



HOUSTON CENTER FOR PHOTOGRAPHY

FALL 2006

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THE
SILVER
ISSUE

Fall 06

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This issue of *SPOT* is devoted to our retrospective past, to the twenty-five years that Houston Center for Photography has been in existence.

A wide variety of photographers have shown their work at HCP over the past quarter century and a broad selection of these people were asked to exhibit their work in our current retrospective exhibition, *Silver*.

These same people were then given the opportunity to "curate" a page in *SPOT* magazine in any way they saw fit. This *SPOT* would then not be a catalog in the conventional sense, but something new. Our criteria were simple – do what you want – words, images, whatever seems of interest.

To start things rolling, we posed a series of questions which referred to the photographers themselves, to photography, to personal responses to the medium and to life in general. But these questions were merely prompts: those who were interested could respond to any, all or none. We gave our participants full choice: the design, the words, the images....

What you have here is the result, a collection of new work, new pages and new thought, the first such *SPOT*, though perhaps not the last. We hope you enjoy it.

David Crossley, *SPOT*'s first editor has fittingly contributed an Introduction to this retrospective issue.

Peter Brown
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Fall 2006

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In this Issue

When we first published this magazine, back in winter of 1982, it was called *Image*, not *SPOT*. Early on Eastman Kodak, which had an older magazine called *Image*, suggested we change our name.

Dozens of new names were suggested and in one of the brainstorming sessions somebody (probably me) threw up his hands and said let's just call it *SPOT*, and we laughed and kept working. In the end, unable to come up with something perfect, we looked at *SPOT*, and said, why not? Then Charles Schorre suggested we drop the word and just put a spot on the cover. I'm not sure when the word came back, but for some period of time there was just that big black spot.

In the early days, there was a lot of whimsy at work in both *SPOT* and the Houston Center for Photography. There was that edge of not-quite-grown-up that made it so much fun. I think the high point of that was when Jeff DeBevec came up with a subscription mailer that had a picture of a cute dog on it and it said, "If you don't subscribe to this magazine we're going to shoot this dog."

HCP is beginning the celebration of its 25th year, but *SPOT* is a little younger, a mere 24. As the first editor, I find that a little hard to believe. I'm also curious to see that *SPOT* has never gotten over the struggle about photography/art that raged in the beginning when there was a significant constituency for naming the new organization the Houston Center for Art Photography. There was, and is, this nagging suspicion photography just isn't enough.

For me, the lure of photography arose from books and magazines, mostly magazines, and mostly *Life Magazine*. As we began to see photographs from inside the womb and then from distant space and of tiny things seen through scanning electron microscopes, I began to appreciate the extent to which the world in our brains was placed there by photographs. I know a lot about what China looks like and I know something about what war looks like and I know how a pole vaulter looks at the apex of the ride. But I've never been to China, or to war, or seen an actual pole vault and of course, haven't been in space or inside a womb or seen the eyeballs of a mite.

This business of photography is about letting us see what we cannot otherwise easily see, inside the mind of the artist or into the moments of terror or loss or betrayal or confusion or suffering or, for that matter, intense joy and love.

In looking back at HCP's first 25 years, it's sad how little we can see from the exhibition history, really just a long list of names. But we can still pick up the first issue of *Image/SPOT*, and there it is, everything that was published, as good as new. All the other issues are accessible, with all the images that gave us a broader and deeper understanding of life and the universe we live in.

This suggests a kind of responsibility and even primacy for *SPOT* that I'm not sure we appreciate. Historically, most of the creative energy at HCP has gone into exhibitions. But it feels like *SPOT* deserves a fresh look and I think the people on the publications committee feel that too. In fact, this issue, which was pretty risky and out of control (that given over to the photographers), strikes me as having rattled the cage quite a bit. So, stay tuned. There's more to come.

David Crossley



25 years ago
 i thought it couldn't get any worse than Ronnie Raygun.

25 years ago
 i still believed that my photographs could change the world.

25 years ago
 i had never used a computer.
 i didn't know what it meant to be a parent.
 i was driving a brand new VW Rabbit.
 i still harbored dreams of fame and fortune.
 i was certain i would receive another NEA grant.
 i hoped that someday i could teach at Rice.
 i assumed that i would eventually get organized.
 i didn't drink coffee.
 i was in therapy.
 i put way too much emphasis on appearances.
 i knew one photograph was worth 1000 words.
 i felt sure that a photograph spoke for itself.
 i was adamant that a photograph must be autonomous.
 i confused arrogance with conviction.
 i refused to accept why the client is always right.
 i didn't know why we called them old farts.
 i expected HCP to remain a bunch of volunteers.
 i still thought that i was immortal.
 i mistook.
 i didn't understand.
I WAS ONLY 33 YEARS OLD!

Paul Hester

DAVID CROSSLEY

What makes you tick?
 Electrolytes? Synaptical explosions? That burger down there?
 Who knows?

What is the one thing you can't live without?
 Life.

Why are you a photographer?
 To get to the other side.

What most inspired you to become an artist?
 Aren't we all?

What most inspired you to become a photographer?
 Blow Up.

What's your favorite color?
 Pantone 1788.

Where do you think photography is going?
 Where no one has gone before, of course. Isn't that the mission?

If you weren't an artist, what would you be?
 Dead, I guess. I don't think of myself as an artist. I'm an image maker. Mostly using a computer. But I'm probably better known as an urban fiend.

How do you know when you're done?
 You don't. You're done when you stop. Actually, my wife would prefer you use "finished."

What advice can you give to emerging artists?
 Get ahold of yourself.

What is your favorite book on photography?
 A View of the Universe, by David Malin

How did HCP help your career?
 It kept me from getting used to making money, and enabled me to never really do that. Thanks a lot.

How did you get involved with HCP initially?
 I was called, like all the rest, by Anne Tucker.

How do you feel about HCP?
 Mystified, but pretty good.

What's your fondest memory about HCP?
 Cutting the ribbon at the opening of the space. Well, maybe going to the Lucky Burger every day with Muffy and Lynn McLanahan.

What work have you seen recently that you like?
 Houston's Worth It was great. Hubble keeps getting better.

What would you want on your tombstone?
 Coming soon, but not yet.

What artists/curators/critics ignite your emotions?
 Mel Chin. I resist being emotional in the presence of curators and critics.

What gets your goat?
 A low whistle, or sometimes a carrot will work.

Do small nonprofit arts organizations still matter to you?
 Not as much now, but they don't have to matter to me to be important. Nonprofit photography organizations are more interesting, as are urban growth institutes.

Does the history of photography inform your practice?
 Well, sure, it's how we know so much of what we know. I've tried to reduce pictures to words, but it seems to take thousands.

