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	MoMA Exhs.	1133.22

6 July 1976

Dear John Szarkowski,

Belated thanks for the Eggleston book. The pictures are eye-opening, & so too is your essay. Once again I'm made to realize that anything is possible in art--not that I hadn't thought that good color photography was possible, but it had begun to seem improbable except by accident. Yes, I'd seen many accidentally good color photos (I've made two myself), but because they were accidental they didn't "accumulate." Eggleston's do, & accidental is the last thing I'd call them.

Yrs sincerely,

Clement Greenberg

Clement Greenberg

MA 1590

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Original filed in Egg. Publicity file

Reviews of Eggleston show and book sent to

[REDACTED]

- ✓ 1. Eggleston's Guide to the South by Shelley Rice for The Soho Weekly News
June 17, 1976
- ✓ 2. MOMA Lowers the Color Bar by Sean Callahan
June 28, 1976 New York Magazine
- ✓ 3. ASPP Newsletter, Vol VIII, No. III May/June 1976
Pg 5. MOMA shows Color photos for first time: etc., Helen Faye
- 4. MOMA Releases No, 26, 40, and 41
Advance Fact Sheet - April, 1976
Press Release on exhibition - May 25, 1976
Press Release on William Eggleston's Guide , May 25 1976
- ✓ 5. Photograph Summer 1976 Vol 1, No. 1.
Gallery Review: Eggleston at MOMA
- ✓ 6. Release from Berkey K & L titled MOMA Show of Eggleston
Photographs Reaffirms the Validity of Color in Photographic Art
- ✓ 7. Mlle Show Biz, Arts, Etc. by Martine Latour in Mademoiselle Magazine
July, 1976
- ✓ 8. Photo Review A Critical Newsletter Published by the Midtown Y
Gallery. Edited by Larry Siegel Vol.NO. 1, No. 2 June 15, 1976
Color Photographs by William Eggleston
- 9. TheVillage Voice Photography What Television Has Brought by
Roberta Hellman & Marvin Hoshino July 5, 1976
- ✓ 10. The Village Voice - Center Fold - William Eggleston Sees in
Color May 6 - May 12

On August 20, the following was sent: to Wilma Gellman -

- ✓ 11. Book Review from Art Direction Aug. 1976
on William Eggleston's Guide

[REDACTED]

the following was sent to Wilma Gellman of Ponder & Best

- ✓ 12. Popular Photography - Oct. 1976 Review of William Eggleston
Exhibition by Harvey F. Fondiller
- ✓ 13. Afterimage/ September 1976 - Reviews - Color me MOMA
Photographs by William Eggleston & William Eggleston's Guide
Pg. 18 . Article by Dan Meinwald

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On November 2, 1976, the following articles were sent to Wilma Gottlieb
by [redacted] and [redacted]

- ✓ 14. ARGUS, Oct. 8, 1976 You Can't Judge a Photographer by his Backers by Bruce Brown
- ✓ 15. the Weekly (seattle) Sept. 29-Oct. 5, 1976 Galleries. The Snapshot art of Eggleston by Steven Winn
- ✓ 16. The Seattle Times - Sunday, Oct. 24, 1976 B19 Photographers lack snap at Modern Art Pavilion Visual Arts by Deloris Tarzan
- ✓ 17. Seattle Post-Intelligencer, Sun., Oct. 10, 1976 H-5 Seattle's Prime Showcase for New York Art by R. M. Campbell (P-1 Art Critic)
- Nov. 16, 1976 the following two articles were sent to Wilma Gottlieb
- ✓ 18. Artforum, November 1976 - How to Mystify Color Photography by Max Kozloff
- ✓ 19. Camera 35, 1976, October, East: Michael Edelson MOMA Shows Her Colors
- ✓ 20. The New York Times, Friday, May 28, 1976 Art: Focus on Photo Shows by Hilton Kramer
- 21. The New York Times, Sunday, Dec. 26, 1976. Photography Found a Home In Art Galleries by Gene Thornton
- 22. Print Collectors Newsletter, Nov/Dec 1976. Book review

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14. ARGUS, Oct. 8, 1976 You Can't Judge a Photographer by his Backers by Bruce Brown
 15. the Weekly (seattle) Sept. 29-Oct. 5, 1976 Galleries. The Snapshot art of Eggleston by Steven Winn
 16. The Seattle Times - Sunday, Oct. 24, 1976 B19 Photographers lack snap at Modern Art Pavilion Visual Arts by Deloris Tarzan
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1133.2.2

LITERATURE

The shock troops of Modernism

By Malcolm Bradbury

IAN HAMILTON:
The Little Magazines
152pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.
1955.H. C. BLOOMFIELD:
An Author Index to Selected
British "Little Magazines", 1930-
1939
153pp. Munsell Information/Pub-
lishing. £12.50.

