If a picture is worth 1,000 words—then here are 10,000 reasons for you to call us.
GETTING FOCUSED

At a recent retreat of the Houston Center for Photography, board members were asked to list what they thought were the three most important objectives for the long-term vitality of the Center. In addition to exhibitions and membership, SPOT grabbed a share at the top with a heartwarming round of votes.

As unique a publication as SPOT is, it is good news to know HCP will continue to dedicate resources to SPOT. It is reassuring for those who have labored over the years to produce such a fine publication.

SPOT will undergo inevitable changes, some already begun, but through it all will surely retain its national reputation as a respected and beloved forum of imagery and analysis.

The current edition of SPOT focuses on FotoFest ’90, originally scheduled for publication last summer. Chasing the heels of cultural evolution in eastern Europe, FotoFest ’90 truly lived up to its name as the international month of photography. Lynn Herbert, the first executive director of HCP, has generously provided her expertise to edit the issue. We hope you enjoy it.

Jeff Debevec

BENTLEER-MORGAN GALLERIES
Fine Art Photography and Custom Framing

The Houston Center for Photography wishes to thank all the photographers who contributed their work for the HCP Auction

Cover: Cristina García Rodero, El Colacho, Castilla de Murcia, 1975.

FEATURES

5 Still Crazy After All These Years: An Overview of FotoFest 1990 by Dave Crossley

Experiencing 1.67 miles of photographs at the Brown Convention Center, and a "what worked and what didn't work" chat with Fred Baldwin.

8 Afterthoughts: An Assortment of Responses to FotoFest 1990

Thumbs up for saving collegues, volunteers and visual overload, thumbs down for sperm motifs, styrofoam walls and visual overload.

10 Perspectives, Real and Imaginary: Czechoslovakian Photography at FotoFest 1990

West meets East, but what have we learned?

EXHIBITIONS

12 Next Flight to Spain, Please! by Hans Staartjes

Cristina García Rodero’s photographs of Spain’s local festivals, rituals and beliefs are haunting and intriguing.

14 Bank Shots, by Joseph McGrath


16 Conceptual Art Survives FotoFest, Baron United with Germans, by David Portz

Conceptual work by Richard Baron and several German’s remains understated, critical and illusive.

16 Working with Ken and Barbie, by William Howze

Dan Weiner and Andy Weiner have more than similar names in common.

17 Thanks for the Memories, by Lynn M. Herbert

Photographs from the South African Magazine Drum in the 1950’s offer an inside look at a people now engulfed in a struggle.

18 Quiet Defiance, by Maggie Olvey

Three contemporary Japanese photographers adhere to and defy Japanese traditions.

18 Desert Sound-Shapes, by Johannes Birringer

A journey through Ned Broock's theatrical "Texas Sand.”

18 Wake-up and Smell the Coffee, by Lynn M. Herbert

Six "image oriented" photographic projects effectively call our attention to subjects that deserve our attention.

19 Pure Paris, by Gerald Moorhead

Frank Velch's A Paris Album at the Rice Media Center.

19 Southern Exposure, by Lynn M. Herbert

Life in the South as portrayed by 10 photographers exhibiting during FotoFest: 1990.

20 Take Five, by Lynn M. Herbert

A look at five photographic installations at HCP.

20 Looking Back, by Ed Oowski

Lee Friedlander’s retrospective, organized by the Seattle Art Museum at the Dallas Museum of Art.

22 Video Verbalismitude of Peter Harvey, by Michael G. DeVoll & Jean Caslin

The only video work at the George R. Brown Convention Center.

DEPARTMENTS

21 Books Received

SPOT is a publication of the Houston Center for Photography, a non-profit organization that serves the photographic community as a resource for educational exchange through exhibitions, publications, lectures, workshops, and fellowships.

SPOT is sponsored in part by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, the Texas Commission on the Arts, and the Cultural Arts Council of Houston.
The Lancaster Grille, in the heart of Houston's Theater District. Specialties include grilled Lamb Chops, Texas Venison Paie, and White Chocolate Mousse.

The dishes are innovative, exciting, well executed and fairly priced." — Houston Chronicle, 1989

"Hotel dining rarely gets better than this." — Houston Chronicle, 1989

"...ideal for an oh-so-cosmopolitan pre-theater or after-symphony supper." — Orange County, 1988

Houston's oldest downtown restaurant...

GRAND AWARD
Wine Spectator Magazine

DINING DISTINCTION
AWARD
Travel Holiday Magazine

5-STAR RATING
Fisher Annotated Guide

Charley's 517
REGIONAL AMERICAN CUISINE
517 Louisiana Houston, Texas (713) 224-4438

For Reservations: (713) 228-9502
701 Texas Avenue at Louisiana In Houston's Theater District
There he was with his camera over his shoulder as usual, bathing in the atmosphere of the Benevolent Masonic opening several days into Fotofest.

"Hey," he said, "Seen enough pictures yet?" Enough pictures? What could that mean? "No," I answered, "How could I see enough pictures?"

"Man, I have my brain is just training." "But isn't that what it's supposed to do? Or are you looking for zero wire action in there?"

Why do people always talk about too many photographs? How can there be too many photographs? What does that mean?

Okay, maybe there were too many photographs at Fotofest '90 in the George R. Brown Convention Center in Houston, in February. Maybe 2,600 or 3,200 or 17,000 prints on 200-300 long white walls in one gigantic room. It was too many for your average gallery-goer. I hadn't looked at the records yet, but maybe 1,676 miles of photographs is the wrong way to measure things. But what do you expect from Fred Baldwin, Fotofest's co-founder and full-time volunteer visionary? Everything with him is always history of time, 28 exhibitions in a gigantic new convention center, another 75 or so, and a string of exhibitions in galleries and museums around the city, dozens of lectures, workshops, performances, and guided tours, as well as a book fair and a publishing conference, all held in collaboration with AIPAD. Women in Journalism, and the Professional Photographers Guild of Houston. And at the heart of it. The Meeting Place, physically a big open airy space on the second floor of the George R. Brown Convention Center, spiritually a dream true for dozens of eager photographers who have a chance to share their work to as many as those 263 meeting place reviewers from all the dream places on earth that they can stand in two weeks. Guys like Bruce Gilden, who don't come to Fotofest two years ago and wound up with a string of exhibitions and a bunch of prints right on the spot. Back again in 1990, now a Meiling Prize which he's learned the ropes, he wears the crown, even wins the Book Award at the Publishing Conference. Here you could have an entire center on contacts and deals made at Fotofest every two years. You could have more shows in more exotic places than you ever imagined. You could be an international star, rich and famous, with the Houston Center for Photography
Participents of the Meeting Place

Horst P. Horst and Carolyn Fair at the opening of the Horst P. Horst exhibition at the Galerie Maeght.

worked out to bring our feet back to life, and went right into Henry’s Silverhouse and sailed down a bunch of spring rolls and Singapore noodles and a huge plate of salted-pepper crabs and a cold Chinese beer and I could say that it was good, but we never talked about photography again, for the rest of our days. The end thank God, we’re free.

Free of Fred! Well, now, it’s necessary to talk to Fred. To ask him what’s going on here. Were there too many photographs or not?

Remember dozens of conversations with Fred in the past, intimate explanations of what was going on, of his frustrations, a ten-minute crying session as he walked me to the parking lot and vented his anger at certain institutions whose leaders failed to listen. Vision, I went off with him and turned on my tape recorder and this is what happened, wildly conditioned, of course, and often very out of context, and speeded up a lot to suit my purposes, but this was Analytical Fred for the record.

Going into Brown was a quantum leap. It was a huge, complete on our part but paid off in terms of delivering a master professional festival. I’d say 90 percent of it went exactly as we wanted it, like the convention atmosphere. It’s a miracle that we were able to put 28 exhibitions, a performing arts area, and Fashion and the Berlin Wall in seven days. Where one could have done is there were two volunteers who handled the injection, and particularly that of five Kansas and State Follies who came up with a wonderful system and made it work. And of course it was wonderful that the meeting Place had a lot of natural light for viewing purposes.

We attracted about 25,000 people to George B. Brown, I would say a total of about 75,000 took the whole Fairfield. Towards the end we were doing little informal interviews with people and saw that some people had not seen feet in a museum before. That was a result of the publicity and word of mouth. A lot of those people returned. We had large numbers of people coming that are new crowds for us and for editorial events. During the first weekend, I knew a lot of people in the audience. During the first couple of nights, most probably everyone there was a face I didn’t recognize. Hispanics, Mexicans, whites, lots of other countries. I made videos all the time, and when you look at them you can see that these people were really looking at the photographs. So I think this was an interesting phenomenon.

In some ways, I think you can say that 1960 was the first Fairfield. It’s the first event that’s understandable and located in one place.

The things we didn’t do so well would have been to have seen the interest of Fairfield be some kind of high-quality cafe where people could come at lunchtime and just have a nice time. We were locked into the very low-quality food Brown offered, sort of baseball game stuff. I don’t know what we can do about it. You can’t even bring your own brown bag in there. That was a big miscalculation on our part.

Our sign-up was horrible. It was hard to determine where you were in the exhibition because of high signs and labeling. We connect. Some of the exhibitions were too long, and we can fix that.

Our public relations was very good, but our marketing was miserable. We needed to encourage associations to sponsor evenings at the Fairfield. We also should have planned down town with posters and flyers telling people to come to bush and hear a lecture.