How do you feel about corporate sponsors for art events?
 If it keeps thing hopping, it's okay with me. Wish they would sponsor more photography events, but art's okay too.

How do you feel about the NEA?
 Feel? Oh, about the same as I feel about curators and critics.

What jobs have you done to support yourself?
 Nine careers, several jobs, lots of free-lance. Hard to describe.

What media influence you?
 All of it, washing over me, choking, can't see....

What art movement do you embrace most strongly and least strongly?
 I'm undecided, ambivalent, disinterested even. This pie in the face stuff is pretty interesting.

What makes you happy?
 Oh, filling out forms, surveys, questionnaires, that sort of thing.

What questions should we be asking?
 Be nice to have more of them about photography. But, as I said, art's okay too.



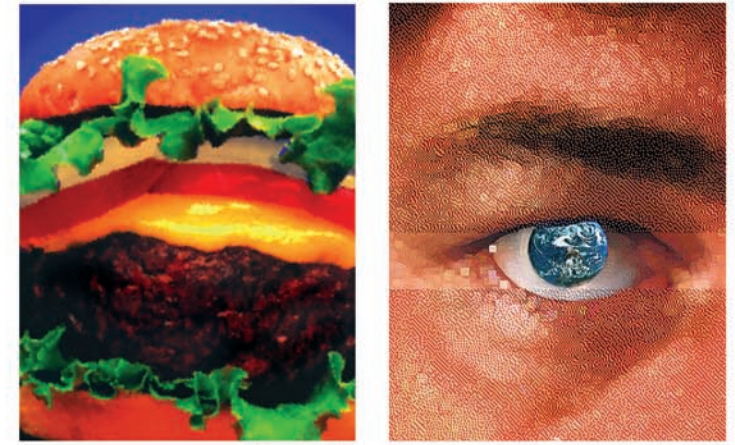
Women of Wall Street, 1964



Me and Me, 1982

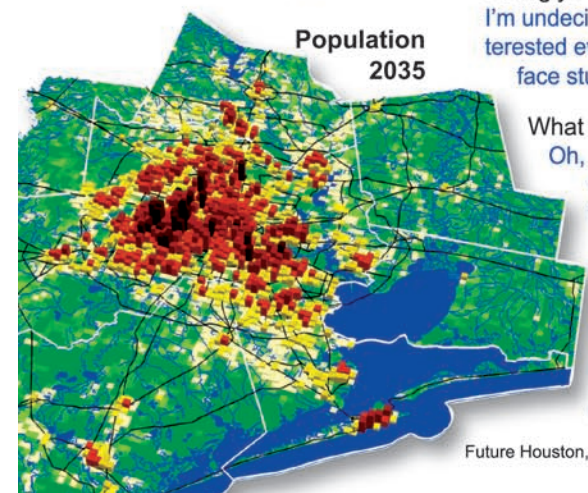


Big Gun, 1986



Burger, 1990

EarthEye, 1992



Future Houston, 2006



Garden City Dream, 2005

Bennie Charles Glover

"I loves women! And I love girls. All women! Big women, little women, I loves women!" declared B. C. Glover, with a quiet smile. It sounded less like bragging than a simple statement of fact.



Odalisque, basking in the sun, on a summer afternoon



Isabel M. Garcia

"There was a lot of prej'dice 'round Texas, when I was growin' up--'no Mex'cans allowed', you know? I heard my commandin' office say he didn't want 'no Indian or goddamned Mex'cans for NCO's! How'd you like that?"

"I only got through third grade", Garcia said, "cause Daddy was always movin' around, searchin' out work."

Patsy Cravens

Leavin' a Testimony
Portraits from Rural Texas
University of Texas Press
Available in Bookstores



Long ago, I practiced making fine prints, but soon realized that fine printing was not my goal. It's far more fun to see what happens when images are printed indifferently, placed side by side, torn and reassembled. So I collage and watch narratives emerge just by moving bits of paper.

MMA/2004

**In memory,
James K. Tippin
Nick**



I used to go on a lot of walks, which allowed me a certain social freedom to explore and observe people in public places. With pedestrian status, it's acceptable to take in as you move. And repeated exposure – taking the same route over and again – inevitably led to the experience of seeing something familiar in new way: a neighbor's yard or ornamentation; the light; an odd rock or leaf; maybe an interesting piece of trash. When possible, I would jam objects into my pockets and take them home, where they would end up in a mess on the table or lost in a drawer, allowing for rediscovery.

That's pretty much how and why I take pictures. Cameras lend purpose to being in public and make observation/exploration acceptable. Instead of picking up stuff, I leave with a flat and squared off record of things and people in space, how they interact and stand in relationship to one another. I use a toy camera, which is a less predictable and controlled form of mediation. It better reflects the way I make images, as record of familiar, but mutable experience. And like memory, there is distortion and a great deal of subjectivity. When the experience of my presence in a situation is somehow translated to a print, I am thrilled because the eyes, mind, and technology have all merged into something legible.