The "little magazine", not to sell it short, has been a central and primary feature of the modern movement in literature, and any serious history of the cultural process by which we acquired our modern classics and our modern aesthetics, requires a full account of these magazines, which—according to Frederick J. Hoffman, Charles Allen and Carolyn Ulrich, in their monumental and invaluable study of the English and American small press ventures, *The Little Magazines: A History and a Bibliography* (Princeton, 1947)—first published some 80 per cent of our most important post-1912 critical, novelistic, poetic, and story-telling. In the period from 1912, which Hoffman et al take as their rough starting point, they reckon that on a conservative estimate there were some 600 English and American magazines—of which less than a hundred played "a decisive part in the battle for modern literature", sought to discover new writers, sponsor innovation, advance literary movements or tendencies. But it was already apparent when their book was published that the cultural forces and the kinds of talent that had pushed these magazines into the "forefront of modern literature" were changing.

Cyril Connolly, that lugubrious reflector of 1940s moods in his own magazine *Horizon*, had sensed the fading away of the modern movement, with the deaths of James Joyce and Virginia Woolf. By the end of the 1940s, most of the older English magazines had died, and there was a new, chillier era for periodical publication. A Cold War realism of attitude and style had come through; post-war economic reorganization greatly shifted publishing practices and printing costs; new writers seemed scarce, and the artists and the intellectuals tended to drift toward academic, foundation or state patronage ("So long as you're up, get me a grant"). One can fairly argue that the dominant magazines of the 1950s were the critical ones, from *Kennon* and *Partisan* to *Critique Quarterly*, and the American ones, but not here, in England, the creative enterprises. After a patch of magazine collapses, a new era, consequent on cheap new printing methods, did emerge, but more modest in States than in England. Indeed small magazines proliferated, but of this period from the 1950s on we have decidedly less than adequate records—a few magazine indexes; some useful issues of journals, including the *TLS*; and, promised, a special issue of *TriQuarterly* (that marvellous example of a contemporary magazine) on the American scene since 1950, to come out in 1957. We also have much less sense of importance or excitement.

Perhaps the little magazine has its own historical season, is a particular cultural synthesis for a particular point in a culture; and today the season is past. Though antecedents—the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood's *Germ* of the 1850s, for instance—may be located, the little magazine or little review became a very important arm of cultural action around the turn of the century (a little bit before Hoffman, Allen and Ulrich's 1912); it had a period of intensive vigour, but it was evidently well past its most significant phase of existence by 1939. The problem today is not so much the loss of the object itself, but of its functional significance. Magazines have, quite rightly, often been taken as a primary index of cultural energy and action, as primary clusters of artistic ideas, instruments of cultural transmission, agents of new stylistic understanding. Today there is no such thing as a cultural activist, numerically, of little magazines and small presses; I have in front of me a strikingly late Arts Council ventures drawn up by the Eastern Arts Association for that region of the country alone (one of the

few means we have now of building up a bibliography).

These magazines are important and necessary, but you could hardly say they were of the modernist temper. Most are notably ephemeral (often a good thing); Ian Hamilton reminds us that few magazines manage to stay strong for more than ten years; a college club, a community project, a commune, largely circumscribed in its own immediate constituency, making its own neighbourhood splash or reputation. They are, inevitably, products of new social relations, new cultural relations, new developments in printing and new types of patronage (many indeed would not survive without the rate-raised, neo-bureaucratic, but determinedly interested, patronage of the regional arts associations). A few represent an important tendency, movement or group of writers (like *Stereo Headphones*, an international focus of concrete poetry) but most are a chance collection of modes and mannerisms. A few are intensely critical, of their own submission and of contemporary writing in general; a few are conscious of that, for serious art, style is a central issue, and that the magazine has historically been the leading edge of stylistic innovation; most are simply fascinated by the event of expression, the fact that someone has written something.

