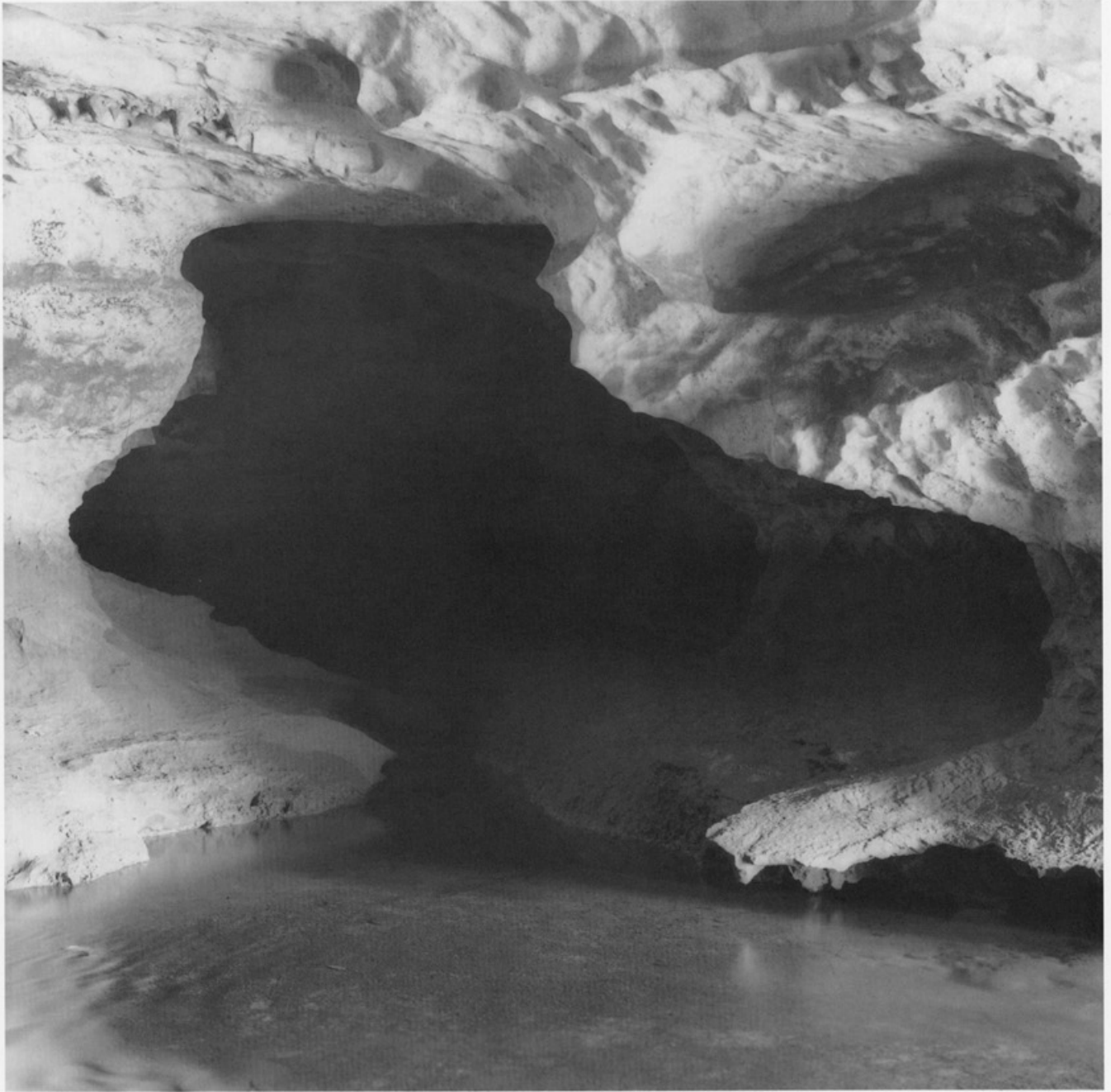


# SPOT

HOUSTON CENTER FOR PHOTOGRAPHY • FALL 2000/WINTER 2001 • 55



Sally Gall

LOIS CONNER • DAVID FOKOS • SALLY GALL

LUIS GONZÁLEZ PALMA • DAIDO MORIYAMA

SIMON NORFOLK • RICK WILLIAMS

EL PASO MUSEUM OF ART

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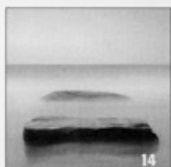
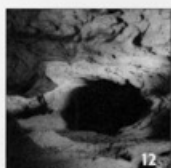
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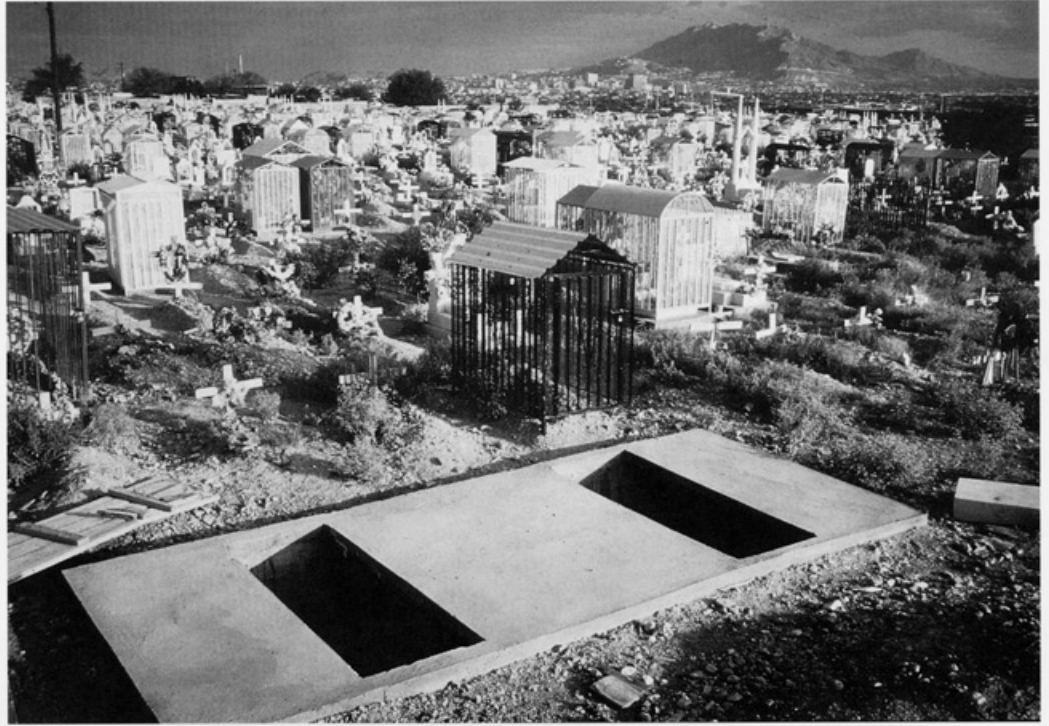
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Cibachrome print  
Original in color

# Between Two Worlds

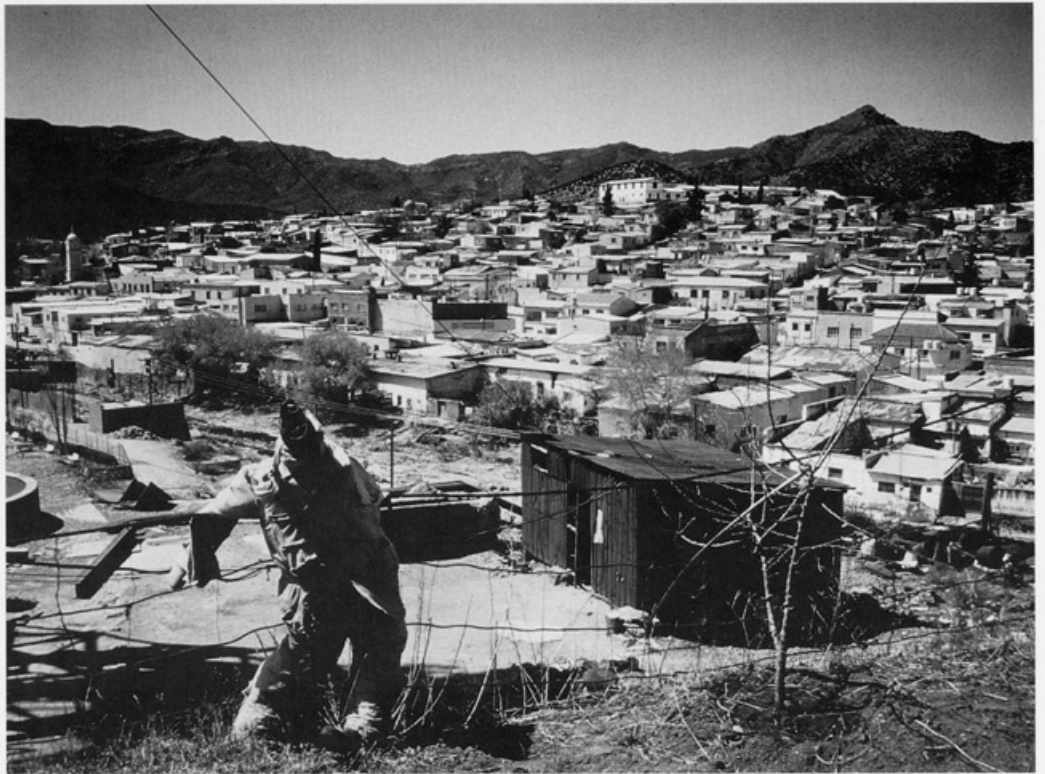
PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE EL PASO MUSEUM OF ART

WILLIAM THOMPSON

Among the highlights of the Whitney Museum of American Art's 2000 Biennial Exhibition was *Que linda la brisa* (*How Lovely the Breeze*), an edgy series of photographs by James Drake. Drake was a former resident of El Paso and is known for his intuitive explorations of life along the US/Mexico border. Drake's photographs, candid portraits of transvestites in a shabby bar in Juárez, Mexico, brought a rare glimpse of border life to the Whitney's pristine walls and vividly illustrated how the region has served as rich territory for adventurous photographers.

Borders define life in El Paso. Situated on the boundary of Texas, New Mexico and Mexico, the city has grown from a small, dusty settlement nestled between the Rio Grande and the rugged Franklin Mountains to a sprawling, bilingual metropolis, severely taxing the fragile resources of the surrounding Chihuahuan Desert. Today, the city is home to a predominately Latino population of more than 700,000 people. Across the Rio Grande, the population of El Paso's sister city, Juárez, has swelled to nearly two million residents, many of whom work in local *maquiladoras*, vast foreign-owned manufacturing plants, and live in the impoverished *colonias* that have developed along the outskirts of the city.

Within this setting of striking beauty and stark contrasts, the El Paso Museum of Art has grown into a major cultural resource for the surrounding region. Once housed in the historic Turney Home, the museum moved in 1998 into a state-of-the-art, 100,000-square-foot facility designed by BKM Architects on the site of the former Greyhound bus station in downtown El Paso. Best known for its strong holdings of Renaissance and Baroque painting, Colonial Mexican art and 19th and 20th century American art, the museum's collection features more



than 5,000 objects including a sizable gathering of works on paper.

Currently some 500 photographs, spanning the mid-19th century to the present, are in the museum's permanent collection. The earliest of these images include a small, uneven gathering of daguerreotypes and tintypes and several historic albums relating to the history of El Paso/Juárez. The collection takes on more character, however, in the early 20th century, with several fine portraits of affluent El Pasoans taken by Fred J. Feldman, a local studio photographer,

and scenic views of Mexico by the accomplished German photographer Hugo Brehme. The largest body of work by a single photographer in the museum's collection is that of Manuel Carrillo, who donated more than 200 of his exhibition prints in 1969. Born in 1906 in Mexico City, Carrillo took up photography at age 49 and devoted himself to documenting the landscape and people of rural Mexico. Inspired by films and the work of Modernist photographers such as Edward Steichen, Paul Strand and Edward Weston, Carrillo achieved widespread recognition

for his sensitive interpretations of his native country. El Paso remains the most important repository for Carrillo's work — more than 10,000 of his prints, negatives and archival materials are housed in the library of The University of Texas at El Paso.<sup>1</sup>

Since the early 1990s, the museum has made it a priority to exhibit and collect contemporary art including photography, from the southwestern United States and Mexico. In the process it has acquired more than 200 works by contemporary photographers who have worked in Texas,

New Mexico and Mexico particularly along the border. The majority of these artists have exhibited at the Museum during the past decade, many in the 1994 group exhibition *Shot in El Paso*, curated by photographer Richard Baron. The installation featured a wide range of work from more than 30 photographers, all of whom took pictures in El Paso at some point in their careers. While a number of the artists, including Max Aguilera-Hellweg, Bruce Berman and James Drake, were longtime residents of El Paso, others, such as Richard Avedon, Peter Goin and Hiroshi Hamaya, spent much shorter periods of time in and around the city. Despite their divergent backgrounds and approaches to the camera, all of these photographers shared at least one thing in common — a powerful response to the unique environment of the border, particularly its people, landscape and architecture.

Virgil Hancock, Maurice Heller, Victor LaViola and Willie Varela. Hancock's vibrant Cibachrome prints, which depict the crowded, industrial towns and cities of Chihuahua, Mexico, were featured in the museum's 1996 exhibition *Coated Walls*.