Amy Blakemore

Jim
Chromogenic photograph
1999

Dog in Snow
Chromogenic Photograph
2004

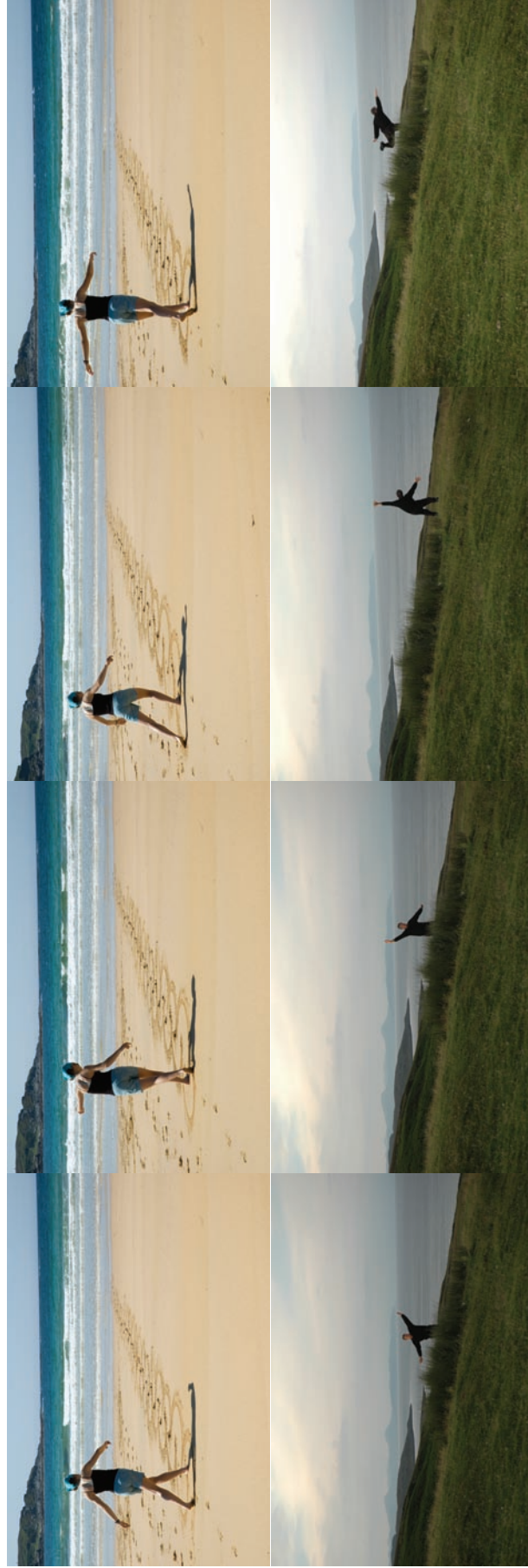


Eastern Grey Squirrel on Windshield
1984
Silver dye-bleach photograph
The Allan Chasanoff Photographic Collection, The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston
91.955

Barbara Norfleet

Wind, Water, Air and Ashes Colonsay and Oronsay, 2006

Peter Brown



1. Caitlin's clothes, drying near the spot where we scattered some of my father's ashes in 2003. The ashes shot into the air towards Jura. Baleromindubh garden, Colonsay, 2006.

2–5. Caitlin dancing on the sands at Kiloran Bay, ashes again went with the wind, swirling into the clouds. Colonsay, 2006.

6–9. My brother Mark above Baleromindubh, dancing and pointing the way to Jura. Colonsay, 2006.

10. The spot where ashes came to rest in 2003. We scattered them inside the Priory chapel and tossed them through a small window (the parallelogram of light). Robert McAfee Brown, my father and a theologian had great affection for these islands. Oronsay Priory, 2006.

Colonsay and Oronsay are two small islands, connected by a strand. They are the westernmost islands of the Inner Hebrides of Scotland, and are home to the MacPhies.



Warren Neidich



I was born on May 19, 1965 in Okeechobee, Florida. I was groomed to be a Pentecostal preacher, studying the bible and taking piano and organ lessons. I spoke in tongues. I learned to cast out demons. I was gay. I left home at the first opportunity.

A friend gave me a camera and I fell in love with light and image. Another friend gave me an enlarger and supplies for a dark room. In a closet under a stairwell, I taught myself how to make a photograph.

I made cash for photographic supplies in many ways. I worked in restaurants as a dish washer, busboy, waiter. I wrestled alligators at a Seminole Indian reservation. I was a santa for charity. I have assisted gardeners, photographers, and drug-dealers. I hustled sex for money.

I have lied, cheated, and stolen so I could feel the erotic rush of watching an image magically appear on what was a blank piece of paper. I'm learning to cast "in" demons. I've always felt I would do almost anything to know the power of holding a split second in my hands, and look at it as long and as lovingly as I care to, — to capture something as elusive as an emotion, and to feel the power of that emotion possess me each time I look at it. To feel the electric jolt of telling a lie convincingly and above all else, to experience the awe-inspiring, god-like power of creating and witnessing a truth.



Gay Block
1981 and 2006

www.gayblock.com

Adrain Chesser



Jane: Alzheimer's Series: Study #1, 2005

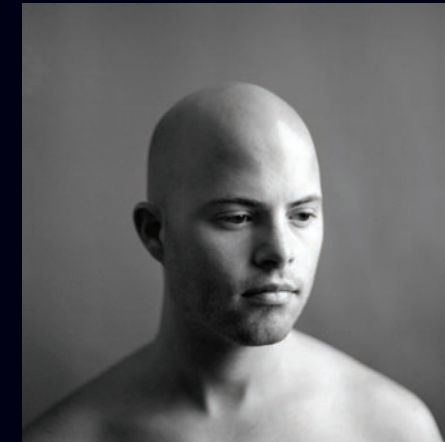
Keith Carter



Aftermath on Mt. Suribachi
(Homage to Timothy O'Sullivan)
Iwo Jima + 60
Doss, Texas
Gelatin silver photograph
2005

I take portraits.

Recently, I made a conscious decision to simplify the portraits I had been taking. I chose to make simple studies of the head, shirtless with a neutral background — a bust. My primary influence is Roman, the cold marble heads on pedestals I fell in love with in Rome. I concentrated on the texture of skin, facial expressions, quality of light and the simple way the subject fills the frame. My intent was to produce a quiet, introspective and moody portrait, essentially a reflection of myself.



top
Brian delCastillo — Bust
Bleached and toned gelatin
silver photograph
2006



bottom
Rocky Haggard — Bust
Bleached and toned gelatin
silver photograph
2006

"I'm here because my grandfather fought and died on Iwo Jima. Since I cannot talk to him, ask him questions about what he went through, this seemed the best way for me to understand why he died. I'm here to remember him."

Living History Volunteer

In recognition of the 60th anniversary of the fight for Iwo Jima, The National Museum of the Pacific War hosted a reenactment of the historic battle. *Iwo Jima + 60* involved over 320 living historians, forty of whom flew directly from Japan. After a staged invasion, the Japanese forces defeated, five active duty Marines and one Navy corpsman raised Old Glory atop Welge Point in Doss, Texas. Over 20,000 spectators witnessed these events.

I went to *Iwo Jima + 60* as a contemporary photographer. I spent a week in Doss helping erect tents, meeting the volunteers and becoming familiar with the land. When photographing, I chose not to include concession stands, port-o-lets or the throngs of people who came to watch. Instead I donned a uniform, got down in the mud and assumed a role as correspondent. I photographed freely, without the fear of bullets, setting out not to mimic pictures of the past but to make this event my own. My intent was to blur the lines between past and present. I do not want to trick people into thinking these were taken on Iwo Jima. The hill is too small, combat boots have rubber soles and the dead have ear plugs.

This event and my photographs are an homage to a single image, Joe Rosenthal's iconic and serene *Old Glory Goes Up on Mt. Suribachi, Iwo Jima* taken over 60 years ago. His image affected lives, including his own. It inspired generations. It inspired me. Looking at his photograph, it is easy to forget that over the course of 54 days, on eight square miles of black sand, Japanese and American forces suffered over 48,000 casualties.

Will Michels



Rock Display in the Science Building, Chadron State College, Chadron, NE.
© Rick Dingus, 2005-2006.