It may be that little magazine, like many marriages, function best in conditions of strife. Certainly contemporary magazines are inevitably the product of a cultural situation where the old is being pushed away, anything, where pluralism prevails, where outrage does not outrage, where the aesthetic experiment vastly outruns artistic stylistic experiment. Many of the applied retrogressive would appear in American magazines too, though there stylistic innovation and vitality vied as has been the case ever since the war, the magazines that are really worth going without Scotch to subscribe to are American ones.

The English magazines report no great creative energy. There is a feel of art on wobble, and a dominating—what has made us what we are today, whatever that is—hitting them. The Arts Council, not being for Council-sponsored periodicals a rate-price agreement that applied retroactively, would not James Joyce £1000 or so for *The Little Review's* serialization of *Ulysses* in 1918. In fact that magazine spent its cash differently, printing issues that were promptly burned by the US Post Office, and going to court. It was a different relationship between state and culture; where the best of the earlier magazines postulated, had to negotiate, a hostile central culture, retarded but dominant, which had to be penetrated and replaced by the modern, the innovative, the truly critical and the deeply difficult, the contemporary magazine has to engage with a cultural stericity of a different order, one in which the writer lives in a condition of tolerated well-being, encouraged to be creative, yet totally unstimulated by any serious critical or aesthetic ideas that make his artistic enterprise nationally or internationally urgent.

Much the same is true of the state of the national literary magazines, of course, always in mediation, in the clutter and chaos of the culture; but, at least, it signals and it focuses, it is a cultural catalyst, and at style the best of the cultural movement. And I am asking how the little magazine, that carries out a culturally central function for literature—functions on, in, and through the cultural development, its social centrality, its stylistic options and possibilities, its polemical new writers, new forms, new intellectual postures.

Certainly the situation is vastly different from that in the heyday of the little magazine at the beginning of the century. The literary periodical of the nineteenth century had been the "great review", a place

writers, like Jonathan Raban and Ian McEwan, less frequently than *Radio Times*, to be sure, but at a serious level of performance. It has helped draw fresh attention to good writers who have been missing it, from Jean Rhys to John McGahern, and has taken up some cultural issues, like public lending rights and the wisdom of major television plays on archive, that are matters for deep concern, though perhaps of less deep concern in the end than the fact that have shown through in the magazine's own pages, or anywhere else lately.

It has usefully published scripts of television plays by Simon Gray and others, and had the occasional splendid profile, a number of the kind of starting from a small, critically exciting, excellent predecessor, the review; but it has recognized new circumstances: "to imagine that a magazine devoted to imaginative literature and technical criticism alone would find more than a hundred readers was a delusion that I in no way had", but he aimed to go as far as he could that way, though he recognized that the magazine, but it left it on record as having published some major writers: Pound, Lawrence, Wyndham Lewis, for example. That failure undoubtedly encouraged Pound, among others, to see the need for a new "little magazine" and the years after Huffer's editorial (1908-1910) saw the coming of the little magazine John Middleton Murry's *Rhythm* (later called *The Blue Review*), Harold Monro's *Poetry* (later he shifted to *Poetry and Prose*), and so on. Dora Marsden's *The Chapbook*, a woman (later to be given its real name, *The Poetry Review*) took over the back pages and wrote a new title, *The Egoist*, Wyndham Lewis's *Blart*, and so on.

The New Review started out well, with a format for the age when it looked as if the new arts could be afforded. But magazines are, in spite of being literary, a cash meat. The question that arises now is whether *The New Review* gives the literary 1970s back to us because that is all there is to give, or whether it could do more, if it were to be a reasonably eminent look to them, but you could hardly use them to prove that there was a movement in contemporary English writing, or to demonstrate to foreign critics that there were writers in current English fiction and poetry of near-sterility. I think they are wrong to some extent; and there is, for example, a significant interference between the stylistic innovations of the United States and France, Italy and Germany in the last ten years, and the new movement made in a national but an international context, and we have seen a great contemporary disturbance, as of critical and cultural thought, which we must not ignore. The essential signals have come through, as of John Sturges's rightly cautious but eventually responsive attention to structuralist and the developments in the United States there has been little, in spite of the admirable publication of Lowell, though we should be grateful for some most useful material on Berryman and Pynchon.

