concept in the context of day to day reality for the average Central American citizen. Watriss focussed attention on the images, and gestured respectfully in deference to the excessive need engendered by life in countries at war. The effect is powerful and moving; although it is clear that the issues are thoroughly examined and deeply felt, and that Watriss is a politicized and caring being, one is left to conclude for oneself. This is the result of an illustrative position, the information skewed by art alone. Truth is, bad guys and good guys all look alike.

Women have it rough, their lives intercut with pretty images of macho men smiling behind guns. Watriss seems painfully sensitive to the onerousness, the hatefulness of making life work under the tedium and anguish of poverty. The images examine the boredom of an exasperated, endless wait, the only conclusion being that the ending is undefinable, one few could believe in anyway. People always seem to be lined up for unavailable necessities. The interiors of houses show signs of order imposed on very little except what's missing—brooms and shovels preside over dirt floors. The preparing of food—tortillas as staple—bring to mind other extremes: refrigerators brimming, convenience stores where one pays extra for the word, lovely and gleaming health food emporiums that double as respectable places to find a future mate. Watriss shows us a world where everything is makeshift, impossibly functional, yet in possession of importance and dignity. Inside rooms where holes in the wall serve as windows, small children struggle to read in dim light. And dead camera and tape recorder batteries pay taxi fares, so debilitating are the various embargoes and economic sanctions imposed by the US. The caption of an image of the TECNICA textile factory in Nicaragua tells about the ageing US-made machinery, and the unavailability of replacement parts. It goes on to read that machines are slowly being replaced by Soviet-built equipment. Watriss' stand gains strength from the simplicity of both situations explored and her straightforward presenta-

tion of those situations. Although human rights and feminist (a strange concept to search for in Central America) issues are portrayed boldly, political references are anti-propagandistic, vague. No one is called to task, for no one is perfect. (There exist human rights violations on all sides.) In fact, there is a curious ambiguity to those images with the strongest propagandistic potential. For example, the machines in the above-mentioned image are luminous, resolution incredibly detailed.

Another category of image shows exuberant people doing a rather sexual dancing in the main square all night. In similar situations and equivalent nights, I've had the feeling that about half the people didn't really understand nor care too much about the implications of the win. One black and white image where this feeling is clear is of a couple, on election night, embracing. The man's eyes are shaded by a white hat. The back of the woman's dress is sweat-soaked. Passion exists here at many different levels.

Another incredibly gorgeous color picture is quite similar in feeling—rich, super-heated colors, reds and yellows mainly, surround brown skin and black hair. A woman with red and black paint smeared on her face is seen in profile, red recurring throughout her environment. A child in the background is raised overhead, in crucifixion pose. Although both images possess a surreal quality, the people within are serene, sedated, yet determined in spite of the overwhelming futility of celebration and protest. The festivity was in effect inappropriate or unjustified, in spite of the losses incurred to bring it about—an excuse, or maybe the inescapable byproduct of propaganda. A photograph of the public funeral of "a well-known and popular Sandanista official killed by Contras" had a similar feel, with so many issues and emotions being factored in. Hysteria, not reason, is the usual result, when emotions fall to a general plane. Or perhaps ecstasy is as appropriate as anything else when the stakes are higher and the odds against.

Murals and paintings of the revolution stand in homage, and state-murals like "almost every family in Nicaragua has a relative who has been killed in the Contra war" (accompanying "Nicaragua Mother, Matagalpa", a woman whose two daughters were killed in Contra farm attacks) bring to bear their relevance and importance as another witnessing method.

So while men go to fight and guard what is left, and people from the rest of the world help as best they can, serving as witnesses for peace and violation, women and

children endure the humiliation of the wait. Huge bags of cast off or surplus food (some labels bear U.S. warnings, probably regarding misuse) are divided by hand, and the machetes stirring the contents say more than images of anti-U.S. graffiti, for one has come to expect that sort of thing. Yet, although images of poverty are not new to us, an image such as the one of a child holding a pot of beans, her shoes foolishly large (and therefore not functional), her dress once special, but now just dirty, and she inattentive to any such detail—linger as an irreconcilable, distorted dream that portend absolute truth.

Omens shimmer like dreams in much of the work. The demonstrative, noisy delight of five little girls checking out a thermometer for the first time gives way to the probability that no medicine is available for the fever. The clinics give comfort and little else: the doctors and nurses have no hope to offer. A diptych titled "Malnutrition, pediatric ward of one of the largest provincial hospitals in Salvador", places the image of a little girl in a crib, dressed in a hospital gown, atop the image of a baby whose age is unclear—near death, looking away from the camera, in a nurse's arms. Does the bottom image anticipate the fate of the child in the image above?

The city/barrio images include thoughts about the physicality and symbolism of one's surroundings: within populations, on streets and houses, and in clothing, color is meted out carefully, so as not to disturb any balance or offset any dismay or arouse undue attention. Shadows form extensions of houses, so tenuous are futures (blue predominates). Murals and slogans are invasive and ubiquitous; some people behind windows look amused and unaffected. Does it mean that change is complete and irreversible? Often, murals descend into advertisement posters, graffiti and vandalism; when juxtaposed beside recruitment posters, it creates a disaffectioning and unhappy contradiction—a neutralization of both. Some window panes are broken out, others reflect domesticity and the odd bird or tree. But children live behind those broken panes, with their families, their lives unsalvageable, dreams irrevocable.

Although some of the color landscapes are panoramic and ethereal, any idealized romanticism fades quickly at the recognition that cemeteries, for example, are closed off with barbed wire. The introduction of people into the more rural settings has an altogether different, brittle, explosive feel. People seem hardened, codified, uniformly steered. One senses an acting out or role-playing, perhaps a way of disas-

sociating from the horror, for the benefit of the camera. In images such as "Near Intoceta—Northern Nicaragua Combat Zone", families in the rural cooperatives seem much the same as in the cities, if not more settled in. Most children clown for the camera anyway, and iconographic eccentricities exist throughout ("Rural Laborer at Home"). Watriss tells the stories sparingly, and as an audience, one is left wanting more information, just as one is frustrated, saddened, and moved to respond. It is a great tribute to her journalistic skill and artistic sensibility that the truth overshadows any attempt to sway.

POST- REVOLUTIONARY CONTEXT OF CASASOLA'S PHOTOGRAPHS

The exhibition, *The World of Augustin Victor Casasola: Mexico 1900-1938*, was shown at the Sarah Campbell Blaffer Gallery, University of Houston, September 16-October 26.

By Ed Osowski

The name of the Mexican photojournalist Augustin Victor Casasola is not widely known. Two standard texts, Beaumont Newhall's *History of Photography* (rev. ed. 1982) and *Photojournalism* (1971) from the Editors of Time-Life books, fail to include him. In her new work *World History of Photography* (1984) Naomi Rosenblum attempts to correct these omissions. She calls Casasola, "Probably the first photographer in his country to think of himself as a photojournalist" and praises him for being "surprisingly modern in feeling." What Rosenblum laments is that Casasola's prints remain largely unseen.