Everything changes over time—not just physical conditions, but also perceptions and understandings. Framed by a new set of considerations, previously unrelated topics can suddenly and surprisingly seem connected; or, a well-known subject can look unfamiliar when viewed in a different light.

Like mirrors, photographs reflect the constantly evolving subjects of our interest, and the shifts in our understanding that manifest as we look. If making photographs is a gesture of participation, so is reading them. Viewers of photographs continue the process of interpretation long after the photographer's work is done. Mixed signals are common in everyday life and photographs echo this ambiguity by posing more questions than they can answer.

The information recorded by cameras is fascinating and convincing, even if the details sometimes tease, distract, or keep us from recognizing larger patterns of significance that lie behind the surface of how things appear. After decades of critical debate and the arrival of the digital era, it seems obvious that photography is illusory and unavoidably biased as a witness. But the value of this observation is incomplete unless we consider that there are many means in addition to photography by which we regularly project limited assumptions about what we believe to be true.

The problematic aspects of photography are not unrelated to the problematic nature of our other relations. Because of this, photographs remain powerful touchstones for experience. They are valuable as catalysts by which we contemplate and re-consider a broad variety of subjects. An intriguing residue of our obsession with looking and thinking about the things we see, photographs are elusive markers of our complex engagements with each other and the world.

Rick Dingus, 2006
Lubbock, TX

Steve Fitch

DANCERS/MORTEN NILSSON



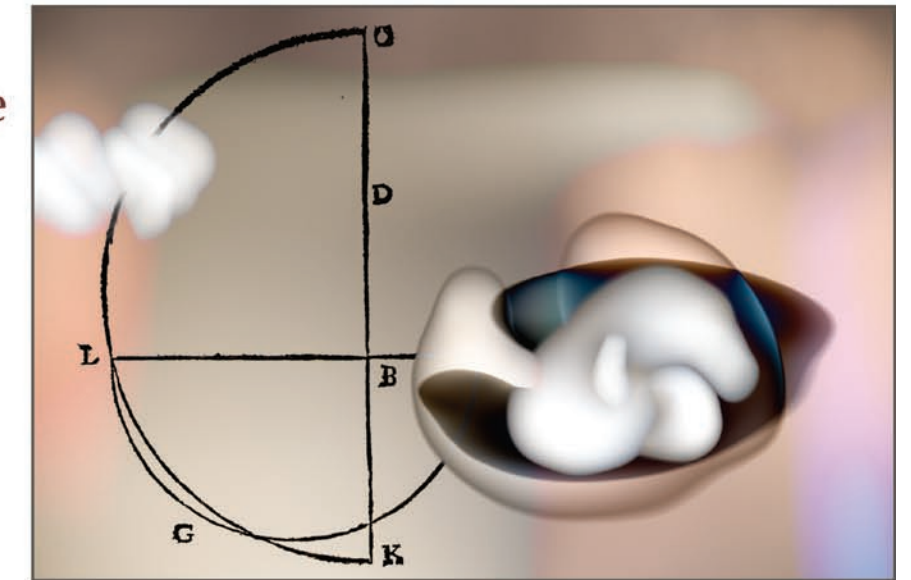
Kings ©2005



White Book - Persephone ©2004

New Knowledge
Old Knowledge

Reach for the ring of chance for a new understanding of myth and the universe. Return to the table at home for continuity.

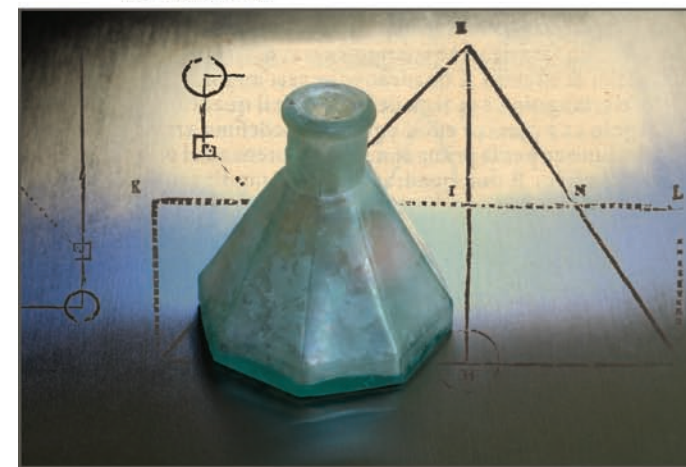


Bowl ©2006



Die ©2004

Ink Bottle ©2001



Olivia Parker
©2006

Peaches ©2001





ANN STAUTBERG

BARRY WHISTLER GALLERY DALLAS . BARBARA DAVIS GALLERY HOUSTON . STEPHEN L. CLARK GALLERY AUSTIN

5-21-05, A.M., #3, OIL ON BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPH, 52" X 40" 2006



ROBERT FLYNT



"So...are you really worried that you could get cancer from me?"

"Uh huh.."

"Is that true?"

"Uh huh.."

"Did somebody say that you could, or did you just figure that out for yourself?"

"I'm just scared. I'm scared that you're gonna die."



"Really?"

"Yes, really."

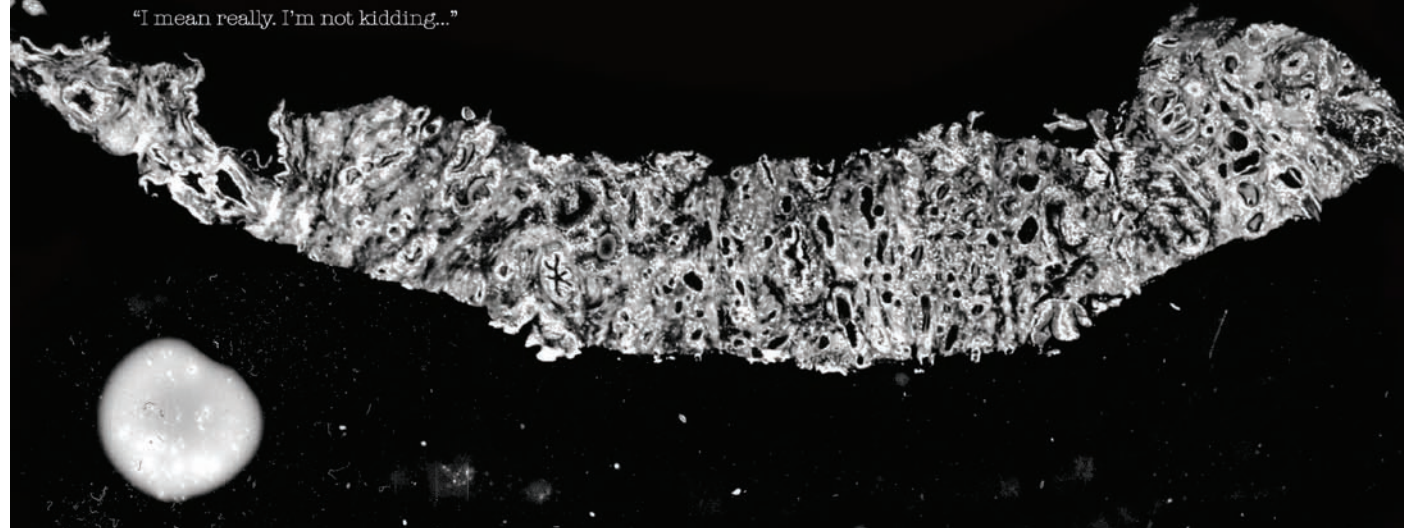
"Well, let me tell you something, sweetie... First of all, I'm not going to die. Because the kind of cancer I have you can get cured from."

