READING BLUE VELVET/ THE SCHLOCK OF THE NEW: POSTMODERNISM/CHARLES SCHORRE INTERVIEW/INSTALLATIONS BY MICHAEL BERMAN, PATRICK CLANCY, BETH SECOR & ELIZABETH WARD, GUILLERMO PULIDO, MARY MARGARET HANSEN, BEN DESOTO
If it's not set in type, is it worth reading?

Extremely! Perhaps. But setting information in type makes business communication more readable, more credible, more interesting, and more memorable than typewriter-style information. Typsetting also cuts printing costs because it uses less paper.

From the simplest invitation to the most difficult forms and price sheets, Wordseller helps you communicate.

1925 Southwest Freeway
Houston, Texas 77098
713-529-1925

WORDSELLER:
typography/communications

"The Right Stuff"

The Houston Center for Photography values the relationship between the city of Houston and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration—Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center (NASA-JSC) by presenting a major photographic exhibition IN SPACE. A Photowalkway. Scheduled to open May 6, 1987 in Houston at Tranaco Tower, the show will be a four in several areas:

1. the first comprehensive space show in Houston. The show will include over 100 color and black and white photographs, cameras used in space, models relating to space and educational panels.
2. the first show of its kind to trace the evolution of space photography.
3. its focus is the course of the universe that would not have been possible without photographers. This photographic journey begins with a photograph of earth taken from space, proceeds to the moon, then to the planets, and finally leaves the solar system for deep space. Advanced in cameras, film, and computer techniques will be evident. The Houston Center for Photography (HCP) is planning a photography exhibition in its own gallery at 1444 W. Alabama which will run concurrent with the exhibition at Tranaco.
4. the first exhibition produced and curated by an arts organization with the cooperation of NASA/JSC: the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, the Lunar and Planetary Institute, the NASA/Goddard Space Flight Center, EOSTAT for LANDSAT photographs, and various observatories. The show will be unique in that it will include photographs from manned and unmanned spacecraft as well as telescopic photographs: many of the photographs will be large (16" by 20") so that some of the photographs have not been widely seen by the public; that most of the photographs will be printed by NASA/JSC and that, after the exhibition, NASA/JSC will use the show as a traveling exhibition.

IN SPACE: A Photowalkway will be an exciting event for Houston and is scheduled to open May 6, 1987 to June 17, 1987 at Tranaco Tower located in the Post Oak/Galleria Area of Houston. A dinner benefiting the Houston Center for Photography is being planned for May 10 in the Executive dining area of Tranaco Tower. Senator John H. Glenn, Jr. (D-Ohio) will be honored at the dinner in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his orbital flight in Friendship 7. On February 20, 1962, Senator Glenn was the first American to orbit earth.

Mayer underwriters for this project are Tranaco Energy Company and Geraldines Interests. Air travel is being provided by Continental Airlines.

For further information, contact HCP at (713) 729-4755. Slides, transparencies and press photographs available upon request.

Astronaut Shermad C. Springs standing at the end of the telerobot manipulator system.
proverbial white picket fence of the opening shot, the image of a fire truck passing down the street as a frenzied gun and a school crossing guard stopping traffic to allow children to safely cross the street. Father is seen in our vatting the lawn. Indeed, every- thing seems all right. Not surprising ly than, critics have seized on Blue Velvet as a film which tears away this clichéd view of small town America to reveal drugs and unpalatable sexual perversion lying beneath the placid surface. While this might be true as far as it goes, it doesn’t go very far and it obscures much of what is most valuable about the film. I grew up in a small Mid westen town of 10,000 people. The point of Blue Velvet is not that, unbelievable to me, somehow hidden away among the 10,000 people was a dangerous, drug crazed society.

Predictably much of the reaction to Blue Velvet centers on whether it is a critique of its disturbing graphic sexual scenes or merely an exploita tion of them. One critic’s review of the film claims that Lynch has changed his opinion based on a second viewing whereas he discovered that the film “is fiercely moral and that explains its stunning force.” Several students have told me that their initial reaction to the film was disturbing ambiguities since it was not clear to them why Lynch showed bizarre sadomasochistic behavior. They could not, in other words, detect the desired critique of such behavior, and felt reluctant to praise a film that, by acknowledging their own sensibilities, had confused them in such activities. Looking in such a way for a morality or a critique to Lynch’s film is to let the film’s simulta neously symptomatic of the film’s disturbing complexity and of means inseparable to explain it. Blue Velvet destroys simple differences between its apparently normal characters and its clearly perverse ones. This is, in obvious Lynchian fashion, Hopper, a drug crazed, sadistic, fascist tells Jeffrey (Bryan Marshall), an innocent, naive college student, “You’re like me. As Jeffrey begins to show strong interest in the mysterious, unmo stly X, Sandy (Laura Dern), his high school accomplice, says to him, “I don’t know if you’re a detective or a pervert” to which he replies with sadistic delight, “That’s fine with me, and I was never more right than right now.” After getting involved sexually with Dorothy (Isabella Rossellini), he hits her during lovemaking, though his initial response to her request is one of horror. “I want to see you, not hurt you.” The two of course, are not really opposite since the male desire to see women gives them power over the women they love. Sugars, as Laura Mulvey has argued, seeing women in films or punishing them are both part of the same sadistic pattern which puts women under the control of powerful men.

Jeffrey’s position of voyeur in the closed links him to Frank, though it seems to be the opposite in the closed structures of films about women. Lynch is entrapped in the closed and forced to watch Frank’s perverse behavior, even as far as it goes, and once again, that isn’t very far. Lynch emphasizes the connection between Jeffrey’s excitation over the growing mystery and his sexual perversion. Although this is most clear when Sandy displays over knowing whether he is a detective or a pervert, Jeffrey too articulates the connection between his desire to solve the mystery in Dorothy’s apartment and his sexuality when he tells Sandy, “I see something that I never see hidden in the middle of a mystery... You’re a mystery and that’s why I look at the back of that door that way. So who is seeing Dorothy and why? It is in this, the make-up of the two women in our well-dressed man’s dress.

David Lynch has remarked of Blue Velvet, that it is a sort of “Hardboiled gothic” and that he was originally driven to make the movie because of his attraction to certain images which then required a narrative justification. Watching the film, we can feel the validity of both points. The Hardy Boys go to hell aspect of the film’s clearly, the centrality of narrative to give us into the intense scenes and images which are not at its center. In this regard, the film has its own well known to the film, the filmmaker, we are likely to be driven by things, however repugnant we may find them on one level. There is, after all, the sadism, the perversion which involves a simultaneous need to look away from something and to be absorbed in it. Jeffrey has appr oached, Jeffrey’s hard boy substitute, as our indicator of who we are in a sense: one way because of his attraction to certain images which then required a narrative justification. Watching the film, we can feel the validity of both points. Jeffrey’s hard boy substitute, as our indicator of who we are in a sense: one way because of his attraction to certain images which then required a narrative justification. Watching the film, we can feel the validity of both points.
desire to be a little boy making love with his mother. Before he appears in the film, Jeffrey overhears Dorothys phone message to Frank: "Mommy loves you," she tells him. Later while hanging out with her, he repeats "Mommy loves you, Mommy loves you," and even says, "Baby wants to fuck."  

Although the Freudian account of libidinalism is the most widely known, it is hard to know how seriously we should take a school of thought that places the origin of sex in infantile genital, pre-oedipal phase of childhood development. If it is this view that is important, the child should develop a powerful figure. The child develops the fetish to ease the crisis of separation from the desired image of the powerful one. In reaction with the Freudian emphasis on the fetish displacing the undiscovered, feared, wish to be castrated, non-violating woman, Frank's desire to be in the bobby soxers is natural and makes love to the mother and then cuts off a piece of the robe she is wearing. The desired phase is transformed into the pre-genital phase. This is the case. Dorothy is in one scene, the Freudian woman who takes the role of castrator for the boy hiding in the closet and is, in the next scene, the powerful pre-genital oral mother to whom the boy wants to return. All of the above is not to suggest that Blue Velvet is confused, but rather that it is intricately complex. It does not offer any single logical system of understanding its dark imagery. Rather, it taps into fascinating structures of sexual development and behaviour that can be richly explored from differing and even conflicting perspectives, and perhaps remain unexplained by any or all of them. The "boys. Go to this woman. Get laid. Have I told you she is a clearly perverted Oedipal drama bomb?" the picture is constantly calling home because his father suffers a strange attack which totally incapacitates him. The son is not only weak, but voiceless. After Jeffrey goes to visit him in the hospital, the man is hooked up to elaborate life-support technology. He desperately tries to say a word to his son. Walking home from the hospital, Jeffrey discovers the severely cut ear. He enlists his movement with both his daughter Sandy and the case. He fails at both. Jeffrey discovers this to us the extent of Sandra's activities and when Jeffrey solves the case, the interest of the detective.  

Detective Williams comes in one figure the Law and the Father. He simultaneously attempts to control and be controlled by the movement of Sandys activities and when Jeffrey solves the case, the interest of the detective.  

Detective Williams comes in one figure the Law and the Father. He simultaneously attempts to control and be controlled by the movement of Sandys activities and when Jeffrey solves the case, the interest of the detective.  

Detective arrives too late to help. In one of the great comic moments of the film, Williams drama is cut short by his gun drawn and says, "It all over. Jeffrey. All the other fugitives are who are treated so seriously within the Hardy Boys-type film and resolved is into the film itself.  