We had no intimate packages coming from other cities and countries. Tourist organizations from England and France and Japan complained that they would have brought tourists in if they’d known about it. We need to work tighter with the visitors and convention people and the Texas Tourism and Development board. We thought we were working a bit with them, but nothing much happened. The city and state lost a lot of revenue at a result, and Fairfield lost a lot of revenue. We learned that a group of British tourists

agents was in Texas during Fairfield and the tourism board told me they had scheduled them for a tour somewhere and they didn’t have time to see Fairfield. Well, I would have had them stay in Houston next time, and that didn’t happen. That kind of impact has tremendous financial cost. It cost everybody a lot of potential possibilities for the future.

Anyway, we need to staff marketing person who is as effective as Mary Margaret Hansen and her colleagues. And it’s not enough to have one and have it immediately on that.

In just eight or so very large numbers that the visitors and convention bureau through some formulas said we had attracted. Those numbers did not weather something the Brown Convention Center, so obviously that formula was wrong. Even so it was very encouraging for a first-time event. I think we could double the numbers in 1992, but still not probably enough to buy for the Convention Center. The long-term back of the Convention Center is that it’s enormously expensive. The total sad fact is that it’s outsourced.

Harold Brown and others have a lot of financial problems in other cities. Apparently there’s nothing anybody can do about it, because it’s set in some kind of administrative board. I don’t think we can do anything but lay on a permanent staff in Big Ballpark devoted to the museum of photography that is going to pay a dollar a year for it. In addition they get $4,000 from the city and another $22,000 from the county every year, because it’s not a major attraction for the city. We get $17,000 from the Arts Council.

Brown has been very grateful for it, the city was in having our signs up, but Houston’s convention bureau is in so much trouble it makes you cry. But we had a lot of money into the city. I think that’s the big problem. In an expendable tourist possibility, it is going to be a revenue generator for the city, and it costs probably not more than $50,000 a year, not even to the city. We get two-thirds of our budget from outside of state. We have attempted to raise $50,000 a year for administrative costs but have been unable to do that. We need money and hope for the future, we have not enough money to spend.

We got a lot of in-kind contributions from corporations, but very little cash. We think this is going to change because of the immense public relations benefit. Houston has a wonderful new convention center, it’s not the world during Fairfield. The word is out from Tokyo to Moscow that this is the major photography center in the world, it’s going to be around, and we’ve gotten very surprising support from small businesses, the Spencer fountain that turned into four for Texas trees in a month, for Fairfield. A lot of contributions were made a safer, but we were so many of them that it became large scale and was a major help.

There’s a kind of spirit of generosity that permeated this Fairfield. This reflected in some cases the feeling that Fairfield is dedicated to giving photograph ner a chance and to encouraging intellectual and culturalism and to work hard at that. That spirit has been caught up by the volunteers and gotten out of a large segment of the community and they work their tails off to help us. Europeans are amazed that we have volunteers and do full-time operation with only five staff people that would normally take as many. The feeling that is the things people want full time as volunteers. I’m a volunteer myself. The disadvantage of it is that we have the reputation for being able to pull it off every time on a shoestring. But you can’t do that permanently. At some point people burn out and they burn out there, then you’re not going to be working for forever. To have this organization satisfy, you have to have a larger staff. You can’t expect volunteers to carry the whole load on their backs.

For about $500,000 more than we spend right now, to cover administration, we can deliver to Houston a million-dollar showing of public relations shows. It’s relatively easy to raise the rest of the money. The festival costs $1.5 million for everything. We probably need a total of 24 million dollars over two years. With that we can hire a curatorial person, a marketing person,
and so on to become a professional organization. We've been so much on our way that we've never evaluated ourselves correctly. Relative to the cost of other organizations that bring in publicity and tourism for Houston, we can do more at a fraction of the cost.

And so forth. Good solid information, much of it true, maybe all of it, but you know, boring. I know that's a terrible thing to say, I get furious every couple of years when the political writers start telling us the election of the moment is boring boring boring and then the day after the election the music critics in the city aren't saying anything about this wonderful event. What they mean by boring, and I think what I mean by it, is that Fred wasn't giving me any dirt, none of the raging in the parking lot. What did I expect? Sure, Dean, let's put that down here and I'll boggle on for half an hour or more and complete it downstairs where you would that be okay? Okay, I didn't really want that, but I wanted some fun from the soil, I wanted, vision, and joy. And just in case I was beginning to despair of getting anything other than this elaborate wrapup, I got it. I think. The Center of Fred.

But we can't just jump right into that, gotta set the stage, change the voice. Well, who cares about these projects? Why are we foregoing our lives from one bright idea to the next, stressed to sickness, craze at all times, unhappy and frustrated—and for what?

Think about Fred four months before FotoFest is supposed to begin, when everybody else goes home at night to rot, and he carries off the knowledge that the money just isn't there and the city won't help and everywhere he goes people commiserate, where's the dough? Half a million dollars to build the Global Village in the convention center and the money is gone. But there it is. Fine. Okay, forget it, do something else. So Fred can round up some cash and go on, but boy he looked terrible for a few months there in the early fall: you had to worry about him. A lot of people say, well, it's his age, this FotoFest is his monument, his big claim to fame. He has to succeed. So when he's on for a tape recorder or a new mark, you hear him talk about how Houston can benefit from all the tourism FotoFest can generate, all the international publicity and so on, but in spite of the fact that that long pitch in his major theme, it's the other theme that drives him, the old stuff. The Movement.

Here's a guy who has loads of photographs he wants to show, but he has limited time in the early days. He was there. His long residence in Crimes County with co-compiler Wendy Warren, photographing the lives of black people there, at nobody's request, and all their other involvement in Good Things, you name it, you name it. Fred Balzano, that Savannah artist who looks like a Southern senator and movies like one too, but he's man who sees through New Southern eyes, and he sees through them, clearly, is One World.

In the beginning, when Fred and Wendy and gallery owner Pete Bonete were forming FotoFest, Fred would draw little pictures of the foreign exhibitions one going to another to other places in America. On a personal level, Wendy and I were always for one Bulgarian and one Czech to get Fulbright scholarships, and they're traveling around the country lecturing and making contacts. One of them went to the University of Missouri and one to the University of Texas. Joe Highbrow, who is the picture editor of a major Bulgarian picture magazine, is anxious to start a journalism school in Sofia. So we arranged for him to look over the programs at the University of Texas at Austin and the University of Missouri. We're actually looking at a three-year program which will be FotoFest, Koklee, and the University of Missouri, doing workshops on this subject to figure out how to help them get their journalism school going.

Fred Baldwin, Mike Matzkin, National Manager of Public Relations, Photography Products Division, Canon USA, Inc., Mayer Kadey Whitmore, and the Honorable Peter Mauer-Osvald, Consul General, Federal Republic of Germany (Lis R.), United States and she's talked to Carole Zimerman about a show at the Museum of Modern Art. Now this kind of connection just you on the world map. FotoFest is so effective in terms of making these connections for photographers that now, if you're exhibited at FotoFest, you're on the world photography map. People come here and find book projects, museum projects, and they sell work here. I've talked to at least ten people who sold work to Robert Glazia or while they were here. In fact, there was one guy from New York who was here working on the album Cloud Cover in our Creative Center and pulled a couple of expenses out of that, put one in this portfolio and Glazia loved them and bought three of them on the spot. What a strange thing, the guy who bought the first photograph ever made and gone to the University of Texas comes along and buys the last seven made, and we want old. In that one act, you have a reference point to the earliest photographs ever made, one of the earliest and greatest collectors of all time, and the latest possible thing that is happening with FotoFest with electronic imaging.

The other thing we're up to is, we're committed to education. We're using photography as a tool to combat literacy problems in the school system, and it's a very successful program and we're already starting to have discussions with other organizations who are similarly involved. We're interested in getting together with the Texas Institute, for example. They're doing similar things with the other area, but they're not using photography. It's a little different. They're doing things in the same way, but what they want as an end product is the same in terms of program, which is better educated kids. So education is not that major these for the future, but there is still a puzzle administratively, whether we establish a separate foundation or what.

The Creative Center is another major project. That involves extramural exhibitions, the domination of the space and new administrative costs. Depending on how excited we can get Apple and Sony and Canon, we can get money from corporations of that size that are interested in extra financial help, in Houston, that would be something that's a real problem. That was a major problem during the first FotoFest, but it's very important to get the public in and then follow up with it. In 1992, we'll have those two mammoth themes, the Americas, and Latin America, because of Columbus coming here 500 years ago. We'll concentrate on Latin America, a celebration of the truth about the influence of the migration from Europe to the Americas. Not a celebration of the event, but a celebration of the truth. The other part of FotoFest will be devoted to the other major markets, countries, because in that year all the barns come down in Europe. We may do a very large Soviet exhibition curated by Wendy and myself. We plan to go to the Soviet Union very soon to start on that. That arose out of typical FotoFest circumstances. Wendy and I are doing a workshop in Czechoslovakia, we will then go to Bulgaria, where we're invited, and we will go on a tour of the Soviet Union with the editor of the Bulgarian photographic magazine, who's a close friend who's been brought over here and who speaks fluent Russian and knows all the Soviet photographers.

Right, and Japan's over here, and Africa's down here, and Houston's right in the middle, and so is Fred. Still crazy after all these years, and why not.

All photographs courtesy of FotoFest.
When people come together for professional conferences, it gives them a chance to meet with colleagues and share ideas. SPOT invited a number of people participating in different aspects of FotoFest to jot down some ideas they had about the medium of photography after spending a few days immersed in the field.