"Yeah, but you can also die."

"Well, but the chances of getting cured are much greater than the chances of dying. And if I don't feel well now, it's because of the chemo; It's not because of the cancer. The cancer doesn't hurt at all. I really think that I'm gonna be around for a long time. Ok?"

"Ok..."

"I mean really. I'm not kidding..."



Creative ideas make me tick.

If stranded on a desert island, give me an iPod, book of poetry by Federico Garcia Lorca, and Charlie Rose.

I can't live without love, hope and a creative outlet.

I was inspired most to become an artist as a young girl by the aroma of my father's cakes; and, later in my development by Nikki Giovanni's poetry.

My favorite is indigo unless I am really angry when it is a blazing red.

I think the possibilities with techno-photography are practically limitless.

If not an artist, I would be a writer and film critic.

I seldom know when I am done, usually my time has run out and I stop.

The main advice I would give to an emerging artist is to do the work and let time do its thing.

HCP played a key role in exposing my work beyond the Southeast.

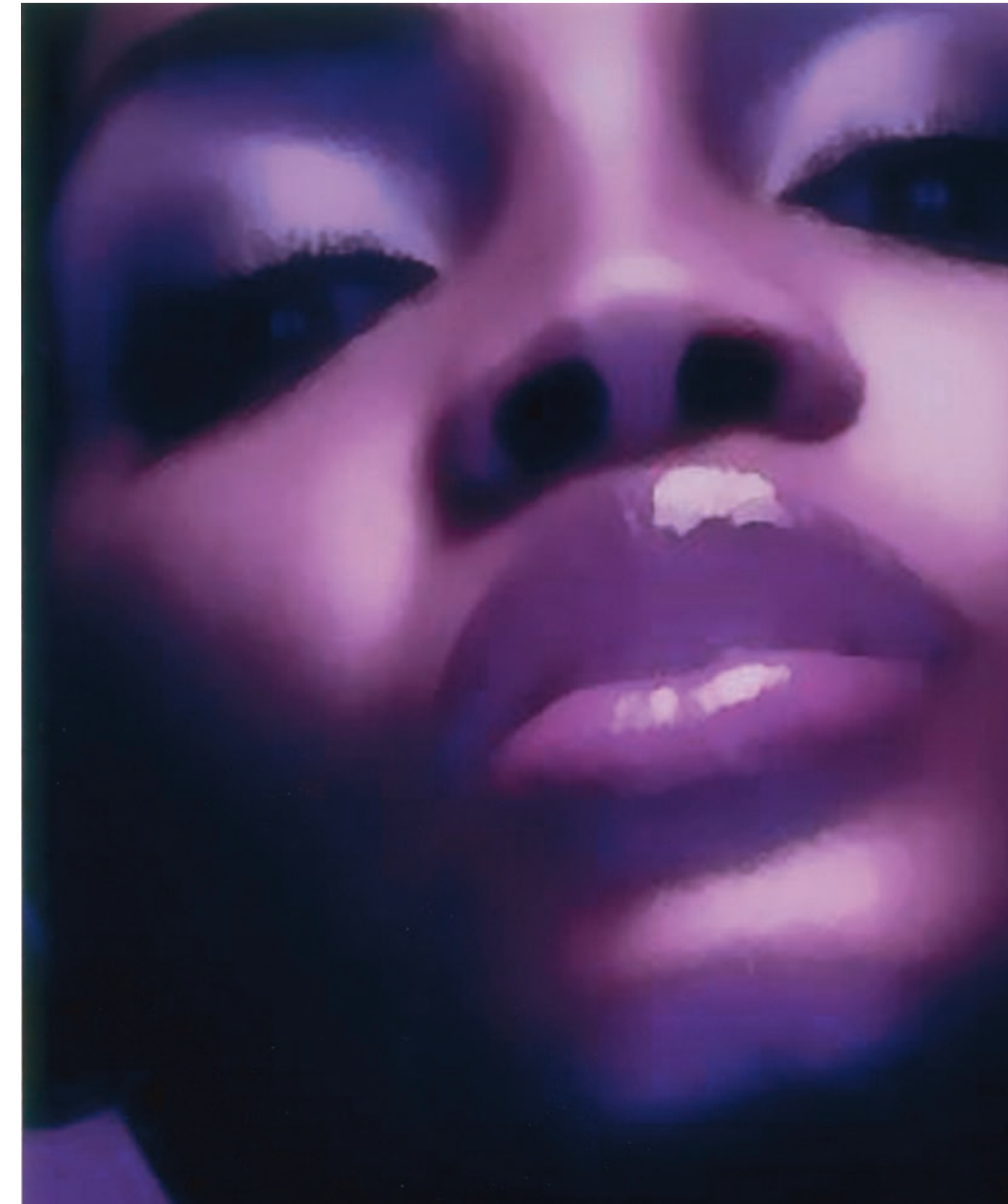
My fondest memory of HCP is during Fotofest 1995: the show, the people, the food and meeting James Nakagawa.

I have supported myself teaching, curating and (surprisingly) landing an occasional commission, all of which were related to my career as an artist. Some of the other jobs included working as a wire transfer investigator for a bank, clerical support for EPA, airline reservations. I hated the airline job but loved the benefits – I traveled to five of the seven continents, forty-eight of the 50 states and fell in love with Beausoleil and St. Barthelemey.

I am very influenced by film and all forms of popular media.

I love contemporary art (options are not set), respect the pop art and black art movements, am still intrigued by surrealism and am least moved by Rococo art.

I am happiest with a job well done and a great big "YES" in my spirit.



Amalia K. Amaki

FRANÇOISE AND DANIEL CARTIER: ROSES

But one might perhaps ask: why is the photogram returning today?

...