There has been no standing back, no attempt at a synthesis; where many of the little magazines of 1908 to 1912 recognized the ultimate importance for modern style of Post-Impressionism and Cubism, where *Poetry* (Chicago) and *The Egoist* were produced, by Pound, into presenting literature, the nearest thing *The New Review* has lately managed in the realm of stylistic synthesis is to Monty Python and football. My point here is not to attack *The New Review*, for which I have much admiration, but to try to seek out the question it poses. For a little magazine of significance, of course, always in mediation, in the clutter and chaos of the culture; but, at least, it signals and it focuses, it is a cultural catalyst, and at style the best of the cultural movement. And I am asking how the little magazine, that carries out a culturally central function for literature—functions on, in, and through the cultural development, its social centrality, its stylistic options and possibilities, its polemical new writers, new forms, new intellectual postures.

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of cultural intercession, linking literature, ideas, social and aesthetic questions, and implicitly placing the writer and his writing at the experiential and critical centre of the culture. By the end of the century this, as a cultural compact, was dissolving; the reviews went one way and the literary journals another. It is a dissolution apparent in the coteries publishing of the 1950s, the era of *The Yellow Book*, *The Sun*, *The Dome*, magazines of an aesthetic pre-occupational, opulence, stylistic new objects, in part hungry for the separation of art, in another way hungry for deliverance by the new at large, by new philosophical, psychological, sexual and social thought. In 1908 Ford Madox Hueffer made an effort at the old formula, the review of new literature and of social ideas, in *The English Review*, but he recognized new circumstances: "to imagine that a magazine devoted to imaginative literature and technical criticism alone would find more than a hundred readers was a delusion that I in no way had", but he aimed to go as far as he could that way, though he recognized that the magazine, but it left it on record as having published some major writers: Pound, Lawrence, Wyndham Lewis, for example. That failure undoubtedly encouraged Pound, among others, to see the need for a new "little magazine" and the years after Huffer's editorial (1908-1910) saw the coming of the little magazine John Middleton Murry's *Rhythm* (later called *The Blue Review*), Harold Monro's *Poetry* (later he shifted to *Poetry and Prose*), and so on. Dora Marsden's *The Chapbook*, a woman (later to be given its real name, *The Poetry Review*) took over the back pages and wrote a new title, *The Egoist*, Wyndham Lewis's *Blart*, and so on.

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TLS OCTOBER 15 1978 : 1297

WILLIAM EGGLESTON'S GUIDE

Photographs by William Eggleston with an Essay by John Szarkowski. This Guide originally accompanied an exhibition of the photographer's work at the Museum of Modern Art, one of its first shows devoted entirely to colour photography. John Szarkowski, director of the Department of Photography at the Museum, observes that Eggleston "shows us pictures of houses in the neighbourhood and in neighbouring neighbourhoods, of local streets and side roads, local strangers, odd souvenirs, all of this appearing not at all as it might in a social document, but as it might in a diary, where the important meanings would be not public and general but private and esoteric." £9.55

SEMIOTICS OF ART
Prague School
Contributions

Ladislav Matejka & Irwin R. Tilnik (editors)
Signs are everywhere, but what fundamentally, is a sign? Semiotics, a term derived from the Greek, addresses itself to such questions and to the whole concept of sign systems. The Prague School of Semiotics, a general consideration of the semiotic system, is a vital force in European linguistics. It is a theory of signs, a theory of the semiotic system, which can be most fruitfully applied to the study of art, the creative use of signs. This collection of essays, based on the continuing influence of Prague School ideas, reflect a wide range of concerns from a general consideration of semiotics and art to such specific forms as theatre, poetry, folk song, cinema, and the fine arts. £13.50