Maybe the dimly lit, black styrofoam hallway with its carved spires made me squirm because I just finished curating an AIDS exhibition project. Maybe the point of the Stonewall riots—sparsely populated with tired, hotdog-eating people—went right over my head. I don’t know. What I do know is: that exhibitions from Italy, Chile and Spain were, for me, the most interesting—that I was glad to participate in publications conference that was useful for its attendees—that I was glad to see friends and colleagues and aca¬lees in bloom—that I was sad to leave, picture-junkie that I am, feeling that I had seen too many photographs that were disengaged from issues that make photography, communication, and our lives so wondrous and interesting.

Mario Heidema
Curator, New York City

Fred Bahn sinus: Mike Matson, National Manager of Public Relations, Photography Products Division, Canon USA, Inc.; Mayor Kathy Wittmier; and the Honorable Peter Maier-Oswald, Consul General, Federal Republic of Germany (Left to Right). Photograph provided by FotoFest

I saw work by more foreign people than last time. I ate crawfish for the first time (not the heads). I met an excited Polish man whose superimposed pictures made Nancy Barson’s and mine look like kindergarten stuff. I didn’t have time (my fault) to see any exhibitions. I saw some remarkable color photographs (by Patricia Schwerer) of corpulent middle-aged women posing (for the most part, nude) in classic styles. It was the first absolutely fresh idea I’ve seen in some time. All in all, it was worth the visit. I almost went to the wrong airport.

Robert Heinecken
Artist, Chicago/Los Angeles

Now that FotoFest ‘90 is gone, I’m haunted by a cry that echoed throughout the Meeting Place. “I didn’t come here to have my work criticized.” Does that mean they came to the Meeting Place only to have their work praised, purchased and published? Is there nothing more to be gained or learned? This attitude may be attributed to FotoFest’s greatest success - the Meeting Place. In an attempt to encourage and support, we may have sacrificed growth, direction and the learning experience. The number of photographers and teachers as reviewers was limited to allow a greater percentage of curators, collectors, critics and publishers. We exchanged the opportunity of self-discovery for the business of being discovered. What is needed to complement this direction is a second space, less structured, more informal. A place where work and ideas are eagerly and generously shared by all.

FotoFest is still in its infancy. We are learning from our mistakes and building on our successes. I can’t wait for FotoFest ’92.

George Krause
Artist, Houston

The overwhelming variety of exhibitions demonstrated that anything goes in photography today. I find this healthy. The lack of rules about what is and what is not photography means that each group of pictures must stand on its own. For me FotoFest was one of the nicest of times. I saw collections of photographs that I had not seen before. I was especially impressed with the work of Cristina Garcia Rodero and Keith Carter. I had a chance to get to know other curators of photography whom I had long admired—curators like Anne Tucker and Colin Westerbeck. I also saw old friends like Buzz Hartsheim and Francis Fralin.

Barbara Northcutt
Artist, Senior Lecturer and Curator, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA.

I was quite surprised by the book dum¬mines and projects that I saw—surprised by the level of commitment to the vari¬ous projects, by the elaborate and very well done presentation of proposals, and by the amount of time and thought that people had put into their projects. Photography publishing is thriving—because there is so much talent and good material to publish—but it is still surprisingly difficult to publish photography books profitably. Thank goodness for nonprofit organizations.

Dana Ashery
Editor of art and photography books at the University of New Mexico Press

After a full immersion in the ocean of photographic exhibitions, lectures and portfolios at FotoFest, I am taken by the insistent homogenization of this growing subset of the art world. All of us, Portuguese, British, French, Bulgarian, German, Japanese, Austrian, Australian, Canadian, Dane, Swede, Finn, Italian,
And - styrofoam should be banished from the planet, immediately, lest the Druid priestesses set a curse upon us.

Ed Hill and Suzanne Bloom are professors of art at the University of Houston. Their work as artists under the name MANUAL and frequently write articles and reviews for SPOT and Artforum.

A couple of Fotofest incidents come to mind: the first had to do with looking at portfolios. I was reviewing a Belgian photographer's work (Michel Pailhotes) and had some difficulty understanding what he was saying about it. It was a group of portraits of factory workers - generally third world and southern Europeans, some nice stuff, but I had no idea what he was saying because his Belgian English and my American French were of about the same quality. We couldn't communicate at all. He looked behind him kind of wistfully and grabbed this Guatemalan photographer who for some reason spoke both French and English fluently. And he translated for us. It was a genuinely nice example of man international moment.

Fotofest seems to be comprised of hundreds of such moments - people talking about and around photographs any way they can.

The best thing about it for me as a teacher is the incredible resource it brings to classes. Seeing actual prints is much more tangible for students than slides or reproductions.

Students get the idea that they could actually make photographs for themselves. I usually notice the effects of Fotofest the following fall. Kids have a chance to think about what they've seen over the summer and often come up with some sort of offshoot that they want to talk about. It's also helpful to me. It's a major evaluation of my work, and a lot of talking and a lot of looking at new work that often sparks new ideas.

It's also a time to review old favorites. I've always been very moved by Josef Koudelka's work, but had never seen more than a few images in a show. Again, books are one thing as a show is another. Seeing these photographs and the way he's printed them pushes me to take out a 35mm camera and black & white film for the first time in quite a while.

And all my Rice students have a great time looking at and talking about George Kraus's show.

Peter Brown
Artist, Assistant Professor, Rice University, Houston

Deborah Garza, Entrance to Fotofest '90 (apron wall)
Perspectives, Real & Imaginary: Czechoslovakian Photography at Fotofest 1990

By John P. Jacob


Where political activity is severely restricted, cultural endeavor takes its place. Vlado Havl? 1990.

The presentation of Czechoslovak photography at Fotofest in the exhibition "Perspectives, Real and Imaginary," was a significant accomplishment. Selected by Fotofest Director Fred Baldwin and Wendy Watriss, with a color catalogue printed in Prague by the Czechoslovak import/export agency Art Centrum, the exhibition was installed in Houston by the artists and was accompanied by a statement of endorsement from Czechoslovak President Vlado Havl?.

Given the recent changes in Central Europe, during the course of which artists have, in certain instances, risen from banishment to leadership, the exhibition must surely be seen by all who participated in its development as an event worthy of celebration.

The scale and immediacy of the events that resulted in the repudiation of the structures of cultural repression in Central Europe at the close of the 1980's distinguished this exhibition from others at Fotofest. Such distinctiveness is heightened by the dramatic shift in perception that is required of viewers, aware, perhaps, for the first time since 1968 of the currency of Czechoslovak imagery. The grim circumstances of the last twenty years, during which these images were made, all but disappeared behind the present historical moment. This era of the past is excoriated by the location of the Fotofest in the massive George R. Brown Convention Center. Still, in the presence of liberation, and in the midst of celebration, one is almost to call the ghosts of history back to life. To recall the past is to essay the meaning of these images in the cultural cemeteries from which they have emerged. To imagine how differently we might have received these images had they come to us in the pre-"velvet revolution" period during which they were both made and selected, but from which their presentation here separates them, is to question the intentions of the exhibition's organizers from the outset of their negotiations, several years ago.

Napoleon for "Perspectives, Real and Imaginary" begins in less pleasant times for Central European culture. It was a time when cultural ministries controlled culture, and administrators, not art historians, decided who and what could be exhibited. For visitors to travel to exhibitions in the West could be obtained only with daily payments of hard currency, or through the combination of a Western institution to purchase "X" number of the artist's works for "Y" number of dollars. Only two years ago the Czechoslovak born art historian Milla Mladek wrote, in accordance with official policy, only Czechoslovak institutions - rather than anyone from abroad - have the authority to determine which artists qualify for art shows abroad. There is no institution, however, willing to provide an interested foreigner with objective assistance. Since 1969, there has been no single art review dealing with contemporary art. There is not one independent art gallery; museums are expected to buy only from officially approved artists. Only occasionally do they manage to include into the bargain art works by other, genuinely creative artists. These art works, if passed by the official committee, have never decorated the walls of Czechoslovak museums. They are exhibited only with the yearly acquisitions and then put into storage. From time to time an artist may succeed in installing an exhibition of his work on a modest scale in a small, remote town, or in the halls or courtyards of some scientific institution in Prague.

Exhibitions which came to the United States from the nations of the Soviet Bloc between the 1960's and the 1980's were presented as emerging from limbo and repression, and as contrasted by Soviet cultural direction. Such rare Western media coverage of cultural phenomena as the fantasy surrounding the "{}Munch event," (Munich, 1982) when Krouchev denounced an exhibition of works by a group of experimental artists, and the "{}Bulldozer Show," (1974) when an open exhibition in Moscow was bulldozed and burned, presented artists working in the Soviet Bloc as fundamentally motivated by political concerns, and as divided by their struggle to either preserve or rejects the "{}old political world."{} The cultural identities of nations vanished behind the political identity of the Bloc.