Two exhibitions in Houston this Fall, *The World of Augustin Victor Casasola: Mexico 1900-1938* at the University of Houston's Blaffer Gallery and a small group of eight prints at Detering Book Gallery, introduced Casasola's name and attempted to correct Rosenblum's lament. But the two exhibitions raised as many questions as they tried to answer about Casasola, about the attribution of his works, his place in the tradition of photo-journalism, and the nature and function of documentary photographs.

Born in 1874, Casasola began his career as a print journalist. Around the turn of the century he turned his attention to photography. Working for *El Imparcial*, the official newspaper of the dictator Porfirio Diaz, and for *El Tiempo*, an influential Catholic paper, Casasola took photographs to illustrate all sections of the paper: popular events, sports, fashions, cultural activities, politics. Many of these were posed and would be viewed today as little more than "press release" photographs. In 1911 he founded the Society of Press Photographers and in 1914 the independent Photographic Information Agency. Following the ten years of the Revolution (1910-1920) he was hired by Presidents Oregon (1920) and Calles (1924) as chief photographer for a variety of government departments.

Around the time he established the Photographic Information Agency, Casasola recognized a need to establish a photographic archive to preserve his own works and the work of others as well. The first item to emerge from the archive was *Graphic History Album* (1921), which covered

the preceding ten revolutionary years. The collection he started is now called the Archive Casasola and contains hundreds of thousands of photographic images. In the mid-seventies, the Mexican government formally declared it the national photographic archive and began to fund it. Casasola died in 1938.

The title of the Blaffer Gallery exhibition deliberately skirts the question of attribution. Clearly, not every photograph seen here was by Casasola himself. One, in fact, is a formal portrait of the family of Pres. Diaz) is dated 1890, ten years before Casasola made the switch to photography. And two late portraits of the poet Manuel Maples Arce and the intellectual David Alfaro Siqueiros, are dated several years after his death. The prints themselves are not vintage but were issued by the Archive Casasola for this exhibition which has been travelling since it opened in Washington DC, in 1984.

So, in looking at the photographs, one is forced to avoid the question of how an individual aesthetic—challenged by the revolutionary spirit—responded to the demand that the photographic image be a tool in shaping minds and changing hearts. No clear answers are forthcoming as to how a photographer negotiates the path between the shifting loyalties of work and politics.

The earliest photograph, the Diaz family portrait mentioned above, is typical of the late Victorian approach to family portraiture. The six adults and one young girl could be members of any rich family. Nothing about their poses, their costumes, nor their setting, suggests that they are related to the hated dictator. That the figures are static, the women almost mannequins in the gowns that display their wealth and taste, owes as much to the conventions of the photograph as to any subtle "message" the photographer wishes to impart. They all gaze either directly at the camera or, oddly, at angles off into space, not at each other. A peculiar, almost troubled calm seems to rest upon them and one observes that there is no intimacy here. Forty years later, in another "Family" portrait, the same troubled calm fills the photograph. Four children, one a blurred image, flank their seated mother, the husband and father standing behind them. Shoeless, their clothes torn and dirty, they are the urban poor. The photographer has posed them on the balcony of a house that must have, at one time, belonged to a family far wealthier than they. An elaborate door with formal tracings and carvings is to the family's right and underscores their poverty.

It is a truism, worth repeating, however, that we find in the photographic image what we are prepared to find there. Especially in the documentary photograph, which carries with it the weight of a long tradition of liberal sentiment, we are prepared to respond more fully (in an emotional sense) to the second family. Estelle Jussim has written that "all images are interpreted within the context of social beliefs." When viewing the two family portraits described above, we are affected more immediately by the poverty and suffering projected by the second family. We favor them as a group because not to do so would be to align ourselves with the forces of repression represented by the first family.

Consider the two most convincing photographs of children in the exhibition. In "Children of a Family of the Porfirio Years" (1905), two boys, probably brothers, share an overstuffed arm-chair. They are reading the paper *El Imparcial*, the official paper of the Diaz regime, one remembers. Behind them, looking over them (guarding them?controlling them?) is a large portrait of the dictator himself. The boys are stud-



Casasola: Wives of the Obregonist officials visiting a correctional institution, Mexico, FD, ca. 1922

ous, attentive, beyond their young years, representatives of a fixed intellectual and political order that finds expression in their poses, their setting. The work could indeed be an advertising photograph for the benefits that come from reading *El Imparcial*. In "Orphanage" 1918, a large group of children stops before the camera. Their faces are grim, their uniforms patched and dirty. Two children have stepped away from the others. One, a young boy, threatens to walk into our space, to disrupt the distance between subject and viewer, to dislodge, by his action, the gap in emotional distance that permits us to observe the predicament of these orphans and, in our minds, write a fiction that accounts for their predicament.

The information contained in these photographs, then, is suspect, not because the photographer has manipulated their content, but because we view them from a post-revolutionary context. To quote Gary Indiana, these works are not "reality transcripts" but are "objects emitting messages" that jog our political sensibilities.

If one group of images holds our attention longer and are more worthy of serious attention it is the large number of works which depict women. In a group portrait of Obregon's wife, Maria, and a retinue of her colleagues (1921), one woman cannot be distinguished from another. Their hats, dresses, bags, and fur boas are the "prizes" of a revolution that some may say has failed. "Wives of Obregonist Officials Visiting a Correctional Institution" (1922) is truly startling for how clearly it expresses the dilemma of women. The women peek out from behind the rows of inmates. The men hide them, keep them in place (despite their "outlaw" status), their position in the revolutionary order clearly second rate. By contrast, the images of *soldaderas* (camp followers) reveal a different social order. Women and men link hands in many of these photographs and one senses the flow of energy, of belief, across the great gap that separates women from men, the feudal from the modern. In "Soldiers and *Soldaderas*" (1914) the band of bullets which criss-crosses the soldier's chest echoes the *rebozo* draped, almost liturgically, around the woman. She places her hands on him as a sign of her concern, of their unity in the cause, and of her ability to empower him.

That one is reminded of Hine, Sander, and Riis in looking at many of these photographs attests to their strength. Those which merit our closest attention are the ones which are most ingenious, least intentional, the ones which substitute nameless faces for the presidents and

challengers to presidential power in the dance whose partners constantly shifted and changed. Their hold on us has less to do, finally, with their documentary qualities, with the bits of information they offer us, than with their role as symbolic images of power and powerlessness.

Ed Osowski is a librarian with the Houston Public Library System. He is a frequent contributor to SPOT and occasionally reviews books for the Houston Post.

LAWDALE ARTISTS' ADVISORY BOARD OVERCOMES PREDICTABLE ART

Visual, Performance and Literary Arts of the Lawndale Artists' Advisory Board (LAB) was exhibited at the Lawndale Art & Performance Center, University of Houston, September 20—October 27.