The ending of the movie is a send-up of the resolution of the normal patriarchal formal order. Everything is stupidly in place. The father, mistreatment recovered, is in the back yard with Detective Williams. Jeffrey is with Sandy who has won in the process of completing of Sandys hicky-symmetry of love and light, the moment emphasizes how the characters in the film wish to separate themselves from what they consider the banality and the repetitiveness. It makes the woman, who is the same character, look again. We see Frank more often than she knows and as she appears to be the one woman who knows Frank, it is now the arabesque of Frank's style.  

The "I Dream" sequence ends with the book written by a woman. An image used several times in the film after its introduction in Dorothy's apartment. The lead note is heard over it, almost as if the flickering had a sound that was magnified a million times. Then we hear a lullaby, faintly electronically distorted, that is repeated, then the words come out: "Can only happen in my dreams." The moment epitomizes much of what this film is about. After witnessing events so bizarre that we hardly know what to make of them, we are left to wonder what the relationship is between dreams and reality. Can these puzzling events we have just witnessed, only happen in dreams? do our dreams in dreams? Dreams are spoken about several times in the film and, at least once, in a dream they see are retrospectively identified as being part of a dream. The latter occurs after a series of brief images which we have already seen are repeatedly seen: they culminate with the shot of Frank 'firing' after his sexual attack on Dorothy.  

Suddenly, we cut to Jeffrey waking up in a dream. Lynch's "Elevator and The Elephant Man" also involved a dream imagery. Although the dream is clearly marked in Elephant, much of the film is so bizarre that it is surprising that even within the film do we see? Everything is not in the dream, no matter how you read it. Whether it is a dream or not is in the notion of being, and not being, as being not under the notion of being able to "wake up". Lynch's questions the very stamens by which we make those assumptions and morality and eroticism of the film. No one can read the exoticized character of "Elephant Man" in his dream.  

So, in this case, the theme, "I dream," is transferred to Frank through the "memory" and the "magic" by the dream and the dream, which come in with and engulfs over their fantasy. It's to say that all these things can only happen in my dreams. Frank's obsessions with the song fits more than his drug addiction. The loneliness and sadness that Orson brings about in his music goes well beyond mere heartbreak, he evokes an almost perverse image of a man sitting alone in the dark, looking into a dark world, full of a sorrow that he knows deeply and faces directly. This is loneliness pushed to such an extreme that it almost isolates one from the rest of human. We should see that Orson's rock legend is most associated with personal tragedy, the "melancholy" and dark glasses, and being transcendent. Not is it coincidence that Frank, who wears a black leather jacket and needs to "sound. Now 'it's dark' has been manically overemphasized with "I dream". The song characterizes his being and the world he is living in.  

Footnotes  

3. For a discussion of the powerful pre-genital oral mother and her relationship to fetishism, see Gaylan Studlar, "Masochism and the Pleasure of the Cinema." O Henry Review of Film Studies, Fall 1984, pp. 267-282.  

Derek Laufman is an Associate Professor in the Department of Drama at the University of Arizona. His current work is on the early Italian gestures of the film. He is currently at work on a book on Elephant Man and the American Cinema and in The Realm of the Sciences.
On the day that I began to draft this presentation, I received two mailings on the post-modern. The New York Times carried an ad from the woman’s assured me that “We’re entering an era of Post-Modern Taste” an era of “fearsome examples,” exemplified by “this fine poly- ester and other souvenirs.” Moreover, I could contemplate the new era over a cup of tea brewed in my post-modern and practice and strive to “highly polished 2 quart stainless steel teapot,” with “the dramatically contemporary shape... and the playfully whimsical details.”

To the consumers in September 1986, the postmodern meant luxury, purity, practicality and whiff. This meant that to an increasing number of others, postmodernism meant nothing at all. So in the hoisting of the Post-Modern, the New Museum had just finished an exhibition titled “Past Present Future,” which asked the question. ‘Is there life after postmodernism?’ To many observers, postmodernism seems to be consuming itself like a man on tour, declawing and insipid trivializations. Have we gathered here in late October 1986 in the post-modern decade, or the pre-postmodernists that hasn’t yet, in the first year of the new demi-decade, the interregnum succeeding the me-\ and the decentered images that not speak its name because it does not yet know it.

I would like to suggest that postmodernism has not yet expired—no matter what they revere in Mivel Viz this season. What has happened, I believe, is that postmodernism, like all intellectual ideas in history, has altered over time. While it is a powerful and influential intellectual discourse, and within scholarly disciplines, which has been divided by philosophers such as: social scientists, cricks, and artists who have generated a multiplicity of divergent and conflicting meanings. And, like powerful ideas since the Post-Modern period, post-modernism has its dilemmas and its fads. If there has been much about such a trend for 1775, the young people have had many bumper stickers that read: “If you don’t like it, you’re not funny.” Imagine Flaubert’s “Madam Bovary.”

One form of the term ‘post- modern’ is to Arnold Toynbee, who would recognize his post-modernism in the term ‘Toynbee the “post-modern Age of Western History” which opened in the 1950s, was not a better than the next cycle of human history. It involved the overthrow of the concept of Progress, and whether Western European Statesmen, as well as the dramatization of what Toynbee called “an unbroken visage of progress toward an Earth Parable” by which he meant the notion in Western bourgeois culture that has existed since then, that is, the same. At any rate, the modern history had miraculously come to stay as a timeless process. As a whole, all of the middle class together with their vision of a terminal future was replaced by the rise of an increasing anxious post-Modern Man. And to individual in Toynbees phrase, and our cliché is ours, an individual stuck between anger and elegy for a Modern past place of salvation.

As prescient as we may find Toyn- bee’s observations on the post-modern, his notion of the post-modern is not ours. In the 1976 phenomenon of the “Culture of Consumer Love” of Castallan, Daniel Bell was using a much strummed postmodern lyric, following his own The Delirium of the New (1970), Bell wrote about the deconstructionist view as it were a contradiction of artistic or literary culture. Toynbee had suggested that the deconstructionist position in which had survived the transition from the Medieval to a Modern age was being barred, that the silent break that the advent of a post-Modern Age had brought with it. But Rambert’s account could not stand on its own—It was driven into the rest of societal structures. Bell, however, identified postmodernism as the deliquescence of cultural modernism, a walled and somewhat frantic “decomposition” of the self exemplified by psycholitics, and having roots in the writings of Norman G. Brown, Michel Foucault, Willi Burch, and Jean Genet, and up to a point, Norman Mailer.

Bell’s postmodernism, a bubbling up of certain romantic notions about the relationship between art and life, is related to post-modern architecture, is more or less the same at the same time. But the politics of contentment and postmodern architecture are not the same. Post-modern architecture in each has created substantial medium-specific differences and audience-specific differences, which have been dis- missed, however tempting the post- modern architecture of the medium generalization. And in the history, postmodernism is still new, and frequently unreliable. It is often seen as a revision of modernist art and art criticism. In the Fall/Winter 1980 issue of the Art Journal, Irving Sandler showed the post-modernism has been coming into the market at the end of the seventh Sandler’s view was not substantially altered in Cleve Dilnot’s review essay in Art History that appeared last June. Some art historians have felt the hot breath of certain literary critics as they denigrated the state of art— I am thinking of Norman Bryson, but many art historians view post- modernism as a term with its roots in architectural theory. Many others see postmodernism as an urban utopia, hot with the museum and gallery crowd. So far as art historians like to view themselves as oppositional to gallery laddishness, they have come to whisper jokes about the postmodern—how many postmodernism asks it take to put in a light bulb—and we are left with the dammed stuff to go away.

As a young artist she asked how it was to be a postmodernist and you will probably find that she did not pick up in her Art History class. She is more likely to say that her notion of representation derives from a conflation of modernist theories in semiotics, psychoanalysis, and feminism—most of which were associated to that end, through the established art press, but in its visual and intellectual group. Historians and archaeologists in the last decade have been good postmodernists, studying to reconstruct mentalities, but they seldom use the term postmodernism. Postmodernism has been seen as radical, bourgeois, and conserva- tive, and as radical, bourgeois, and conservative simultaneously. One critic warns that postmodernism is a reflection of the life experience of a highly educated post-consumerist War II generation and that it is identified in what is for the Professional Managerial Class an expansive art, scaled from low art to high art as any high art has been ever.

Like Romanticism, with which it shares certain categories that are not dis- missed, however tempting the post- modern architecture of the medium generalization. And in the history, postmodernism is still new, and frequently unreliable. It is often seen as a revision of modernist art and art criticism. In the Fall/Winter 1980 issue of the Art Journal, Irving Sandler showed the post-modernism has been coming into the market at the end of the seventh Sandler’s view was not substantially altered in Cleve Dilnot’s review essay in Art History that appeared last June. Some art historians have felt the hot breath of certain literary critics as they denigrated the state of art— I am thinking of Norman Bryson, but many art historians view post- modernism as a term with its roots in architectural theory. Many others see postmodernism as an urban utopia, hot with the museum and gallery crowd. So far as art historians like to view themselves as oppositional to gallery laddishness, they have come to whisper jokes about the postmodern—how many postmodernism asks it take to put in a light bulb—and we are left with the dammed stuff to go away.

As a young artist she asked how it was to be a postmodernist and you will probably find that she did not pick up in her Art History class. She is more likely to say that her notion of representation derives from a conflation of modernist theories in semiotics, psychoanalysis, and feminism—most of which were associated to that end, through the established art press, but in its visual and intellectual group. Historians and archaeologists in the last decade have been good postmodernists, studying to reconstruct mentalities, but they seldom use the term postmodernism. Postmodernism has been seen as radical, bourgeois, and conserva- tive, and as radical, bourgeois, and conservative simultaneously. One critic warns that postmodernism is a reflection of the life experience of a highly educated post-consumerist War II generation and that it is identified in what is for the Professional Managerial Class an expansive art, scaled from low art to high art as any high art has been ever.