By the 1970's, Soviet and Eastern European cultural activity had come to be understood in the rigidly simplified terms of "{}official" versus "{} unofficial" artists. Throughout the 1970's, exhibitions of private collections of contemporary artworks from the Soviet Union and the nations of the Bloc perpetrated this simplification, presenting artists satisfied in the struggle against the repressions of the socialists and against the perversion of their cultural heritage. When all else failed, Western institutions could always be assured of getting their share of their donations by offering amusing or anecdotal, self-dramatizing representations of socialist backwoodsms. Such highly charged representations of culture within socialism, while often based in the West, had the additional benefit of assuring viewers of the superiority of the liberal policies of American cultural institutions. Most views of "{}Perspectives, Real and Imaginary" have been subjected to the sort of manipulation that has, for the last twenty years, publicly promoted disdain and fueled dreams of the "{}Czechoslovak Bloc"{} as part of an international effort to undermine the moral of "{}official" artists. In "{}Perspectives, Real and Imaginary," as in such media manipulations of Soviet and Central European experience, viewers were provided with scant information on the basis of which to form meanings. Wall labels, indicating which photographs belonged to which artists, were conspicuously absent during the important first week of Fotofest. The exhibition's wall text and the brief essay in the catalogue that accompanies it refers to artistic movements of the past and to Czechoslovakian and literature of the last "{}several decades," yet the concrete social and political context in which this work is grounded is not mentioned. The selection of specific works by this particular group of artists is, however, explained. Without such information, the photographs presented are interpreted in aesthetic, socio-political and the triumphs of culture (democracy) over anti-culture (communism), as a "{}patriotic division of art," as Pavel Hakel noted in 1984, that is "{}rather dangerous. 4 Although it is true that many artists suffered under the control of the Communist Party in Czechoslovakia and elsewhere in Eastern and Central Europe, and that resistance to the cultural hegemony was forbidden in the visual

"{}Cottage Owners, 1970-1985," is an amusing series of scenes before and after dyprics made over long periods of time. The first photograph in each pair depicts a plan or idea for future development, or a tree being used as a "{}vintage designed on paper."{} The second photograph, often made many years later, reveals the achievement of the goals of the first: the tree full grown or the completed cottage. Of this series Mr. Stecha has said, "{}I once did a show of slices of weekend houses. Now that doesn't sound political, but it was, because I never finished a tree at a time when I couldn't even stay at a hotel in this country."

"{}Cottage Owners" shows the value of nurturing a beloved ideal over a period of time when such values are threatened, using the gesture of the tree and the construction of houses as metaphor for Czechoslovakian culture. Yet in "{}Perspectives, Real and Imaginary," the photographs from the series are presented as single instead of paired images. The dyprics have been broken down, and from the single images have been selected for their "{}decisive moment."{} Thus, not only has the relationship of the project to real time

Top: Zdenek Uncluk, Spartakuze (series), 1985 Below: Viktor Kolar, Dronas, 1974

Pavel Stecha, Cottage Owners, 1970-85

SPOT / WINTER 1991
of artists that developed within and around FAMU supported cultural activities where the Czechoslovak Ministry of Culture was involved. The direct result of this nurturing, artists like Miroslav Šolc and Peter Zupnik, as well as others not represented here, have been able to branch out in new directions, using photography as a single element within larger, conceptual projects. The photographic work of the group of artists represented in Houston is distinctly Czechoslovakian; it may be understood only in terms of the circumstances in which it was created. That these photographs are familiar, formally, that they are rectangular black and white documents, images, guarantees that viewers will appreciate distinct elements in their construction. Devoid of information concerning the social and cultural circumscriptions of their making, however, as we are in "Perspectives, Real and Imaginary," is impossible for viewers to distinguish the relationship of familiar signs to others distinctly foreign. Similarly, incapable, correspondingly, to distinguish the points at which Czechoslovak photography departs from Western modernist and from aesthetic traditions to itself with specifically Czechoslovakian concerns. The blending together of distinct cultures, a sort of equalizing through photography, is reflected throughout Fotofest, and is a direct result of the overall design of the event. Attempting to come up with a creative solution to the oppositions and alignments in center which the Fotofest was housed, the designers devised a group of distinct, linear displays. One enters Fotofest through such a tunnel. Its walls are painted black, and the light penetrates dimly; the light is a tunnel through our own spasm shapes swimming toward the center. At the end of this long, active, malevolent tunnel, we enter the "nucleus" of the Fotofest, a circular resting place with circular tables and walls reminiscent of Sophocles: From this mystical egg sac, numerous hanging balls shoot in every direction, apparently multiplying the creation that was. When the mundane and feminine energies of photographic construction were released.

It was clearly the goal of the designers of Fotofest to bring the numerous exhibitions housed together in a single space as a cultural event rather than as an art fair. Fotofest is indeed an art fair, sponsored by the city of Houston bracketed at either edge by the meeting of the APW/DA/Association of International Photography Art Dealers and the Fotofest Book Fair and International Publishing Conference. Its design, focusing closely upon the microsociological aspects of picture making and viewing, implies that those actions are more than merely promoting and selling. The politics of vision, whether the photographer's and/or the audience’s, was paramount. Context was abandoned. In long, parallel lines against white walls, thousands of semi-constantly mutating and rearranged works crowd tightly to form the event of Fotofest. The prestige of participation in the group was obtained through complete subjection to the rules of individual intention, or meaning.

As a result of the consolidation of its practices, the strength of contemporary Czechoslovak photography is distinguished by the way, by one singularly objective and usedly descriptive stance, by the way, by one singularly objective and usedly descriptive stance.

The histories of the internationals of the series whose photographs are presented in "Perspectives, Real and Imaginary" are left untold. The question "why" although ranking among the best contemporary photojournalists, [Vladimir Koneč] has not been given the opportunity to publish in magazines is never posed. Why is there a photographer who works with the Czechoslovakian government? And there is a photographer who works at the center of the Zdenék Chotík’s series of photographs of mad caved, exiled persons going nowhere. The fact is this is an accident of installation, or an over political statement. What is the meaning of the two Fokák’s series of night photographs of streets and sidewalks devoid of people? Has the artist chosen to work at night, or was his decision based on fact? Why is the in-

Pavel Stočka, Cottage Owners, 1970-75

mous nightly of Prague absent from his pictures?

Jarošova Bárta’s photographs reveal architectural decay layers of brick still standing while decorative plaster deteriorates. Are these photographs simply abstract, or do they represent Prague in an elaborate urban stage constructed for Western tourism, as one Czechoslovak artist described it to us, behind which the drama of Czech history is hidden? Dusan Palka’s street photographs repeatedly show boatsmen walking making embarrassing trouble for sighted pedestrians. Are Palka’s photographs just bad jokes, or are they metaphors for the blind determination of artists and opposition? How, after all, did the "conceptual" work of Miroslav Šolc and Peter Zupnik emerge from the school of Czechoslovakian documentary photography with which it is presented here? Without contextual information viewers are incapable of asking such questions, and without such questions we are incapable of forming any further aesthetic responses to these photographs.

Finally, it is important to question the degree to which the format of this exhibition has served the Gemelstein Collection at the University of Texas in their bid to purchase these works. Negotiations with Czechoslovak cultural authorities took place at a time of severe stress in the Czechoslovakian economy, when the value of the dollar was lower than that of the Czech Koruna. Thus, even contemporary "classics" of Czechoslovak photography, like Jindrich Stroch’s Leaf Street, may be had by collectors for "reasonable" prices. The subsequent exhibition and national tour of these photographs in "Perspectives, Real and Imaginary" has significantly increased the value of the Gemelstein Collection's investment. The goal of the Modernist legacy that accompanies the exhibition, minus the political context from which these photographs have come to us, nullifies the stigma attached to acquiring work by communists that has prevented the Gemelstein Collection and collectors from liking it to recognize from the catalogue of such Western institutions as the Tate. In the context of its presentation at Fotofest, Czechoslovak Photography is not represented as an independent movement of aesthetic resistance emerging from within socialism, but as the product of Western tendencies. Had this exhibition come to us prior to the "Velvet Revolution" this representation might have satisfied any discussion of the circumstances of the last twenty years would have appeared a political gesture, insisting to the Czechoslovak cultural authorities and dangerous for the artists involved. The failure of "Perspectives, Real and Imaginary" is that these photographs have come to form a free Czechoslovakia. Today, for the first time, we may know the truth about these artists and their pictures. We may speak of the special role that culture plays in "Czechoslovakia," of artists who "articulated the will of the people." 11 The Directors of Fotofest have brought nineteen of Czechoslovakia’s finest contemporary photographers to Houston. After we finish celebrating, however, we will find that the life behind their pictures remains unknown.

Footnotes
7. Valerie Smith’s "Asymmetrical Visions, Middle Eastern Art in Western Art Spaces," 1989 for discussion of contemporary artists’ groups working in the West, "Diversity, 8.

Houstone Center for Photography

Jarošova Bárta, Streets, 1979

Danus Palka, Prague (nacht), 1976-78

Pavel Stočka, Cottage Owners, 1970-75
NEXT PLANE TO SPAIN, PLEASE!

By Hans Staartjes

España Oculta. Photographs by Cristina García Rodríguez, George R. Brown Convention Center, Feb. 10- March 10, 1990

Photographs, like powerful experiences, can leave an indelible mark in one's consciousness. It was impossible not to be affected in such a way by Cristina García Rodríguez's images of Spain. Though we know Spain as a great culture with what many consider somewhat barbaric traditions such as bullfighting, few people other than Spaniards themselves could know other peculiarly Spanish rituals and customs. There were more than a few open mouths among those viewing this work.

The show began with images of men and women in strange costumes and robes parading ceremonially through rural roads and small towns, often bearing a crucifix or a candle. These images had a dour medieval quality about them that was beautifully enhanced by the dark, gritty character of the prints. Many of these images were taken in the southern province of Andalusia, a largely poor region (unlike the tourist-ridden coast) historically scorned by Christian and Muslim faiths. Profoundly Catholic, the Andalusians are also known for their revelry. Some of García Rodríguez's most poignant images reveal the juxtaposition of strong religious devotions and drunken abandon. Such an image is one of two robed men, one wearing a painted hood with a pigeon haplessly perched upon it, and the other holding a bottle and glass, clearly well inebriated. In the background stands a man dressed in what looks like a Roman soldier's outfit holding a spear and smoking a cigarette.

This photograph, almost surreal in the absurdity of its situation, is a wonderful encapsulation of a rural Spanish festival.