While the museum's fledgling photography holdings are modest in comparison to those of larger institutions, they are not without depth. In 1997, the museum acquired a collection of 90 prints by John Ward, a Harvard-trained physicist turned photographer who now resides in Estes Park, Colorado. Donated by James Haines, the CEO of El Paso Electric Company and a friend of the artist, these prints span the late 1960s through the 1980s and chart Ward's investigation of the landscape of the American West. Inspired by the imagery of Eliot Porter and Ansel Adams, Ward works with large-format view cameras in order to capture subtle nuances of

the photography collection's greatest strength, one of its most glaring weaknesses is the lack of representation by women. In 1994, photographer and film scholar Cynthia Farah became one of the first women to be included among the museum's photography holdings when she donated a portrait of El Paso artist Tom Lea. A native of El Paso, Farah serves as assistant professor of film theory and criticism at The University of Texas at El Paso and has published several books of her photographs including the highly acclaimed *Literature and Landscape: Writers of the Southwest*, released in 1988 by Texas Western Press. The museum is working to remedy the gender gap in its photography collection, and recent gifts have brought in a hand-colored print by San Antonio-based artist Kathy Vargas, known for her innovative reinterpretations of traditional Mexican imagery, as well as works by several El Paso

exhibitions and the Peter and Margaret de Wetter Gallery, devoted to works on paper. Gateway Gallery, a multi-use space adjacent to the Museum's Grand Lobby, is also used primarily for the display of prints, drawings and photographs. Recent exhibitions have included *The Pictures of Texas Monthly: Twenty-Five Years*; *Midway: Portrait of a Daytona Beach Neighborhood*, *Photographs by Gordon Parks*; *The Forest Through the Trees: Photographs by John Ward*; *Nic Nicosia: Real Pictures 1979-1999*; *Ann Stautberg: Texas Coast*; and Peter Goin's *Humanature*. Upcoming exhibitions in 2000-2001 will feature the work of Gay Block, Edward S. Curtis and Ansel Adams. ●

William R. Thompson is curator of the El Paso Museum of Art, El Paso, Texas.

1. The University of Texas at El Paso and the Smithsonian Center for Latino Initiatives have collaborated on an online exhibition of Carrillo's work at: <http://latino.si.edu/virtual-gallery/>



A substantial number of photographs in the museum's collection fall under the category of "itinerant" or "street photography," broad terms frequently used to describe images of urban life. Among the photographers most closely associated with the tradition in El Paso/Juárez is Max Aguilera-Hellweg, represented in the museum by nine works and highlighted in the 1995 exhibition *La Frontera Sin Sonrisa (The Border Without Smile)*. Fascinated with people on the streets and their stories, Aguilera-Hellweg sets up his camera along bustling thoroughfares and, using Polaroid film, takes frank portraits of pedestrians, most of whom stare directly at his lens without smiles or pretense. His large-format prints, arresting in terms of their scale and presence, possess a quiet sense of dignity, often lost amid the gaunt realities of life on the Border. El Pasoan Bruce Berman, a widely published photographer and the subject of the museum's 1995 exhibition *Side Trips into the Night*, is likewise known for his salient images of the border's unique urban culture. The museum's collection features several of his works, ranging from a touching portrait of a Mexican laborer walking home to a study of the hulking Black Bridge, the infamous railroad overpass connecting El Paso and Juárez and the site of countless illegal border crossings and tragic deaths. Other photographers in the collection who have explored the subject of the border's urban landscape include Jim Bones, Peter Goin,

tone and texture that are not possible with 35mm film. Like many landscape photographers, Ward expresses a profound interest in the environment and the visual poetry of the natural world. Working in Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico and Texas among other locales, Ward depicts grand, sweeping vistas of forests and mountains untouched by civilization, as well as eerie, abstracted close-ups of deteriorating buildings. His imagery resonates with the work of other contemporary landscape photographers in the museum's collection — particularly that of El Pasoans George Drennan and Manuel Rosas — and has provided a direction for future acquisitions in this genre.

Shortly after the acquisition of Ward's photographs, Willie Varela, an independent filmmaker from El Paso, donated 74 of his photographic prints from the early 1970s through the mid-1990s. Currently assistant professor of film studies at The University of Texas at El Paso, Varela has shown his work throughout the US and is a veteran of the 1993 and 1995 Whitney Biennials. Varela's photography parallels his work in film and video over the past 30 years. A trip to the interior of Mexico in 1984 resulted in his series of black-and-white prints on the cemeteries of San Miguel de Allende, a compelling exploration of Catholic spirituality and rituals associated with death.

While the extensive number of works by Carrillo, Ward and Varela are clearly

photographers: a montage self-portrait by Diana Molina; a portrait from Gloria Prieto's series on the Tarahumara Indians of northern Mexico; and a print by Isabel Fierro Taylor from her series on homecomings at Fort Bliss following the Persian Gulf War.

The museum's photography holdings continue to grow through gifts and selective purchases. In 2000, the Lannan Foundation donated three large-format color prints by Juárez photojournalists Jaime Bailleres and Julián Cordona, whose potent imagery figured prominently in Charles Bowden's book *Juárez: The Laboratory of Our Future*, published by *Aperture* in 1998. Most recently, the museum acquired a print depicting a border crossing in downtown El Paso in the late 1980s by Austin-based photojournalist Alan Pogue, who has documented the US-Mexico border for many years. The geographic scope of the museum's photography collection has started to expand with the acquisition of photographic works by internationally recognized artists Yasumasa Morimura and David Wojnarowicz.

Complementing the museum's growing collections is a diverse exhibition program, which regularly features historic and contemporary photography. Funded by the City of El Paso and donations from individuals, foundations and corporations, the museum's new facility includes a 10,000 square-foot gallery for contemporary art and traveling

Left to right

Max Aguilera-Hellweg, *El Fotografo*, Juárez, 1989, Gelatin silver print

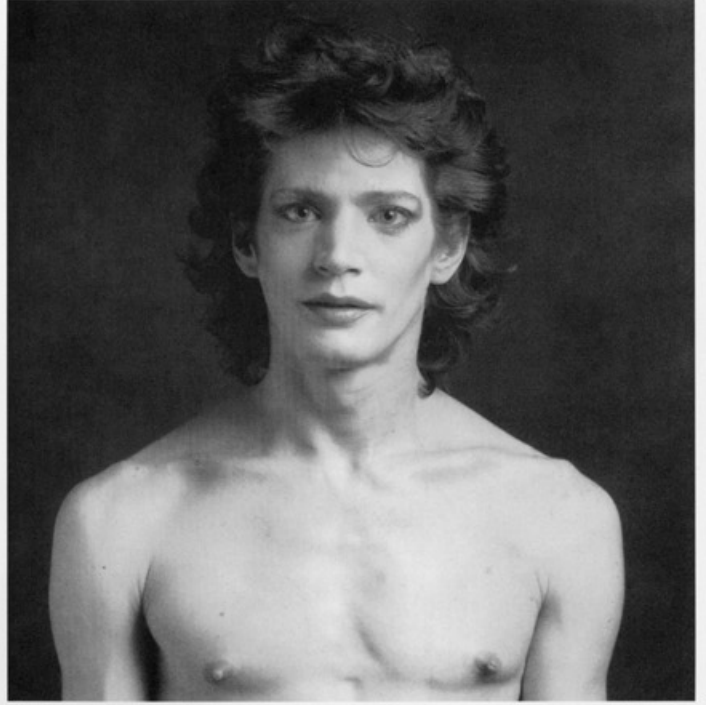
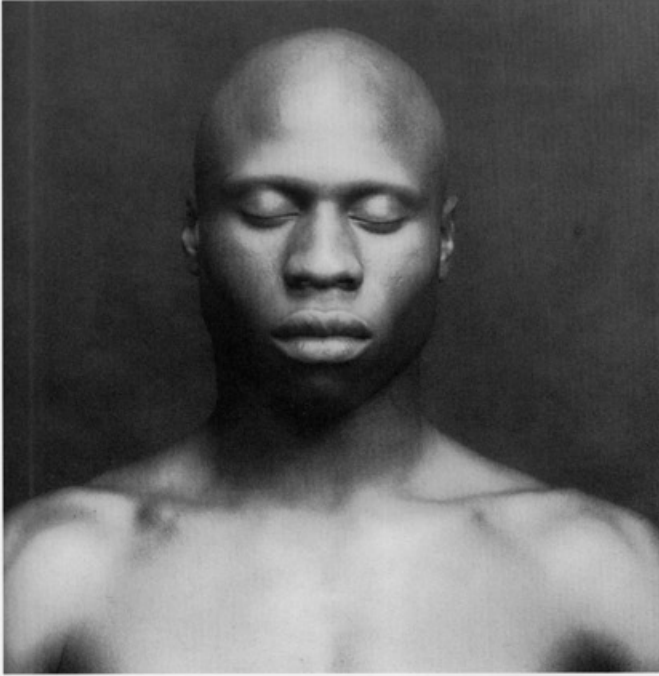
Max Aguilera-Hellweg, *Rosa, Hostess, Ladies Bar*, Juárez, 1989, Gelatin silver print

Bruce Berman, *Laborer Returning to Mexico*, 1985, Cibachrome print, Original in color



John Ward, *Terlingua, Texas*, 1984, Gelatin silver print

# Against the Grain



Clockwise from top left  
Robert Mapplethorpe, *Ken Moody*, 1983  
Robert Mapplethorpe, *Self Portrait*, 1980  
Robert Mapplethorpe, *Self Portrait*, 1986

## MEANING AND CONFUSION IN THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE

MALCOLM S. BRODWICK

"There is a tension at the heart of Robert Mapplethorpe's art, verging on paradox, between its most distinctive content and its mode of presentation," so begins Arthur Danto's essay, *Playing with the Edge*. The issues revolve around the homoerotic photographs that Mapplethorpe took in the 1970s and 1980s.

### THE FOUR POLES

Four polar functions seem to cover all of nude photography: the pornographic, the erotic, the didactic and the artistic. I call these poles because any given image can be composed of combinations of these functions in varying degrees.

The pornographic image is related to its function to arouse our sexual hunger. The explicitness focuses our attention to those very details that constitute the depicted activity. The more explicit, the less room there is for alternative interpretations, the more limited is the range permitted to the imagination. In fact, in the extreme, this explicitness ties the image securely to the present.

The erotic image also excites our sexual fancy. The *modus operandi* of such images is the suggestion. The erotic image breaks the bounds of the present by implying a pre-image history and a post-

image consequent. In other words, the erotic is anecdotal. To achieve this storytelling mode, the image cannot be so explicit that it engages our physiology directly, as does the pornographic image. Moreover to signal the anecdote, the cultural cues are much subtler than for the "pornograph."

The goal of a third pole of nude imagery is to inform. Photographs quite obviously have informational content. Scientific renditions of the nude are meant to point out anatomic relations. In such cases the body is objectified and depersonified. The nude, or the relatively nude image, in a cultural context, has long been a tool of the anthropologist.

Let us now consider the artistic nude as the fourth pole. I suggest that the artistic rendition of Eros is abstract and intellectual, which is not to say joyless. For the formal devices of the artistic, the abstracted nude can be beautiful as rhythms, textures, light and shade, compositional placement and complexity and the rest of the classical formalist armamentarium. And in the complex interaction of these artistic values, the erotic and the didactic (or even pornographic content) deepens, becomes thoughtful, becomes more than anecdotal, becomes philosophic, even political. The artistic nude accomplishes this transformation of Eros by emphasizing the graphic qualities of the image over their content. Many are frankly depersonalized in their lack of expression or lack of engagement. Conversely, many are frankly erotic or psychologically revealing, even voyeuristic. This last observation results from the employment of artistic means to erotic or pornographic functions as mentioned above. We rapidly oscillate in our response to such images either locked in the present, to storytelling, or to still more complex intellection.

Mapplethorpe's photographs from a formal perspective are products of

the artistic pole, a result of his education. He studied fine art at the Pratt Institute. Harry McCue, his artist compatriot, claimed that "Robert was an excellent draughtsman. He had an excellent sense of line, but he could not paint at all. Color eluded him completely." And in his newly adopted "Artistic" stance, Mapplethorpe took drugs, joined the ranks of the "psychedelic animal house" and adopted Warhol as a role model. Then to New York where he led an exaggerated Bohemian existence with Patti Smith, a sensitive and bizarre rock poetess. During this period he created in his living space a number of sexually-oriented constructions combined with darker images, skulls, swastikas, religious fetishes, many in the mode of altars. He literally lived in art. Mapplethorpe was self-consciously the artist with affinities for surrealism, Dadaism and pop art.

Later under the tutelage of his mentor and lover, Sam Wagstaff, Mapplethorpe became an avid photography collector. I would claim that Mapplethorpe's sensibilities were directly informed by formalist photographs such as Weston's vegetables or the highly posed designs such as Barbara Morgan's *Martha Graham*. Consider Mapplethorpe's *Ajito* (1981) which seems a direct recreation of Jean Hippolyte Flandrin's *Jeune homme nu assis as bord de la mer* (1835-36). In many other nude images one feels an affinity for Myron's *Diskobolos*, c. 450 BC or the Aphrodite of Kyrene. Indeed some of Mapplethorpe's last images are of statuary rendered in rather stark, and to my taste emotionally cold (not meant as a value judgment) rendering. The great majority of images lacks any background and contains subjects of simple, but arresting composition. One feature characteristic of the artistic nature of these images, not evident from published reproductions, is their large size

and their "artistic" framing. Indeed toward the end of his brief life, Mapplethorpe succeeded in creating large-scale platinum prints on canvas that were actually confused with paintings. "I am still a snob a little bit about painting versus photography," observes Mapplethorpe, "and I would say that it is a compliment when they call it a painting and I know it is in fact a photograph. To make pictures big is to make them more powerful."

### MEANING AND CONFUSION AT THE IMAGE LEVEL

Of course it is impossible to simply generalize a set of observations over the entire output of Mapplethorpe's photography. Let us define three bodies of work: the flower images, the portraits and the homoerotic images.

Many of the homoerotic images, especially those depicting sadomasochistic (s&m) activities, are frankly pornographic. The images tend to be surprisingly cold considering the subject matter. Mapplethorpe shares the coolness, amorality and detachment of Warhol's circle. The images are more a reflection of pornography as the subject matter for the didactic pole than they are the titillation of the pornographic pole as defined above.

These photographs are collaborations between Mapplethorpe and his friends. The subjects know they are being photographed. The activities portrayed represent values important to them. They are posing in illustration of themselves. They are not anonymous but are named in the photograph's title. With permission. Perhaps with pride. Mapplethorpe has been criticized for promoting impersonality by cropping the head off some of his models. But Mapplethorpe explains that when his models preferred anonymity he simply cut their heads off.

For Mapplethorpe's images, stripped of the spontaneity of real life in motion, the poses take on, at least for me, the dispassionate, matter-of-factness of the acts themselves. There is an almost Platonic quality to the registration of the ideal, simplified presentations of these acts. The negation of the physiological by the artistic and the dispassionate makes the pornographic response impossible.