SEVEN AMERICAN
UTOPIAS
The Architecture of
Communitarian Socialism,
1790-1975

Dolores Hayden



A group of Shakers, 1875

From the time of its discovery, the new world was regarded by American settlers as a new Eden and a new Jerusalem, and some of the idealists carved out enclaves in order to develop collective models of what they believed to be more than ideology and architecture, the social design and the physical design of the communities. The basis of this remarkable book, A Heart of Studies of the Shakers of Hancock, Massachusetts; the Mormons of Nauvoo, Illinois; the Fourierists of Phalanx, New Jersey; the Perfectionists of Oneida, New York; the Inspirationalists of Amana, Iowa; the Union Colonists of Greeley, Colorado; and the Cooperative Colonists of Llanito del Rio, Cuba. The book contains over 200 historic and contemporary photographs and drawings and to aid comparisons a series of site and building plans drawn at constant scales has been provided for all seven case studies. £12.75

ARCHITECTURE &
UTOPIA
Design and Capitalist
Development

Manfredo Tafuri

This essay, written from a neo-Marxist point of view by a prominent Italian architectural historian, is designed to lead the reader beyond the traditional architectural theory and to a broader understanding of the relationship of architecture to society and the role of the architect in the marketplace. Tafuri's thesis is that an architect's work is not reflected in the reality of society since ancient and medieval times. He argues that the architect is a conservative force, should not aspire to be designers of stable forms but rather planners of processes that are open-ended in time, and he provides an assessment of the prospects of socialist alternatives. Translated by Barbara Lunga La Porta. £19.95

THE MIT PRESS

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1976

The F-16 Nuclear Capability in Move to Reassure Allies

close-in combat, and the A-10, which is designed for close support of ground troops.

Delivery Set for Next Spring

The Defense Department announced last week that the first wing of 72 F-15 fighters would go to Europe next spring, displacing F-4 fighter-bombers at the Bitburg airbase in the northwestern West Germany. In the past Bitburg has been one of the bases where the F-4's have been on "quick reaction alert," ready to deliver atomic bombs on a few minutes notice.

It was no coincidence, officials said, that at the time the Defense Department announced it was sending a second wing of F-111's—a tactical bomber more versatile than the F-4 for delivering atomic weapons—to Britain.

The purpose, officials explained, was to reassure the European allies, as well as to give a signal to the Soviet Union, that even though the F-4's were being replaced, the United States was not reducing its ability to deliver atomic weapons into Eastern Europe and the western Soviet Union.

Over the next five or so years, however,

the aging F-4 will be retired from active service, leaving a potential gap in the inventory of aircraft for delivering nuclear weapons.

Some Changes for the F-16

To fill the gap, officials said, the Defense Department has decided to make some changes in the F-16 so that it can deliver atomic bombs. As a fighter-bomber, the F-16 will have a considerably smaller payload than the F-4, but as one Air Force general observed, with atomic bombs, "you can carry one helluva explosive yield with just 1,000 pounds strapped under your wings."

The changes largely involve the installation of electrical boxes, including encoding devices, to control the use of the atomic weapons. The additional equipment, according to Air Force officials, will result in a relatively small penalty in the maneuverability of the F-16 and the operation costs.

Of the 7,000 atomic weapons stationed by the United States in Europe, the large majority are bombs to be delivered by aircraft of the United States and some of its European allies, such as West Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands.

With these European allies the United States has had a long-standing arrangement under which it supplies atomic weapons for their planes, with the understanding that they will not be used except with American permission. Both Belgium and the Netherlands are purchasing the F-16 under a co-production arrangement with the Defense Department, and presumably their planes will be equipped for a nuclear mission.

Some Changes for the F-16

Some in the Defense Department, including former Defense Secretary James R. Schlesinger until he was dismissed a year ago by President Ford, have been wanting to reduce the atomic stockpile in Europe, which they contend on strictly military grounds is excessive and outmoded, particularly now that the Soviet Union has developed its own arsenal of tactical nuclear weapons.

In particular, critics have argued that planes on alert with nuclear weapons have become a dangerous anachronism. The planes, it is argued, have become highly vulnerable to Soviet ballistic missiles, and this vulnerability, in turn, in-

creases the pressure to launch the planes before they are knocked out on the ground.

The Pentagon-instigated movements to reduce the stockpile have always been resisted by the State Department, which is fearful that the European allies, who have become dependent upon the nuclear deterrent force, will view such a step as a political indication of a reducing American commitment to the defense of Western Europe.