By Carol A. Gerhardt

to the right of the entrance: a dot to dot dog form
LAB WORK above and to the right
exploration and experimentation at the LAWDALE ART ANNEX
white dots
Laborator retriever facial features
and paws

on the black wall at the LAWDALE ART ANNEX

LAB: short for retriever dog
LAB WORKS: in progress
LAB WORKS: for experimentation for the community
LAB: nicknameLAWDALE ARTISTS ADVISORY BOARD

STIMULUS: response

At the moment of entry one anticipates Pavlovian theorizing—white jacketed lab assistants—an unauthorized area. The contrary actually exists, artists busy with large equipment and a director busy with calls. The director indicates she'll be just a moment with a genuinely warm glance, as the unrestrained lab mouse moves quickly and quietly along the perimeter of the warehouse space where tame or predictable art is questioned.

As director, Mary Evelyn Sorrell is chief negotiator when selecting the stimulus from which Lawndale Art Annex hopes to extract a public response. The conditioned response she hopes to elicit is interaction among artists and audience from such diverse areas as: performance, paint, sculpture, photography, new music, prose, poetry, and dance.

Unlike Pavlov, who restrained his subjects, Mary Evelyn has given freedom to her LAB. In the past, the Lawndale Annex, an appendage of The University of Houston, had provided close interaction among artists and students as well as artists and audience. The new director hopes to emphasize such interaction again. In September she

announced an advisory board made up entirely of artists.

The selection of artists was based in part upon their diverse mediums with hope that sub-committees composed of these artists would stimulate interarts activities. The September 23 to October 27 exhibition presented work from artists on the board. Some artist's work crossed the boundaries of several mediums, while others embraced only one.

SARTWELLE/RUNNELS: performance collaboration

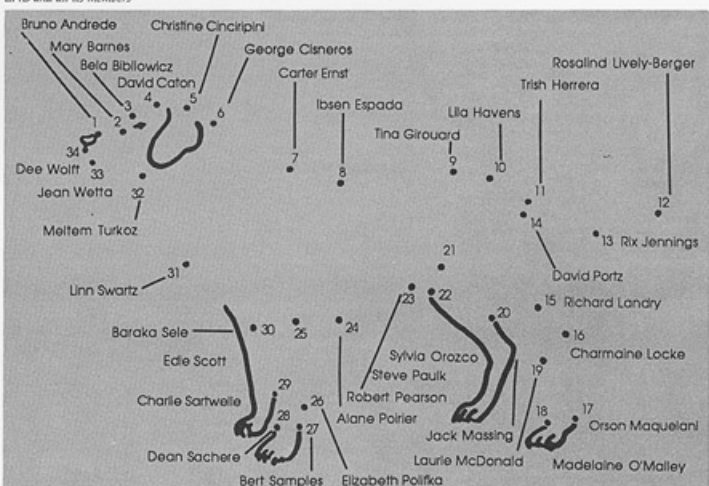
Charlie Sartwelle's work crossed not only the formal boundaries of paint and performance, but integrated the work of two artists in her collaboration, *Man Traps*, performed with John Runnels. Those who missed the performance on September 20 could view the residual pieces that lay in state at the Lawndale space. A verbal recording of "Tales of Fornication" which accompanied John Runnel's naked man in a box performance had been transcribed and photographs documented the actual performance which took place inside the 7' x 3' black box. The box, an isolated container in a vacant space served as stimulus.

There was no immediate evidence indicating whether the box was a packing crate in transit or a part of the exhibition. The collaborators must have anticipated such response, so they stimulated the viewer's curiosity even more by emphasizing holes which they had drilled into the sides of the box. These peepholes drilled at various heights whetted a desire to see in. It is risky to place eye-ball to peep-hole. Defenses and curiosity heightened as the content of the black box materialized—a bathroom complete with wash basin and toilet. A personal space indeed even if the observer moved from side to side and from peep-hole to peep-hole in hopes of creating a complete picture.

The vulnerability necessary to relate on an intimate level with another was conceptualized clearly as the viewer participated with Sartwelle and Runnels. By erecting four walls and creating a confined but personal space, the artists actually let the idea of walls and fortresses fall away. They directed the audience to discover the whole but allowed them to do so in visual fragments, thus discouraging shock and retraction rather than discouraging participation.

In addition to the performance piece, Charlie Sartwelle exhibited large acrylic paintings which extend the theme of male-female relationships. *Lower Man* addressed the concept of creativity. Here the artist integrated specific archetypes—an animal skull and the erect penis—

LAB and all its members



with her personal experiences. The result is a naked archetypal man facing the observer seemingly unaware of the 5 hands grasping, giving, offering and waiting beneath his chair.

STEVE PAULK: assemblage

While the performance collaboration encouraged submersion in the most mundane activities of the male-female relationship, Steve Paulk's work is invested in the fantasizing of such relationships. Getting Away From It All is a 5' x 4' assemblage of wood panels, old photographs, worn paint, and memories. Central to this is a photographic image of a ship at sea. Surrounding the ship are snapshots of the honeymoon and of the couple on their yearly vacations; both situations in which the male-female relationship is at the height of stereotypic happiness. Paulk's message seems most intense when he juxtaposes his happy moments with the words, "Two Weeks Vacation." By omitting reference to the other 50 weeks of the year, he heightens suspicion about the quality and happiness in a couple's daily lives. Medium and message concur: if one scrutinizes the craftsmanship of this assemblage, the collecting of memorabilia and the fantasizing of relationships seem to move in tandem with Paulk's use of boy-scout-like wood-working skills that are both a labor of love and of naïveté.

BELA BIBLIOWICZ: charcoal and paper

The artist addresses the "Contemporary Gods" in a 3' x 7' charcoal on paper work. Individual identity is questioned when the viewer is brought face to face with the faceless, the rejected and the glutinous. Some figures are controlled and some are in control in this physical exploration of bodies.

DAVID PORTZ: photographs

These silver and gelatin photographs are impregnated with an eye catching magenta color. If the bits of self imposed graffiti within the frames could be explained or even intuited these works would carry out the impact that their coloration has begun.

The focus of the exhibition seemed unusually disjointed. Indeed it was: the lack of continuity became acceptable only after realizing that this was a show to call attention to the newly formed alliance of artists at Lawndale. Perhaps the artists themselves experienced the strongest responses to the exhibition because they began to interact with one another as sub-committees were formed to select work for the show, to hang the show, to assess the effectiveness of performances and criticize other art forms in terms of their own. How would new music musicians respond to impromptu instrumentals by visual artists, or a prose writer to an instantaneous generation of words. Hopefully artists from diverse mediums will be interacting to clarify and critique their own work. As a part of the audience, it is exciting to imagine that the LAB will elicit not just a conditioned response, but rather create invigorating responses from the community.

As a viewer one must participate, one must question and respond. Lawndale does not present a feast of familiar repeatedly anticipated dishes, but a table of ingredients.