Like Romanticism, with which it shares certain categories that are not dis- missed, however tempting the post- modern architecture of the medium generalization. And in the history, postmodernism is still new, and frequently unreliable. It is often seen as a revision of modernist art and art criticism. In the Fall/Winter 1980 issue of the Art Journal, Irving Sandler showed the post-modernism has been coming into the market at the end of the seventh Sandler’s view was not substantially altered in Cleve Dilnot’s review essay in Art History that appeared last June. Some art historians have felt the hot breath of certain literary critics as they denigrated the state of art— I am thinking of Norman Bryson, but many art historians view post- modernism as a term with its roots in architectural theory. Many others see postmodernism as an urban utopia, hot with the museum and gallery crowd. So far as art historians like to view themselves as oppositional to gallery laddishness, they have come to whisper jokes about the postmodern—how many postmodernism asks it take to put in a light bulb—and we are left with the dammed stuff to go away.
tance of photography to Jacob Riis or repressing our art historical desire to make only formal analyses of the image. This is not to say that modernism means questioning the periodicity observed in other art historical history, challenging the idea of the masterwork with democratized social roles. Without authors, and studying why some objects and literatures are appropriated as art, and then in other words, constructing a history of art, photography, and graphic art.

Many of the new histories of photo-
grahy begin in the middle of the art, but about the social uses of photography. In the United States, the World's Columbian Expositions at Grant Park, 1893-1893 (ed WAYNE LOHR) describes the ideas that were transmitted through the corporation while disheartening that photography's modern his-
tory has been largely populated with historical models that stress individual creativity coming to grips with the sociology of photog-
raphy. Peter Bacon-Hales studied the rise of photography in the urbanization of the United States. 20

Donald English exposed the Political Uses of Photography in the Third World. 21

Elizabeth Anne McCauley showed the use of photography in photog-
raphy in the 1850s and 1860s in France which was due to Pierre," "Le Mythe de l'Art Photographique" around 1900. 22

By resisting the kinds of historical narratives that illegitimize photography by mak-
ing it another kind of art, the whole idea of photography was parodied in a way that parallels that of events historians and sociologists, showing that the fabric of everyday life, and the work of certain artists. Indeed, a photographer might fail to show what painters have taken from photography.

A major thrust of Contextualiza-
tion in photography and in practice and in the rise of the attempt to mend the rupture be-	ween the social vascular and the social vascular. The idea that was engendered by modernism's attempt to make photography to paint as 'paint', and by moder-
nist's exploration of purely subjec-
tive 'expression'. As art historians in the last decade we have witnessed an increase in the number of pieces which are also critics and theo-
drists. Photography criticism, too, is looking more and more like science.

But don't think that I'm not sug-
gerating a kind of social or interpretative framework. A major thrust of postmod-
ern photography is the attempt to mend the rupture be-	ween the social vascular and the social vascular. The idea that was engendered by modernism's attempt to make photography to paint as 'paint', and by moder-
nist's exploration of purely subjec-
tive 'expression'. As art historians in the last decade we have witnessed an increase in the number of pieces which are also critics and theo-
drists. Photography criticism, too, is looking more and more like science.

But don't think that I'm not sug-
gerating a kind of social or interpretative framework. A major thrust of postmod-
ern photography is the attempt to mend the rupture be-	ween the social vascular and the social vascular. The idea that was engendered by modernism's attempt to make photography to paint as 'paint', and by moder-
nist's exploration of purely subjec-
tive 'expression'. As art historians in the last decade we have witnessed an increase in the number of pieces which are also critics and theo-
drists. Photography criticism, too, is looking more and more like science.

But don't think that I'm not sug-
gerating a kind of social or interpretative framework. A major thrust of postmod-
ern photography is the attempt to mend the rupture be-	ween the social vascular and the social vascular. The idea that was engendered by modernism's attempt to make photography to paint as 'paint', and by moder-
nist's exploration of purely subjec-
tive 'expression'. As art historians in the last decade we have witnessed an increase in the number of pieces which are also critics and theo-
drists. Photography criticism, too, is looking more and more like science.

But don't think that I'm not sug-
gerating a kind of social or interpretative framework. A major thrust of postmod-
ern photography is the attempt to mend the rupture be-	ween the social vascular and the social vascular. The idea that was engendered by modernism's attempt to make photography to paint as 'paint', and by moder-
nist's exploration of purely subjec-
tive 'expression'. As art historians in the last decade we have witnessed an increase in the number of pieces which are also critics and theo-
drists. Photography criticism, too, is looking more and more like science.

But don't think that I'm not sug-
gerating a kind of social or interpretative framework. A major thrust of postmod-
ern photography is the attempt to mend the rupture be-	ween the social vascular and the social vascular. The idea that was engendered by modernism's attempt to make photography to paint as 'paint', and by moder-
nist's exploration of purely subjec-
tive 'expression'. As art historians in the last decade we have witnessed an increase in the number of pieces which are also critics and theo-
drists. Photography criticism, too, is looking more and more like science.

But don't think that I'm not sug-
gerating a kind of social or interpretative framework. A major thrust of postmod-
ern photography is the attempt to mend the rupture be-	ween the social vascular and the social vascular. The idea that was engendered by modernism's attempt to make photography to paint as 'paint', and by moder-
nist's exploration of purely subjec-
tive 'expression'. As art historians in the last decade we have witnessed an increase in the number of pieces which are also critics and theo-
drists. Photography criticism, too, is looking more and more like science.

But don't think that I'm not sug-
gerating a kind of social or interpretative framework. A major thrust of postmod-
ern photography is the attempt to mend the rupture be-	ween the social vascular and the social vascular. The idea that was engendered by modernism's attempt to make photography to paint as 'paint', and by moder-
nist's exploration of purely subjec-
tive 'expression'. As art historians in the last decade we have witnessed an increase in the number of pieces which are also critics and theo-
drists. Photography criticism, too, is looking more and more like science.
REDEEMABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LANDSCAPE

Trinity: A Site-Specific Installation was exhibited at HCP December 12, 1986—January 25, 1987.

By Nancy Spender

Michael Berman's photographic installation, Trinity, participates in the romantic tradition of Western landscape photography. In his reference to nature in its most primal state, he shares with Carleton Watkins, Edward Weston and Ansel Adams: a faith in the spiritual essence of the yet-unviolated landscape. For Berman, however, the photographic metaphor of natural vista as symbol of the sublime is merely a point of departure. It is this metaphor—at the turn of 19th and early 20th century landscape photography—which he extends and deconstructs in order to place itself within a contemporary critical context.

To begin with, Berman's installation is in itself an environment, a simulated landscape. It does not depict a specific locale, nor does it allude to a remembered site. The scene has no geographic origin; rather it has been constructed in the gallery as a site-specific environment. The actual landscape images—hundreds of tiny black and white prints—have been radically displaced from the gallery wall to the floor. In their relocation to the ground, these pictures of fields and forests adopt the very physicality of the scenes they depict. These environmental references are thus more metonymic than metaphorical. Collectively, they become the "landscape." Only when viewed individually do they offer views of other distant places. The installation, however, is not about geographic areas seen and captured by camera. At its source are ideas and concepts involving contemporary society's relation to nature, its lack of spirituality and its indifference to ritual.

The installation is organized into three adjoining, frontally placed bays which embrace the viewer upon entry into the gallery. The religious connotation of the title, "trinity," is reinforced by this tripartite arrangement which resembles at once three shrines and one immense altar-piece. In each bay the same hierarchical design prevails: a large, centrally placed photograph is flanked by smaller collaged works on paper, and beneath it, on the floor, are the piles of miniature landscape pictures. The works on paper divide into two series. The first is composed of rather murky images of two discrete square shapes in which webs of graphite scratch, surround, and almost conceal a single, tiny photograph. The division into separate squares seems arbitrary, and the inclusion of photographs appears to be an afterthought. In the second series, the squares are enclosed within other squares recalling Eva Peter's late "window" drawings. This time the photographs of trees, birds and other natural phenomena are veiled by layers of thinned, white acrylic paint, scribbles of conte crayon and graphite markings. Although no more coherent than the first series, these images are far more beautifully compositionally—the abstract element is fronted—and more acceptable on a purely formal level. Robert Rauschenberg's collaged paintings and Cy Twombly's ghostly, calligraphic canvases are also evoked by these works on paper. What distinguishes Berman's collages and sets them from being too derivative are their glowing, photograph-like surfaces, which he achieves by polishing them with a shiny skin. This reference to the photographic medium, in combination with the ambiguous windows, plays with the notion of photography as a view into nature. Yet such an interpretation is held in check, even subverted, by the impermanence of the painted haze. If anything, these collages are read as stained glass windows, signifiers of the spiritual, to be looked at, but not through.

The three large counterpieces each created from a grid of twenty black and white prints, depict from left to right: two bare feet standing on a wooden floor near the body of a dead baby bird, a framed portrait of Jesus Christ across which is strung a network of wires, and an open, verdant field. The photograph of the tattered painting of Christ behind its wire barrier is clearly a reference, however subversive to the Holy Trinity. Collectively, the three central images suggest another trinity—culture, religion and nature. The reification of religion and, hence, the spiritual into the traditional dichotomy of nature and culture is a key into one reading of Berman's installation. In the artist's mind, the spiritual can serve as a mitigating force between these two opposing realms. His sense of the spiritual at work in the world is embodied in the ancient rituals of Southwestern Indian tribes, whose religious ceremonies acknowledged the powers of nature. Yet the ritualistic enterprise the Berman photographs seek need not be so specific. The synecdoche appearance of the installation: the time it requires to view and decipher, and the sense of secure enclosure it offers suggests the ritual of art making and art viewing as possible alternatives.