If one considers the 150-year history of photography from a distance, one discovers that the photogram appears at conspicuous intervals along the time axis. It always plays a role when the medium of photography is compelled to assert itself against other picture media, or when photography itself is in a kind of identity crisis.

...

And what a selection of objects: bras floating in the air like parachutes, Barbie outfits hung out as if to dry, panty puzzles, minimalist displays of handkerchiefs or valuable looking costume jewellery. Fine materials and beautiful flowers like those used by Talbot, then a skeleton puppet and x-ray pictures, or a series of hair curls. Everything is suffused in pink light, more or less transparent, with a glowing aura. A trail left behind on paper, almost palpable prints, which fade slowly like after images behind closed eyes. The Cartiers are not concerned with true to life detail but rather with allusions to meaning behind the things; with the aura of the day-to-day but also the discrepancy between existence and appearance, with the perception we have of ourselves vis-à-vis the one prescribed by fashion models and consumption. With subjects like the body and eroticism, transparency and the veil, presence and absence, life and death – all seen through the ironic, pink-colored glasses of their photograms: pictures as windows and mirrors.

Martin Gasser

Conservator, Swiss Foundation for Photography, Winterthur

THE PHOTOGRAM IN THE WORK OF FRANÇOISE AND DANIEL CARTIER POINT OF ENCOUNTER – POINT OF DEPARTURE

*

Mixing puns with cinematographic asides, the series *Gown with the wind* (2005–2006) is the most recent. It adopts large formats in a single presentation. By its subject, it recalls the suspended dolls of *Someday...*, but this time the clothes belong to Françoise Cartier – passed down gowns, disguises, creations of her own hands, all worn one day or another but long since deposited in some trunk – which the Cartiers have transferred to paper by impressing, like a sigh, a slight movement on the fabrics. Despite the liveliness of the folds and the careless festivity of the items, the images invite the viewer to mediate on the passing of all things: the loss of loved beings who leave behind only the pale resemblances of their presence, multiple identities that one has abandoned en route like old rags.

...

Sylvie Henguely

Swiss Foundation for Photography, Winterthur

*excerpts from publication

f&d cartier ROSES

MARTIN GASSER SYLVIE HENGUELY MICHAEL STAUFFER

Niggli Verlag, October 06
approx. 132 pages, 200 illustrations
20,5x27 cm, Hardcover with jacket

english/german/french

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ISBN 3-7212-0600-2 978-3-7212-0600-5



f&d cartier, from the series *Gown with the wind*, # XIII, 2005
unique daylight photogram, resin coated paper 125 x 63 cm x 1cm
sealed in acrylic glass



Bennie Flores Ansell

NappeR / ViewS

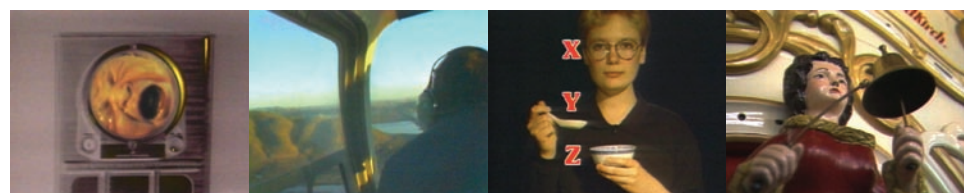


NappeR / ViewS combines images from two projects: Virtual Napping and ViewS to form this new triptych © 2006

These days, I can't fall asleep at night. Kept up by a general nameless anxiety, eventually I find myself downstairs in front of the television, flipping the dial. The self-portraits are stills from my video in which I am jokingly attempting to fall asleep on my feet in the studio. The resulting somewhat embarrassing images draw from both contemporary and classical sensibilities pointing to a larger theme of the impossibility and absurdity of an idealized state of a blissfully sleep in an anxiety-ridden world. I conceived of **Virtual Napping** as a performance in the most private of settings, allowing others to share in a personal aspect of my life. The title implies both the possibility for actual sleep as well as play, and flirts with the idea of virtual sex. In this performance, the audience can choose to become part of a collaborative performance with the artist in her bedroom. The piece asks the audience to react to the representation of a woman in an intimate setting, in real time, and addresses issues such as intimacy, vulnerability, voyeurism and surveillance. **Brita**

ViewS encompasses broadly defined themes from my work: personal histories and cultural memories in a video/web database of images, sounds, and texts dealing with the concepts of anticipations and anxieties. Images from my own immediate environment in my studio are juxtaposed with film clips from different eras including: 9/11, The Cold War and World War II. The ambiguous sources of sounds and images are intended to accentuate a mood rather than to explicate any of these specific events. As a result, I have focused on the universal themes of watching and being watched, fear, and a dark humor that this crazy quilt of images may elicit for the viewer. **peter d'Agostino**

DOUBLE YOU (and X, Y, Z.)



light / birth gravity / words strong force / sentences weak force / songs

This interactive videodisc project incorporates the sounds of Brita's birth / first words/ sentences/songs and her early drawings. **DOUBLE YOU (X, Y, and Z.)** is based on the four forces that cause all physical interactions in the universe: light, gravity, strong & weak forces juxtaposed with her early language development. The installation was exhibited during the mid-1980s at several international venues including the Museum of Modern Art, and the Houston Center for Photography.

Brita and Peter D'Agostino

Michelle Sank is a consummate documentary photographer whose portraiture reflects a preoccupation with the human condition. Her sensitive method of working and the trust that she builds with her subjects is a critical factor in realising her pictures and gives her empathetic but charged studies an authorship and authenticity which can be both revealing and intimate at the same time. This double-edged quality is evident in her numerous series of portraits which deal with the notion of impending adulthood against the milieu of British society today.