Mapplethorpe described his flowers as, "having a certain edge that flowers gener-

ally do not have." And "I don't know how to describe them, but I don't think they are very different from body parts." The photograph of the calla lily is a case in point. The stamen is certainly phallic, while the white petals seem vaginal. Moreover the mere existence of the erotic/pornographic images infects our interpretation of more neutral imagery. These photographs, Malraux would say, talk to each other. Hence by form and by association these images take on the pornographic pole. But, like the frankly sexual images, the flower images are utterly transformed by the artistic pole. The backgrounds are subdued; symmetry dominates the composition; and the pictures are constructed with strong contrasts of light and dark.

Several of the images in Mapplethorpe are frankly humorous. The image of *Grace Jones 1984 painted by Keith Haring* tickles us with her ridiculous black-and-white body paint, her spiral breast design and her headdress that won't quit. More hilarious is the image of *Louise Bourgeois*, (1982). She holds a yard-long phallus,

*Andy Warhol*, (1986) presents a blank stare directly addressed to us with a frame in the form of a cross, "part saint, part Wizard of Oz," says Morrisroe.

When asked if his images were pornographic or if they had some other redeeming social value, Mapplethorpe replied, "I think it could be pornography still have redeeming social value. It can be both, which is my whole point in doing it — to have all the elements of pornography and yet have a structure of lighting that makes it go beyond what it is." And this brings us to recall that the images are highly stylized and highly artistic.

Mapplethorpe's use of simplified compositions, often stark contrast of light and dark and a sculptural quality, inform his work. Consider the symmetry of *Ken Moody*, (1983) in which a hairless black man is shown eyes closed, with no expression, the contemplative Buddha. The paired bald heads of *Ken Moody and Robert Sherman*, (1984) in its starkness and parallel juxtaposition recalls a pair of marble busts. One set of images features

that form of sexuality, I felt that I could get something out of that experience that no one else had done before. It was new territory without any rules." And "I don't think anyone understands sexuality. What's it about? It's about an unknown, which is why it's so exciting."

EMBLEMS OF BEAUTY

It wasn't until the 1970s that a greater acceptance of homosexuality developed and sexual prohibitions somewhat lifted. This was the background that made Mapplethorpe's images possible. But even so, he operated at the boundaries of acceptability. Beside the purely pictorial beauty of the photographs, Barthes finds in Mapplethorpe's *Young Man with Arm Extended* the "... absolute excellence of a being, body and soul together. This boy with his arm outstretched, his radiant smile, though his beauty is in no way classical or academic, and though he is half out of the photograph, shifted to the extreme left of the frame, incarnates a kind of blissful eroticism."

power over others and to treat them as absolutely inferior."

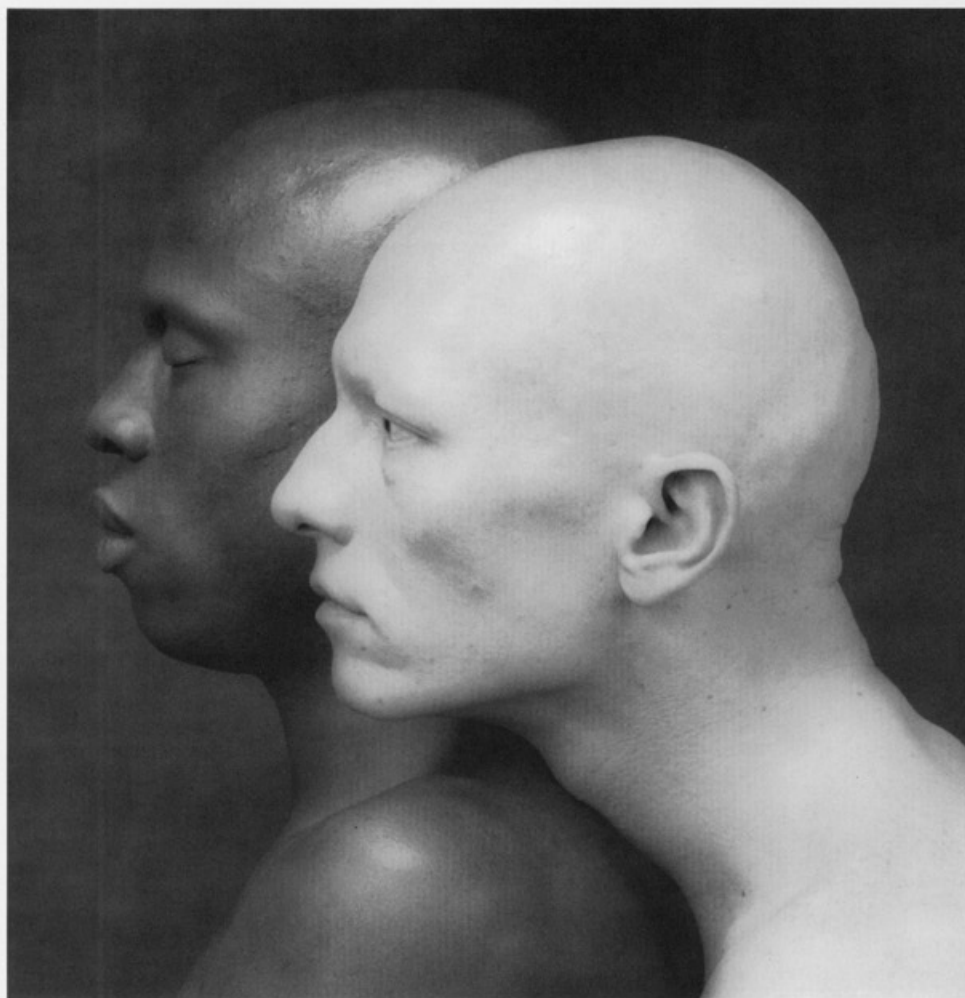
CONFUSION OF MEANING AT THE SOCIO-POLITICAL LEVEL: THE PERFECT MOMENT

Towards what was to be the end of Mapplethorpe's life and contrary to his expectation, his ship came in. Following the Whitney retrospective, he sold several million dollars worth of prints and was flooded with opportunities to exhibit, ironic because with his illness he was unable to spend the money. Howard Read pointed out that, "We had a huge run-up in sales. It was like Wall Street, except in this case people were buying against death...." It was in this era of positivity that the University of Pennsylvania's Institute of Contemporary Art mounted the 150-piece retrospective called the *Robert Mapplethorpe: The Perfect Moment*. The show featured three portfolios, X, Y and Z. The former contained the notorious sadomasochistic images. The show was exhibited without incident in Philadelphia and then Chicago. In April 1989 the Reverend Donald Wildmon sent a letter to every member of Congress complaining of Serrano's *Piss Christ*. The result was that 36 senators signed a letter calling for changes in the funding of the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA). The *Perfect Moment* was to go to the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. The director, Christina Orr-Cahall, amid rumors first affirmed the show and then caved in to political pressure, claiming that by closing the show they were really protecting the artist. The show was moved into The Washington Project for the Arts, a venue run by artists. In September 1989 Orr-Cahall expressed regrets over offending the arts community and subsequently resigned in December. The *Perfect Moment* had been shown in Hartford and Berkeley with little incident. In April 1990, the show opened in Cincinnati at the Contemporary Arts Center (CAC) and the director, Dennis Barrie, was arrested on obscenity charges. Ironically, as a result of the notoriety, *The Perfect Moment* show drew the largest crowds in the museum's history. The CAC and Barrie were acquitted in October.

The reactions of the various players leading up to, and following these events illustrate how the four poles of meaning were confused. Each social group had its set of biases which determined the weights assigned to the different poles. The confusion results from a failure to attend the various poles in terms of their social contexts. The politicians, the artists, and the critics are each guilty of this shortcoming. Their responses are merely the logical working out of these biases in the public arena.

The art critic community also misread Mapplethorpe. On the one hand critics treated Mapplethorpe more generously when he was seriously ill. One's artistic judgment became inextricably bound to the more extreme S&M images and therefore reflected political and sexual biases. The critics were even confused by genre issues: "In addition, since he straddled the territory between photography and other art forms, he was never accepted by the straight photography world of Garry Winogrand, Lee Friedlander or William Eggleston, nor was he fully at home in the world of contemporary painting and sculpture." Thus even within the arts community, the fragmentation of identity associated with the different working procedures tended to isolate Mapplethorpe as an outsider. ●

Malcolm Brodwick is a poet, composer and associate professor of physiology and biophysics at The University of Texas Medical Branch in Galveston, Texas.



Robert Mapplethorpe, *Ken Moody and Robert Sherman*, 1984

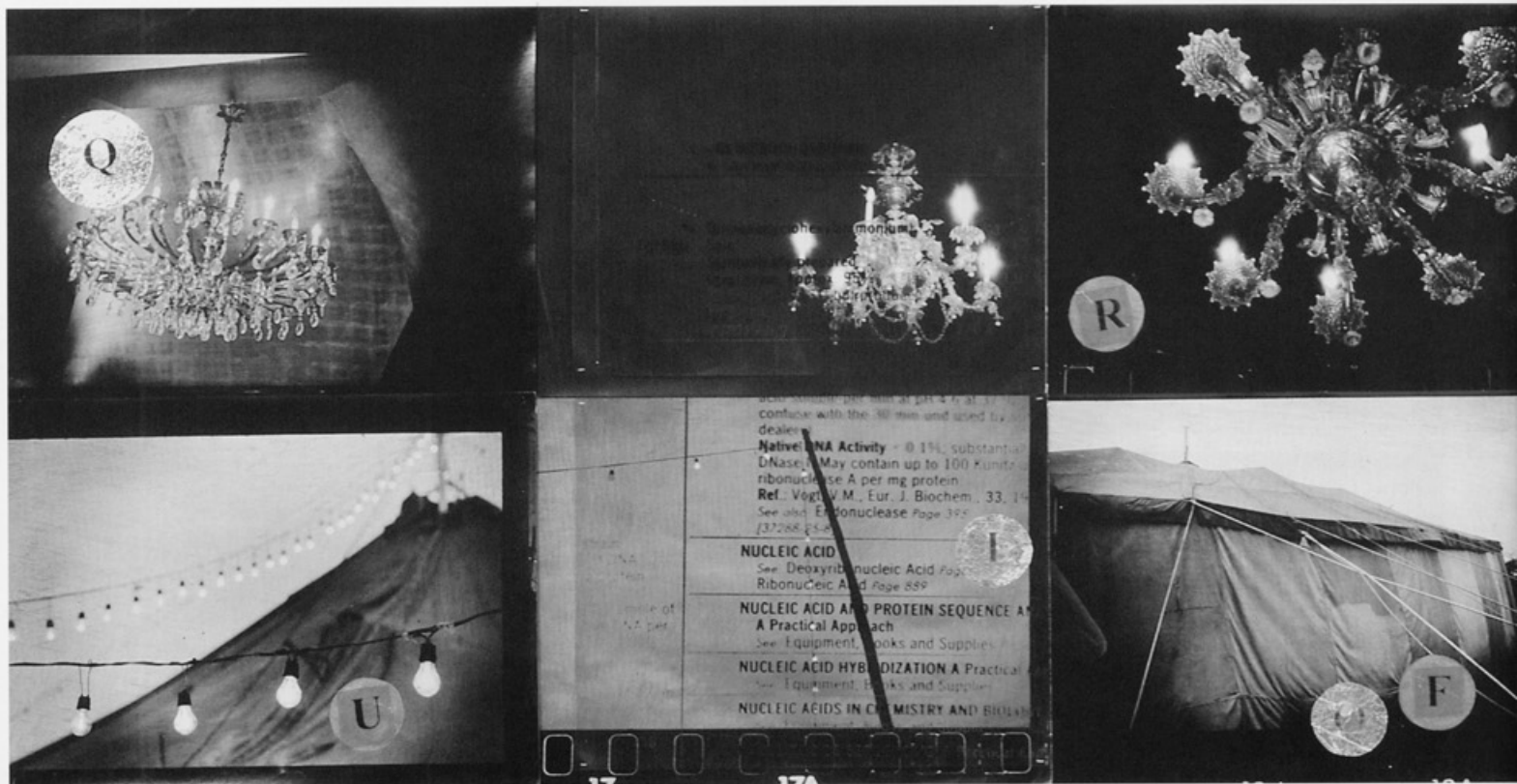
grinning with a most delicious, self-satisfied expression.

The portraits also preserve a strong anecdotal quality. *Louise Nevelson*, (1986) hovers menacingly above us, an intense Dracula-like presence. *John Kendry*, (1975) is half-cropped on the extreme left. Above him electrical sockets and wires seem to menace. A pensive *William Burroughs* (1980) sits hunched over in thought. Of *Philip Glass and Robert Wilson*, (1976) Barthes says, "Wilson holds me, though I cannot say why, i.e., say where: is it the eyes, the skin, the position of the hands, the track of the shoes? The effect is certainly unlocatable, it does not find its sign, its name; it is sharp and yet lands in a vague zone of myself. It is acute yet muffled, it cries out in silence." And

close-ups of the body, often difficult to read (reminiscent of Stieglitz abstract horse image). For example *Nipple*, (1988) looks like some bizarre topography or an abstract painting; here image merges into pure design. That high art should be put to the service of rendering pornography may seem surprising. "I think I was the first to really approach sexuality with an eye for lighting and composition and all the other considerations relative to a work of art." And "I recorded it from the inside ... I guess all photographers are in a sense voyeurs. But I don't like voyeurs, people who don't experience the experience, who view life from the outside," asserts Mapplethorpe. But his was an approach with dangers. "I was in a position then when I was relating pretty strongly to

On the other hand, Ellenzeig finds that the ideal, as exemplified in some of Mapplethorpe's images, embodies fascist metaphors: "... a preoccupation with situations of control, submissive behavior ... and the endurance of pain ... Its choreography alternates between ceaseless motion and a congealed, static, 'virile' posing. Fascist art glorifies surrender, it exalts mindlessness, it glamorizes death." And though Mapplethorpe's model in *Patrice* may not be done up in strict SS regalia, nevertheless his black leather jacket and jockstrap, as well as the "virile" stance he adopts at the photographer's direction, allude to the S&M mythology of the SS and its uniforms, or what Sontag terms "fascism's overt assertion of the righteousness of violence, the right to have total

# Light and Darkness, S



Luis González Palma, *La Imagen del Mundo*, (Image of the World) 1998. Hand painted gelatin silver photograph. Original in color

## THE PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK OF LUIS GONZÁLEZ PALMA

FERNANDO CASTRO

Luis González Palma's work was first shown in Houston in 1992 as part of the Latin American exhibits of FotoFest. If one were to ask retrospectively what exactly it was that was so impressive about his work, an important answer would be: his portraits of indigenous peoples of Guatemala like *La rosa* (1989) and *La esperanza* (1990). I reluctantly call them "portraits" because they are not intended as depictions of the individuals they denote; but rather, as impersonations of archetypal characters of myth, popular culture and/or the poetic imagination of the artist. González Palma has continued, *mutatis mutandis*, producing these portraits throughout the nineties: *El soldado* (1993), *El casco* (1994); and more recently, *80 mm*, 5.6 (1998), *La mirada crítica* (1998) and *Trama y urdidumbre* (1998).