BOOKS

THE BIG SLEEP/ FLAT DEATH: AN APOCRYPHAL DIALOGUE

The Big Sleep by Raymond Chandler with an introduction by Lawrence Sanders Powell illustrated with 40 photographs by Lou Stoumen. Arion Press, San Francisco, 1986 (edition of 400).

By James R. Huguinin

"I'm a street photographer. My camera eschews fiction." Lou Stoumen grinned sourly, put his pad in his bag and clipped his pencil on his vest. Across from him sat Andrew Hoyem.

Hoyem of San Francisco's Arion Press had just invited Stoumen to make photographs illustrating Arion's new edition of Raymond Chandler's 1939 detective novel *The Big Sleep*.

"My camera hungers for natural, smog-filtered light, for the caught images of city people working, playing, going crazy, brutalizing and loving each other. There in the streets," concluded Stoumen, "is where visual truth manifests itself." Then silently to himself he added: "I've made 100 movies in my time and won two Academy Awards for films based on fact, not fiction. I teach film now as full-time professor at UCLA. My dues are paid. I'm sixty-eight. 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 Futura Black display type within an Art Deco design. It'll be protected by a hand-made hard plastic cover, be printed on Mohawk Superfine paper, and your photographs will be printed by Phelps-Schaefer in blue/black duotone over double opaque white ink and finished with a double varnish. That's six impressions. Think about it," challenged Hoyem.

It had been ten years since a copy of *The Big Sleep* had rested on the polished wooden coffee table in Lou Stoumen's West Los Angeles home; it had been a year 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 clearness of the foothills when I drove up to Stoumen's residence. We sat directly across from each other, the carpeted space between us bridged by a low coffee table supporting a dog-eared and pencil-marred paperback of the Chandler classic, one of a foursome of great Chandler novels.

"I've been asked to illustrate a new edition of *The Big Sleep* with photographs," he confessed. "Andrew Hoyem wants new photographs that would resemble motion picture publicity stills."

I thought of Lou's prodigious body of street imagery: real faces, auto accidents and bold nubile teenagers. He sensed my hesitation.

"I've just re-read the text. I'd forgotten how clean and sharp-eyed the man wrote," argued Stoumen, never taking his eyes off my face.

"No fat. Lots of smell, taste, weather and true, surprising people. Casting ideas started in my head. I began to see faces."

He was looking for a glint of approval from me, but when I



Lou Stoumen: I caught her under the arms and she went rubberlegged on me instantly.

leaned slowly back in my chair, crossed one ankle over my knee, and rubbed my ankle 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 fiction. Truth seems to be truth, even in a costume."

I made a mental note of his observation. "A good, succinct summation of postmodernist epistemology. Could use it someday myself." I thought, "in a lecture, in an essay."

To further mollify any protest (and

knowing my proclivity for social justice), he deftly cast himself within his favorite role as the "Concerned Photographer." "Besides, I was attracted again by how moral Chandler was—or his man Marlowe. He (they) actually believed in justice."

As I sipped the beer he'd handed me five minutes previously, I conjured up the many scenes he'd have to shoot to illustrate the text. I fondly recalled the many key scenes from "Bogey's" portrayal of Marlowe in the Howard Hawks production. I despaired of his ever

surpassing some of those scenes. "How many..." I hadn't gotten the sentence fully out of my mouth when he'd anticipated the question with his reply.

"At least forty stills—as best as I can figure," he informed me. "Spent the better part of two months in deciding which scenes in the narrative 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 obverse of shooting my films *The Naked Eye* and

She was worth a stare. She was trouble.



The True Story of the Civil War. In them I brought a series of still photographs, or "flat deaths" as Roland Barthes termed them, to cinematic life. Now I've got to create narrative photographs to bring cinematic form to a book. With Hoyer as designer-producer and Chandler as script writer, I'm directing and photographing a "paper-movie."

As a siren wailed outside, probably on its way to an accident on the San Diego freeway, I thought of similarly staged productions by other photographers: the soap operatic-like scenarios set-up in the "directional mode" and recorded by Los Angeles photographer Eileen Cowin; East Coast artist Holly Wright's photographic commentaries on her mother's acting career, diptychs which incorporate actual publicity stills in conjunction with large Cibachromes made of her mother off-stage, at home. From my art history tutelage, I remembered Dr. Donald Strong's Renaissance Art History course and his strident reminder that Italian documents and sources contained no word for our "scene": scenes were invariably called *storie* (stories). "Each *storia*," I recall him expounding, "was an incident from a continuous drama, and based on a simple, human relationship of figures." I brought back into vivid memory such *storie* as painted by Giotto—the Meeting at the Golden Gate and the Lamentation, —as I imagined what Stoumen's photographic *storie* of *The Big Sleep* might look like. I felt I should let him in on my thoughts.

"What you're doing," I told Stoumen softly, the beer relaxing my vocal cords, "is not unlike Giotto adhering to, and magnificently illustrating, the story narrated in the *Golden Legend* by Jacopo da Voragine, a thirteenth-century Genoese bishop." I drew a long breath and let it out silently. Then I leaned back and crossed my legs and continued: "Your films and books all seem to be anchored in a verbal text, all your narratives are visual fabrications and..."

"Chandler's style" boomed in Stoumen as abruptly as a just-turned-on radio in a funeral parlor. "Involves a wealth of precise observations concerning place and people. It's highly descriptive. The camera-eye implied in Chandler's narrative will be multiplied by my photographic illustration of that narrative."

I nodded a silent, knowing assent. I went out at the French doors and along a smooth red-flagged path that skirted the far side of the lawn from the garage. I was holding a weighty tome that smelled of fresh ink, felt of hard plastic and opened eagerly at my touch. I sat down in my battered Naugahyde swivel chair and read: "I caught her under the arms and she went rubber-legged on me instantly," under the photograph of Marlowe (played by Gene O'Neil) awkwardly catching a coyly falling Carmen Sternwood (played by Sally Halstead). The characters were in period costume and adhered to Chandler's textual descriptions quite closely. I paged further on. Under a photo I read: "Got a match buddy?" and saw a young killer's intense gaze nearly fill the frame, some palm trees making up the difference around the edges.

Unrestrained by the film codes hobbling the representation of sexuality in the Howard Hawks production, Stoumen's paper movie actresses more openly flaunt their allure: they invite their objectification by the male viewer, a gaze textually embodied in Marlowe's observations.

"For instance," I thought, "there was that paired set of photographs of Carmen Sternwood reclining in bed." The captions under them read, respectively: "She smiled. Her small sharp teeth glistened. Cute, aren't they?" she said; and: "She took hold of the covers, paused dramatically,



I shot him four times, the Colt straining against my ribs. The gun jumped out of his hands as if it had been kicked.

cally, and swept them aside." Of course, Manet's *Olympia* came 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 Mantegna-like, from the outstretched feet up. Eschewing modesty, no longer does the photographer permit the female model to hide her pubis.