The floor constructions have the strongest iconic impact. Created from tiny black and white landscape photographs piled around or under old bricks, a notched window pane, a rusted metal circle, rocks and broken glass, these assemblages have an enigmatic, relic-like quality. Berman's poetic use of found objects—remnants of an industrial wasteland—link him with the Italian artists of the Arie Piena group who, during the 1960s and 70s, transformed the most banal elements of modern life into art of great beauty. Like Jannis Kounellis, one of the foremost Arie Piena artists, Berman creates from a moral impetus in the belief that art can and will affect the world in some redeeming way.

Footnotes

1. Interview with the artist, December 13, 1986.
2. Ibid.

Nancy Spender is Assistant Curator of the Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston.
FIELD DISTURBANCE/PATRICK CLANCY'S 365/360


By Marla Reice

The "homebody"—no longer a property of the cloistered feminist—of the 1980s is a resident of the environment. Dreams are no longer something we keep to ourselves, but for many, their "dream" is a form of electronic examination (text interpretation), driven from words that resonate with one's own inner, and outer, rhythms. The dreamer, the analyst, the scientist, remains disinterested in information. The visual is an electronic form, expanding the social horizons of the information age.

Clancy's work is a result of this phenomenon, both in its visual and physical aspects. The images, the environment, the performance all work together to create a sense of intimacy and I believe this is the key to his success. Clancy's work is not just about the environment, but it is about the people who use it.

In "The Homebody," Clancy creates an environment where the viewer is not just a passive observer, but an active participant. The performance involves the audience in the process of creating the environment, and the installation is constantly changing as it is used.

Clancy's work is a reflection of the changing role of women in society, and the changing role of technology in our lives. The "homebody" is not just a place to retreat to, but a place to explore and be creative.

Clancy's work is a powerful reminder of the power of the individual to create change in the world. It is an invitation to be active, to think critically, and to be aware of the world around us.

Patrick Clancy, "Crossroads" from performance of 365/360

Clancy's work is a form of social commentary, a reflection of the world we live in today. It is a reminder that we are all connected, and that our actions have consequences.

Clancy's work is not just about the environment, but it is about the people who use it. It is about the power of the individual to create change in the world. It is an invitation to be active, to think critically, and to be aware of the world around us.

Clancy's work is a powerful reminder of the power of the individual to create change in the world. It is an invitation to be active, to think critically, and to be aware of the world around us.
By James Bell and Law Thomas

Painting, photographer, book designer, teacher, and former art director, Charles Scollo’s paintings have been shown in the exhibitions Fresco Paint and The Texas Landscape: 1900-1986 at the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston. The photographically-saturated pages from Books. Unpublished was exhibited at the Contemporary Art Museum, Houston. His photographs were exhibited recently at Walter Hoppe, director of the Modern Collection, for inclusion in The Texas A&M Museum at the Laguna Gloria, Austin. Debut: He is showing currently at the North Light Gallery in ____. Artworks in the exhibition _Electrography_ by Houston Photographers. Early life: Piper’s attic was owned by artist’s mother, and has several numerous works, grants, and the NEA Fellowship.

---

Q: We’ve come here to find some of the answers.
Q: We’re here to ask questions. We want to get some background.

---

A: I started out... I have a degree in painting and sculpture from the University of Texas. This was exhibited in the Ten Great Exhibitions in the Texas Art Association at the Laguna Gloria Museum, Austin. Debut: He is showing currently at the North Light Gallery in ____. Artworks in the exhibition _Electrography_ by Houston Photographers. Early life: Piper’s attic was owned by artist’s mother, and has several numerous works, grants, and the NEA Fellowship.

---

A: That’s your career?
A: I got an ulcer in an advertising agency and really, that’s when I got out of organized labor. That was in the early sixties. That’s when I started freelancing, that’s when I really began winning awards in the country and some in Europe and got published in Japan, different things.

---

A: Yes, I was born in Cuero, Texas (March 9, 1923). Came to Houston after graduating college because the freedom this place gives me.

---

A: I started freelancing, that’s when I really began winning awards in the country and some in Europe and got published in Japan, different things.

---

A: You’re always here in Texas?
A: Yes, that’s the only time I’ve lived here.

---

A: I love the desert, the huge contrasts and the conflict of such a rural environment and industrial interests. You felt like you were in, well, there was a sense of the desert, the deserts, and the mountains, and the openness of... A wonderful influence being there.

---

A: Did it have anything to do with the intensity of color?
A: Actually, it was all sand and salt, and it was very... A wonderful influence being there.

---

A: We were successful. We won prizes.
A: Yes, I won prizes as an art director as soon as I got out of the army. I started freelancing, that’s when I really began winning awards in the country and some in Europe and got published in Japan, different things.

---

A: You’re always here in Texas.
A: Yes, that’s the only time I’ve lived here.

---

A: I just had a big show, I graduated art school.
A: Yes, he was a great sculptor.

---

A: It was a great sculptor, a great sculptor.

---

A: Yes, it was one of their large grants for the Hungary that I’m still at the CCS in Quanzhou.

---

A: Yes, it was one of their large grants for the Hungary that I’m still at the CCS in Quanzhou.

---

A: We’re here to ask questions. We want to get some background.
A: We want to get some background.

---

A: I started out... I have a degree in painting and sculpture from the University of Texas. This was exhibited in the Ten Great Exhibitions in the Texas Art Association at the Laguna Gloria Museum, Austin. Debut: He is showing currently at the North Light Gallery in ____. Artworks in the exhibition _Electrography_ by Houston Photographers. Early life: Piper’s attic was owned by artist’s mother, and has several numerous works, grants, and the NEA Fellowship.
variety. I believe that’s fine. I’m real-
ly not trying to communicate with
anyone. But if someone gets some-
thing out of the work that they can
tell me about, that’s what I really
love. I worked so long being a com-
municator that I’m not trying to sell
a message anymore. That’s always
troublesome for the public, to think
that artists are not primarily into
communication. Many people find
that a contradiction.
Q: If you’re not into communica-
tion, what are you doing painting some-
thing original?
A: I would rather try to make some
mark for the spirit, the soul; the
silent nature or alness of a thing, then
to represent the obvious noisiness
of a thing. When I was an illus-
trator, I was sometimes reproducing
the obvious noise of something. I
would be saying, ‘Damn, this is it
and I want to hit you over the head
with it.’ Not doing that now. I’m explo-
ing myself instead of other people.
Q: The artist should exploit him or
herself?
A: Yes. If it’s a housewive or a com-
puter operator or anyone: I’m say-
ing exploit yourself. I’m looking
forward, planning outward for your
sign, then you’ll see your own
sign and your other directions and
you can move. You might move into
another or I might never dream of.
Q: You’re a real intense guy.
A: I’ve had some friends who’ve
always been interested in us,
violence and it. And I believe if you
want to say something, for God’s sake,
wait until it’s true. But don’t wait for
the proper time because there is no proper
time. Q: Is this a personal philosophy
or have you developed it from read-
ing?
A: I don’t say it’s the answer for any-
body. If you want to ‘get ahead’—it’s
not the answer. It’s my answer. I’m not
saying I have an answer for any-
thing. Because the reward is no re-
ward, the answer is no answer. This
is just the way I feel. For in-
ispection, right now, I don’t even con-
cept of whether it’s morning or after-
noon or Monday or Tuesday or
sleepiness. I’m in no hurry to go
anywhere: we are doing this inter-
view. I’ve actually gotten into my
home for the armchair back seat
and wondered who was going
to do what to whom. I don’t care about
those things, but I realize that you
can really get into some kind of horrible
accident that might even be a life
and death situation by not being pre-
par.
as the source. I think you're really
gopping yourself... even if you're a
twin, there's something unique about
each of you. There's something you
can do with that as an artist.
Q: Can you say something about your
work that doesn't have financial
independence of the... freedom.
It's a little tougher. Perhaps.
A: Starting around 10. 15 minutes
day like you're writing a book. Like
you go to the bathroom, like you
spend the time to eat, like you
watch TV. Just a little each day.
And this is your own, in a chamber
place where you can go quietly
and sit down... let's say you're
writing a book or a letter. You're
drawing a eighteen-foot square painting,
you put it, 15 minutes for 16 days
on that canvas, you're going to be
through in a year. It may look like
it is mixing from now. You're starting... you
could write a short story at once,
you can get an elephant to
drive there and there's no need to
give it that sociallunch
A: Henry adequate, yeah. The
support system is weak. That is what I
really feel bad about. There's little
courageous collecting going on. There
are a few pockets of collecting
and thank God for that.
Q: Do you want to be specific about
this.
A: I really can't. But I know that
I've been fortunate. I know also that
I concentrate those people that I
would call really, true collectors who
buy... have large collections of my
work. But that's nothing. It's like
ordering HCD as an example of somebody
doing something that's beyond
myself doing something that's beyond
myself doing something that's beyond
regionalism. I'm not saying you're
following the steps of everybody who
look's what happened down there.
A: Do you think the system
with the reverse works has developed?
A: Yeah, I mean, it's exciting.
The thing where people haven't
thought of. I'm sorry it's not
closer. I'd like to walk over there
and see it. But the point is that it's
gotten done. You do a lot of things
that don't work, but you
do the workable, too. I still hold
SPO with a shining example. I
mean, you don't care whether you
agree with that particular issue
or not agree. So that's really
What I'm interested in is not a regional
point. I'm interested in being a
regional painter. I don't do cow-
boys.
A: Do you think the opening of
the Merrill collection will bring some
aid.
A: It's better than it was. You
can't just go and publish a book.
There are a lot of people being here
who are writers and photographers
that do have their stuff published.
It's gotten better.
A: Is there a lot of interaction
among these different groups.
A: I don't know. I haven't
invented enough time.
Q: What about the level of criticism
A: Very sad... it's always an
up for grabs wasteland, but it
seems to be getting better... people
are more making some discoveries
for themselves, getting some
courage... it is moving along in
slow motion. Critics need support
in order to do that they do.
A: We'll see, regional.
A: How do you feel about the
universities here, their art depart-
ments. Do you think they're fairly
strong.
A: I really don't, but then I
have not given up completely, I
really know what's going on.
A: It was art making in the universities.
A: Well, it was art making in the
universities.
A: Then you have other schools
like Glass.
A: I think that they're improving
and they've got their own curricular
things that are going on, and they're
doing better. I think it's very healthy
looking. There's more life in the art
department here than there wouldn't
be here. You're here. You are.
A: There are some gaps in the
structure here that make it possible
for me to do some things that would
be more difficult to do in other
places.
A: In a locked up city you hit the
terror... there's really a lot happening
there.
Q: How about the area of publica-
tion.
A: It's calmer than it was any
of our neighboring states.
A: Just a little each day.
A: Where anyone can at least
participate in the work that is
really happening.
A: And I'm really sorry for
someone who says, "Oh I want to
be an artist," and they really don't
have any contact with the world.
I'm talking about having the facility or the
vehicle to contact other people.
And you don't need to even know
how to use a camera to get there.