Other portraits of Guatemalan Native-Americans had been featured at FotoFest 1990 in the work of Hans Namuth Los Todos Santeros. But Namuth's work, although impressive in its own right, is fairly straightforward whereas González Palma's work (not plain Palma, as some would have it) follows different paths — zigzagging along, crisscrossing others' paths and branching off into untrodden territories. In order to understand a little better González Palma's work, I will attempt to walk along those paths.

The obvious and most conspicuous place to start is tone. González Palma's prints are generally glazed with a dark sepia medium that tones all but selected portions of his prints. Various interpreta-

tions have been given for this prominent feature of his work. Some have found in this earthy monochromaticism a connection with Goya's dark paintings. Others have connected it with the way paintings and frescoes in churches look after hundreds of years of exposure to the smoke of candles, incense and the exhalations of devotees. Others have underscored the resemblance that his toned prints have with the bark on which ancient Mayans allegedly wrote. This last suggestion is particularly germane because, according to the Popol Vuh, the first act of creation is dawn; and bringing the world out of darkness is part of González Palma's poetics. These interpretations are not mutually exclusive; more than likely, González Palma is plugging into all these outlets simultaneously — thus exemplifying a culturally diverse tradition of image-making and exposing his own aesthetic eclecticism.

In many González Palma's portraits only the eyes of the subjects are spared the sepia tone so as to imbue their gaze with an engaging, confrontational and almost hypnotic quality. Take the case of *America* (1990), a portrait of a young woman whose name happens to be "America" — the title is both exact and metonymic. The white of the eyes irradiates a light that subliminally leads the viewer into St. Augustine's intuition that its source is the luminosity of the spirit. Through toning González Palma establishes a metaphor central to much of his work, namely, that the life of many indigenous Guatemalans transpires in darkness (the sepia tone) although their spirit (the glistening eyes) prevails and endures. It is clear that González Palma endorses their cause and makes the brunt of his *oeuvre* bear a political message for their liberation. Many would argue that the political impact of art beyond the

narrow boundaries of the art world is more often the unwitting design of censors. But González Palma belongs to that breed of artists who believe that art itself has a spiritual luminosity and power whose social effects should not be underestimated.

The depiction of González Palma's indigenous subjects is a way of changing the historical perceptions about them for themselves and for others. Pedagogically, it is a forced act of self-knowledge whose main lesson is: "You are the protagonists of your own history." Unfortunately, what is scream for some is heard as song by others who see only the exoticism of the imagery. This kind of ambivalence is characteristic of great ideological paradigms like beauty or freedom. On one interpretation, for example, the luminous gazes are the light of reason: human rights, republicanism and rationality (ideals of the Enlightenment). Therein lies a connection with Goya's *Capricho's El sueño de la razón produce monstruos* that has an ambiguity that reveals the bright and dark sides of reason. From the Native-American perspective, "Enlightened" rationality has been a double-edged sword insofar as it has been the conceptual tool for liberation as well as for exploitation. González Palma has explicitly pointed to that ambivalence in one of his most conceptual and avant garde installations: *Historias Paralelas* (1995). The installation consists of a series of transparencies of white shirts ridden with bullet holes. González Palma identifies the shirts of "Parallel Histories" as those of Maximilian, Archduke of Austria who, in 1864, was imposed on Mexico as emperor by Napoleon III and Mexican conservatives. In an epoch when for the very first time a Zapotec Native-American, Benito Juárez, was elected president of México (a process for which Enlightenment ideals are par-

tially responsible), a European monarch was forced militarily on a sovereign American republic. Ironically, Maximilian turned out to be more liberal (read, "Enlightened") than the Mexican reactionaries would have wished; Juárez shared more reformist views with him than with some of his own allies. Nevertheless, Juárez ordered his execution not only because Maximilian himself had ordered the execution of republican guerrilleros but also because he was the incarnation of imperialism. Thus, *Historias Paralelas* is also a reflection on the impersonality of violence; it was not Maximilian's person that was important in deciding his execution but his investiture symbolized by his shirt.

An equally important feature of González Palma's work is the way he consistently endows the image of Native-Americans with an almost irresistible beauty. To do so, González Palma slides the canons of European beauty along indigenous traits — a concept spelled out in *Reflejo* (1998). The trinity — beauty, truth and goodness — is a Platonic amalgam whose persuasive power has not dwindled since antiquity, but whose currency was challenged — among others — by the art of the historical European *avant garde*. German artists of the so-called New Objectivity movement, like Max Beckmann and Otto Dix, brutally, even grotesquely, depicted the bourgeois society of their time. For these artists beauty was clearly a distraction and contrary to their aims of critical objectivity. Beauty, however, is a value with which the Latin American *avant gardes* have found it harder to dispense. In González Palma's work beauty conspires to ennoble his indigenous subjects. Through the rhetorical power of beauty the viewer is rendered more susceptible to fully accept their humanity just as 500 years ago Bartolomé de las Casas



# ong and Scream



Luis González Palma, *Historias Paralelas*, (Parallel Histories) 1998. Litho, Kodalith, gold leaf. Original in color



Luis González Palma, *Anatomie de la Melancholie*, (Anatomy of Melancholy) 1983. Hand painted gelatin silver photograph, cloth. Original in color

comes from the tragic futility of looking for “disappeared” ones with id-photos not only in Guatemala but throughout the continent — in a sense, a debunking of the idea that photography’s main function is to document and/or identify. Indeed, something as unmimetic and unsensorial as DNA is a better tool for identifying the dead as well as clarifying the kinship of all humans.

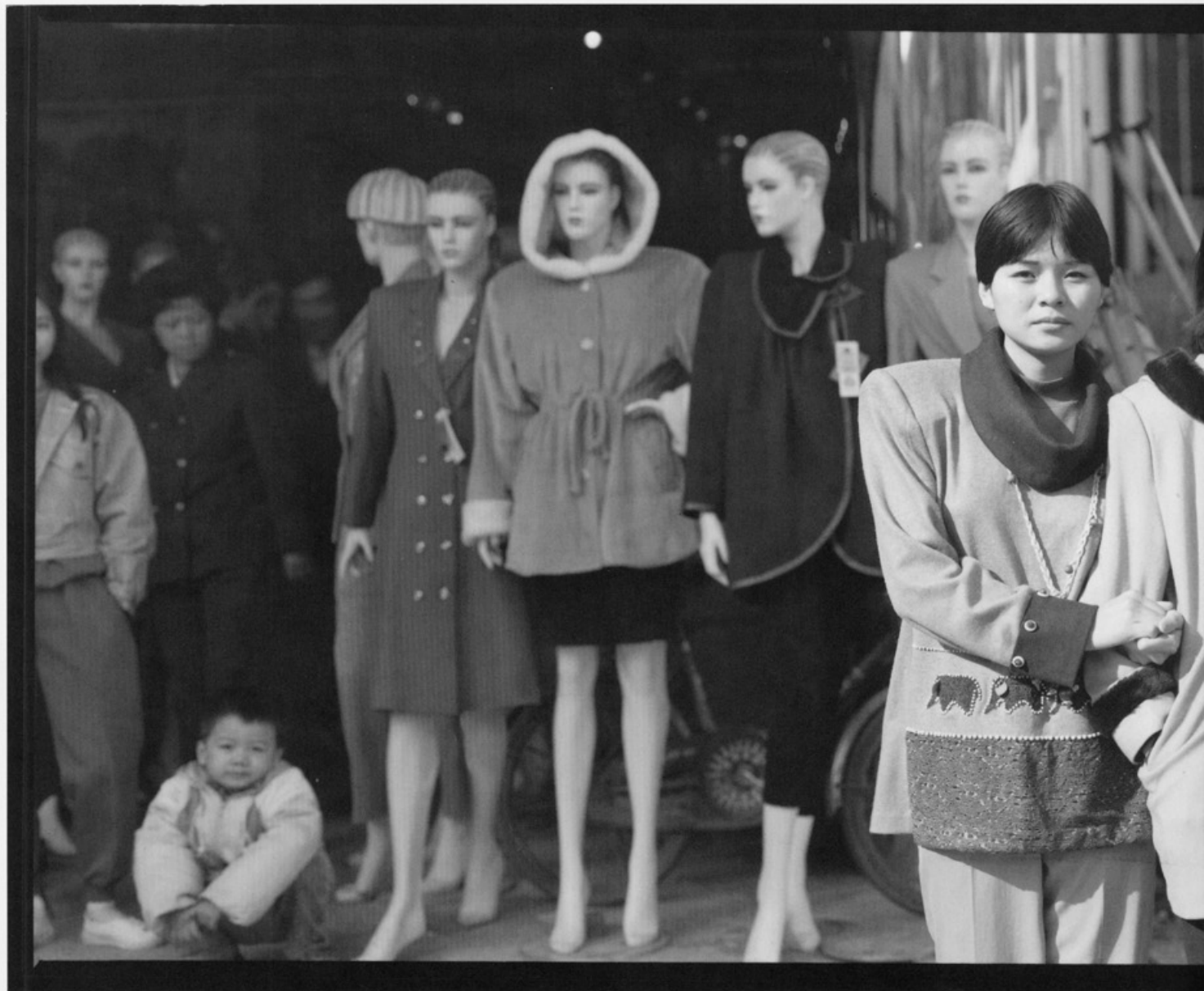
That González Palma has not always relied exclusively on an aesthetic of beauty is clearer in his early work where there is even a hint of the grotesque. In *Imágenes de Parto y Dolor* (*Images of Child-Bearing and Pain*) (1989) or *La Muerte Reyna* (*Death Rules*) (1989), González Palma exposes his connection Joel-Peter Witkin’s work. If only a few of González Palma’s images can be regarded as grotesque it is perhaps because since then the rhetoric of beauty was so steadfastly established throughout his opus that it entices the viewer to regard works like *Deer* (1991) and *The Moon* (1989) as something more akin to the sublime than to the grotesque. Beauty, therefore, is also a strategy for persuading the viewer into accepting different paradigms, if not of beauty (whose parameters are historically and ideologically fairly well-defined in spite of the enthusiasm of many who relativize it), then, of artistic representation. González Palma recycles a whole gamut of religious, popular, ancient, mythical, and media icons. In *Lotería I* and *Lotería II*, for example, he alludes to the game of lottery whose images — according to María Cristina Orive (one of his first commentators) were used to convert Native-Americans to Catholicism. In order to address issues like emigration, more recent works like *Tensiones her méticas* (1997) leave behind not only beauty but also the representation of Native-Americans as a potentially exotic specimens.

In a way, González Palma’s eclectic work allows us to discern two epicenters in his artistic persona. One is spelled out by the rhetoric of the titles of his books, exhibits and some of his works (*Poems of Sorrow*, *Wedding of Solitude*) — a modernista à la Rubén Darío, with a clear penchant for beauty. A second one is an *avant garde* installation artist à la Boltanski. It is this second aspect of his work that most impressed me about his work in 1992. González Palma irreverently tears photographic prints, nails them to rough supports; collages legal documents and pins ribbons to the prints; invents rituals; uses popular culture. A horde of issues of authenticity, veracity, even morality that photography in the documentary mode had defined within its own paradigm, were thereby forced into revision. González Palma — like Gerardo Suter or Mario Cravo Neto — makes no effort to hide his staging and his choreography. It remains unclear what degree of complicity he has with his subjects who usually include his wife, friends and workers. In a sense, González Palma preempted issues of validation and authenticity. His work in 1992 was in the *avant garde* of Latin American photography; and the notion of the *avant-garde* — is worth remembering — is always contextual. ●

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gained over a handful of Spaniards by arguing that the physical slightness of Native-Americans was a sign of nobility.

More recently, González Palma has introduced contemporary genetic theory in the work, *The Image of the World* (1998). For González Palma, the move to dignify and beautify the Native-American subjects of his portraits has the effect of persuading the viewer to move from the factitiousness of their staged personas to the documents that attest to their existence and exploitation. Works such as *Los Recuerdos Intimos* (1991) and more recently, *Letanías con ángel* (1995), depart from an aesthetic heavily dependent on beauty and enter a more current one based on text and evidence. With these latter images González Palma pays homage to Christian Boltanski, whose work has had a tremendous impact on his own. In fact, in *Letanías* (1993) as well as in *Letanías con ángel* many ID-photos (as in many of Boltanski’s works) become blurred to the point of becoming useless as tools of identification. One reading of this feature



# Photographing China

CHINA: THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF LOIS CONNER  
FOREWORD BY JONATHAN SPENCE  
ESSAY BY JEREMIE R. BARMÉ  
NOTES BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER  
NEW WORK: GALLAWAY EDITIONS, 2000

LOTUS  
LOIS CONNER  
LAURENCE MILLER GALLERY  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
SEPTEMBER 14–OCTOBER 28, 2000  
(EXTENDED THROUGH NOVEMBER 4)

ANDREW E. NELSON

New York-based photographer Lois Conner has photographed in China for more than 15 years, and the evolution of her relationship with China, and the pace of China's own change, are recorded in a new book, *China: The Photographs of Lois Conner*. *Lotus*, an exhibition at the Laurence Miller Gallery in New York City, coincided with the book's publication.

Her fascination with China began during Conner's graduate studies in photography at Yale. An art history class on Chinese scroll painting introduced her to both the cinematic narrative of long scroll paintings — viewed by unrolling the scroll in the right hand, and simultaneously winding the previously viewed portion in the other hand — and the landscape of southern China. At first convinced that the jarringly vertical limestone karst formations depicted in the scrolls were exaggerations, if not outright inventions, Conner would eventually go to see for herself, with the aid of a 1984 fellowship from the Guggenheim Foundation.