In her opening statement García Rodríguez tells us: "I have focused my photographic interests on producing a social document about life in Spain through her local festivals, rituals and beliefs, researching our way of being and reality. I chose the festival because of its wealth of symbols and varied content. It represents a duality at several levels: religion, paganism, life-death, natural-supernatural. When celebrating their festivals, people forget their inhibitions, and all the emotions of the human condition converge, tragedies and banalities, laughter and grief, hope, dignity, love of life. I have tried to photograph the mysterious, real and magical soul of Spain with passion, love, humor, tenderness, anger, pain and truth. I have tried to capture the most intense, most expressive moments of certain characters with all the original inner strength. These are simple people who are quite irresistible, and I have devoted myself wholeheartedly to this personal challenge which has given me energy and inspired my understanding."

The festival is an indispensable feature in any culture and reveals in the most intimate and yet public manner the core beliefs and customs of a particular group of people. Not only does the festival represent a release from the humdrum reality of day to day life, it is rooted in a most ancient way to a people's set of beliefs. Participating in the festival gives a feeling of belonging and well being, and a reassurance of a certain order in the world. The annual reaffirmation of the festival reflects the cyclical nature of the world and its seasons. Festivals are celebrations of hope for a produc-
ive agricultural season, and a healthy representation of life, but they are also reminders of death. Unwittingly perhaps, the photograph of the odd man holding a large carved piece of wood around his chest is, in its simplest form, symbolic of the fertility everyone celebrates and hopes for in this festival. Another image of a man jumping over a bed with five babies on it seems a curious and comical ritual of good fortune and health.

But some of Garcia Rodero’s most moving images are probably the images of Death. Sometimes there are ironic reminders of death, such as the photograph of a soldier mock-executing an old peasant who is being held by a joyful man in an outlandish costume. Death, as epitomized in the death of Christ, is a critical aspect of the religious festival, and most of Garcia Rodero’s images are reminders of it, for example the image of an old lady holding a little girl up to kiss the feet of Christ on the crucifix, the picture of a little boy sitting behind a large black casket, or the image of a little dead boy in an open casket on the side of the road with his parents standing beside him. But an unforgettable image was that of a dead boy’s face in a glass case behind a statue of the dead virgin. Death is written on the faces of the elderly, and strangely, frequently on the faces of the children as well. But life and rebirth, as epitomized in the resurrection of Christ, is simultaneously reaffirmed in these pictures, just like the children’s faces glowing through the farrowed adult expressions with their playful beaming smiles.

Garcia Rodero has the knack of revealing life’s complexity with almost deadpan simplicity. Her photographs are not merely anthropological studies of rituals and customs. They reveal human issues that are tied with politics and religion. The image of a bored priest in an open confession, situated in front of a cemetery, listening to a pleading and penitent old lady, had a cynical quality that seemed a ghastly reminder of the Inquisition, and the dominating grip of the Catholic church. Against this grip, a stubborn attachment to certain burial rituals and customs that predote Christianity itself, and survive today, probably to the chagrin of the Catholic church.

The photographs in this show are full of different layers of meaning that is not immediately apparent. The shock value of seeing something that seems bizarre and strange appeals to the voyeuristic at almost all levels of photography. Obviously Garcia Rodero is aware of the popularity of her work due to this. It is possible to see this as a weakness in the subject chosen, but in this case the work shows a deeper integrity. This work was photographed in different regions of the country and on different dates and it probably would have been helpful to have titles and dates under the images. But apart from this, the Ministerio de Cultura of Spain would be happy to have piqued the curiosity of many visitors to this show, and (who knows?) to have attracted some more tourists to Spain.

Hans Staar is a freelance photographer of Dutch nationality residing in Houston.

P. 12 top to bottom, left to right
Cristina Garcia Rodero, El Despediente, Zamora, 1978
(The Dependent)
Cristina Garcia Rodero, Las Petelecias del Alma, Puente Genil, 1976 (Potency of the Soul)
Cristina Garcia Rodero, El Desfile, Alcoy, 1976
(The Parade)
Cristina Garcia Rodero, La Confesión, Baeza, 1980
(The Confession)
Cristina Garcia Rodero, Los Angelitos, Moguer, 1987
(The Litle Angels)

P. 13 Top to bottom
Cristina Garcia Rodero, Caramelo! Un Chocolate con Chispas, Cartagena, 1991
(Wafer! A Chocolate Pastry)
Cristina Garcia Rodero, El Cascabooms, Ore, 1987
By Joseph McGrath

Money Matters: A Critical Look at Bank Architecture


At the heart of Money Matters: A Critical Look at Bank Architecture lies a contradiction which reveals itself in the catalogue. Through the curator, reveals her essay, "Where One Stands And When One Stands There." First, there is the idea that photographs are capable of capturing an "essence" of architecture in that architectural photographs not only picture a building's facade, but also communicate the cultural values which it embodies. Tucker writes, "Compared to less stationary subjects, architecture offers both advantages and disadvantages to the photographer. Time dependent factors of patronage and use—such as light, weather, neglect and entropy—impose an ever-changing appearance, but the architectural presence of each building remains available for contemplation and interpretive efforts to define the essence." Through the methodical efforts of the photographer, Tucker suggests, an essence which transcends the building's actual existence may be revealed. This points directly to the second aspect associated with the implicit point of her essay and the show as a whole. Although the architectural photographer must frequently manage technical considerations such as light, people and obstacles in the building's environment as well as respond to the desires of clients, lenders and contractors, he or she remains fully capable of bringing an original and insightful interpretation to his or her audience. Thus, she writes, "The photographers in this project had to explore their feelings and intuition as a group and as individuals, and to use that knowledge and expertise to create a sense of the buildings in general and specifically about the banks which were assigned to them." Tucker also notes that "Architectural photographers seek to communicate a sense of each institution's cultural significance, its context and structural relevance of its materials and methods." A discerning reception is shaped by her suggestion that "the most talented architectural photographers" attempt to balance these contradictory elements in their work.

There is no doubt that the work in this show, as Tucker notes, falls far short of obfuscation. However, the fact that each photographer's vision is mitigated by the intentions of the show itself is overlooked. It is also worth noting that Tucker's emphasis on the personal expressiveness of the work only blurs the intention of the exhibition which has been built around the work and the photographer's own expression. For example, the Form and Mechanic's Bank with the Second Bank of the United States does James Iacino's photographs suggest "the commercial value of having one's own place on Banker's Row" and "the additional value of distinctive appearance." Or has a skillful response to a photographic subject been seen to substantiate a particular history of bank architecture?

In his 1979 book, Architecture and Interpretation, Robert Venturi explores the variable nature of meaning assigned to architectural form. Bonta suggests that a building's meaning continues to vary depending on the "expressive system" within which it is set by a particular interpretation. Bonta writes, "Interpretations move freely through the building system or another, and even to shifts allegorical from one to another. The expressive system is selective and restrictive. Each system imposes a certain view of architectural reality, endowing the building with different connotations or meanings, and precluding at least obscuring others." Moreover, alternative interpretations may mark buildings with dramatically opposite meanings. David Titus's photographs of Arthur Erickson's 1971 addition to the 1938 Bank of Canada in Ottawa are accompanied this year by an essay by Vancouver architect Arthur Erickson. Designed a modern addition that preserved the integrity of the original building by embedding it with a massive glass structure. The light allowed to front for—while being swallowed up by—a style associated almost exclusively with commerce. It's as if a large corporate headquarters building had taken on the original Bank of Canada as a facade. 7 For Sekula, the complex embodies a kind of Canadian economic myth which is "adapted" to the "Canadian bourgeoisie." On the one hand, the building testifies a nationalistic tale of natural resources in the source of Canadian wealth (evidenced by the environment of the addition's public lobby). On the other, the building promises Canada's membership in the invisible, but powerful, global network of international trade. The "welcoming public space" of the garden lobby is welcoming in Sekula's view strictly within the confines set by the bank's security system. The lobby is thoroughly duplicated in its distortion of the user from the effective operations of the bank. In discussing the shaping of "expressive systems" by various interpretations, Bonta notes the discriminatory selection of photographs to illustrate their own observations and diminish others. Sekula's cautionary attempts to destroy the aura of the lobby with the glazed curtain wall likewise has its drawbacks. The building and capture workmen descending through hidden access hatches in the lobby floor suggesting the actual artifice of this "natural" environment. Such occurrences are, of course, being fundamentally rhetorical is not surprising. Sekula writes, "It is not but it is all not difficult to find rhetorical aspects in the most expected act, and it may just be one of the main offices of Art less to represent the world than to represent it in such a way as to cause us to view it with a certain attitude and with a special vision. 9 Thus, under the sign of an interpretative to advanced architectural skills the word's interpreter can bring to bear, a bank, much less a photograph of a bank, can come to mean different things. At the risk of having overstated the case, the work of writers such as Bonta and Danzo as well as the numerous discussion of photographs that are not even in the show has been committed to help raise issues which are not without significance for this exhibit. In contrast to Tucker's suggestion that, "...each building remains available for contemplation and interpretive effort to capture its essence," the notion that a building contains no singular essence which is captured by an interpretation. Rather, a building's "essence" is situated by the interpretive act itself. For Sekula, the essence of the Bank of Canada at Ottawa is duplicity—a quality which can be traced through the building. From her description of the bank as bringing, ... a new form, sophisticated yet to Canadian Bank Architecture, without sacrifice of early morning. The building is placed judiciously as the focus of the composition with intersecting streets vanishing away from it in two-point perspective. The morning hour provides the warm, photogenic light frequently used by architectural photographers and imparts wide, quiet streets which remain the viewer of the bank's small town location. Other than depicting the bank as the most flattening and informative way possible, the photographer suggests little about Jensen's attitude about the bank. Such an approach is certainly not limited to Jensen's work. In repeated examples, such as the photographs of Robert Coutaf and James Iacino, the work is limited to the lip and pictureescence presenting the buildings and their ornamental details.