A: I can't believe the time
but that I'm away of that position
or of someone... I'm feeling
I'm in the other position
A: When I'm feeling... I'm feeling
I have to have no control over
the situation... I'm not talking
about having the facility or the
vehicle to contact other people.
And you don't need to even
how to use a camera to get there.

A: You're a very few people out
there where you are.
A: I can't believe the time
but that I'm away of that position
or of someone... I'm feeling
I'm in the other position
A: When I'm feeling... I'm feeling
I have to have no control over
the situation... I'm not talking
about having the facility or the
vehicle to contact other people.
And you don't need to even
how to use a camera to get there.

A: You're a very few people out
there where you are.
A: I can't believe the time
but that I'm away of that position
or of someone... I'm feeling
I'm in the other position
A: When I'm feeling... I'm feeling
I have to have no control over
the situation... I'm not talking
about having the facility or the
vehicle to contact other people.
And you don't need to even
how to use a camera to get there.

A: You're a very few people out
there where you are.
A: I can't believe the time
but that I'm away of that position
or of someone... I'm feeling
I'm in the other position
A: When I'm feeling... I'm feeling
I have to have no control over
the situation... I'm not talking
about having the facility or the
vehicle to contact other people.
Charles Schorre Outtakes
Science critique of other people's images held at HCP, September 23, 1986.
By April Repler
'I've never done it before, because I don't believe in it.' With that naivous warning serving as introduction began a heartening stream-of-consciousness examination—and not surprisingly, self-examination—by Charles Schorre, artist and originator of some famous alibis. In this explanation he had to do with lack of follow-up or curiosity enough to hold your intentions intact. He stated plainly that he had no plan, then engaging the audience’s participation went on to illuminate pictures that ranged from flatly clinical (the public was invited) to molding each artist's self-awareness alarmingly and thoroughly. A most stimulating conversation traversed the next two hours and nobody went away mad. The following are some of his questions and ideas I’ll remember for a long time.

In dealing with all varieties of work he clearly seriously he inclined intellectually, favoring a more viscal response to the images:

"How many people react negatively? Positively? Do you feel this is your job?" One version that he both loves and hates photography and certainly uses it in his paintings, drawings and collages, saying: "You don’t have to learn anything to do photographs—just a camera. Lots of money and a good eye will give you the goods." In thinking about fantasy and illusion, he said previously he saw "Roger's nude in the room" referring to a self portrait by Roger Cutforth, spotted peripherally, during one rambing story. Then, playfully illustrating the power of daydreaming—forcing oneself someplace else just for the fun of it. Schorre believes in disorientation, and likes to "make out like it's someone else's—be titillated," being confimed by being in his studio, which is rather like being on an archeological dig, with stuff all over from the fifteenth years ago. Great discoveries in the corewell. On disorder he said: "What's so great about crisis is you're not worrying about what clothes you have on, are you—present—ears and toenails are picking up stuff. Whether you realize it or not, we don’t have control. You get screwed up for a while, but then you get more options—you have more control or not."

With an artisan bearing, he invited people to "do things you’re not supposed to do. Do you go home, buy film with the food money. Figure out how to beat the way. And to be an artist; you have to look for magic, be crazy, trust yourself, don't yourself, and live between that. Any advice impared seemed to bode more in the direction of self-awareness and discovery; for one, he said: "Find your vein, attach yourself and find out who you are. To another, even to so gently unmasking artistic sentimentality, he said, "If you want to go picked, you can go somewhere and get jolted and then you can come back. But if you’re not trying to prove anything, it's a wonderful way to do a diary." The sternest and most general statement was vaguely psycho-political: "We’re not in a naive state anymore. There are people out there with knives and bombs and their not to get you."

The difficulty and beauty of a one-nest is that one can't retreat advice on adornments if they prove, even as they are being spoken to by Schorre. Schorre's poetry had the grace of allowing the "awen" an extension of what he or she already intuitively knew, a perfect way to be heard. But Schorre the augur, divine facts and comen alight.

K(AFKA'S) CASTLE
AND MEDIA-MYTHS
AT LAWNDALE

installation, A Retrospect for K. by Beth Secor and Elizabeth Ward, and Lip-Sync by Guillermo Pulido, recent recipient of the Lawndale Art & Performance Center’s 1985-86}
5,000 grants for inter-disciplinary projects were present at Lawndale, January 1-February 2, 1987.

By Bill Frazier

In Franz Kafka's novel, The Castle, the protagonist K. tries unsuccessfully to transgress his humble earthly origins and gain admission to a higher order. The presence of two levels of spiritual existence: the earthly and the divine, are represented by life in the village and life in the castle which is located on a hill above the town. The promised deliverance from the mundane leads K. to spend his entire life in the village trying to ascend to his desired state of grace in the metaphysical castle.

Elizabeth Ward and Beth Secor have made A Retrospect for K. in which the wearied Land Surveyor may escape the frustrations of his daily life by attempting to get past the bureaucratic goons which prevent his admission to the castle. The installation which they have produced is both comforting and alien, and paradoxically, the bizarreness of hope and death in Kafka’s unfinished novel.

The entrance to the retreat is guarded by towering stacks of books which lean and threaten to fall on those who venture past. An entrance beyond these columns gives way to a bored passage which leads to an inviting, intimate space lined with bookshelves. The room is furnished with several chairs and a television. As I tested in one of the well worn overstuffed chairs, my own retreat was interrupted by a ringing telephone. As with the phonograph in the castle above the village, this phone rang for no assignable purpose, and went unanswered.

In the living room of this retreat, the television plays a series of dream-like vignettes in which the artist’s relationship to the enigmatic and various scenes of the novel. Rather than present a synopsis, they focus on events which combine all the aspects of the personalities of K., Frieda, and the Count. While parts of the video gave a sense of the principal players in Kafka’s novel, other segments of the video were unclear and were not helpful in decoding the installation. An audio track, playing over the video and telephones makes further reference to K. Through, quite magically, the cacophonous combination of telephone bells, television, and audio track, presents a valid which made it impossible to find rest in this.

Ward and Secor have carefully neutralized all color in their installation by painting all books, chairs and other objects in a black/gray scheme. Those tones might also be used in a portrait of K. who put limits on his emotional responses. He preferred to concentrate on his obsessive quest for access to the castle with its promise of salvation, rather than accept the tawdry colors of life at hand. The artists have fashioned an environment which conveys the writer’s obsessive nature and intensity perfectly well.

In the next gallery bay, the multimedia installation LIP-SYNC combines video, projected still imagery and sculpture in a space environment. Artist Guillermo Pulido addresses some of the myth systems which operate within our culture. Sculptural representations of the fallen Latin cross and a goddess on a pedestal are each enshrined in a web-like cage. By focusing our attention directly upon the image myths of the signs and the goddess; and placing them within the gallery, Pulido strips away the cultural context in which these objects are usually presented and forces us to consider them as just another myth symbol.

On a video monitor cultural artifacts from antiquity and the present are superimposed on a van- alizing color field. A space ship view of the Enterprise from Star Trek travels through nebulous color fields past images from cave paintings and small fetish carvings, like the Bust with Tranquil Head (c. 11,000-9,000 BC), and the Venus of Willendorf (c 25,000-20,000 BC). As the Enterprise travels through time/psychology. It appears that Pulido is taking us on a tour of the origins of the signs which are present in our culture today, trapped like ancient organisms in the amber of history. The generalities of these image signs are contrasted with a voice over audio track of people reading personal histories in their native languages. The layering of these histories and cultural artifacts puts us in a position to contemplate our own present, and our relationship to the myths which inform our cultural identities.

A Houston photographer, Bill Frazier's work was shown recently in the exhibition, New Texas Photography. HCP and San Antonio Center for Craft.
ANGELIC INSTALLATION

Angels. Angels...Anchored series
by Mary Margaret Hansen are exhibited at

By Geoffrey Bruce
The concept of using a single theme, manipulated against itself to produce a body of work, has long been a method of exploration for artists of all disciplines. In creating the Royal Theme as a basis for producing his latest series, Chris Ofili offers an example of one of the most sophisticated series of reinterpretations upon a single theme ever devised. The idea of a canon is that one single theme is played against itself. Each elucidates the complexity when the 'copies' of the theme are staggered, so that the speed of the different voices is not equal and when the theme is invented upon itself, recall backwords or improvised upon. All of this results in multiple readings and interpretations of the original theme.