The camera that Conner took along was not the 8" x 10" view camera she had

used as a student at Yale. Instead, she carried a "banquet camera," a view camera producing a 7" x 17" negative and originally designed for photographing large groups of people — as at long banquet tables. In Conner's hands, the banquet camera's broad negative becomes a complex narrative, forcing the viewer's focus to move through the image in a way that approximates the scroll-painting's linear story. Some of her photographs, made from several negatives printed in series, expand the narrative structure to wall-size.

Reflecting the centuries-old influence of scroll paintings, Conner's earliest photographs of Guangxi are pictorial in the extreme, muted images of a fantastic landscape contact printed on a heavyweight tracing vellum, sensitized by hand with a solution of platinum and palladium salts.

Conner has returned to China almost every year since her first photographic trip there, and the work has gained complexity as she has come to know the country and its changing face. She travels alone, buoyed by a talent for languages, an instinctive fluidity with her camera and a back strong enough to carry 40 pounds

of camera, tripod and film up stairs, over mountains, through the desert and on-and-off innumerable trains, bicycles and camels.

Excepting four pictures taken in India, the Laurence Miller Gallery's exhibition *Lotus* showcased Conner's photographs of China. But rather than structuring the exhibition as a digest of *China: The Photographs of Lois Conner*, the exhibition's title and organizing theme referenced Conner's long interest in the Asian lotus, a photographic touchstone. Slightly more than half of the exhibition's contents were photographs of lotuses — from leaves to flowers, stems and seed pods — and of depictions of lotuses, in paintings, decorations, iron fences and other settings.

Conner's depictions of lotus plants make them seem at once achingly exotic (freighted with suggestions of Odyssean intoxication and Yogic trance) and profoundly earthbound. While her horizonless photographs of lotus in still water can reduce the plants to a calligraphic dance of stems and blossoms, perfectly inverted in the water's reflective surface, they are as likely to depict the tangles of seed pods



Lois Conner, *Guangzhou, Guangdong*, 1995



Lois Conner, *Yuan Ming Yuan*, 1998

and wilted leaves, sinking and decaying just below the surface. The latter depictions save the lotus photographs from the trap of the languidly picturesque, but the images still suffer from a measure of sameness, and in the exhibition quickly blended together into an atmosphere of beauty and decay seemingly unconnected to any particular photograph.

The exhibition's photographs of depictions of lotus flowers in art and architecture — including the aforementioned photographs from India — are stronger, in their overt engagement with contradiction. One of the strongest, *Mysore, India*, (2000) depicts a wall covered with what look like campaign posters of a waving man, decorated liberally with a lotus blossom motif. The image at once combines the seedy and the mystical, as does *Shanghai*, (1999), a richly dark nighttime image of fabric effigies of fish and lotus blossoms, fixed on stilts above a

river. The downward angle of the camera, however, frames the assemblage against a background of stained concrete pillars holding motley buildings above murky water.

The decision not to attempt a survey of the new book's contents makes more sense upon examination of the book. *China: The Photographs of Lois Conner* is an enormous selection of Conner's richly contradictory images of contemporary China. The fact that the photographs are all contemporary, with the oldest in the book from the mid-1980s, is to varying degrees difficult to believe. The weathered towns and blasted landscape of western China's high-desert Gansu and Xinjiang provinces receive the same thoughtfully merciless gaze as the skyscraper rooftops and tangled traffic of Shanghai and the high-rise warrens of endless Hong Kong apartment blocks. And the bamboo scaffolds still in use in modern Chinese build-

ing construction echo the bamboo scaffolds of laborers trimming trees, in the same year and in the same city.

China makes the case, visually, that such contrasts are an inextricable element of life in China. As her essential understanding of these small ironies increases, Conner has begun more frequently to turn her camera upon the people she meets in her travels. The portraits that result (for they are, in the truest sense, portraits) clarify and confound at once, in the direct intensity of the subjects' gaze, their simultaneous wariness and curiosity, and the irresistible complexity of the large rectangular negative.

In her Notes in the book, Conner writes affectingly of the (sometimes overwhelming) attention she receives while photographing, telling for example the story of making an early-morning photograph beside a lake in Hangzhou and finding as she set up her camera that a crowd was gathering behind her, soon to number some 300 curious souls. In effectively turning the camera around, Conner creates some of the book's strongest pictures, like the deadpan *Guangzhou, Guangdong*, (1993), four fashionable ladies (three dressed in jackets from the same pattern) arrayed before a background including (left to right) a crowd of pedestrians, a parka-ed child sitting on the ground, five distinctly Caucasian fashion mannequins, a pile of gravel and three men mixing cement.

The sweep of *China* carries the reader from images of landscape seemingly untouched by human intervention, to photographs in which all is the product of the human hand, where the rivers are of concrete instead of water and mountains are replaced by buildings. And then we return to the countryside, along the way our gaze returned by a handful of the 1.3 billion Chinese from Tiananmen Square to the steppes of Inner Mongolia.

Conner's relationship with China is an engagement as deep as that of Brassai with Paris or in many ways as strong as the humid familial bonds that fueled Sally Mann's years-long examinations of her children and family. Conner's eye and her exquisite prints (reproduced better in the book's tritones than anyone has a right to expect, the tones richly saturating a heavy uncoated paper stock) bring to a par the components of her China, melding together water, stone, trees, sand, concrete, paper, mud, construction, destruction and the calm bemusement of China's people as they are confronted by a small fearless woman and her large camera. Returning to China over and over again, Conner and her camera have themselves become a part of the landscape.

At this writing, Conner is back in China, photographing. ●

Andrew E. Nelson is a freelance writer based in Houston, Texas. Lois Conner was his first photography teacher.



# Entering the Underworld

JOAN SEEMAN ROBINSON

There is an image of Sally Gall's *Into Darkness*, that is deeply disorienting. Up to the late 1990s her photographs of nature have implied the stance of the viewer — poised on a cliff, entering a swamp, brushing through a field of sunflowers, perched on a pool's edge. And one always sensed an infrastructure of horizontals and verticals inferring an underlying order, a reassuring stability, even when spatial warps or gauzy shrouds made us doubt the serenity of such prospects.

*Into Darkness* is a landmark in Gall's career because she has gone underground to photograph caves. *Vanishing Point*, 1999, in black and white, has as its focus

Counterclockwise from upper left

Sally Gall, *Oasis*, 1999

Sally Gall, *Relic*, 1999

Sally Gall, *Frontier*, 1999

Sally Gall, *Vanishing Point*, 1999

an impenetrable black hole whose flinty borders seem to twist in a counter clockwise direction. A chalky white wall surrounds it. In the left foreground a gloomy gray peak sprouts an inverted twin peak whose upper mass twines snakily around the hole's irradiated outline. The effect is of a swirling light or an aerial weather map of a spinning hurricane. The image is expressively and formally both roiling and arresting.

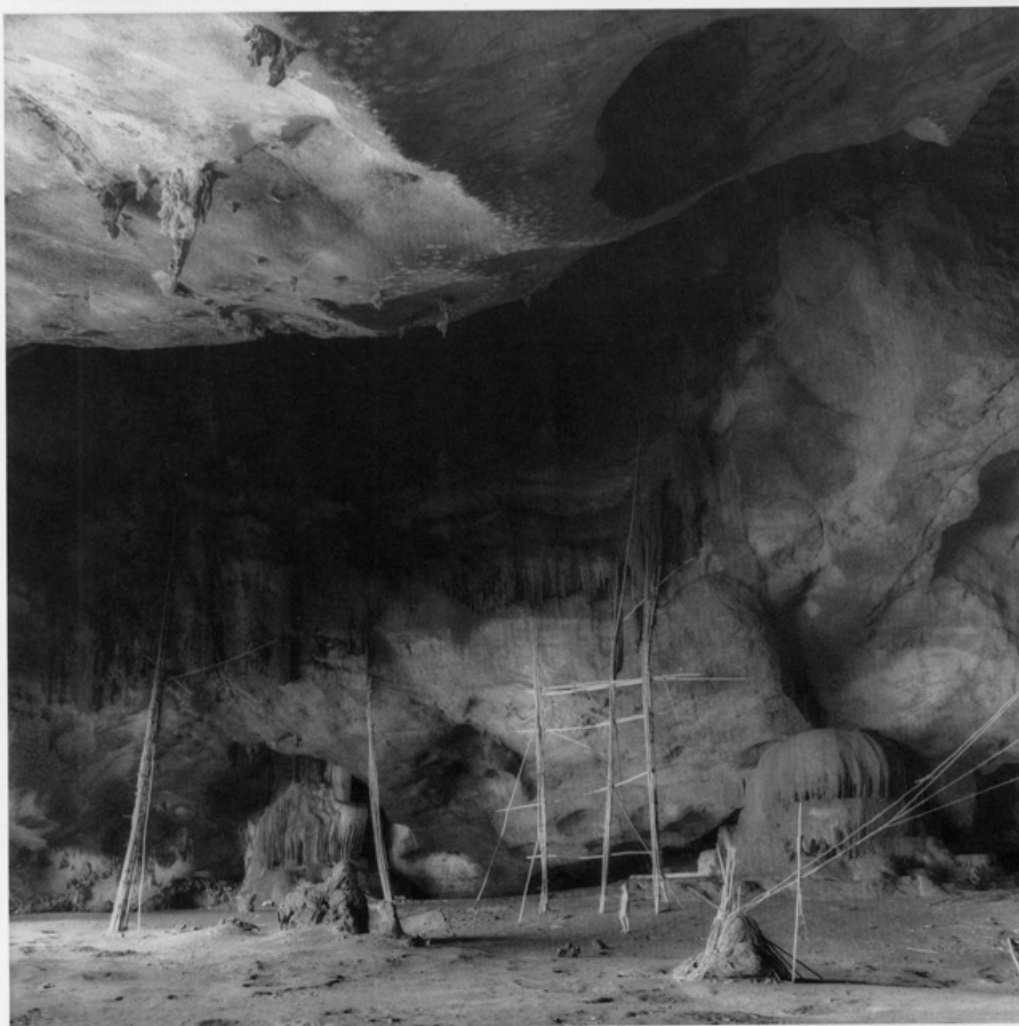
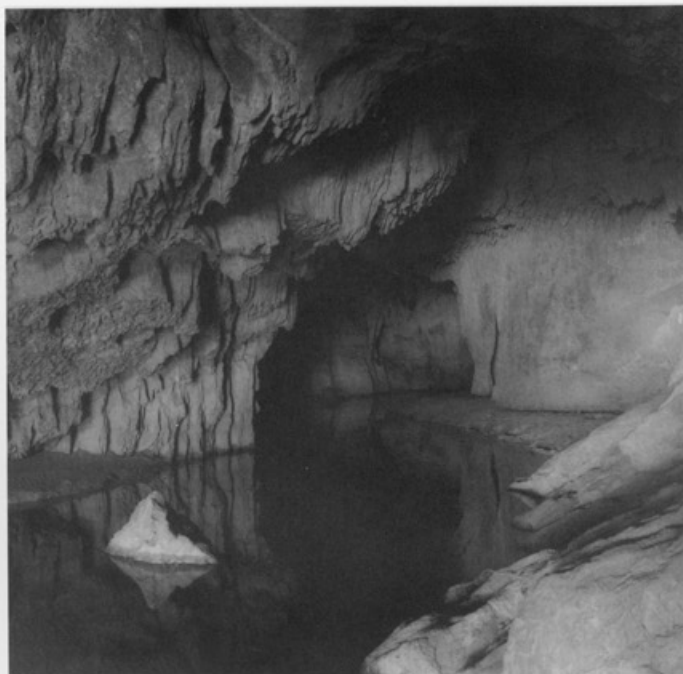
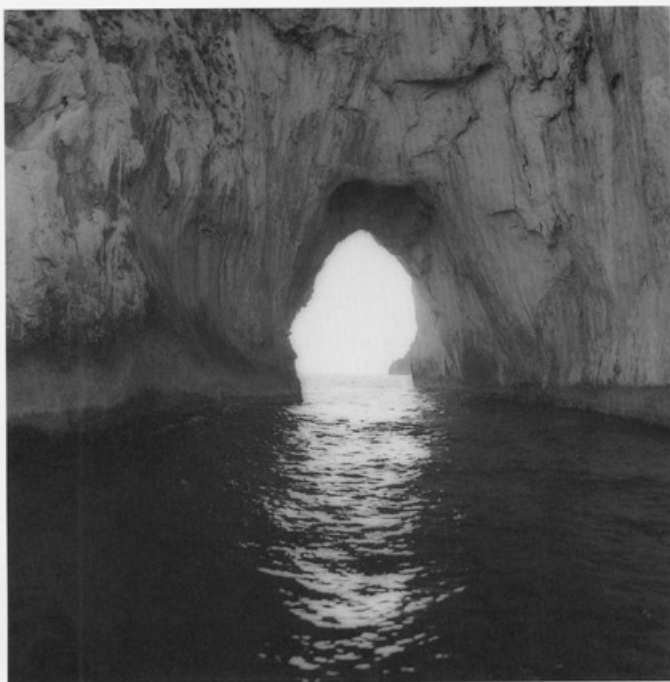
On closer examination one sees that the scale of the entire chamber is actually as vast as its cosmic effect, for at the base of the "black hole" there are minuscule footprints in sand. Gall is within a real cave but its cavernous depth is blacked out with later darkroom manipulations. Its centrifugal and threatening force is both quelled and magnified by her intensifications of light and dark. Gall forces the issue of the known and the unknown, beauty and terror, through her control of tones, textures and values. Despite our experiential knowledge of chambers and corridors, the spinning black vortex seems to press forward ominously. It is illogical and unnerving in its blunt impenetrability — menacing, claustrophobic and even more implacable when we finally note a watery canyon far below, its three-dimensionality unmodified, its great stones shrunk like pebbles. In *Vanishing Point* (and in another print, *Shift*) it is this silent transit of water that not only suggests passage but associates it with the earth's creation. *Vanishing Point* is at the core of this mid-career work, a sign of

the probity of this new "landscape," a summons to consider its mythic dimensions. While Gall waits for the critical moment to capture and compose her subjects (using only available light), her darkroom interventions frequently cancel spatial depth in an attempt to perpetuate the timeless significance of these perceptions. In memory, after all, it is not motion, volume and mass which persist, but an iconic resonance which is an indefinable, often illogical, mystical quotient requiring transformation, a "going beyond" in order to be real. She intensifies the spiritual issues: black is the unknown, light is blinding, gray is the scrim through which we must pass. It is as if Gall is warning us of our presumptive knowledge of planet earth and creating an icon of the yet unexplored — a warning of what might lie ahead — and within.