However, the show is without some notable exceptions. Although her photographs of various banks lack the full force of her own study of classrooms exhibited at the Museum a few years ago, Catherine Wagner's distinctive style clearly stands out. Wagner has a singularly subtle (and with a small amount of wit) to photograph buildings in such a way that one is struck by them simply as objects. In a sense, it is as if the photograph is not "of a building" at all as it tests the limits of the visual signals which tell us that a photograph is "architectural."
Wagner's photograph of Minoru Yamasaki's Reiter Bank Tower in Seattle captures the entirely alien quality of the building as it looms over the city. Likewise, her "View of the Roof Garden" of the Bank of California in San Francisco transforms the bank into an over-scaled, decorated pedestal on which the garden sits, cleverly underlining the impene-
trable mass of the bank.

One of the most interesting aspects of the show is the fact that the photographers were asked to include written remarks about their subjects with their work. Although selections have been included in Tucker's essay, they were unfortunately excluded from the more accessible installation of the work itself. She writes, for instance, that David Miller's comments, "reflect a certain dislike for banks' appearance and what they regard as authori-
tary pretense." She concludes, "It therefore
wasn't surprising that his photograph of the rear office in the Bank of British Columbia has the aura of a school principal's office." Miller's photographs is noteworthy because it not the building but the person behind it, "the administrative man," who is seen "with a special view." It is affective because it presents a bank as an object rather than merely the building in which it is located.

It is easy to overlook Edward Burtynsky's witty testament to this distinction in his pho-
tographs of the Bank of Commerce. Burtynsky's photograph of the banking hall ceiling serves as the colorful counting image on the exhibition poster and catalogue cover. It is fitting perhaps to imagine repli-
cing it with a second photograph from the same building of the banker's own office in which a bank functionary peers out at the viewer from his cage-like office. In seeing those photographs side by side, Burtynsky seems struck by the permeable boundary where the dignified may become the staid and the impersonal.

Nevertheless, a decidedly conventional air pervades the show not only because of the predominance of photographs made through well established approaches for shooting architecture. It is also spoiled by the task to which the photographs have been set within the exhibit itself. The photographs serve to illus-
trate a series of essays which contain formal and stylistic distinctions with analysis of the changing features of banking institute-
s. As the titles imply, the bank's building architecture changes. The architect seeks to project his client's image of that role by using architecture as a kind of expressive language. Thus, in describing the use of the green in the 1930s, one notes the "area is
in order to succeed, American banks had to convey public's unfamiliar and widely disinherited images were sound. To that end, they had their architectural design impress buildings that suggested stability."12

The fact that such a conception of architec-
ture has both specific historical origins and critical ramifications for architecture is over-
looked in the exhibition and catalogue. Emerging during the French Revolution in the experimental work of architects such as LeDoux and Poulline, an architecture fashioned advanced the expressiveness of architecture through the formulation of a linguistic relation-
ship between form and function. In one design for a wheelwright's shop, LeDoux pro-
posed a rudimentary wheel-shaped facade. Although LeDoux's forms are highly abstracted
and more radical, the understanding that this architectural term represents a building's func-
tion still underlies the rhetorical transposition of the ancient Greek temple form to
house an eighteenth century American bank. In taking this understanding for granted, Wagner fails to explore the nature within a larger context which might have illuminated the way in which American architecture dis-
tinguishes the symbolic from the aesthetic, and the relationship between architecture and language.

Footnotes
5. Juan Pablo Ronza, Architecture and its Im-
plementation (London: Lund Humphries Publishers Ltd.), p. 121.
6. exhibition notes
8. Ronza, p. 103.
12. exhibition notes
15. Wagner, p. 199.

Joseph McGurl is an intern architect and writer working in Houston.
GRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHY

Photography within the conceptual art tradition was not much in evidence at Fotofest, perhaps because such photography suggests photography’s mingling about itself—its anxiety, its self-doubt. Documentary photography, self-assured and self-sufficient, was most prevalent in the extravaganzas, part-performance in the center of the medium’s perceived strength, the power to inform. Also prevalent were photographs with traditional art intentions—the snaps of captured or fabricated images—futuristic, amusing, loaded with implications, depending heavily on their forthcoming relation to literal, visual truth. The conceptual photography which attended FotoFest, by contrast, was neither amusing nor informative, but subversive, self-conscious, unsupervised, and minimal. Moreover, it seemed dated, a decade or two decades out of date—a phenomenon of the past. Is all self-consciousness and subversive similarity dated?

Richard Baran’s photographs at DiverseWorks recalled the quintessential conceptual art of the sixties and seventies. Conceptual art discovered the anguish of a world’s idea—its execution. The conceptual artist carried the craft of artmaking anyplace to proclaim the document’s idea—workshop was de-emphasized. The concept of the work was that kept as the work’s essence the concept ruled the art. Additionally, conceptual art concerned itself with the medium in which it worked—conceptual art revealed as visually as possible the conventional nature of art-making, and the operation of art upon the viewer. Conceptual art aspired to

Kippenberger’s photograph the face of a man confronting the viewer, his face shaded with blocks of color: a blue shade over one eye and a red spiral from the other. Superimposed text states: “We all have problems with the Guggenheim because we are not interested.”

These works with mock seriousness ask questions of art politics, rhetorical questions. The short texts take photography so seriously that expectations of it are equivalent to expectations of religious salvation. In the dungeon of morbidity, who is waiting to be saved? All persons whom any society has castigated. If so, can women photographers be expected to save them? And is it realistic to expect photography to alleviate what is unallowable? Relating to the sculpture is the medium of photography capable of isolation and definition, or is it rather an amorphous existence, not subject to description? Wulf Dahn remotes the African cult masks and tribal religious objects incanted behind glass museum showcases. Photographs reflect patterns of carved skulls and armor heads esquisize the space behind the glass barrier—an effect, a resurrection, seeing its life by photography.

Kippenberger, at least with respect to the magical expectations of spectators—how does this accomplish the medium’s purpose? The photographs, such as “Scrapule” (1956) and “Kink” (1984) present the unstatedness of shrouded chemicals on the print surface, seemingly submerged with blood, shadowing the life of the medium for the foreign while alluding to mystical processes.

The collaborations of Peter Fischli and David Weisz are photographic assemblages of objects, parts of a series titled “Quicksilver Afternoon” (1984)/5. In “Die Mechanische Inselpumpe” the sculpture is translated as “mushroom transformation,” five high-beamed ladies link together in heels to form a circle, with these words identifying the respective shoes: Pink, Love, Pink, Hate, and Division. In the same series, “The Danger of the Non-Urban” refers to an arc above a cement warehouse floor: a metal pole (labeled “habitats”), a stretched cloth rag (“pact”); a wooden cylinder (“dust”), scissors “rubber gloves stretched to teach in opposite directions (“vermin, curiosity”), and an old horticultural (“malachite”). Together with room in Dada, these constructions suggest a bleak, abstract use of metaphor, and other affinities with conceptual art. The components of the works are illusory interiors, and formal qualities and fine foods are avoided in the photographs; they are ironic, minimal, and self-consciously constructed. The equilibrium of the suspended objects is impalpable, and the illusion of the words with the objects tempers this. Yet, the work can be dismissed outright. When the clutter is swept away, or wiped off the table, the work is empty. Ceramics, remains, understood, critical, illustrative.

David Portz is a writer living in Houston.
THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES
By Lynn M. Herbert


Sometimes photographs can be so powerful—and this is one of those times. Drum is a South African magazine that was founded in 1951. Soon thereafter the magazine began to focus on the concerns of the growing black urban population. Anthony Sampson was the editor from 1951-1954 and helped organize this exhibit. In an opening statement, he explains, "The townships of the "fifties, of its writers, photographers and editors, to be able to record and reflect this vibrating world before it was overshadowed by a much harder condition." "Vibrating" is an undertaking.

In this thoughtfully laid out exhibition, we are shown the photographs that gave us an overwhelming sense of the people who have played in the lives of black South Africans. Celebrity singers and successful non-celebrities, residents and non-residents, informal groups gathered around a piano, church service—a variety of ways in which music entered into everyday life were illustrated. Each photograph was accompanied by its original caption at a time of publication to further enrich the viewer's understanding.