I swivelled my chair a few degrees clockwise and recalled the first of several photographs double-trucked across the expanse of the book. Here a leggy Mrs. Vivian Sternwood

Regan (played by Alma Hecht) poses on a chaise-lounge; her image was doubled in the mirror behind her, recalls a plethora of both cheese-cake snaps and fine art photographs. "This reflection," I asserted out loud to an imaginary audience, "constitutes an internal duplication, a symmetrical imprint like blotting ink. As such," I further mused, "it suggests the very process of book production itself, while also using photography to comment upon photography itself." Yet another internal reference, a

captioned and double-trucked 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 Stoumen's rendition of them. I commenced to silently read the captions: "Meet Philip Marlowe, a private eye who's in a jam." Cronjager looked me over as if he was looking at a photo-

graph. Then out loud I exclaimed: "Ah, I see, this doubling of gazes and sly commentary on the medium was intentional!"

Paging further, I found another double-trucked image. In this set-up Stoumen orchestrates four actors, in various degrees of exaggerated gesture, across a horizontal line in pictorial space. In the intriguing caption Marlowe confesses: "I began to laugh. I laughed like an idiot, without control." More than any other photograph in the book, this scene brought to mind A.D. Coleman's term "directional mode" as an apt label for Stoumen's excursion outside his usual domain of "documentary."

I couldn't help thinking of historical precedents for, and contemporary instances of, this way of working. My thoughts ambled on back to those carefully posed photographs of O.G. Rejlander, especially those forced expressions found in the pictures executed in the 1870's to illustrate Charles Darwin's *On the Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals*. More recently, in the 1980s, there was that group show *The Theatre of Gesture* curated by Lisa Bloomfield and hung at the Los Angeles Center for Photographic Studies. Certainly Stoumen's imagery, with its staged gestures and textual inspiration in the "already written," would have been at home in this context.

I turned 180 degrees in my chair and began to argue, contra Stoumen, from critic Michael Fried's modernist position. Like Fried, I formulated a diatribe against the experience engendered by "literalist art" (a pejorative he'd most certainly have visited upon Stoumen's photographs in this book) in which an object or image is in a situation that by definition includes the beholder. As Stoumen's images are all about positioning some potential beholder before textually explicit, but previously un-real-eyes-ed events, his photographs can be faulted for their postmodern "theatricality."

"Yes," I thought, "how post-modernist," how unabashedly nostalgic were these visual translations of a canonical text from the Detective Story genre?

"It's a genre," Stoumen had told me on my last visit, "which like the genre of documentary photography, aims at detecting the truth through a fictive construction."

I sat in that faded brown chair of mine and let the sun put beads of sweat on my forehead. An old grey Plymouth moved forward, gathered speed, and darted down the alley around the corner. I continued thinking how very postmodern the "choreography" of this book is. Lethargically, I began to jot down notes: "Here is the result of a decision to produce a high cost, limited edition volume in an eclectic costume which appropriates Thirties Art Deco to a Fifties fascination with plastics. It sports display type heralded as Futura... But I couldn't concentrate that hard."

My thoughts wandered to the price of the book. Not being able to afford the book myself—I was lucky just to temporarily peruse a copy—I somewhat cruelly imagined a parade of coffee tables, very much unlike the one in Stoumen's living room, on which this book will probably appear. First, there was a design by Matteo Thun; a Memphis plastic laminate followed; next a Prisma piece by Milo Baughman floated by; a Peter Shire brought up the rear.

These visions signalled the effects of the heat and the smog on my recently imbibed gin and tonic. Before sleep overcame me, my last thoughts—hopes really—were that a larger, more modestly priced edition of this book might be forthcoming soon.

"Meet Philip Marlowe, a private eye who's in a jam." Cronjager looked me over as if he was looking at a photograph.



STOVEPIPE WELLS

Gary Faye's photographs have been shown in numerous exhibitions throughout the United States. The poems were taken from notebooks kept by Gary Faye while photographing in Death Valley.

By Gary Faye

Quietly,
dawn explodes
below the horizon...
morning stretches & yawns,
and orange rings out across the valley.

Distant mountains cower,
as the first visible heat
levitates above the sand.

Greys shift toward white,
time wears on...
the sparkle of morning
takes on an imperceptible edge,
becomes more aggressive,
then penetrating,
and finally a hostile glare,
radiating withering waves,
bleaching color from stones.

The plague of heat,
now a random rage,
spreads contagiously throughout
the day,
incinerating unsheltered life,
then weakening,
as a fire consuming its own
atmosphere
finally turns upon itself,
and becomes vulnerable.

A foreign breeze,
spiriting its way
through the bones of late afternoon,
eclipses the remnants of heat,
and rescues the survivors.

Bleakness softens,
shadows strengthen,
newly formed dunes
stand etched,
in afternoon light.

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

Looking west,
across the pitted sand dunes,
orange sunglow stretches for miles,
behind the blue silhouette of
Sierras.

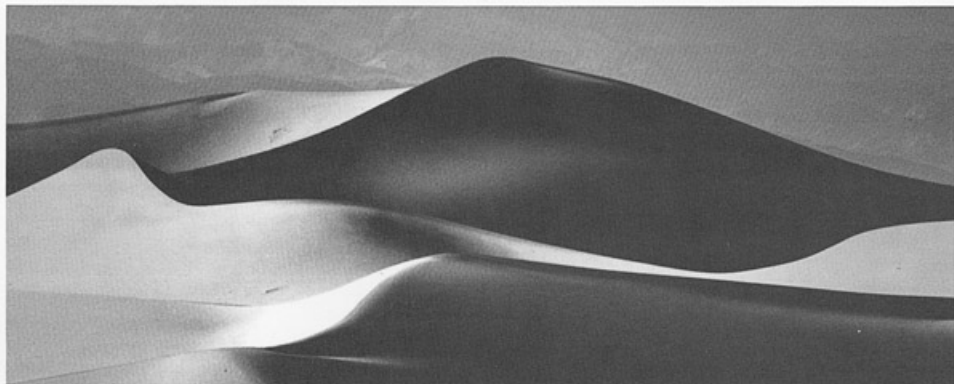
The surface temperature
has dropped a hundred degrees...
the sunset breeze has passed,
and for a few special moments,
time has been suspended,
and the day's angry heat
is replaced
by a startling peace...

If the greying dunes had a sound,
they would sort of glow
with a stillness that wd. make you
embarrassed
with the ringing of your own ears.

There is a sacred silence
that accompanies a flush of
awareness...
this valley,
that has been here for billions of
years,
makes man seem
irrelevant...

I'd love to photograph that,
but
I think Ansel already did.

The stinging heat
of the desert floor
gives off day,
and fades
to a chorus of crickets & birds,
announcing:
their own survival,
and the healing of night.



Gary Faye: Stovepipe Wells, 1986

NOTES

PHOTO FELLOWSHIPS
REGIONAL PROGRAM

Mid-America Arts Alliance (M-AAA) will award up to 15 \$3,500 grants in a six-state photography competition.