Looking back at her career, one recalls that, she has always sought the inexplicable in nature. A student of the history of photography, yes, but a visionary in her own right, she has been lightly called a romantic for her earlier series on seashores, a pictorialist for her misty reveries in gardens. To the Romantics of the late 18th and early 19th centuries the "Sublime," as they termed it, was actually to be "awe-ful," or full of awe. Gall finds beauty in all things terrestrial, but beauty is defined and enhanced by its opposites — she emphasizes the unsettling, the fearsome, the precipitous. That is how real dimensions of depth are unearthed.

*Vanishing Point* and *Shift*, with their hidden recesses, are eerie destinations in a journey which begins with entrances into caves, as in *Spill* and *Departure*. One can read these, and *Frontier*, as both leaving and reentering the outer world. Once inside, in *Safe Light*, a silent sea of indeterminate size flows around a distant craggy peak — or is it a miniaturized island with tiny harbors and inlets? Its pointy shape is reencountered in *Relic*, where the tower of a Buddhist shrine rises from yet another promontory. In another remarkable image a huge, pendulous ceiling hovers planet-like over an immense chamber, where willowy ladders are propped for access to bat guano. At their base stands a sliver-sized man, barely visible on the floor of this underground forage. We finally are released through *Oasis* and *Observatory*, eccentric openings (a leaf-like shape that is round but pointed at one end, appearing in many of Gall's compositions), that seems, after the interior darkness, to yearn for the sky. Rocks and plants fringe their mouths making the blinding daylight appear almost celestial, as if the shimmering air and the bleached forests beyond promise a spiritual transcendence rather than simply a recovered terrain.

Gall has engaged in serious research on the subject of caves. She has traveled globally to study, experience and photograph them, crossing their thresholds alone, laden with backpack, tripod and a heavy Hasselblad camera. Photographing caves has meant literally entering the earth, its corpus, seeing the very porosity



Clockwise from upper left  
Sally Gall, *Spill*, 1999  
Sally Gall, *Safe Light*, 1999  
Sally Gall, *Observatory*, 1999  
Sally Gall, *Wanderers*, 1999

and permeability of its shifting plates, its water-carved corridors and caverns, the membranous webbing of stalactites and stalagmites formed by the drip, dripping of water. This has been no expeditionary enterprise. At mid-career she wanted to go "down under, into the depths." And, she seems to see through her subjects. We are intensely aware of her meditated approach to nature, the arresting beauty of these settings, of stillness and calm. This is partly because she works only in black and white. (One cannot imagine her electing the effulgence of color; its optical demands and sensuousness would clamor

for attention.) She seeks a tonal range solicitous of the subtler states of mind, enhancing them with the complex and elusive qualities of her own experience. If, as I say, she seems to see through her subjects, it is also to suggest that she, in turn, is permeated by them. In fact, these new images are larger than any of her previous work. They are now 28" x 28" rather than 24" x 24". The impulse to be at one with her views, can be chronicled throughout her career by the recurring theme of water, and is moored in memories of family vacations. The experience of seeing, feeling and thinking is for her

a pondering of the potentials and the ultimate mysteries latent in the natural world — and which she further explores in the darkroom. As a result, we ourselves are often not sure that we know what we are looking at, or that we know where we are in relation to her images because her own relation to her subjects depends, as she says, on what emanates from them. It is "the power of nature itself" that drives her.

To be surrounded by these images from Gall's underworld is visually to sense silence. The flight of bats and the scent of their deposits are absent, as is the drip of

water, its resonance and echoes. The aura of isolation is most chillingly present in a lingering humidity, and permeated with the unrecorded history of early human passage. It is water, not land, that propels her imagination, reminding one of Herman Melville's introduction to *Moby Dick*: "Yes, as everyone knows, meditation and water are married forever." Gall's own studio is within view of the Hudson River where Melville worked in lower Manhattan as a customs clerk in the 1820s. When the English critic James Wood said, "Melville wrote the novel that is every writer's dream of freedom. It is as if he painted a patch of blue sky for the imprisoned" he might just as well have been responding to Sally Gall's new theme, the under-worlds she has recorded and made her own. ●

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Sally Gall, a former Houston resident, is represented by Texas Gallery and currently resides in New York City.



David Fokos, *Incoming Ferry, Oak Bluff, 1997*



David Fokos, *Daybreak, Chilmark, Massachusetts, 1999*



David Fokos, *Two Rocks, Chilmark, Massachusetts, 1999*



David Fokos, *Mooring Rings, Study #1, Boston, Massachusetts, 1997*

## DISTILLATIONS

DAVID FOKOS  
JULY 8–AUGUST 21, 2000  
JOHN CLEARY GALLERY  
HOUSTON, TEXAS

### SHANNON STONEY

Ansel Adams was fond of quoting a maxim of Steiglitz's: the purpose of fine art photography is to make an image that reveals "what you saw and felt." The feeling part, in his mind, was what made art photography different from ordinary documentation. David Fokos' exhibition exemplifies this maxim to the fullest. He talks about the first photograph he ever made that really expressed his feelings about the New England coast: "There wasn't any real subject matter — it was a photograph of a feeling."

Fokos' photographs are austere and minimalist and contain relatively few objects. But there is subject matter. The subject is the horizon, where sea and sky meet, in virtually all of the photographs in this exhibition. True, this is a rather minimal subject: a mere line in most cases. But the variations within that theme that Fokos finds are what make the subject fascinating to him and to the viewer.

*Incoming Ferry, Oak Bluff, Massachusetts, (1997)*, introduces the main theme of the show: sea and sky. This is one of the few images in which something obviously moves. The long exposure causes the ferry to become two or three slightly blurry lines, parallel to the horizon line. Rather than interrupting the viewer's contemplation of the still sea and the cloudless sky, the ferry becomes almost a part of the horizon itself. It is not recognizable immediately as a ferry, but rather, becomes an abstraction like the flat planes of sea and sky.

The theme of movement becoming stillness is a recurrent one. Fokos in his artist statement explains that his long exposures cause the waves of the ocean to average out to a sort of flat, still, totally calm-seeming sea. In *Daybreak, Chilmark, Massachusetts, (1999)*, all we see are two rocks with mist around them and the horizon line. What we see as mist is really the average of the waves breaking on the rocks over several minutes. The waves become a blur, an abstract element, rather than discreet events, just as the moving ferry became two blurred lines. But even in this very minimal composition, Fokos does not omit his habit of directing the viewer's eye to the horizon: the foreground rock is somewhat square, so that its sides point to the vanishing point on the horizon. The rock behind it, though, is resolutely round, with nothing rectilinear about it. This, again, is a recurrent theme: rigid geometry offset by softly curving, organic lines.

Two photographs, both of mooring rings in Boston Harbor, that particularly exemplify this contrasting of rigid rectilinear composition with organic-looking curves. The mooring rings cast dark, mirroring shadows on the perfectly still water, the rings and their shadows creating oblong shapes enclosing the concrete rounds, the whole effect being somewhat like cells with nuclei. In the background of *Mooring Rings, Study #1, Boston, Massachusetts, (1997)*, we see a very misty bridge and some trees, in light values against the sky, again, where the sky and water meet. In *Mooring Rings, Study #3, Boston, Massachusetts, (1998)*, that line between water and sky disappears, as the mist apparently obliterates the horizon, and all we see to mark the horizon is a few

misty trees. Again, Fokos' subject seems to be the horizon: its appearing and disappearing, the objects that mark the line of the horizon and the different tonalities that can happen where sky meets ocean.

A few compositions break some of the rules that Fokos has seemed to establish in his signature seascapes. One is *Missing Rail, Boston, Massachusetts, (1997)*. This image shows a strikingly different relationship between sea and sky: the sea is totally white, and the sky begins at a very dark line at the horizon. The whole composition is radically bisected by a guardrail that swoops from the lower right to the middle left of the picture. Perfectly crisp droplets of fog or rain adhere to the smooth metallic rail; and we see every detail of the texture of the concrete below the rail. One part of the rail is missing, conveniently, so that the composition does not become too static. This is perhaps the most dynamic of the compositions in the show; furthermore, it is a masterpiece of exposure and printing and tonality.

The most idiosyncratic image is *Storow Drive, Boston, Massachusetts, (1998)*, where Fokos photographed one end of the underside of a freeway bridge arch. Here the "horizon" is the bottom of the arch, where the arch meets the ground. The lines converging to this horizon come from above, down to meet it, rather than from below, curving upward, as in all the other compositions. This image almost seems to be meant as a joke in the context of all the other pictures, a sort of weird upside-down version of the rest. It is a delightful comment on the difference between man-made landscapes and landscapes made by the earth.

Fokos uses a slightly wide angle lens (210mm), a very small aperture and long exposures to make 8" x 10" negatives, which in the early 1990s he began to process digitally. He does all of his manipulations of the image digitally; then the paper is expoed using a laser printer to make his 36" by 36" prints. Fokos prints on color paper to get the warm tonalities he prefers. This beautiful, subtle tonal quality is very evident in such prints as *Two Rocks, Chilmark, Massachusetts, (1995)*.

Fokos photographed one place — the coast of Massachusetts — almost exclusively for 20 years. This dedication to one place and project illustrates the value of focused attention on one subject or place. A person who can sit still for long enough to make a long exposure is also a person who can be patient enough to photograph the same beloved landscape for many years without getting bored of it. These are unusual qualities in the current art scene, which appears to be almost solely about novelty and pop culture. Fokos' meditative, quiet compositions may be a sign, though, of better things to come. ●

Shannon Stoney is a writer and photographer in Houston.

All photographs courtesy of John Cleary Gallery, Houston.

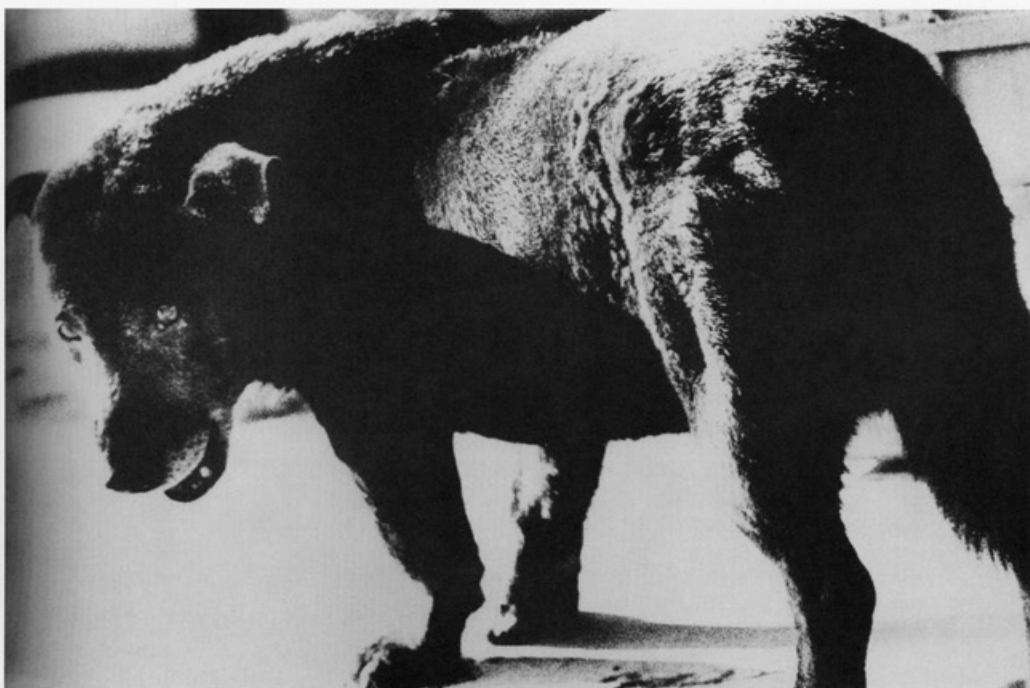
Clockwise from top right

Daido Moriyama, *Stray Dog, Misawa, Aomori*, 1971

Daido Moriyama, *Hayama*, 1966

Daido Moriyama, *Tokyo*, 1981

Daido Moriyama, *Danchi, Tokyo*, 1967



## DAIDO MORIYAMA: *STRAY DOG*

SANDRA PHILLIPS AND  
ALEXANDRA MUNROE, CURATORS  
SAN FRANCISCO MUSEUM OF  
MODERN ART AND  
DISTRIBUTED ART PUBLISHERS

REBECCA FOLEY

The images are dark and contrasty, grainy and imperfect. Some are bleached to abstraction; others are marked with scratches. But it is not carelessness that has created these imperfections nor are the compositions haphazard. Daido Moriyama, working in the advent of political and social change in post World War II Japan, created a form of documentation: photography as a sophisticated extension of human experience.

Born just outside of Osaka, Japan, in 1938, Moriyama trained as a graphic design student at the Osaka Municipal School of Industrial Art. He worked briefly in that field before pursuing photography, a move that led him to an apprenticeship with local professional Takeji Iwamiya. In 1961, Moriyama went to Tokyo to join the photographer's cooperative VIVO, which was on the brink of dissolution. He convinced one of the members, Eikoh Hosoe, to hire him as an assistant, and he worked for him for three years. VIVO was the first collaborative professional photographer's organization in postwar Japan. Members were trying to establish a new visual territory,

consciously trying to describe the new society that emerged after the war. The work grew expanded upon the photo-journalistic tradition, although it differed both from the journalistic work published during the war and from the earlier tradition of Japanese art photography. The work was personal and psychological, made with 35mm film and printed with enlarged grain, as was the style of the times. The photographers were responding to their new society.

Post WWII Japan was undergoing a drastic change, as traditional ways were being fused to newer, more modern, more western ideals of lifestyle. American influence was pervasive, especially due to the presence of the United States military that had established many military bases in the country as part of the post war agreement.