Heading into the next room on that upper level, you were greeted by a photograph of a happy bride and groom sipping drinks through straws out of soda bottle. It was easy to share in their happiness until you read the title and caption: "Photobooth: They're drinking away... They haven't got a license to drink, so they hide their braidy in cooldrink bottles." This photograph was followed by a portrait of a gold miner taking a smoke break, the forced removal of residents of Sophiatown which was to be torn down and replaced by a white suburb, and a subsequent protest march. This photograph was one of many of unusual events, such as a Yog carriage for 45 minutes, and portraits which included natural scenes such as "Bob Gosani, Exceptional Photographer." The next room focused on boxing and included Bob Gosani’s new fame as "Mr. Punch." Nelson Mandela shadow-boxing with Gerry Moloi, a boxing champion. Other champions were portrayed as Benny Singh, an Indian boxing promoter dubbed "The Father of Boxing in South Africa." Portraits of political leaders at work included Nelson Mandela, Oliver Tambo, Josia Madanayi and Helen Joseph. Amidst these portraits were photographs of paddl-wagon driving through the streets documenting street life in the sixties. In 1966, the day the South African police picked up 156 political leaders throughout the country and changed them with high treason. So often in this exhibit, the captions made already powerful photographs wrenching. Ranjit Kalik’s photograph "Taste Court - Zululand, May 1956" shows a white magistrate sitting behind a table, a black prisoner in front of him, and a crowd of black men sitting to the side of the floor. The caption reads: "The magistrate raises his eyes above the documents and changes them into gnarled eyes of all who watch him. His blue eyes are keen, the hearts pound like the bass of a boogie-wood." Bob Gosani’s "Watching the Dead - Newcastle, May 1958" shows a young woman and her child seated outside next to an open coffin. The caption reads: "There was urine pools and sttod all over the courtyard. The halls told the murky story of degenerate backdoor lives. Giant-sized cockroaches glided merits up and down the coffin as if nothing had happened. There was nothing else, except death." Issues concerning women were addressed by photographs in the last rooms, the home life. And because of new jobs the Modern Miss has her red painted nails onto more money than she has seen before. At this first taste her gaudy and beaded necklaces. She now talks about those unheard of things, invention, feminine rights and more tales.

As LIFE magazine in the United States, Drum portrayed the changing life of the 1960s to the American audience.
DESSERT-SHAPES
By Johannes Biringer
Staged simultaneously with, but independently from, the 1990 Houston Fringe, Ned Bonick's Texas Sand exhibition created a somewhat amoral and very provocative occasion to view photographic theatrics in a theatrical setting that provided comparisons to film and filmic narrative. Although photography and film have a long and entangled history since the beginnings of the kinetoscope-photograph and the motion picture in the 1890's (Lumière etc., earlier still, the cinematographic studies of the human-body-in-motion in Muybridge's sequential photographs, Bonick's exhibition claims the status of "the world's first photo-film." Despite this claim, and Bonick's mundane comments on the distinction he wants to explore between film ("the director presents a rapid series of individual still photographs to a seated audience") and his own work ("Texas Sand presents a series of still photographs to a moving audience"), the exhibition remains a traditional show that could be viewed like any other show that is hung on walls. The challenge lies in the use of display which effectively draws our viewing through theatrical design (lighting) and the musical score that enfolds and constructs a narrative experience of the images over time. The play of entwining via light focus, picture framing and collapsing devices, and musical texture and rhythm, generates the truly unique quality of the work: the viewing of Texas Sand turns into an imaginary journey, a montage-like experience in a time-landscape that is both abstract and specific and realistic. The illusion of having searched a filmed space is created through the interplay of light and sound, and since all the images are similar (taken from a desert in West Texas), the cumulative process of viewing them in sequence becomes a particular kind of film production. Although the structure and dimension of this production are inscribed, the identification of meanings remains subjective and, ultimately, depends on how the sand shapes, as narrative images, are read by a femaladite viewer. I will briefly describe my journey past the 116 black-and-white photographs that are hung (some are placed at floor level) on the walls and partitions of the gallery, creating a meandering movement that starts in the dark and ends in the last of several black-outs. There are 54 high-powered instruments variously spotlighting the particular frame I am meant to see. Paul England's music (which includes an organ) develops an ephemeral, wind-like landscape that is gradually altered into more subdued, percussive textures and rhythmic colors (i.e., two jazz piano improvisations). England's synthesizer and piano composition incorporates voices by Isabelle, a sax player, by Max Dyer, and bass clarinet by Richard Hamond and Drumaker). The journey is an intimate one, since Bonick only allows small groups of 4 to 5 to embark on it at a time.
Throughout the 23 minutes of the staging, I am viscerally conscious of my five senses of our relationship in space and towards the images. Perhaps it is this physical awareness of my body which makes me begin to project a kinetic and sculptural dimension into the contours of the desert.
All the desert landscapes Bonick has photographed is pristine, monotonously undulating spaces, one gently dipping and then rising again, with no interruption in the eternal and abstract surface except an occasional dot of brushwood or some craggy driftwood. Bonick presents them in increasingly complex variations, some of them cropped, altered in scale, rotated, and presented in mirror configurations, tilted up right or set astride. A seismic shifting of lines and curves, the "scener" from the desert begin to become anthropomorphic, to read as biological shapes and forms, outlines of a woman's body, breasts, bluffs, vales, peaks of the sand. To the central idea of the environment, a "figure" of the landscape is accentuated at one point by the soft female voice we hear over a throbbing cell on the soundtrack. But this beckoning voice, part of England's musical composition which in itself creates a spatial dialogue between the anthropomorphic expanses and unfallen yarning, cannot be totally separated from the metaphoric deserts (Desert/Nature/Female Body) that are set in motion during this journey which ends in front of a frame with an empty, white sheet of paper. Although the personification of nature as female and a sexualized body is tempting, the echo of the tetricalic tone of female Nature is tonally contradicted by other cultural meanings encoded by Bonick's cropped and altered desert shapes. The sense of the masculinized, animal, bare and sublime landscape is equally present, informed by the ideology of the Western movie and a mesmeric metaphysics that projects its narratives of heroism, silence, and death into the vast blankness of the desert.
My journey is inconclusive. Since Bonick's desert shapes are so still and yet remain so charged by England's fluid, poetic music, I experience a constant desire for interpretation, for control. I come to the exotic and spiritual image associations produced by the unconscious. The more I want to make something visible, the more I am aware of the "movement" of the exhibition, the more I understand that the Texas Sand is wholly imaginary, and the sand dunes are as indifferent to my actions as the printed text on the paper that at the end which mocks the transcendental or material value, the subject of this project. It is a project, that one would want to write about because it reaches the body of receiving, but it need not reflect except, perhaps, the unfillable nature of human desire for completion.

JOHANNES BIRINGER IS A THEORETICIAN AND VIDEO ARTIST. HIS DOCUMENTARY FILM, MEMORIES OF A REVOLUTION, PREMIERED AT THE ROYAL MEDIA CENTER IN MARCH.

WAKE UP AND SMELL THE COFFEE
By Lynn Herbert
By bringing together six "issue-oriented" photographic projects for this exhibition, A.D. Coleman draws attention to the variety of visions and views of the photographic as a social art form, as well as the variety of ways they have chosen to convey their messages about social issues.
Linda Tool's T/L AIDS DIARY deals with the AIDS epidemic through time-codes and the stigmas attached to it. Her diaristic collages combine photographs with personal items, such as letters, begun by focusing on tuberculoses, drawing on her own family's battle with it. Seeing many parallel problems with AIDS, Tool created an intimate diary and a series of images, drawings being a way of expressing the fears and the issues attached to it.
In Granddads of Corn, Morrie Anderson, one of the group of photographers who will be permanently stamp in our minds the "famous" photographer from the American Southwest, Anderson focused his personal work on the photographers of Guatemalan women and girls that were working for sugar, cotton and tobacco, deep to see that they are people like you and me, deep enough to see that the agricultural system is not treating them humanely.
In Granddads of Corn, Morrie Anderson and Jonathan Corliss photo the group of photographers that are permanently stamp in our minds the "famous" photographer from the American Southwest, Anderson focused his personal work on the photographers of Guatemalan women and girls that were working for sugar, cotton and tobacco, deep to see that they are people like you and me, deep enough to see that the agricultural system is not treating them humanely.
18
SPOT / WINTER 1991
SOUTHERN EXPOSURE
By Lynn M. Herrold

It was interesting to see during Fotofest, 1990, several unrelated galleries exhibited photographs that depict life in the South. The subject has always been intriguing and we all seem to share our share of cabin dwellings in the South. Fortunately, each of the 10 artists exhibiting work on this subject at Fotofest chose to dig deep into their subject. In their photographs, they have captured a sense of people, place and time peculiar to the South.

The larger group multiple color portraits of elderly cowboys in Nancy O'Connor's "Echoes" series (Moody Gallery) may at first lead you to think that this is a superficial look at the subject. But when you sit down in front of one of her pieces, you hear the recorded voice of the man portrayed, talking informally about being a cowboy. Her subjects are telling you about how hard they worked, about how traditional cowboys are different, about how they could talk to cows and how cows understood them, and about the dreams they have at night. As you listen, you realize that you are being given a glimpse of a dying way of life, and you notice the meticulous craftsmanship framing the photographs and housing the tape recorders. As you experience each work, it takes on the solemnity of a shrine.

Words also play a role in Patty Craven's "Demented Book Gallery" portraits of some of the inhabitants of Colorado County in Central Texas. While O'Connor grew up with her subjects, Craven's has made a point to meet new neighbors. Her black and white portraits of people in and around their homes are accompanied by short texts that Craven has composed about her relationship with these people. Once again, words make a memorable contribution to the whole.

Craven's photographs have always had an otherworldly and introspective feel of calm to them, whether they be images of a cow, a dog, a foot, or a window sill. With this series of direct portraits and the eloquent texts that read almost like a private journal, Craven allows viewers to share in her not always easy task of making new friends, getting to know them, and painting their confidence and photographing them.

Native Houstonian Ferne Koch found herself in Daleville, Alabama when her husband was stationed there during the Korean War. Her photographs of the inhabitants of Daleville (Jack Meier Gallery) from that time reveal the daily rhythm of an era past. Her portraits of children are particularly memorable. In her "Free Read" series, we learn that children were expected to know. And sometimes orderly to tell us how important the Free Read and the fantasy world of the librarians were to them during those years.