Co-sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA), the competition is open to photographers living in Texas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas and Arkansas. Deadline for application is January 14, 1987.

According to M-AAA Visual Arts Director Edeen Martin, the fellowship program was established to honor artists in the six-states 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," she said. "But 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 served by M-AAA. Full-time graduate or undergraduate students and recipients of NEA Visual Arts Fellowships will not be considered.

For information on application procedures, contact Bev Brinson or Judy Kennet at Mid-America Arts Alliance, 20 West 9th St., Suite 550, Kansas City, MO 64105, phone (816) 421-1388.

The M-AAA/NEA Fellowship Award Program, established in 1963, 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 the 1986 Visual Artists Fellowships for photography. As in previous years grants were made in the amounts of \$5,000, \$15,000, and \$25,000. In recommending awards, panelists considered several criteria: applicant's work, a career summary, and—based on those factors—evidence that the "applicant's work reflects continuous serious and exceptional aesthetic investigation, and will be at a critical point of development during the proposed grant period."

The photography panel reviewed 1,754 applications (1,091 from men, 663 from women) this year, com-

pared to 1,737 in 1984. However, total funding for this category fell from \$735,000 to \$450,000 this year.

Robert Heinecken, who heads the photography program in the School of Art at UCLA, was awarded the only \$25,000 Fellowship.

The following 17 photographers received awards of \$15,000: Paul Berger, Seattle, WA; Francois Deschamps, New Paltz, NY; Larry Fink, Martins Creek, PA; Angel Franco, New York, NY; Phillip Gagliani, New York, NY; Ralph Gibson, New York, NY; Frank Gohlke, Minneapolis, MN; Misha Gordon, Troy, MI; Kenneth Graves, State College, PA; Willis Hartshorn, New York, NY; Suzanne Hellmuth & Jack Reynolds, Washington, DC; William Larson, Philadelphia, PA; Nicholas Nixon, Cambridge, MA; Jeffrey Silverthorn, Central Falls, RI; Lew Thomas, Houston, TX; Carl Toth, Bloomfield Hills, MI; and Joel-Peter Witkin, Albuquerque, NM.

Fellowships of \$5,000 were awarded to the following 34 photographers: Shelley Bachman, Philadelphia, PA; Lisa Bloomfield, Los Angeles, CA; Antoine Bootz, Brooklyn, NY; Harvey Butts, Brooklyn, NY; James Casebere, New York, NY; John Coplans, New York, NY; Janet Delaney, San Francisco, CA; Sandra Feeny, Providence, RI; Ellen Garvens, Brooklyn, NY; C.L. Gips, Takoma Park, MD; Ed Grazda, New York, NY; David Hanson, Billings, MT; Tamarra Kaida, Mesa, AZ; Karen Knorr, London, England; Ken Light, Vallejo, CA; Skeet McAuley, Dallas, TX; Kenneth McGowan (deceased); Tony

Mendoza, Miami, FL; Francis Murray, Tucson, AZ; David Piffitt, Brighton, MA; Holly Roberts, Zuni, NM; Judith Ross, Bethlehem, PA; Anne Rowland, Cambridge, MA; Sheron Rupp, Florence, MA; Andrew Savulich, Long Island City, NY; John Schlesinger, Brooklyn, NY; Andres Serrano, New York; Joseph Squier, Alameda, CA; Douglas Starn/Michael Starn, Boston, MA; Larry Sultan, Greenbrae, CA; Linda Swartz, Cambridge, MA; Stephen Szabo, Washington, DC; Ann Wulff, Sacramento, CA; and Philip-Lorca de Corcia, NY.

The panelists for the 1986 NEA Visual Artists Fellowships in Photography were photographers Ricardo Block, St. Paul, MN; Julio Mitchell, Brooklyn, NY; Richard Mirach, Emeryville, CA; and Kenneth Shorr, Tucson, AZ. Also on the panel were Barbara Norfleet, photographer and curator, Harvard University, and Robert Sobieszek, curator, International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House.

The application deadline for the next NEA fellowships in photography is January 25, 1988. Three regional arts organizations (see announcement for Mid-America Arts Alliance) will be offering NEA regional fellowships for emerging photographers in 1987. For further information write to National Endowment for the Arts, Washington DC 20506.

LETTERS

Sally Gall's review (SPOT, Summer 1986) of the Self-Portrait in Photography exhibition would have been accurate had she bothered to read the press release and check some facts out before so cavalierly panning the show. First of all the exhibition was a part of the milestone one shown last year in Lausanne, Switzerland, combining and contrasting the genre of self-portraiture in the traditional medium of painting and in the "modern" medium of photography. The large exhaustive and analytic catalog was available on the entry table at the Blaffer Gallery. Therein the exhibition's deeper philosophic message and subject divisions are detailed.

What limitations of time, cost, and availability of loans imposed on the show of over 200 photographs at Blaffer Gallery vis-a-vis the "original and complete" exhibition in Lausanne, were, in the publicly declared words of Cornell Capa, remedied by the unexpectedly profuse and subtle images of important historic European personages, little known to the public here. Starting with the earliest multiple image by Hippolyte Bayard, 1848, and the later ones by Franz von Stuck, to the fascinating photographs of and by Ise Bing whose one-woman show ran concurrently in New York at ICP, there were also the more familiar names of Kertész, Michals, Mapplethorpe, etc. For the reviewer to have so blatantly ignored the wealth of new material and its significance bespeaks an unfortunate attitude resistant to anything unfamiliar, demanding rather the all-too familiar.

Esther de Vecsey
Director, Blaffer Gallery

Sally Gall replies:

I cannot resist but to respond in kind: your letter of criticism would have been accurate had you bothered to read my review and check its facts before so cavalierly panning my review.

I quote the first paragraph of my review:

It all started in Lausanne, Switzerland with an ambitious exhibition of paintings and photographs: Self-Portrait in the Age of Photography. Erica Billeter, the

organizer of the exhibition, set apart the photography component with the intention of making it a separate travelling exhibition. However, only a small part of the original show reached Houston and San Antonio.

The exhibition at Blaffer had nothing to do with the "milestone exhibition which combined and contrasted the genre of self-portraiture in the traditional medium of painting and in the modern medium of photography" so it seems a moot point. The "large exhaustive and analytic catalog available on the entry table at the Blaffer Gallery" was not for the major exhibition, but for the photography component. The Blaffer show is not the photography component but an even further diminutive 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. It verges on the absurd to accuse me of 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 be fair to Erica Billeter, this exhibition was intended as part of a much larger display of the genre; however, I am not reviewing that exhibition which was seen only in Lausanne, nor am I reviewing the catalog.

You are inaccurate in your accusation that I "blatantly ignored the wealth of new material, implying an attitude resistant to anything unfamiliar". In the course of my short review I speak of Umbo, Germaine Krull, Ise Bing and Michael Seuphor in significant and positive terms. Certainly they would fall under your category of the unfamiliar. Unfortunately, some of the so-called unfamiliar work is in fact, all too familiar, with no particular significance or interest.