The influence of contemporary American artwork is easily identified in Moriyama's work. Here is the texture of William Klein, the appropriation of Andy Warhol. Klein's book, *New York*, was possibly the first art photography book viewed by Moriyama. The impact of the images must have ingrained themselves in terms of style and aesthetic. Klein was a street photographer in the tradition of Weegee and Brassai, but his images were bold, confrontational and larger than life. Printed in full bleed, each photograph was enlarged to such a degree that the grain of the negative was not only

apparent, but emphasized. Other habits of Klein's printing included drastic bleaching, which resulted in high, graphic contrast. Warhol's influence can also be sighted, sometimes in subject, sometimes in style. *Aoyama*, 1969 (Cat. No. 79) has Warhol's soup cans, and another print with the same title has his Coca Cola bottles (Cat. No. 1969). *Police Safety Poster*, 1969 (Cat. No. 103) is reminiscent of Warhol's screen prints of death and disaster, and the practice of appropriation, seen in Moriyama's photographing of posters (*Brigitte Bardot Poster*, *Aoyama*, 1969, Cat. No. 84), films (*Bonnie and Clyde*, 1969, Cat. No. 89) and television (*Professional Midget Wrestling, Television*, 1968-70, Cat. No. 59) shows the influence of Warhol. But Moriyama made these seemingly American images in Japan, emphasizing a transformation towards a more Western approach of culture.

This "new" Japan was the core of Moriyama's work, as it was for other artists. Most Japanese art from the 1960s and early 1970s, spanning all art forms including visual arts and theater arts, was deeply shocking and provocative, reactive to politics and social concerns. The challenge to photographers was to try to extract lyrical expression from charged and complex subject matter. Moriyama was shaped by his contemporaries, who found deep emotional energy from their subject matter. Eikoh Hosoe was the first internationally recognized artistic photographer of his generation in Japan and also a successful commercial photographer. Hosoe collaborated with author Yukio Mishima and created a body of work entitled *Ordeal with Roses*, a project that originated from Mishima's need for a publicity photograph. Because he had access to the VIVO files, Moriyama spent hours studying contact sheets, learning the work of his teacher as well as of the other VIVO members. But Moriyama was more influenced by the work of Shomei Tomatsu, who did not have a commercial career.

Unlike his contemporaries and mentors, Moriyama worked with no political motivation behind his work. At the time, there was a split between photographers who shot subjective and objective styles of photography, but Moriyama belonged to neither faction. Leftist organizations fought the American and capitalist ideas that were entering their culture, and these groups championed the Marxist ideals of

the avant garde, which believed in the rights of the working class. Photographers who held these ideals sought to capture a social image that was subjective and furthered their political interest by portraying a society that needed improvement. This movement occurred after the original post war movement, where photographers sought to capture a purely objective and journalistic depiction of the world around them. Because there was a ban on photography and journalism during the war, afterwards there was a surge of photographic interest and activity. Instead, Moriyama's work was of simpler philosophy: photograph what is, take pictures "on the fly," let them be an extension of actual experience, not premeditated, not created with a goal in mind.

So, in a sense, Moriyama is more than just a street photographer. He is a landscape photographer, capturing his surroundings of people and place, culture and environment. He has saved for us blinks of an eye, and lets us go wherever he has gone. Most pieces are titled with date and location, and the images are varied and real, a scene of *sexuality* (*Hotel, Shibuya*, 1969, Cat. No. 99), a view out of a rain-smeared window (*Tokyo, Night*, 1968-70, Cat. No. 69), the beach (*Hayama*, 1966, Cat. No. 15), a menacing dog in the street (*Stray Dog, Misawa, Aomori*, 1971, Cat. No. 133). Almost every image is characterized with bold lines, horizontal and vertical, giving them a visual confidence that highlights each subject. Moriyama's work is of the actual: here is a conscious documentation of existence in a culture that is being pulled in two directions. ●

Rebecca Foley is a writer and photographer in Houston.



Rick Williams, *Melvin at the Longhorn Cafe*, 1983

RICK WILLIAMS  
*WORKING HANDS*

TEXAS A&M PRESS, 2000

ROY FLUKINGER

When Rick Williams first saddled up in the early 1980s and rode out with the cowboys who worked the ranches around Albany, Texas, he recognized that he was not pioneering new territories of photo documentation. As ingrained into the folklore and consciousness of this state as the fact and the myth of the cowboy must be, we have long recognized that this particular subject matter has and probably always will attract the visual artists as well as all classes of our society, from writers to tourists to television viewers. The trails that popular culture and romanticism have cut through Texas and the American West are deep and long established, and anyone venturing out across the prairie must negotiate them in their own independent fashion.

What distinguished Williams' vision and interpretation was his interest in these men who work one of the hardest jobs in our nation and yet are traditionally abstracted into certain roles and characters by our modern culture. He eschewed the typical role of visiting professionals who come laden down with equipment and technical assistants into a landscape they do not know and among a people they care about only during their time before the lens. Williams climbed on the horse, lived the life for weeks at a time and learned more than just the names of his subjects. He recognized from the beginning that the cowboys were equal human beings, earning a paycheck, having families and kids and worrying about the same concerns that make up all our workdays, while still engaging in a hard and often uncompromising profession.

Beginning is perhaps the key word

here. For the exquisitely composed and insightful images that came out in those first few years were only the start for Williams. His early years of eloquent personal photography showed that he could capture moments between family or friends and elevate them into poetic glimpses into the human condition. His largely urban lifestyle had awakened within him an enriched, natural curiosity for both the intensely human viewpoint as well as the larger cultural issues that permeate the life of each of us. As he himself puts it: "On one level I know that much of what I am seeking is already within me: that many of the discoveries I make in the sharing of my life and the creation of art with these people and with you are self-discoveries and self-revelations. Yet focusing on the lives of others in the images suggests that I am not simply expressing my own ideas. The images of real people at work are both interpersonally representative and intrapersonally symbolic, simultaneously graceful and powerful."

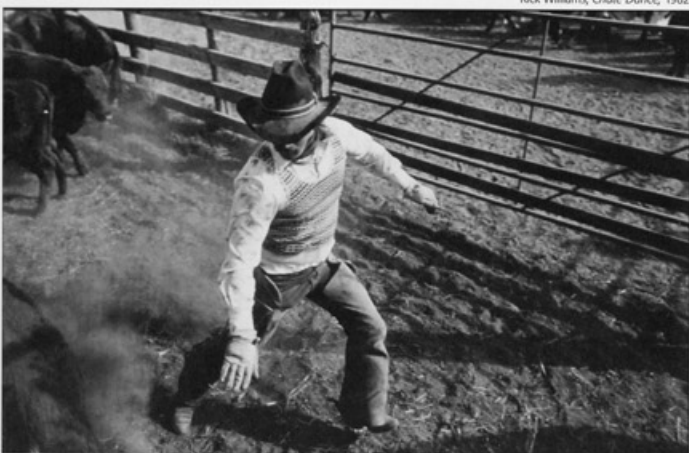
So, by natural instinct and personal commitment, Williams also took the time to look up and look around him, to see what else was going on and how it began to relate to Texans at the end of the 20th century. First, and perhaps most naturally, he found the oil field workers who shared the same landscapes and towns of West Texas together with the cowboys he knew. So he put on the hard hat, met the men who staked their futures upon the vagaries of geology and industry and proceeded to slake his curiosity by depicting those men and women who embraced another facet of the state's economic platform. If the lifestyle remained largely "rural," it was nonetheless peopled with equally complex individuals and just as subject to the realities and romanticism of our society as his previous subjects. The cowboy's song had changed its instrumentation, but the words and tune were as equally encompassing of the emotions and dreams of its singers.

Then, the leap: into the 1990s and the future. Back home in Austin, he found the burgeoning high-tech industries that were shaping the new Texas economy. The landscape and the location had changed dramatically, of course. But had the peo-

ple as well? Williams changed hats again, literally, put on the white robe, entered the clean rooms and corporate boardrooms and brought his cameras into the cleanest environment they had experienced in some time. And there, beyond



Rick Williams, *Setting The Rig*, 1982



Rick Williams, *Chute Dance*, 1982





Top to bottom: Rick Williams, *Hand on the Circle*, 1995 • *Throwing Chain*, 1985 • *The Mud Pit*, 1982

the security and filters, behind the face masks and eye goggles, he found yet another proud song led by yet another body of working Texans: "Ion conductors of electronic symphonies [that] hum sweet music on the frontier of technology." On the surface the change may appear dramatic, but within the people — where Williams hums away while keeping eyes and camera working in unison — they share the same drive, the same concerns, the same heart.

In part this is a fairly obvious comparison: certainly true when we put similar images based upon graphic contexts, such as figural placement or gesture, in opposition. But design component is only one level of Williams' artistry. Within all his images there flourishes an eloquence of

moment and a strong sense of place and time. Like many fine photographers he can put us there to see what people and places look like. For most photographers that is enough. Not for Williams. Beyond just literal elements, the photographs are both compositionally satisfying and abstractly challenging. They call attention equally to the humanity of their subjects and to the disparate feelings that are packaged up within all our life-long experiences. Look into the eyes of the people Williams has brought before you, and you will see the same strength and individuality that appear in Russell Lee's Depression-era farmers and Bruce Davidson's urban dwellers. That is the true beauty that Rick Williams provides us with: that an artistic vision and a human content can build

upon and arise above each other.

That the work is generated in the present is at once obvious and generously direct. Williams does not, so far, embrace a heavily manipulated artifice or create fictives before his lens. (Not to say that he won't one day. Those artists as honest as he cannot exclude any possibilities where the heart — that "most fickle of all the muscles" as April Rapier once called it — is concerned.) These are real people and places, recorded and interpreted as he has experienced them. That directness, that sense of the process of witness, that honest attempt to understand, is always at the foundation of the work. The titles of the works may hint at romance or universal mystery, but he gives us the places, dates and names in the same direct manner as the lean and rich images are unfolded before us. It is the day-to-day humanity that remains and perseveres and triumphs, whether the faces are shaded by a worn Stetson, hidden in the shadow of the sun, or shielded by the masks of a clean room.

However, unlike most solid photo-documentary work that surrounds us, the images do not stop there. Within this vision is an unbridled respect for the past — a reference and response not just to what has happened up to the point in time but to what has come before to our people and the land they spring from. We can recognize the today-ness in a work like *Roundup at Sunrise, Matador Ranch*, (1982) both from its date or the inclusion of the grace note of the rim-lit pickup truck aimed at the print's edge in anticipation of an exit from the prairie stage.

suffuses the seeming simplicity of the most mundane and prosaic elements and elevates them to a higher, universal level — the "dance" of the cowhand at the corral gate, the gesture of the symphonic conductor in an oilfield worker's signal, or the butterfly-like flotation of workers on the Advanced Micro Devices fan walk. This is breathtaking beauty, not mere prettiness, which comes from an affection — if not an awe — for the everyday experience of the human animal in all manner of worldly environments and circumstances.

Photograph by photograph Williams reveals a social panorama shaped by the ritual of the everyday and enriched by the grace of living that infuses it. The portrait that emerges is far more than that of three different lifestyles covering the last two decades of the previous century. At its finest the entire body of work serves as a testament to the vibrant spirituality that can exist far beyond earning a paycheck. As Russell Lee — the spiritual father of so many of us who passed through his days here in Austin — once put it: "Photography only succeeds if you are willing to work at it. The same thing goes for life too."

In terms of the literature of the state, Larry McMurtry observed such moments as those Williams has witnessed. He points out that these "images, as it happens, all come from Old Texas, but it would not be hard to find in today's experience, or tomorrow's, moments that are just as eloquent, just as suggestive of gallantry or strength or disappointment. ... Texas is rich in unredeemed dreams, and now that the dust of its herds is settling the writers will be out on their pencils, looking for them in the suburbs and along the mythical Pecos."

Williams rides these same trails. Indeed, the only qualification to add here is that it is equally the domain of artists and photographers as well — if not even more so. Poetry has less to do with choosing the right word or moment and a whole lot more with intuiting and understanding the human. And Rick Williams' quest through this dimension is and must be forever ceaseless — as are his passions, his dreams, and his admiration of our immortal spirit.

If you detect a commonality here — of purpose, of ideal, of an almost soulful quality — that is no coincidence. (Indeed, one of Williams' working titles for an earlier stage of this opus was *Common Ground*.) To possess a poetic vision is at once challenging and elating, but most especially when one is dealing with the everyday rather than the singularly epic. And it is within these moments of the experience of the common man and woman that Williams' photographs find transcendence. The instances encompass all our daily lives — elation, frustration, communication, industry, contemplation, achievement, loss, belief, faith — and elevate our labors and our energies to the heroic, which we may not recognize at all times but which we all share before each day's sunset.

That is the challenge, both for the modern artist and for the working man: to combine the prosaic of the everyday with the poetry of which life is capable. Williams assembles it photograph by photograph and word by word. But we all, each and every one, do it every day and in every place: side by side, heart to heart, dream to dream. Or, if you will, hand to hand. ●

Roy Flukinger is Senior Curator of Photography and Film, Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center at the University of Texas at Austin.

FOR MOST OF IT I HAVE  
NO WORDS: GENOCIDE •  
LANDSCAPE • MEMORY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIMON NORFOLK  
INTRODUCTION BY MICHAEL IGNATIEFF  
DEWI LEWIS PUBLISHING

SIMON JAMES

Simon Norfolk earns his living as a photo-journalist. He was born in Lagos in 1963, brought up in Manchester and studied philosophy and sociology at Bristol University. The intended next step had been a move on to a PhD. However, while



Simon Norfolk, *Markers where ash has been found* studying at Bristol he was introduced by his tutor to the work of a number of campaigning photographers, notably Joseph Koudelka's book on *The Gypsies*, and Network photographer Mike Goldwater's *Fighting The Famine*. He says he was knocked over by Will Guy's introduction to *The Gypsies* and began to think of photography as a sort of applied sociology. Feeling he might make more difference in the world working as a photographer than he would have done as a sociologist, he applied for a place in David Hurn's course in Documentary Photography at Newport. On finishing the Newport course he moved to London and began working as a magazine photographer: firstly on *Living Marxism*, later moving to the Select picture agency who distributed his pictures to *Der Spiegel*, *The Guardian* and *The Independent*.

Politically Norfolk has always stood to the left of center, although more generally across Europe the 1980s were a period of increased acceptability and ascendance for right wing political parties. In France, Jean-Marie Le Pen controlled a considerable movement while in the UK far right parties achieved their first elected local counselor since the war and on several occasions generated enough support to be allowed televised party political broadcasts. Personally Norfolk was alarmed by these trends and, as a working photographer covering events associated with the rise of the British new right, found himself increasingly angered by the things he witnessed.