The State Department raises also the objection that such a step would be regarded by the Soviet Union as a sign of American weakness at a time when the United States is trying to negotiate mutual troop reductions in Central Europe.

The same State Department objections, according to officials, were raised when it appeared that aircraft modernization might lead to a reduced nuclear war-fighting capability in Europe. With the active support of the State Department, the decision was made to send the additional F-111 fighter-bomber wing to England and to give the F-16 a nuclear capability.

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Cultural Activities in the South Grow With Its Economy

An Increasing Amount of the Art Work Is Gaining National Recognition

By B. DRUMMOND AYRES

Special to The New York Times

VALLE CRUCIS, N.C., Oct. 31—Half a century ago, H.L. Mencken surveyed the arts scene in the South and concluded bitingly that Dixie was the "Sahara of the Bozart."

"One would find it difficult," the Baltimore polemicist wrote, "to unearth a single second-rate city between Ohio and the Pacific that isn't struggling to establish an orchestra, or setting up a little theater, or going in for an art gallery, or making some effort to get in touch with civilization. You will find no such effort in the South."

Mencken would have to rewrite that oft-quoted essay were he to return to the South of the 1970's. Dixie is still no cultural oasis, but as they say in Southern arts circles these days, some flowers are beginning to bloom in the desert.

Arts activity in the South has increased markedly in recent years as the region has become more and more an economic and political power. Increased wealth and urbanization have left a broad scattering of symphony orchestras, civic ballets, little theaters, art galleries and museums, art schools, cultural centers and cultural councils.

Worthy of National Note

Much of the activity is, at best, semi-professional. But more and more of it is professional and worthy of national note.

Here in the remote mountains of western North Carolina, for instance, curators from two major American art museums—the Corcoran in Washington and the Whitney in New York—showed up this weekend for a seminar with some of the South's leading contemporary artists and sculptors.

The seminar was officially titled the "Southern Rim Conference," a title meant to say something about the level of arts activity in the South today. The Southern Rim, or Sun Belt, is the arc of Southern and Southwestern states that is accruing economic and political power faster than any other region in the country.

"Cultural power, too," said William Dunlap, a professor of art at nearby Appalachian State University, one of the seminar's sponsors.

Whitney Representative

Jane Livingston, the Corcoran representative at the seminar, said of the region, particularly the South: "There is a tremendous amount of art energy down here now, just tremendous. There is quality. There is style. The rest of the country needs to hear what is being said at this seminar, needs to know about Southern art today."

Marcia Tucker, the representative from the Whitney, agreed, but doubted that the rest of the country was listening, particularly New York. She said



The New York Times/Ed Andriesski

From the left, C. Moore Patterson of Kingston, N.C., Bill Egleston of Memphis, John Alexander of Houston and Jane Livingston, curator of the Corcoran Museum in Washington, examining some of Mr. Egleston's photographs.

she would leave the Whitney at the end of the year because "the management is too parochial, too much into the New York thing."

James Surls, a Texan who sculpts massive wooden works with axes and chain saws, contended that New York was no longer "the be all and end all."

"The South supports me now, buys my stuff, encourages me," he said. "It's as interesting to stay at home as it is to go to New York. Things are beginning to happen down here."

No "rim" city is doing more to support the arts than Houston, according to Paul Schimmel, the curator of the Contemporary Arts Museum there.

Oil Money Played a Part

"A lot of Southern towns have money now," he said, "but Houston has the most because of the oil crisis. More and more patrons are emerging, and that's drawing in more and more artists."

"The farther Southern artists get from the old paint-the-dilapidated-

shack school, the more people buy and invest, even businessmen like banks. Houston's the hot one."

But other Southern cities, big and little, also are showing signs of notable cultural activity.

Atlanta, for example, already has what is probably the best of the dozen or so Southern symphony orchestras. But its increasingly sophisticated cultural community recently began to demand an orchestra befitting a metropolis that advertises itself as "the next great American city."

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'Battle of the Housewives' Putting Zest Into Campaigning in Florida

Special to The New York Times

MIAMI, Oct. 31—Two women vying for a seat on the State Public Commission have enlivened somewhat the otherwise listless political campaign in Florida.