Sincerely,
Sally Gall

Oliver Gagliani

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WINTER 1986

EXHIBITIONS

DECEMBER

Sewall Gallery, Rice University, Through Dec 6. "Rice Art Faculty" including photographs by Peter Brown and Geoff Winningham. 6100 South Main. Entrance 2. Mon-Sat 12-5. 527-8101 ext 3502.

Lawndale, Through Dec 17. "Diverse Idioms." Includes photography by Charlie Sartwell. 5600 Hillman. Tue-Sat 12-6. 921-4155.

Museum of Fine Arts, Through Jan 4. "Art in New Mexico: Paths to Taos and Santa Fe" paintings, works on paper, photographs, and sculpture. 1001 Bissonnet. Tue-Sat 10-5. Sun 1-6. Thur till 9. 526-1361.

Houston Center for Photography, Through Jan 25. "Patrick Clancy: An Installation of 365/360 (The City and the Plowed Field). A 5' x 36' Referent Image/Wall." Also, "Michael Berman: Trinity—A Site-Specific Installation." 1441 West Alabama. Wed-Fri 11-5, Sat-Sun 12-5. 529-4755.

Transco Tower, Through Dec 12 through Jan 9. photography by George O. Jackson. 2800 Post Oak Blvd. Mon-Fri 8-6. Sat 8-1. 439-4401.

Butera's on Montrose, Through Jan 17. photography by Janice Rubin. 4621 Montrose. Mon-Fri 7-10. Sat-Sun 8-10. 520-8426.

Butera's on Alabama, Dec 8 through Jan 4. "ANGELS ANGELS" hand colored photographs by Mary Margaret Hansen. Alabama at Shepherd. Mon-Fri 7-10. Sat-Sun 8-10.

Blaffer Gallery, Through Feb 8. Student exhibition. Includes photography. University of Houston. University Park. Mon-Fri 10-5. Sat 1-5. 749-1329.

Deuter Gallery, Jewish Community Center, Through Feb 14. "The Art of Dance" an exhibition of photography celebrating dance and the visual arts by outstanding Houston photographers, along with a retrospective of dance photography by students from the High School for Performing and Visual Arts. 3601 S. Braeswood Blvd. 780-3636.

Houston Center for Photography, Through March 15. "The Manipulated Environment" includes work by Arthur Tress. Cay Lang. Neil Maurer. David Arnold. John Timothy Close. Also, "The Other." 1441 W. Alabama. Wed-Fri 11-5, Sat-Sun 12-5. 529-4755.

Moody Gallery, Feb 21 through Mar 21. MANUAL (Ed Hill and Suzanne Bloom) 2815 Colquitt. Tue-Sat 10-5:30. 526-9911.

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JANUARY

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Butera's on Alabama, Through Jan 4. "ANGELS ANGELS" hand colored photographs by Mary Margaret Hansen. Alabama at Shepherd. Mon-Fri 7-10. Sat-Sun 8-10.

Lawndale, Jan 3 through Feb 2. "NEA Inter-Arts Projects." 5600 Hillman. Tue-Sat 12-6. 921-4155.

Graham Gallery, Jan 9 through Feb 8. Group show. (untitled as of press date). Includes photography. 1431 W. Alabama. Tue-Sat 10-5:30. 528-4957.

Blaffer Gallery, Jan 18 through Feb 8. Student exhibition. Includes photography. University of Houston. University Park. Mon-Fri 10-5. Sat 1-5. 749-1329.

Houston Center for Photography, Jan 30 through March 15. "The Manipulated Environment" includes work by Arthur Tress. Cay Lang. Neil Maurer. David Arnold. John Timothy Close. Also, "The Other." 1441 W. Alabama. Wed-Fri 11-5, Sat-Sun 12-5. 529-4755.

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MAY 7

Video: "Focus on Video" Dec 4, 7:30pm. the 1985 Whitney Biennial Video Exhibition and Open Screening at Lawndale Art and Performance Center. 5600 Hillman. Co-sponsored by the Southwest Alternate Media Project.

Third Biennial Print Auction: Houston Center for Photography Dec 6, 11am. at the Paradise Bar and Grill. 401 McGowan.

Films: "Ansel Adams" and "Photography as an Art" Dec. 10, 7:30pm. In both films, Ansel Adams discusses his teaching methods and his indebtedness to other photographers, and explains how a sense of discovery and rediscovery is conveyed through photography. At HCP. 1441 W. Alabama. 529-4755.

"On The Edge": Visual, Performance, and Literary Arts Series, Dec 12, 8:00pm. Lawndale Art and Performance Center. 5600 Hillman. 921-4155.

Performance Event: Patrick Clancy, Dec 13, 7:30pm. "365/360 (The Crossroads)" Patrick Clancy, Gwen Widmer, Matthew Somerville, and Michael Cummings. At Diverse Works. 214 Travis. 223-8346.

Lecture: Patrick Clancy, Dec 15, 7:30pm. "365/360 Travelogue: Pour Une Visite Rapide (The Quick Trip)" A lecture on the installation 365/360. Presented in conjunction with Southwest Alternate Media Project. At HCP. 1441 W. Alabama. 529-4755.

JANUARY Video: "Focus on Video" Jan 8, 7:30pm. the 1985 Whitney Biennial Video Exhibition and Open Screening at Lawndale Art and Performance Center. 5600 Hillman. Co-sponsored by the Southwest Alternate Media Project.

Lecture: Alvea Wardlaw, Jan 13, 8pm. Ms. Wardlaw, art historian. will speak on Black women artists in America. This is a preview of her talk to be given at the Dallas Museum of Art. At the Firehouse Gallery (Houston Women's Caucus for Art). 1413 Westheimer.

"On The Edge": Visual, Performance, and Literary Arts Series, Jan 9, 8:00pm. Lawndale Art and Performance Center. 5600 Hillman. 921-4155.

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Panel Discussion: Curating: Marti Mayo, Caroline Huber, Janet Landay, Allison de Lima Greene, Feb. 10, 8pm. Topics include conceiving and carrying through exhibits, relationship of curators and artists. At the Firehouse Gallery (Houston Women's Caucus for Art) 1413 Westheimer.

Film: "A Letter to Jane" (Jean-Luc Goddard, Jean-Pierre Gorin), Feb. 12, 7:30. Orner, fascinating argumentative film composed largely on a photo showing Jane Fonda on a visit to North Viet Nam during the height of U.S. involvement. On the soundtrack, Goddard and Gorin discuss the photo, while involving issues of philosophy, aesthetics, and semiotic theory. Sponsored by HCP and S.W.A.M.P. Screening will be at Rice Media Center. University Blvd. Entrance 7. 529-4755.

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"On The Edge": Visual, Performance, and Literary Arts Series, Feb 13, 8:00pm. Lawndale Art and Performance Center. 5600 Hillman. 921-4155.