Mary Margaret Hansen's photographs are based on a theme, defined by the use of a single image to produce a series of works. This theme, an angel, is the consistent photographic image that is played against itself and augmented by the addition of other elements to create the multiple readings of the original theme.

Scale, as an element of photographic reinterpretation, is well established in the medium. The large size of the prints in their montage causes the viewer to focus on the details of the images presented. In 'Five of Us Are Here' we do see that angels may have fleas, that these angels have a more human reading beyond their cast concrete exterior.

In conjunction with the upscaling of the image size is the redoubling of the frames. These images are not contained by the typical exhibition glass and metal, but enhanced by surrounds intended, we assume, to be an integral part of each work. When the frame takes on its importance, it must interact with the work itself. 'Four Seasons' we see the best use of the frame as an element of time. At the same time, the text and juxtaposition of the images and objects resulted in a delightful humor.

Angels. Angels...Anchored series
by Mary Margaret Hansen are exhibited at

By Geoffrey Bruce

INTRUDER IN THE PUNK

An Anthology of Punk and Other Ill-Defined Attitudes by Ben DeStefo was shown at ONWAUGH, January 10—February 4, 1987.

By James Bell
There is something historically attractive about Houston that encourages independent action and entrepreneurship. A town created by speculators, settled by pioneers, populated by opportunists, whose economic climate is regulated only by the extremes of boom and bust, just has to be an exciting and often frustrating place to call home. We glorify the wildcat and create our own systems for accomplishment.

Part of the excitement being created in Houston comes from the energy of independent artists and motionpicture professionals working totally outside the normal systems of galleries, clubs, schools or other institutions. These artists are the risk takers, the wildcatters. Their work falls somewhere between the existing language of popular "ART" and sometimes falls flat on its face, and that is what's it's all about.

Ben DeStefo gets paid by a major newspaper to be the Intruder, to photograph a portion of some life or event that will make the viewer feel a part of it. When DeStefo is on his own time he still plays the Intruder, photographing subjects of his own choice and interest. One of these interests has been the punk club scene and that was the subject matter for an exhibit at ONWAUGH Gallery. DeStefo presented images that were made to document the punk scene which he actually dived about 1983. Included in these images are the punk iconography and artifacts: hair styles and behavior that represented the punk lifestyle and experience. DeStefo has actually rephotographed most of the original work to gain a quality content over exposure, cropping, and the addition of borders and captions to the images. This recreation of the original image is in obvious manner and in some cases it is used to soften the impact of potentially offensive subtext by blurring the viewer from the immediacy of the original.

The installation of the photographs was done by nailing them to the walls in an appropriate punkish style it appeared as if this might have been done with an air powered nail-driver from across the room. The images were generally arranged by location or featured performers. The lyrics of DeStefo's favorite punk songs were spray painted on every square foot of wall not covered by photographs, adding yet another layer to the experience of the opening night crowd who in turn began another layer to the experience.

After a viewing of the work one might ask Ben's anticipation of the audience's sensitivity. These traditional photographers would be less upset by the subject matter than DeStefo's reverence toward the image in print. A study of the images reveals that this reverence is well founded and in this case served to enhance rather than detract from the success of the show.

Intruder is an architect and photographer and director of the Houston avant-garde.

EXHIBITIONS

HIP/Cool Seventies - Photos

Ralph Gibson's photographs were shown at Bendler Morgan Gallery, December 5, 1986—January 16, 1987.

By Paul Raster
Knowledge changes every day. People like to know their beliefs refashioned. Don't I live after eating a Nevada meal. Don't I lower from an empty stomach. If you must sweat, wait at least a half hour after eating. The world is more confusing for adults than it is for the children. We didn't grow up with all these shifting facts and attitudes. One day I was just starting something. People need to be reassured by someone in a position of authority that a certain way is the right way or the wrong way, at least for the time being. Don DeLucio, White Hair.

Why are these pictures so grainy? What is going on in these pictures? What is going on outside these pictures?

Most of these photographs in this installation at Bendler-Morgan Gallery were initially presented by Ralph Gibson through the self-publishing project of Lustrum Press under such titles as Dita IVU and the Seminatural. The images and titles represent some nadir of hipcoicolor photography in the seventies. The sequence of images within each book suggests a highly significant narrative. But this particular installation ripped the images from their position within the book's structure and considered them only as isolated objects for consumption. It is in question to present the function of such an exhibition. A museum exhibition frequently retrospect a photographer's work over several years, placing some context upon more recent or known images. The photographer is certified in the process as a worthy recipient of such institutionalization; his or her seriousness is noted by the demonstration of a sustained effort.

A gallery on the other hand, in the more overt operation of profit making has a choice. If it exists in a market noted for purchase of so-called avant-garde production, a
PARABLE MODEL FOR PHOTOGRAPHY

Missives. Anne Turrell. Alfred van der Marck Editions. essay by Andy Grundberg. 1986. $31.90

By April Resler

In the introductory essay to Anne Turrell's book Missives Andy Grundberg delivers a nuanced, engaging, and thought-provoking essay that explores the nature of photography and its role in contemporary culture. Grundberg's insights are illuminating, particularly for those of us who are engaged in the practice of photography and in the critical discourse surrounding it.

Grundberg begins by highlighting the historical and cultural significance of photography. He notes that photography has often been viewed as a tool for documenting and recording the world around us, a medium through which we can understand and make sense of our environment. However, he argues that this view is too narrow and that photography is a complex and layered practice that encompasses a wide range of conceptual, aesthetic, and technical approaches.

Grundberg goes on to suggest that photography is not just a tool for capturing the world, but a means of questioning and challenging it. He points out that photography can be used to explore and critique the ways in which power and identity are constructed and maintained. He argues that photography can be a tool for empowerment, a means of giving voice to those who are often marginalized or silenced.

Grundberg also comments on the role of the photographer in the creation of meaning. He suggests that the photographer is not just a passive recorder of events, but an active creator of meaning. He points out that the photographer has a responsibility to consider the impact of their work and to think about how their images might be interpreted and used by others.

Grundberg's essay is a thought-provoking exploration of the nature of photography and its role in contemporary culture. It is a valuable resource for anyone interested in the practice of photography, and it provides a rich framework for understanding the complex and dynamic nature of this medium.
A BIG HIT IN HOUSTON

As our autumnal calm turned to Christmas panic, we were fortunate indeed if we took the time to attend the audio-visual presentation of Houston that was provided by the Foundation for Modern Music and created by man of the people George O. Jackson, photographer, Art Gottschalk, composer of electronic music, and associate professor of music at Rice University and Doug Kilgore, producer of slide shows. The evening’s goal was to establish some kind of endearing relations for one evening, to the famous Isadora. It is being advertised as an official Texas Sesquicentennial event.

The photographic images are the creation of George O. Jackson who began his project 30 months ago when he moved into a 26th floor apartment in a building situated between Houston and the Hermann Park Medical Center area. He found himself enchanted by the view from the window and this enthusiasm led to the idea of recording his new-found changing world. On the balcony which faces west and north, he sets up cameras on tripods and begins the actual visual realization of various images on slides. He is still at it.

The slides they contain are pictures of sunsets, sunrises, street life, and the like, but the result of George O. Jackson’s desire to exhibit his photographs, and its evolution to a series of slides shows him to be a slide show producer and to put them in this form, which he will exhibit to others, because the musical and visual rhythms so enhance the pictures. They come alive and stir the senses. When seen individually as prints, the images have a heavy, static quality about them and lack the spark and pizzazz they had in the slide show. When they are projected on a screen life and illumination lost when our work goes from slide to print but something special happens, as if the pictures have been specially pronounced as it does here. It is a shame because some of them are quite impressive.

The audiovisual show is 14 minutes long, and is a slide projected on a screen. It has five sections distinguished by changes in the musical mood as well as in the imagery. It begins with an introduction to the downtown buildings, followed by a more syncopated part which introduces people in the streets, a darker section with heavy music and pictures of smog. Smog, smoke, industry and a growing storm, the aftermath of the storm set to a Latin beat, and finally nighttime lights with the moon, suns and::$_gaValue:1

**The REAL THING**

Cladrachon strides by Robert Coen at Kohn in New Orleans, January - March 1989

By April Nopple

Robert Coen is as much a filmaker as a photographer by trade. His influence appears in simply a beauteous, enthusiastic and cleverly minded vision of the world he travels: any troubled views are channeled elsewhere. His lines are description of locale as his traveler’s sensibility from the film become a reminder that he probably yet: that he is people. His PBS documentary-style still dominates the page just as the documentary genre of film brings the world a little closer to home. His pictures seem to pictures seem to unite the world by blending boundaries and rendering the earth’s treasures somehow more accessible.

The images are descriptive of a place or experience without being intentionally influential. Neutral and almost interchangeable sites are matter how special are characterized implicitly yet matter-of-factly by beauty, historical importance or societal impact. Nowhere is any one place challenged to be overly dramatic. He leaves the application of profundity to the viewer. Coen does not indulge too much in too technical speak, allowing the space to speak for itself. As the viewer has come to expect the artificial perception of technology and disavows its application over a far more important beauty—the reality this is quite welcome. Gone picture does fall prey to the polarizing filter and the wonders of color slide film, but they are all the more beautiful in their unadorned form. As with this show, the surprises available always include a bit more than necessary in the frame. To travel is a great privilege. Coens refrains from glowering over his collection of images which were taken from one superimposed to the next. He prefers to simply place measured visual restraint which increases proportionately to the inspiration of the location. The image entitled “Uluru” gives pause regarding what we should possibly have in mind in his supposed great moments of design and ingenuity: a vast red mountain of rock is divided dead center in the photograph. All the poles of the chain, the loopy shadows as-tactile and solid as the actual fence. As one porches over its netting that leads the eye to infinity and a blue sky. There is a new filter: “Little Uluru” is an image of similar bare, red terrain: the sky threatening imminent weather. Although there are various people and dogs gathered in no particular order for the camera—he is in absolute control of the moment. Coens chooses not to disclose the moment or any information about the people in the image. This is a seemingly unified place. In “Oligar” he is darker and heavier, scale interplaying with grandeur, mood, and space. A large landscape entitled “Antarctica” unfolds all colors of the earth in a very visceral manner—it is the environmental experience of the place that is seductive, not its visual composition.