Ironically his personal journey began out of contact with two diametrically opposed individuals who attended these meetings: revisionist historian and British National Party philosopher David Riving, who denies the Nazis committed the deliberate mass extermination of European Jewry, and Leon Greenman, an elderly Jewish man prominent in counter-demonstrations outside. Greenman, a survivor of the death camps who wore a badge saying "I was there," was sent to Auschwitz from Holland with his wife and two and a half year old son. The last Greenman ever saw of his family was on the death camp arrivals ramp. They were sent straight to the gas chamber while he was selected for slave labor and, against



Top: Simon Norfolk, *Altar* • Simon Norfolk, *Massacre*

near insurmountable odds, survived the war.

Norfolk became increasingly concerned for the way in which this comparatively recent history was misrepresented and mythologised. He began researching the subject personally through records held in the Wiener Library in London and in 1994 decided to visit Auschwitz for himself. On arriving at the camp he began making photographs in his, to that point, usual 35 mm documentary style. However, he worried that the results would differ little from the many thousands of reportage images made there since its liberation in 1945. Norfolk was conscious of the manner in which humanist documentary practice prioritizes the experience, reaction or feelings of the witness above the issue, event or subject under discussion, as well as photographing the diverse groups visiting the site and their reactions to it. He also made a series of quieter, more contemplative, black-and-white images of the landscape of the camp with a recently acquired Mamiya 6 camera and tripod. On returning to England and reviewing the results he concluded that the stiller, landscape imagery, devoid of current visitors and their reactions, bore more telling witness

to the immensity and horror of the crime committed at Auschwitz.

*For most of it I have no words* does not confine itself, however, to the mass exterminations of Nazi Germany. For as recent years have evidenced, despite their wholesale industrialization of the process, the Nazis neither invented nor held the monopoly on genocide. Similarly western revisionist historians may in this period be the principal orators of denial but they neither invented the concept nor hold title to it. On his return from Auschwitz, Norfolk continued to work as a photo-journalist and his reading broadened to encompass other acts of genocide that had taken place this century. In April 1994 the Hutu government and people of Rwanda turned on its Tutsi minority in an orchestrated atrocity of medieval proportion. Some months later when Norfolk visited the country an estimated 700,000 Tutsis and moderate Hutus lay dead, their remains in some areas still on open view. It is here that Norfolk's imagery begins to regard the nature of the act of genocide, one defining element of which is its commitment and thoroughness. In his moving essay at the beginning of *For most of it I have no words* Michael Ignatieff adopts the language of the picturesque to rein-

force the fact that in the eyes of the perpetrators of genocide their act is one of sublime purification. Norfolk's images of Rwanda verify no stone of that society was left unturned in the bloodletting: classroom, clinic and church were all purified of the perceived taint of the Tutsi.

The sites of atrocity presented in *For most of it I have no words* are worldwide but neither exhibition nor book claims to be inclusive. Increasingly to Norfolk the notion of Memory, the final word in the title sequence, became of paramount importance. Traditional documentary styles attempt to tell their viewers what to think. Perhaps conscious of the amount written on this subject, Norfolk by contrast solely offers images of the remains



Simon Norfolk, *Sunflowers*

or referents still evident at the places where the events took place. Although primarily motivated by an immense and very personal hatred for those who commit these crimes he chooses not to present an essay of his own and restricts himself to brief captions at the end of the book. The title is not his statement but the final words of wartime American correspondent Edward R. Murrow's radio despatch from Buchenwald concentration camp.

In the early part of the sequence, evidence of the atrocities and the charred remains of the victims lie openly on display. As the series progresses, however, obvious indicators become less visible until, towards the end of the series, all that is left are bleak, open, empty spaces. These images allude to the ephemeral nature of memory itself, while serving equally as metaphors for the sheer size of the crimes committed within their confines. With the sole exception of the Vietnamese boys, born after the conflict yet each day suffering its consequences, the living are deliberately restricted from the pages of this elegy. Little more than casual attention is given to the methodologies adopted by the perpetrators of genocide. That detail that is offered serves as a reminder of how little technology is in fact required to commit mass murder. In presenting the imagery without comment, the work transcends any hierarchy of specific events to regard the nature of evil itself and the ease with which such vast crimes pass from memory.

We are now several generations, and, sadly, genocides, on from the last "war to end wars." Our notion of history, and the manner in which we teach it continues to change; but as Norfolk's work ably and undeniably testifies, memory of atrocities continues to fade. As the stark, beautiful landscapes at the end of this series clearly remind us, memory decays as rapidly as physical evidence when left abandoned. Few today have no concept of the Holocaust but how many have ever heard of the Herero People? History, as Simon Norfolk tells us, is indeed about today; but only in memory resides hope for tomorrows yet to come. ●

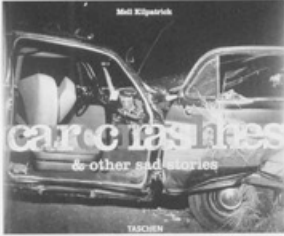
Simon James is a photographer working and living in London, England.

## Books Received

The Houston Center for Photography receives review copies of books from publishers around the country. These books are available to visitors during gallery hours.

*Amazonia: O Olhar Sem Fronteiras—Catalog of Il Fotonorte.* Rio de Janeiro, Brazil: Fundação Nacional de Arte FUNARTE, 1998, 496 pages. Portuguese Showcases the work of 67 photographers from Brazil, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Venezuela.

Barrier, John, ed. *Coming into Focus: A Step-by-Step Guide to Alternative Photographic Printing Processes.* San Francisco, California: Chronicle Books, 2000, 296 pages  
Features instructions for 21 alternative printing techniques.



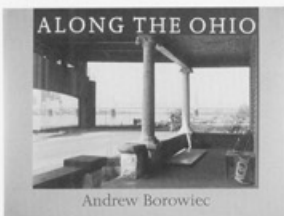
Beckwith, Carol & Angela Fisher. *Passages: Photographs in Africa.* New York, New York: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 2000, 112 pages  
Features 89 large-format colorful images of African tribal ceremonies.

Birring, Johannes. *Performance on the Edge: Transformations of Culture.* New Brunswick, New Jersey: The Athlone Press, 2000, 285 pages  
Birring addresses the politics of community-oriented and reconstructive artmaking in an era marked by the AIDS crisis, cultural and racial polarization, warfare, separatism and xenophobia.

Borowiec, Andrew. *Along the Ohio.* Baltimore and London: The John Hopkins University Press, 2000, 130 pages  
Borowiec's 80 duotone images explore the cultural landscape along the banks of the Ohio River.

Carter, Keith. *Ezekiel's Horse.* Austin, Texas: University of Texas Press, 2000, unpaginated  
Carter presents 75 black-and-white duotone images of thoroughbreds and riders.

Dumas, Jennifer. *Car Crashes & Other Sad Stories: Mell Kilpatrick.* New York, New York: Taschen, 2000, 176 pages  
Features a rediscovered archive of 195 illustrations by the "photojournalist of death," Mell Kilpatrick.



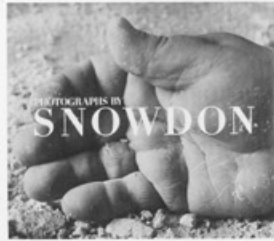
Foster, Giraud & Norman Barker. *Ancient Microworlds.* San Francisco, California: Custom & Limited Editions, 2000, 187 pages  
Features colorful photographs of magnified plant and animal fossils.

Griffith, Christopher. *States.* New York, New York: powerHouse Books, 2000, unpaginated  
A collection of 63 large-scale black-and-white images of utilitarian aspects of the American landscape that reinterpret the iconography of American culture.

Harris, Phil. *Fact Fiction Fabrication.* Portland, Oregon: Picturehead Press, 2000, 43 pages  
A series of black-and-white images that reflect on the nature of photography and the "factuality" of the photographic image.

Johnson, Mark S., ed. *The Daguerrian Annual.* Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: The Daguerrian Society, 1997, 296 pages  
A yearly publication devoted to the art of the daguerreotype.

Krase, Andreas. *Paris: Eugene Atget.* New York, New York: Taschen, 2000, 251 pages  
A beautifully produced volume of Atget's documentation that presents over 200 photographs of everyday Paris.



Light, Ken. *Witness in Our Time: Working Lives of Documentary Photographers.* Washington and London: Smithsonian Institution Press, 2000, 211 pages  
Traces the recent history of social documentary photography in the words of 22 of the genre's best photographers, editors and curators.

Merrit, Raymond & Miles Barth. *A Thousand Hounds.* New York, New York: Taschen, 2000, 600 pages  
Spanning more than 150 years (1839 to present), this book brings together over 400 color and black-and-white photographs of dogs taken by photographers and artists.

Miller, Wayne F. *Chicago's South Side, 1946-1948.* Berkeley, California: University of California Press, 2000, 112 pages  
Photojournalist Miller chronicles the black community of the South Side in Chicago in the 1940s and captures intimate moments in the lives of ordinary people.

Morrissey, Thomas F. *Between the Lines: Photographs from the National Vietnam Veterans Memorial.* Syracuse, New York: Syracuse University Press, 2000, 128 pages  
Features 74 black-and-white photographs about the National Vietnam Veterans Memorial and the healing process that America underwent after its construction.



Palmquist, Peter E., ed. *The Daguerrian Annual.* Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: The Daguerrian Society, 1992, 256 pages  
A yearly publication devoted to the art of the daguerreotype.

Phillips, Sandra S. & Alexandra Monroe. *Daido Moriyama: Stray Dog.* San Francisco, California: San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, 1999, 160 pages  
A collection of black-and-white photographs that depict the changing social landscape of post-World War II Japan.

Pittman, Blair. *Texas Caves.* College Station, Texas: Texas A&M University Press, 2000, 144 pages  
A collection of 60 color photographs and 40 black-and-white photographs that capture the beauty of Texas' underground world.

Slade, George. *Minnesota in Our Time: A Photographic Portrait.* St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society Press, 2000, 182 pages  
Showcases 120 black-and-white images of 12 photographers who capture the essence of the state and its people.

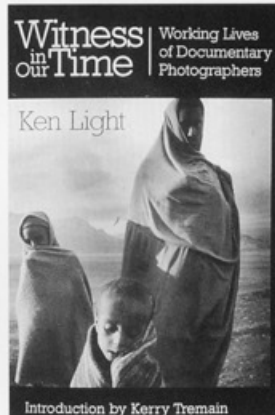


Snowden, Lord. *Photographs by Snowden: A Retrospective.* New York, New York: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 2000, 239 pages  
Snowden presents a retrospective collection of 200 photographs, 79 in full color, featuring his studies for the theatre, his fashion photos, his reportage on the problems of the aged and disabled, his still-life and landscape photography and memorable celebrity and royal portraits.

Spaid, Gregory. *Grace.* New London, New Hampshire: Safe Harbor Books, 2000, 128 pages  
Spaid presents 65 black-and-white photographs that represent the simplicity of rural America.

Stock, Jay. *Inspirational Impressionistic Images.* Edens Prairie, Minnesota: Pathans Publishing, 1992, unpaginated  
A collection of color photographs inspired by the works of the 19th century Impressionist painters.

Stock, Jay. *Visions of Our Native American Heritage.* Edens Prairie, Minnesota: Pathans Publishing, 1994, unpaginated  
A collection of color photographs that capture the essence of Native American tribes.

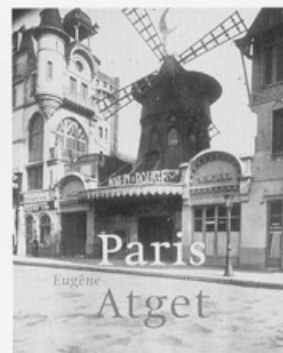


*The Sonia and Kaye Marvins Portrait Collection.* Houston, Texas: Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, 1986, 24 pages  
Features portraits by 45 artists.

*The Sonia and Kaye Marvins Portrait Collection.* Houston, Texas: Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, 1995, 46 pages  
Showcases portraits by 77 photographers with information on each artist and image.

Viggiani, Ed, ed. *Brazil: Bom de Bola.* Sao Paulo, Brazil: Tempo d'Imagem, 1998, 203 pages. Portuguese  
An exploration of the role of soccer in Brazilian culture.

Voit, Mark. *Hubble Space Telescope: New Views of the Universe.* New York, New York: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 2000, 64 pages  
A collection of 110 illustrations that depict views of space from the Hubble Telescope.



Williams, Rick. *Working Hands.* College Station, Texas: Texas A&M University Press, 2000, 128 pages  
Features black-and-white photographs of people at work in a variety of occupations that reflect the changing Texas economy, from ranching to microchips.

Compiled by Jennifer Counts and Sarina DeNardo

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**Kirstie Laird**, *Mad Clown*, 1997, Chromogenic print, 10 x 8



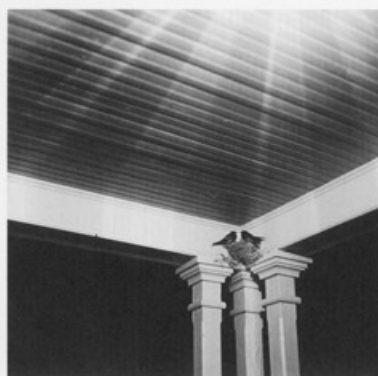
**Chip Hooper**, *Scott Creek Beach*, 1999, 8 x 10, Selenium toned gelatin silver print



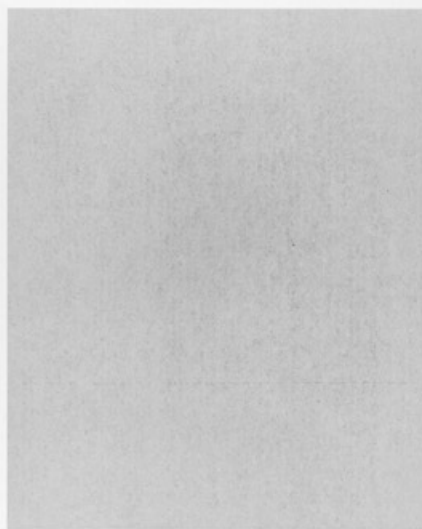
**Craig Barber**, *Memories*, 2000, Platinum palladium print, 6 x 10



**Annu Palakunnathu Matthew**, *Billowing Fabrics*, 1998, Selenium toned gelatin silver print, 6 x 6



**Kenny Braun**, *Love Birds*, 2000, Gelatin silver print, 15 x 15



**Orit Raff**, *Untitled (Toilet Paper)*, 2000, C-print, 10 x 8

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