JANUARY Video: "Focus on Video" Feb 5, 7:30pm. the 1985 Whitney Biennial Video Exhibition and Open Screening at Lawndale Art and Performance Center. 5600 Hillman. Co-sponsored by the Southwest Alternate Media Project.

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May 7. There is no class during Easter Week. Class will be held at the studio of Dave Crossley. 1412 W. Alabama. An intensive introduction to commercial studio photography. The course will be held in a commercial studio and students will produce work. Technically, the course will cover cameras, lighting, film, and all other aspects of studio photography. The class will investigate problems of tabletop constructions, still life, product, and portrait photography. Color and black and white. All equipment provided. Students should expect to spend \$65 to \$80 on film. Fee: \$280 members; \$320 non-members. 529-4755.

N.B. The Houston Center for Photography will announce its complete program of upcoming lectures, workshops, and films in January.

EXHIBITIONS

ELSEWHERE

IN TEXAS

Amarillo: at Southern Light Gallery, through Dec 19. "Man's inhumanity to Man." photographs by Linda Robbenolt. Jan 12 through Feb 6. "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell." photographs by Mike Peven. Feb 9 through March 6. "Untitled." photographs by Michael Berman. 2200 S. Van Buren. Tue-Fri 10-5, Sat-Sun 1-5, Wed evening 7-9:30. (806)371-5000.

Austin: at Laguna Gloria Museum, through Jan 4. "Texas Annual 86." 3809 W. 35th St. Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thur 10-9. (512)453-5312.

Austin: at Texas Commerce Bank, through Dec 12. photographs by Graham Foskett. 700 Lavaca. Sponsored by the Texas Photographic Society. (512)471-1973.

Austin: at St. Edward's University, through Dec 12. documentary photography by Ben Porter and David Kelly. Room 127. Fine Arts Bldg. Sun-Thur 1:30-9. Fri 1:30-5:30. (512)448-8400.

Austin: at Austin Community College, through Jan 2. "Austin 86." group show presented by the Austin Visual Arts Assn., the Center Gallery. Austin Community College. 5353 Burnett. (512)451-0445.

Dallas: at Afterimage, through Dec 6. photographs by Robert Doisneau. 2800 Routh (the Quadrangle #250). Mon-Sat 10-5:30. (214) 871-9140.

Dallas: at Allen Street Gallery, Dec 5 through Jan 11. photographs by Neal Slavin; also "Associates" Exhibition. Michael Berns and Rodney Parkinson. Jan 16 through Feb 22. "Collegiate '87." curated by Anne Tucker. 4101 Commerce St. Wed-Fri 12-5; Sat 10-4; Sun 1-5. (214) 871-8260.

Fort Worth: at the Amon Carter Museum, Dec 19 through Feb 15. "Photographs from the Permanent Collection." This exhibition focuses on the work of documentary photographers from the 1930s and 40s. Includes images by Walker Evans, Helen Levitt, Max Yavno, and Ralph Steiner. Also, Jan 10 through March 1. "W. Eugene Smith: Let the Truth Be the Prejudice." Work by this legendary photojournalist. 3501 Camp Bowie Blvd. Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5:30. (817)738-1933.

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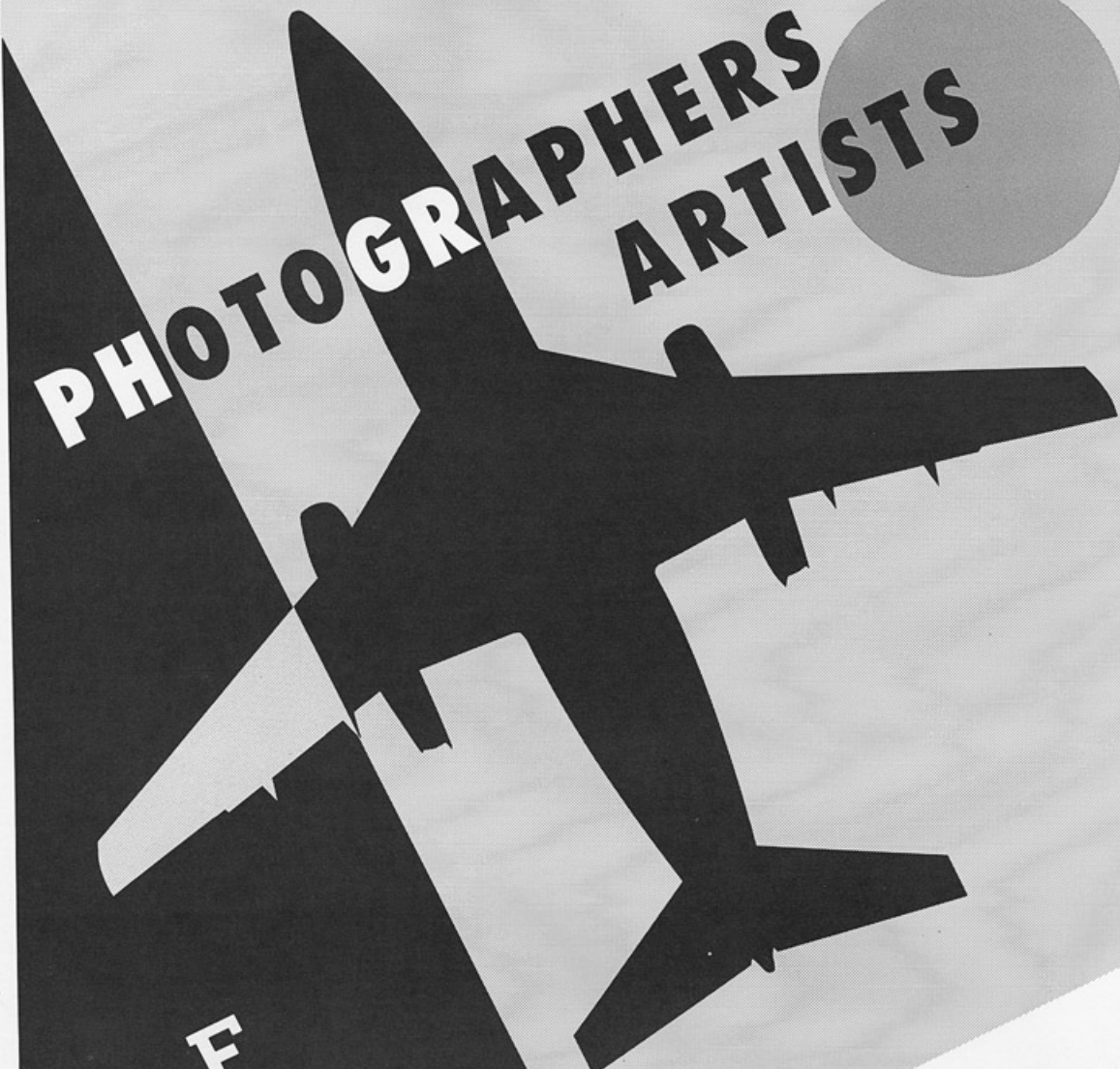
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ARTISTS**

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