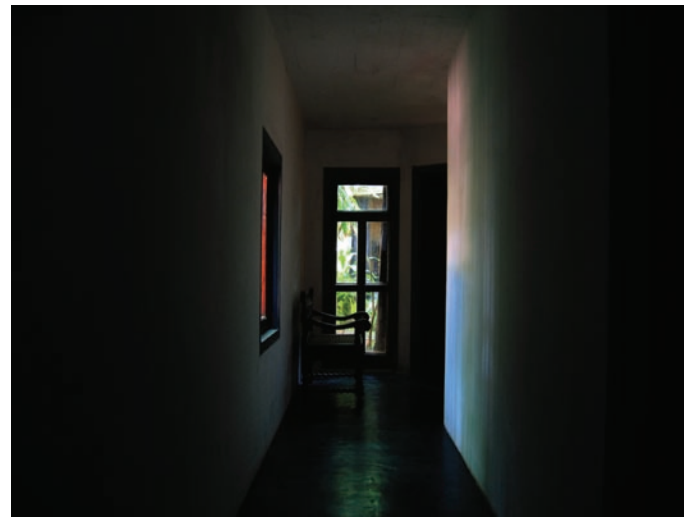
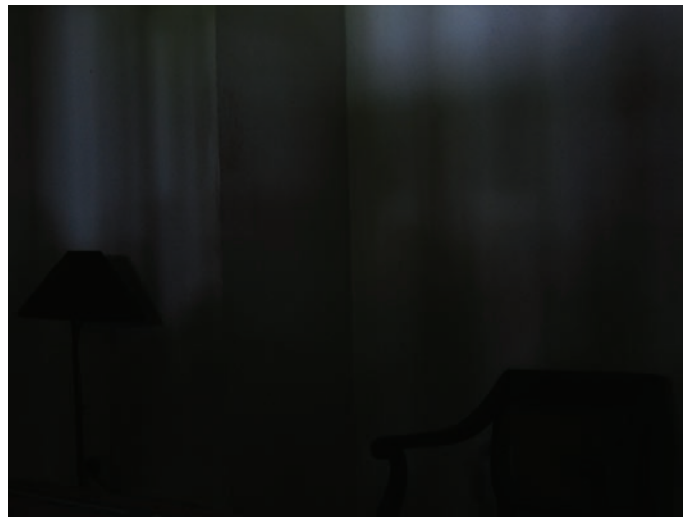
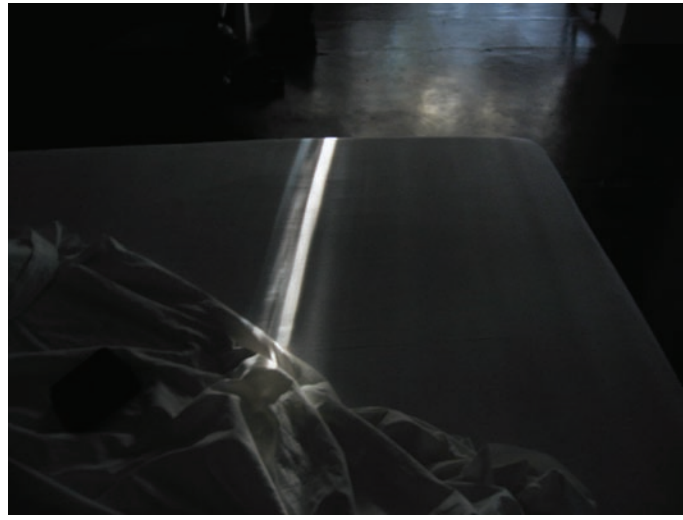
A monograph of her images alongside contributory essays by the photographer David Goldblatt and Els Barents – the Director of Huis Marseilles in Amsterdam – will be published in November 2006. More of Sank's work can be viewed at www.michellesank.com



These images are from a project about Young Carers, children under the age of 18 in Britain who are often the main carers for a sick parent or sibling. Because they are different, they are often exposed to bullying from schoolmates and lack a sense of identity as individuals in their own right. They are also robbed of a normal childhood, taking on the trappings of adult responsibility long before it is due.

With these portraits, I wanted to empower these young people with a sense of their own identity and normality. I wanted to remove them from their home environment and place them within 'light' and outside spaces. By getting them to dress in something they chose, to be in environments that they enjoyed and most importantly to be themselves, I think for that moment in time they felt special, grounded and free.

Michelle Sank



left to right
 Morning - Main House
 Morning Light
 Chair & Lamp
 Corridor - Cinnamon House

Interiors, Lunuganga

In the 1988 the *Figure in the Interior* the theme I adopted for the work I made for an exhibition about 'Women and Space'. Referencing landscapes, architecture and interiors of all descriptions, *site* is a motif which litters my work both past and present from the constructed spaces of my very early work, the open-ended narratives of *Honeymoon & Cinderella* to the work shown here which was made on the Lunuganga Estate in Sri Lanka. On reflection the focus is the reclamation of an internal space, the search for that which I can call my own. Lunuganga is an isolated rural idyll was where I spent a long period of time thinking, looking and being alone. The photographs strongly reflect my mood at the time, which was very dark and heavy, unsurprising as I was in the first year following my father's death. A famous artist wrote in a book about drawing a long time ago "Photography cannot compete with drawing as a method of expression, as method of feelings, as method of telling people about things."⁽¹⁾ Not sure that that has ever been true...

⁽¹⁾ Camp, Jeffery. *Draw: How to Master the Art*. New York: Dorling Kindersley Publishing, 1994, pp.6.

To deny, to believe yet to doubt absolutely – that is for man what running is to a horse. – Pascal
 The world can never quite look like a picture, but a picture can look like the world. – E.H. Gombrich
 There was no fog in London until Whistler painted it. – Oscar Wilde
 Thou hast wounded my heart with one of the hairs of thy neck. – Canticles 4 – 9
 I want to say a nude. I don't want to make a nude like a nude.
 I only want to SAY breast, SAY foot, SAY head, SAY hand, belly. If I can find a way to SAY it, that's enough. – Picasso
 Commit the oldest sins, the newest kind of ways. – W. Shakespeare, Henry IV
 All art worthy of the name is religious. Be it a creation of lines and colors, if it is not religious, it does not exist. – H. Matisse
 Sleep is the dream of death. – Homer
 Habit is the ballast that chains a dog to its vomit. – Becket, Godot
 The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious – it is the source of all true art and science. – A. Einstein
 Behind every artist you find the questions, What is Life? What does it mean? – Malraux
 I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving, hysterical, naked. – A. Ginsberg
 A mask tells us more than a face. – Oscar Wilde
 Look at the newspapers. You'd think Christ never came. – Mother Angelica
 An eye for an eye makes for a blind world. – M. Gandhi
 What is this quintessence of dust? – Hamlet, 5.2, A. 2

within



Weeping Mary

"I am grateful for this uplifting and deeply touching experience."
 – MICHAEL KENNA

"O. Rufus Lovett's *Weeping Mary* is a poetic representation of his love for the people who live in a small town in East Texas."
 – MARY ELLEN MARK

"Images that are intimate enough to feel like a gift placed in our hands by a lover."
 – ARTHUR OLLMAN

"How does one balance whatever harm the invasion of privacy might cause against the value of preserving some thing of beauty and human relevance?"
 – ANNE WILKES TUCKER

"The name, Weeping Mary, is so beautiful – the name demanded my attention."
 – O. RUFUS LOVETT

The selected photographs are from the newly released book, *Weeping Mary*, by O. Rufus Lovett, foreword by Anne Wilkes Tucker and published by University of Texas Press.