Coens catalogues petroglyphs and paintings or rocks and pot holes of water. He abbreviates our overindulgence and design sense: two images stand out in contrast to this approach. The “Adelaida” is a self-portrait in an enormous glass bell-jar. All the poles of the real—ideas that swirl around him are revered and diminished, as is the subject matter. The trees in the distant center in the window, distracting the eye away from Coens, who, but for the tree, is the subject matter. A bit of air, a spark, is his essence. The other “Oliag” invites for more, relying less on a clean visual design to tell a distinct story about the man and his need in the distance, through windows and deteriorating walls, and illegible sans-serif lettering. A bit of nature poles around the sides of what one finally discovers to be a structure. Coen is not concerned to presuppose either in either of his images.

Seeing the photographs is well worth the oddness of experiencing them over hallucinatory plates of abandoned food, or discreetly approaching tables to look over private conversations. It only to have them stopped cold. The lighting is so sublime—every moment is per in that perfect for appreciating the subtlest tones. Coen has created love them, double as a good incentive to roam.

---

George O. Jackson, original photo in color unless they enhance each other in some way. I think that the dissolve and fade-out cuts and flashing of images should be retained when they are effective and eliminate when they are not. The show is so successful when it succeeds and (it usually does) it becomes slightly busy and labored once or twice and would benefit by being shorted some. There seems to be a climax with the lightning storm and a dramatic respite with the following rainbow and after-storm shots: why return to showing us more rural business? Dramatic impact is lost. Probably the amazing thing to me besides the artificial transitions this was the trick with the moon enforced in a gigantic proportion to tower over the buildings. I am of the opinion that in these circumstances carry themselves and do not need or benefit from this type of production.

On the plus side there is a verse of a bedtime, a slide involving a fan and captivating beat to the show that works well most of the time and sends our imaginations danc

Photographer and writer, Patty Coen’s work was exhibited recently in The Texas Annual at the Laguna Gloria Museum in Austin, Texas.

Robert Coen, Cladrachon Dipythry: School House
AMAZING POWERS OF OBSERVATION

By April Reigler

Geoff Winningham’s book and exhibition (September 1—October 8, 1986, Sexall Gallery, Rice University) have been as much an event as the work itself. The show is the best and most complete example of Winningham’s exploration of the immediate environment, whether real or imagined, that one can see. He is a master of the genre, and his work is as much a part of the city as the structures he records.

Winningham’s work is not just documentation; it is a celebration of the city as it exists. He is not interested in recording the past, but in capturing the present. His photographs are not just images, but a way of life. They are a reflection of the city’s character, and they are a way of seeing the world.

Winningham’s work is not just photography; it is a form of urban planning. He is interested in the way the city is laid out, and he is interested in the way the city is lived. His work is not just about buildings; it is about the people who live in them. He is interested in the way people interact with the city, and he is interested in the way the city interacts with people.

Winningham’s work is not just about the city; it is about the human experience. He is interested in the way people live in the city, and he is interested in the way the city affects people. His work is not just about the physical environment; it is about the emotional environment. He is interested in the way people feel about the city, and he is interested in the way the city makes people feel.

Winningham’s work is not just about the present; it is about the future. He is interested in the way the city is changing, and he is interested in the way the city will change. His work is not just about what is happening now; it is about what will happen in the future.

Winningham’s work is not just about the city; it is about the world. He is interested in the way the city relates to the world, and he is interested in the way the world relates to the city. His work is not just about the city; it is about the universe.

Winningham’s work is not just about the city; it is about the mind. He is interested in the way people think about the city, and he is interested in the way the city affects people’s thinking. His work is not just about the city; it is about the mind.

Winningham’s work is not just about the city; it is about the soul. He is interested in the way people feel about the city, and he is interested in the way the city affects people’s feelings. His work is not just about the city; it is about the soul.

Winningham’s work is not just about the city; it is about the spirit. He is interested in the way people feel about the city, and he is interested in the way the city affects people’s spirit. His work is not just about the city; it is about the spirit.

Winningham’s work is not just about the city; it is about the universe. He is interested in the way the city relates to the universe, and he is interested in the way the universe relates to the city. His work is not just about the city; it is about the universe.

Winningham’s work is not just about the city; it is about the world. He is interested in the way the city relates to the world, and he is interested in the way the world relates to the city. His work is not just about the city; it is about the world.

Winningham’s work is not just about the city; it is about the mind. He is interested in the way people think about the city, and he is interested in the way the city affects people’s thinking. His work is not just about the city; it is about the mind.

Winningham’s work is not just about the city; it is about the soul. He is interested in the way people feel about the city, and he is interested in the way the city affects people’s feelings. His work is not just about the city; it is about the soul.

Winningham’s work is not just about the city; it is about the spirit. He is interested in the way people feel about the city, and he is interested in the way the city affects people’s spirit. His work is not just about the city; it is about the spirit.

Winningham’s work is not just about the city; it is about the universe. He is interested in the way the city relates to the universe, and he is interested in the way the universe relates to the city. His work is not just about the city; it is about the universe.

Winningham’s work is not just about the city; it is about the world. He is interested in the way the city relates to the world, and he is interested in the way the world relates to the city. His work is not just about the city; it is about the world.

Winningham’s work is not just about the city; it is about the mind. He is interested in the way people think about the city, and he is interested in the way the city affects people’s thinking. His work is not just about the city; it is about the mind.

Winningham’s work is not just about the city; it is about the soul. He is interested in the way people feel about the city, and he is interested in the way the city affects people’s feelings. His work is not just about the city; it is about the soul.

Winningham’s work is not just about the city; it is about the spirit. He is interested in the way people feel about the city, and he is interested in the way the city affects people’s spirit. His work is not just about the city; it is about the spirit.

Winningham’s work is not just about the city; it is about the universe. He is interested in the way the city relates to the universe, and he is interested in the way the universe relates to the city. His work is not just about the city; it is about the universe.
The image contains a page from a document, which appears to be an excerpt from a book or an article. The text is too small and blurred to be read accurately. However, it seems to be discussing a photograph and its context, possibly from a historical or artistic perspective. The author mentions a concept called "the river of light" in Latin American photography and references works by Edouard Boubat and other photographers. The text also touches on the photograph selection process and the importance of framing and context in photography.

**The River of Light: Latin American Photography**

**Emile de la Cerce**

In 1973 the International Center for Photography, in an exhibition entitled "Photography: Latin American," the official Latin American photographic agency has issued the first part of a projected 40 volume series documenting the career of Latin American photographers.

**By Edouard Boubat**

In 1970 the International Center for Photography, in an exhibition entitled "Photography: Latin American," the official Latin American photographic agency has issued the first part of a projected 40 volume series documenting the career of Latin American photographers. The view from the window of the photography has been a valuable tool for photographers working within and without Poland. It is very difficult to learn the true value of a photograph to which many of those images were shared by photographers working within and without Poland. The effort was to correct the camera's knowledge for we regularly tend to forget that photography as an art has been practiced in countries besides our own, France, and Great Britain.

Now, at a time when its financial resources have never been better, the government of Mexico has initiated a remarkable project, which is to be called "Photography: Latin American," the official Latin American photographic agency has published a book featuring the work of Latin American photographers. The book is divided into two parts: one part, "Photography: Latin American," the official Latin American photographic agency has issued the first part of a projected 40 volume series documenting the career of Latin American photographers. The effort was to correct the camera's knowledge for we regularly tend to forget that photography as an art has been practiced in countries besides our own, France, and Great Britain.

Now, at a time when its financial resources have never been better, the government of Mexico has initiated a remarkable project, which is called "Photography: Latin American," the official Latin American photographic agency has published a book featuring the work of Latin American photographers. The book is divided into two parts: one part, "Photography: Latin American," the official Latin American photographic agency has issued the first part of a projected 40 volume series documenting the career of Latin American photographers. The effort was to correct the camera's knowledge for we regularly tend to forget that photography as an art has been practiced in countries besides our own, France, and Great Britain.

Photography is based on a fascination with the power of things to shape and allow us when their normal conditions are changed. And it demonstrates in a breakthrough of its own, and the dominant tradition, at least for the past twenty years is not for lack of critical concepts of photography.

**GAY BLOCK: PORTRAITS**

GAY BLOCK: PORTRAITS

30 artists: A Critical Selection of Painters and Sculptors Working in Texas by Annette Curato, photographer Gay Block, who was featured in February, was asked to produce another book. San Francisco, 1986. 575 pages.

**By April Bulger**

The book 10 Artists Perpetuates the fun-with-numbers men-to-women ratio. But 70 percent of the 10- woman ratio strikes one as disproportionate. Oh, no! one said: we're all women, we're all open-minded or just men. That disjointed note aside, the book is a classic and a snapshot of the personal style of artists. There is no best. What is of great interest are Gay Block's portraits—collaborative pieces that involve secrets and changing personalities about female artists. In conversation with the "personal statements," and one representative artwork adjacent to the photographs forms a compelling psycho- logical portrait of the vehicle. That's not the story to the vehicles. The vehicle should be interpreted in context. And that's what makes the book so interesting.