Earl Hudnall Jr. and Debbie Fleming Caffery were both pupils (Benreiter Morgan Galletto) as they both photograph people in a way that transcends the individual. In Hudnall's photographs of people, it's the details that tell us more about the world they live in. He found himself in the black and white photographs of elderly man's shirt contrasting with the gentle wrinkles on his hands, the bread broad a mother holding her sleeping child or the simple yet noble profile of a young boy. Caffery, on the other hand, does us to detail. Her photographs of the sugar cane industry in Louisiana are dark and dominated by a smoky atmosphere. The people in them become imposters all of the place, a mystical world, and her images invite us to see their imaginations.

Keith Carter is also interested in the mysterious aspect of the South, but he confines it more directly. Carter's photographs

Top to bottom above:
Herman Levy Emmet, from Fruit Tramps, 1989
Linda Trouiller, from J-HOOS Diary, 1985
Frank Welch, Untitled
East Texas (McMurray Gallery) bring you face to face with an unusual world of killer frogs, pigs blooding across a backdrop of angels, someone dressed as a rabbit standing in the woods, a girl in her underwear holding a dead bird, a man standing on stilts in front of a wild array of whirligigs, and tomato plants growing in cans. Even the more mundane subjects strike on an air of mystery in Carter's richly tonal photographs.

Back in the city, Benny Joseph's photographs of life in Houston from the 1970's onwards (African-American Heritage Museum) tell of a vibrant black community. B.B. King, the O.J at KCOI Radio and their mobile studio dashing downtown, Mahalia Jackson, parades in downtown Houston, Martin Luther King Jr., tom-tick hops, NAACP meetings, Thunders Marshall, Joseph's home covered in snow, a kindergarten graduation, a car wreck, a debatle ball, and a deceased baby lying peacefully in his coffin. Joseph's broad portrait of the community is uncontrived and refreshing in its direct appreciation of the events depicted.

Clint Wibberley curated a group exhibition (University of Houston-Clear Lake) titled "Three Generations of Photographers: The South, 1930-1990." The work ranged from the more emotionally charged photographs of Marion Post Wolcott (who photographed the rural depression in the South in the '30s and '40s) and Fred Baldwin (who followed the civil rights movement in the '60s) to the more subtle investigations into a Southern state of mind by Koch, Cartier and imgac (mentioned previously) and Jimi Lemos. Ives has dedicated himself to documenting life in the Mississippi Delta and in his photographs you feel like you're getting such an open and honest view into people's lives that it's hard to imagine that there was a man with a camera standing in front of them. The South is unusual, exotic, rich, mysterious, gentle...the list you could go on and on. Each of these photographs seems to have found its or her own particular way to tap into that energy.

TAKING

By Lynn M. Herbert

3x3 Three Dimensions: Installations by Five Artists, with work by Gillian Brown, RobertFlynt, David Joyce, Susan van Chimich, and Snyder MacNeil. Houston Center for Photography, Feb 16 - April 1, 1990.

Installation work offers an artist the chance to really envelop a viewer both physically and mentally in a way that a two-dimensional work cannot.

The five artists in this exhibit each went about it in a different way.

Visitor to the gallery were first greeted by David Joyce's flying figures (cut-out photographs of ordinary people suspended as if in flight) swooping down against a sky-blue backdrop displayed in the front windows. Joyce's better known for his earthbound cut-out figures, such as the life-size man reading the paper, who was placed in the back of the gallery and startled viewers even though he's painted in black & white. Finding that he frequently dreamed of flying, Joyce let his models "take flight" and has permanently installed 156 of them in "Flight Patterns," a 235-foot mural at the Eugene, Oregon, Airport. At HCP, one tended to want to see the figures flying more feebly, rather than isolated against the front windows with very little depth in which to maneuver.

Robert Flaynt's installation was more cerebral and two-dimensional even though his images and objects were carefully scattered all over the walls allotted him. His piece included underwater photographs of men swimming, anatomical drawings, maps, Greek sculpture, wrapping paper, and bits of Plexiglas.

As a physical and mental challenge, W. Snyder MacNeil's Nuclear Portrait was the most successful. Viewers entered a dark room to look only by two video monitors, one facing a bed, the other facing a sofa. The monitors offered enough light to enable you to take a seat, and off you went into the world of black & white film confronting you with dysthymia, an actual childhood, a frog swimming in a bathtub, telephones ringing, someone sneezing, a baby breastfeeding, a child playing with a Diddy rain coming down on trees in the darkness as a car drives away, alarms clocks going off, a child fingerpainting with red paint, a pregnant stomach looking like a sunrise...At this point your eyes have adjusted to the darkness and you see a 6"x6" image of Man suspended in the corner of the room in front of you looking very much like that pregnant stomach you just saw. The tape with all of its allusions to the rhythms of our lives comes back on. You begin to question why you are on the sofa instead of the bed, or vice versa. And once you've taken it all in, you stand to leave this seductive world, and are confronted by a mirror reflecting you and Man, cleverly reminding you that you're a part of this world MacNeil is presenting.

Installation work allows artists the chance to step outside their work a bit and tackle challenging new parameters. We don't see it as often as we would like because, quite frankly, it's costly in terms of time and money and for artists and galleries alike. Thanks should go to all parties involved with 3x3 for making it happen and for offering viewers a wealth of things to ponder.

Top: Nancy O'Conner, J. Lott, 1519 Center: Gillian Brown, Proportion, Installation
Left: Patsy O'wens, Untitled
Right: David Joyce, Siting Man, Photomontage

LOOKING BACK

By Ed Osowski

Like a One-Eye Cat: Photographs 1956-1987 is an exhibition of photography by Lee Friedlander organized by the Seattle Art Museum that was at the Dallas Museum of Art, December 1989-January 1990. The accompanying catalogue was published by Harry N. Abrams, New York, 1989.

To paraphrase Harold Bloom, influence works in a number of ways. It can be a synchronic force, exerting a power so strong that the artist who struggles to learn from it never escapes its influence. Or, when an artist with great creativity and independence is the victim of the influence of a predecessor, the successor learns, uses the influence of the past to sharpen and focus a new way of seeing, and deliberately casts the power of the old into new shapes and new directions.

"Like a One-Eye Cat," a retrospective look at the career of Lee Friedlander, gathered 154 photographs that survey his work from 1956 to 1987. In his short, but insightful essay, "Lee Friedlander: A Precious Gift for the Bavarian," the Seattle Art Museum's curator of photography, Red Simmons, who organized the exhibition, introduced these photographers from whom Friedlander learned: Walker Evans, Robert Frank, and呼叫Shah. Past, with all the true artists, Friedlander has drawn on from him, understood and appropriated his angles of vision, and created his own distinct, humane approach to photographing the social landscape. What emerges, as Simmons puts it, is Friedlander's "surprising ways of seeing."2

In 1956, Friedlander moved from Los Angeles, where he had studied briefly after high school in Washington, to New York City where he quickly began to earn a living as a free-lance photographer. His commercial work included assignments for the magazines Sports Illustrated, Look, Life, and Holiday. Marvin Marlin, the influential art director of Harper's Bazaar, knew Friedlander and encouraged him to continue his interest in photographing street musicians. Columbia, RCA, and Atlantic Records, for which Israel Czaczkes was president of Friedlander's photographs to use as album covers.

In 1962, mention rapidly followed. Friedlander. In 1963, he received a fellowship from the Eastern State. Then John Storckwizer, curator at the Museum of Modern Art, showed him in 1964 (in the influential "New Documents" exhibition which included Warhol, Rauschenberg and Diane Arbus) and again in 1967. One-man exhibitions followed the MOMA in 1972 and 1974. To date, eleven books devoted solely to his photographs have been published.

Friedlander is also a master of the lettered body of work. (The exhibition and
Lee Friedlander, Nil敕, New York, 1870

book’s title comes from Joe Turner’s 1956 song, “Climb Ev’ry Mountain,” and it is difficult to separate the world of photography from all the other world we inhabit. The world of photography is not only a place where we can retreat from the demands of the everyday, but it is also a world where we can imagine ourselves as artists and creators. The world of photography is a world where we can explore the possibilities of the human experience, and where we can imagine ourselves in new and different ways. In this way, the world of photography is a world where we can imagine ourselves as artists and creators, and where we can explore the possibilities of the human experience.

Lee Friedlander, Woodman, Wisconsin, 1974

realistically it represents. "Woodmen, Wisconsin, 1974" is a photograph of youth, beauty, calmness, and endlessness. That such qualities may be elusive, at best, qualities we find only rarely, does nothing to undercut the photographer’s appeal to our imagination and our sentiments.

Lee Friedlander, photographing a crowd in front of the church in Woodman, Wisconsin, 1974

Footnotes
5. Friedlander, p.115.
6. Ed Eickholt is a librarian with the Houston Public Library System. His frequent contributor to SPOT, he also writes for the Houston Post.

BOOKS RECEIVED


Errett, James, ed. Daido: Decades: Twentieth-Century American Photography from the Collection of the Center for Creative Photography

5. Friedlander, p.115.
6. Ed Eickholt is a librarian with the Houston Public Library System. His frequent contributor to SPOT, he also writes for the Houston Post.

BOOKS RECEIVED


Errett, James, ed. Daido: Decades: Twentieth-Century American Photography from the Collection of the Center for Creative Photography


1991 Preview Party & Print Auction

at Majestic Metro Theatre
911 Preston, Houston
on Wednesday, March 20
Live Auction
7:00 to 9:00PM

Hors d'oeuvres and music

$10.00 Admission Fee
$5.00 to HCP Members and students

Auction Catalog available from HCP. Absentee bids will be accepted by mail or telephone until 5pm on Tuesday, March 19. HCP Fax: 713-529-9248
AXIOM N.O 2

Never compromise your ideals.