Steeped in history and folklore, *Weeping Mary* lies in a river bottom flat within the piney woods of East Texas. The photographs create a portrait of a rural community revealing a universal story of the human condition. The photo essay recognizes the importance of the intertwined lives of the children with parents, grandparents, cousins, uncles, aunts and neighbors.

"The Houston Center For Photography is one of the first venues to exhibit the *Weeping Mary* images. HCP has been a nucleus for the photographic art community in Texas, and a magnificent venue for the emerging photographer on a national and international capacity. As a photography educator, HCP is an extraordinary resource for me and my students. Thanks HCP, and happy Silver anniversary!"
 – O. RUFUS LOVETT

O. Rufus Lovett



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©Gay Block



©Kimberly Gremillion



©Peter Brown




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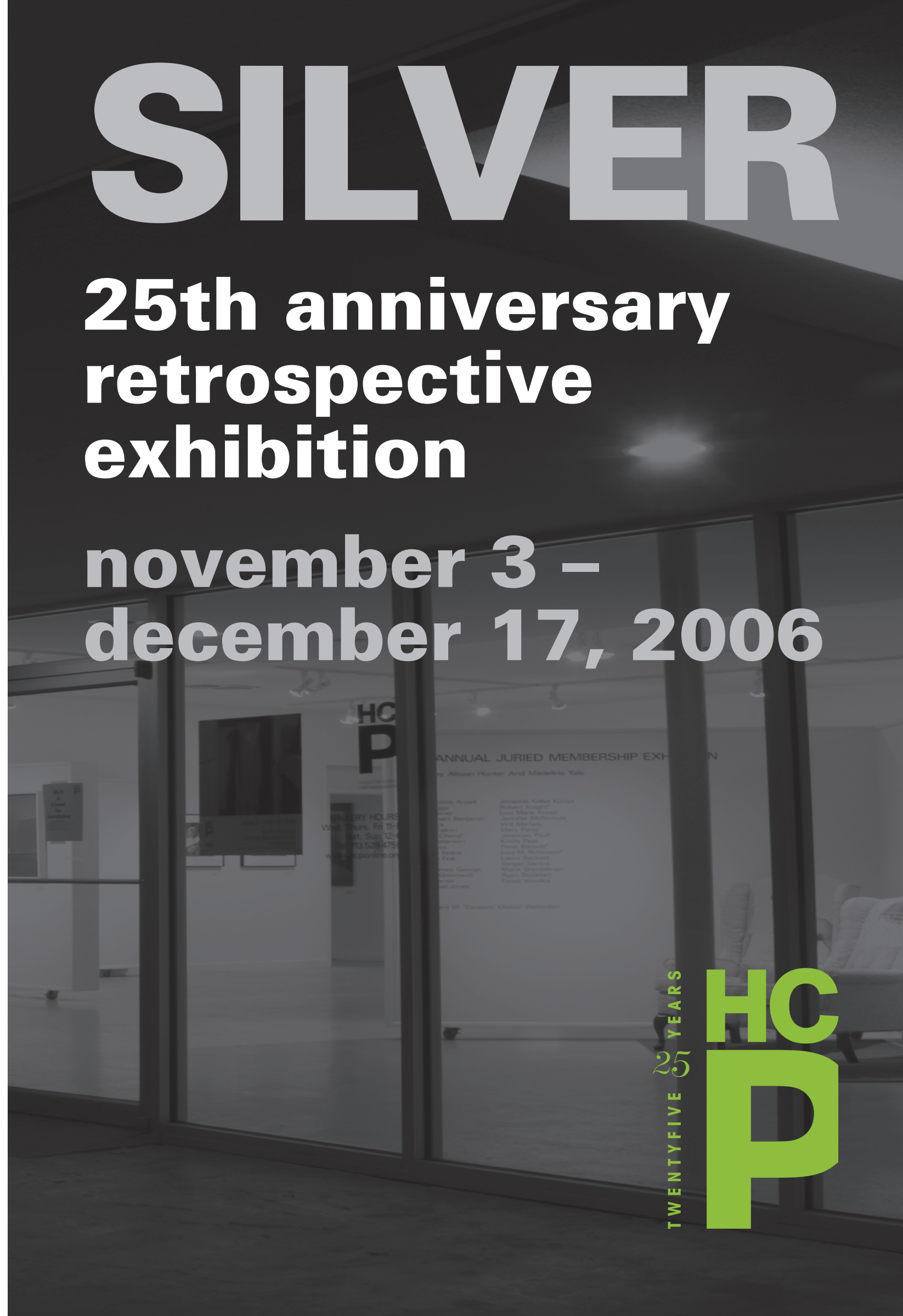


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5. David Crossley (Houston, TX) 1982 *First Exhibition*; 1982 *Juried Membership Exhibition*; 1983 *Juried Membership Exhibition*; 1987 *The Art of Commercial Photography*

6. Patsy Cravens (Houston, TX) 1982 *First Exhibition*; 1982 *Juried Membership Exhibition*; 1983 *Juried Membership Exhibition*; 1985 *Annual Houston Center for Photography National Juried Exhibition*; 2000 *Mama Said... Nine Interpretations*

7. Mary Margaret Hansen (Houston, TX) 1985 *Siliconstones: A Photographic Installation*; 1990 *Juried Membership Exhibition*; 1999 *Remembrance: The Eternal Present; An Exhibition on Identity, Memory, and Loss*; 2000 *Mama Said... Nine Interpretations*; 2004 *Juried Membership Exhibition*

8. Amy Blakemore (Houston, TX) 1990 *Fellowship Exhibition*; 2003 *Inside/Outside: Texas Women Photographers*

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23. Amalia K. Amaki (Atlanta, GA) 1995 *When Duty Whispers*

24. f&d cartier (Bienne, Switzerland) 2004 *We Are the Camera*

25. Bennie Flores Ansell (Houston, TX) 1998 *Fellowship Exhibition*; 2000 *Heels and Hangers*; 2003 *Inside/Outside: Texas Women Photographers*; 2006 *Juried Membership Exhibition*

26. Brita and Peter D'Agostino (Elkins Park, PA) 1986 *4-Part Interactive Video-Disc Installation, Double You (And X, Y, Z)*

27. Michelle Sank (Exeter, Devon UK) 2004 *Bye-Bye Baby*

28. Joy Gregory (London, UK) 2004 *We Are the Camera*

29. Joel-Peter Witkin (Albuquerque, NM) 1983 *Ten Photographers in New Mexico*

30. O. Rufus Lovett (Longview, TX) 1994 *Juried Membership Exhibition*; 1997 *Picturing Communities*; 1998 *The Pictures of Texas Monthly: Twenty-Five Years*; 2001 *Selected Work from Asia*

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