In fact, just as artists habitually speak in incomplete sentences the art of creating an artwork being the completion of thought and communication, so do they offer here un- formulated truths or truths in fabrications to the camera. Surely Block's mesmerically ravishing imagery reveals some measure of difficulty. The portraits are unquelled successes at cutting through nonsense and going straight to essence are those of "Black Block" Earl V. Steney and James Jarvis, the joy and pain and a vast range of emotions in between are understated and the truth gets missed.

The portrait of John Tweedle is another simple moment, another window behind him acting as a tripod containing secrets to be decoded. Susan Whitney's stance is both defensive and defiant, a complete mystery. The inclusion of the painting of a large, scantly clad woman as backdrop in Bill Woman's portrait is equally befuddling. But the beauty and grace of Block's work, characteristically is that she takes only what is offered and renders it unmistakable human, improvised, and intensely real within the context of one precise moment.
The front cover of this impressively printed tome shows three young farmers with hats and walking sticks, ca. 1914, apparently on their way into town. In Alen Lekcute John Berger interprets this photograph: "There is as much descriptive information in this image as in pages by a descriptive master like Zola. Yet I only want to consider one thing: their suit... Berger's approach is valid. Clothing is an important constant in Sander's portraits, as crucial as granite carvings and fountains are in a landscape by Ansel Adams. In Weimar Germany, where nearly everyone posed in their best for photographs, Sander took the challenge and penetrated this shell of appearance. As Berger points out, the farmers' trade pales out of their ties and white shirts—they are not at home in their farming suits. Similarly, the welfare recipient's eyes and hunched posture tell us more about Germany's economic woes than his shiny shoes and spotless coat do... Sander was very conscious of this and used his camera to span all classes in his human comedy. He discovered that cruisers and vests do not mask the quirky dispositions of managers and magistrates. The portly pharmacist, trousers wrinkled from hours of sitting, exudes confidence, as does the languid bank officer and the somber hotelier. However, they are wearing clothing like a trial shield, which one crisis could shatter in a moment. Sander believed his mission extended beyond competent portraits into sociology. As Ulrich Keller points out in the text, a witty and exhaustive introduction, Sander believed more in the medieval notion of gallants and craft organizations than in the Marxist diatribe of class antagonism held by many of his "New Objectivity" colleagues. He grouped his photographs in archaic social categories like "Farmers," "Workers," "Women," "Occupations," "Arts," and "The Last People." Within these categories he subdivided the portraits. "Occupations" not only includes officials, doctors, soldiers and students, but also National Socialists (occupational only for some). Manufacturers appear in the "Workers" section with artisans and craftsmen. Instead of with aristocrats and businessmen.

If Sander's sociology is old-fashioned, so is his style. In his 60-year career, he rarely deviated from his posed German citizen, staring straight at the viewer with a smiles or a grin. Trying to equip his subjects with articles indicative of their trade, he often unintentionally produced jarring effects. The artist Gottfried Brockmann stands before a painting, holding five brushes as if asking the viewer to pick the one he should use. A conductor waves his baton at an orchestral...and probably imaginary—orchestra. Aشور holds a handful of seeds, as if pretending to throw them; he probably has to hold the pose because of Sanders' slow shutter. Sander never adhered to the theories of his contemporaries nor adopted their styles: in fact, he never really experimented at all. There are no nude studies among the 431 plates, no action shots, no disembellishments, no black exposures, or darkroom prestidigitation; he did do a few photographs. He preferred to set up his unsaturated yellow 16 x 24 cm, view camera rather than snatch candid with a stylish

Leica like Erich Salomon did. And despite the theories he pronounced on radio, he founded no school; not taken on any students. None of this matters. Cartier's Werke of the Twentieth Century is the most comprehensive catalogue of the way the works society ever produced. No other photographer possessed his vision as consistently as Sander did. He photographed the commissar and the democrat, the beggar and the clergyman, the peasant and the landlord. He originally wanted to include 600 prints in his collection, but the ascendency of Nazism prohibited his further publication and exhibition. Praising his photographers, "decisor", they forced him to "retreat into the landscape", where he photographed unconventional visions and quiet mountains. Surreptitiously he compiled a 1938 portfolio of middle-class "Persecuted Jews" who despite their formal attitude, exude tension and apprehension. His "City Characters"..."Itinerant Tradesmen" and "Last People" are at once poignant and frightening—they demand prolonged viewings. These pictures not only provoke speculation about the character of the subjects, but also about their histories. What circumstances shaped the attitudes Sander captured so robustly? Whatever it is "Persecuted Jew" Dr. Kahle peers out at us so invocatively? Did the young Nazi soldier photographed in 1943 go on to open his own butcher shop in Westerwald? Questions such as these "tease us out of thought" like Klee's "Grecian urn. Sometimes our feelings about Sander's photographs depend on what we know of German society. More often the impressions they produce are so riveting that they make us think for hours about the poignant face of history.

Peter Biele is a writer who lives in Boston.

GLOSSY DREAMS

The first US publication of Francisco Bara
gal's photographs was held at the Galleria Galleria which features work by contemporary Latin American and Caribbean artists.

Francisco Baragali is a twenty-six year old commercial photographer living in his native Monterrey, Nuevь León, Mexico. and a recent gradua
tate there in Communications from the Universidad Regiomontana. This exhibition has been put together from the photographer's body of work. Baragali's other solo exhi
bition was organized by IMEVI-
SEZ, Chapter 8 in Monterrey. where it opened this past August. Baragali participated in two group shows organized by the Centro de Artes Visuales in Monterrey in 1984 and 1985. This is the first time his work has been seen outside Mexico. The photographs are loosely based on images of Barragali's dreams: glossy, utilizing bright colors in the context of isolated elements such as butterflies, rusted tools, and red- and black-painted rocks. The work is obviously influenced by United States advertising. Monterrey, Mexico's third large
nest city just three hours south of Laredo, Texas by car, is noted for its fascination with the United States culture. A revealing statistic is the fact that Monterrey has more satellite dishes per capita than any place else in the world, enabling the local population to tune into much of the same television broadcasting we get here in the United States. Of interest in Barragali's work is his unusual, and often sensuous, magnified x-tenna
cions of mundane things as fish and flowers, or rough and smooth textures, or his construction of bizarre scenes, for example of running bell peppers, or lone red snap-
der pepper diving in and out of artificial red mountain pools.

Galleria Mexican, Mexico, 1973

August Sander, Mother of Twins

Francisco Baragali, Untitled

SPOT

21

SPRING 1987

Marcela Yarrolfi, Cale Monte, Tlaxcala, 1984
Of course we railed at some men's sometimes of course of shit rolls downright. And of course some of us of course Klein's romantic fantasy of sexuality and of course of some it thought ridiculous. We were always to coax these to our own stories as possible, not to petrify the shame involved on us by the culture of being killed and speaking as we do. For you think and feel and think as otherwise as easily as you can. If it, we do, you become aware you feel unduly. You can then choose to do something about that. You can, for example decide to examine and investigate how you came to think and behave as you do. Remember: all stories in the visual and aural freedom possible probably encouraged not only another question but obvi- ously encouraged Lehman and the four women who normally reviewed it before.

Lehman's ideas about the ways publics and its symbols, the publics, operate preserve itself were not new to me. But I have no heard of what other women think about men's penis. I want to re- view the image, the moderator of Dick Talk, the same person in the tape who says she likes big penises. Leh- man's talk, I don't find a dish of love of big penises but seem unaware that her statement is an image of big penis was being trapped in a patriarchal shaping of her desire. He assumes I'm interested in every moment in the way a big dick feels, and want at all referring to the way it looks. A penis too small to give a woman's vagina the required pleasure. Sex may indeed be in the head, but first you've got to get over your fear of it. I can't feel you. I'm not going to think about Lehman, you know, my concern is to think about you, using culturally determined ideas, because I can't. That is why to the old idealist's truth:

"Dick Talk" was directed to analyse Dick Talk itself, voice-over, probing questions, or a "talking heads film" ("Dick Balls, Back?") but then it wouldn't have been what it was. It would have been a documentary. And it certainly wouldn't have been funny. Patriarchal, of course, but it can also be very funny.

I cannot create a work unless it is a work for the people, for the people, for the people. I want to make! What I don't want to strive for is the kind of self-sufficiency of is-struc- ture? Shall I become silent and only the professional intellectuals speak!

Since I'm not arguing against understanding but for intelligent culture, we are all the same. We are all about the choice of means, the artist's means, the means of the act of imagination. In making Dick Talk I guided the talkers and talked as far as the documentary structure could, although the story and the fiction, narrative and imagination. It seemed to me that an interrogating analysis at the moment or ever later may in fact have brought to our time the very patriarch Lehman finds implicit. And I have often wondered if documentary is not itself a sufficiently patriarchal art.

I've made some exceptions I have mentioned I don't necessarily disagree with Lehman's analysis of the concept of Dick Talk. But I reject his attack on it. It reminds me of that man who never woman he would never attract women. A friend asked the man how he acted on her. The local man said he usually prepared a nice dinner for her dates, played romantic, and then danced with her. The whole gently leading her to his conclusion. By the time he put his shoes in his shoes, he complained the woman was gone!.
PHOTOGRAPHERS
ARTISTS

FLY

CONTINENTAL
The only airline worth flying.™

Continental Airlines can take you to more than 85 cities worldwide, including 60 U.S. airports and 25 international destinations. Continental flies to Australia, Hawaii, Canada, Mexico and London every day.

A network of Continental Express airlines provides service to smaller cities throughout the country.

For low fares and full service, call Continental at 1-800-525-0280 or see your favorite travel agent.