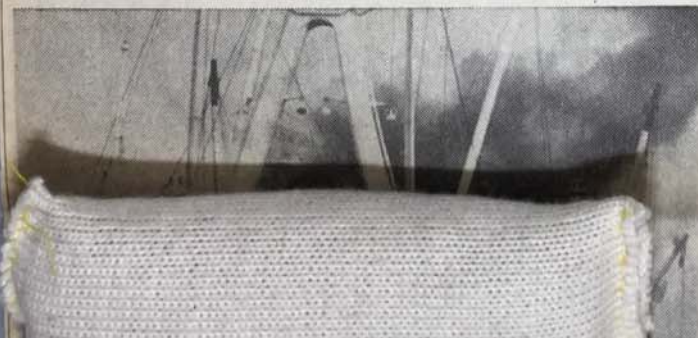
Paula Hawkins, the Republican incumbent, and her Democratic challenger, Katie Nichols, are engaged in a spirited and often ascerbic campaign, which has become known here as the "battle of the housewives."

Mrs. Hawkins, who calls herself a

money and bigger house," Mrs. Nichols said. "But I cannot get her to discuss the issues."

"I've met her a few times already and that's enough," Mrs. Hawkins commented. "Mrs. Nichols likes to make war. She's only making personal charges, which make headlines because she's got more money and media support."

In a recent debate in Tallahassee, each candidate said the other was crisscrossing



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Cultural Activities in the South Grow With Its Economy

An Increasing Amount of the Art Work Is Gaining National Recognition

By E. DRUMMOND AYRES

Special to The New York Times

VALLE CRUCIS, N.C., Oct. 31—Half a century ago, H.L. Mencken surveyed the arts scene in the South and concluded biting that Dixie was the "Sahara of the Bozart."

"One would find it difficult," the Baltimore polemicist wrote, "to unearth a single second-rate city between Ohio and the Pacific that isn't struggling to establish an orchestra, or setting up a little theater, or going in for an art gallery, or making some effort to get in touch with civilization. You will find no such effort in the South."

Mencken would have to rewrite that oft-quoted essay were he to return to the South of the 1970's. Dixie is still no cultural oasis, but as they say in Southern arts circles these days, some flowers are beginning to bloom in the desert.

Arts activity in the South has increased markedly in recent years as the region has become more and more an economic and political power. Increased wealth and urbanization have left a broad scattering of symphony orchestras, civic ballets, little theaters, art galleries and museums, art schools, cultural centers and cultural councils.

Worthy of National Note

Much of the activity is, at best, semi-professional. But more and more of it is professional and worthy of national note.

Here in the remote mountains of western North Carolina, for instance, curators from two major American art museums—the Corcoran in Washington and the Whitney in New York—showed up this weekend for a seminar with some of the South's leading contemporary artists and sculptors.

The seminar was officially titled the "Southern Rim Conference," a title meant to say something about the level of arts activity in the South today. The Southern Rim, or Sun Belt, is the arc of Southern and Southwestern states that is accruing economic and political power faster than any other region in the country.

"Cultural power, too," said William Dunlap, a professor of art at nearby Appalachian State University, one of the seminar's sponsors.

Whitney Representative

Jane Livingston, the Corcoran representative at the seminar, said of the region, particularly the South: "There is a tremendous amount of art energy down here now, just tremendous. There is quality. There is style. The rest of the country needs to hear what is being said at this seminar, needs to know about Southern art today."

Marcia Tucker, the representative from the Whitney, agreed, but doubted that the rest of the country was listening, particularly New York. She said



The New York Times/Ed Andriash

From the left, C. Moore Patterson of Kingston, N.C., Bill Egleston of Memphis, John Alexander of Houston and Jane Livingston, curator of the Corcoran Museum in Washington, examining some of Mr. Egleston's photographs.

she would leave the Whitney at the end of the year because "the management is too parochial, too much into the New York thing."

James Surls, a Texan who sculpts massive wooden works with axes and chain saws, contended that New York was no longer "the be all and end all."

"The South supports me now, buys my stuff, encourages me," he said. "It's as interesting to stay at home as it is to go to New York. Things are beginning to happen down here."

No "rim" city is doing more to support the arts than Houston, according to Paul Schimmel, the curator of the Contemporary Arts Museum there.

Oil Money Played a Part

"A lot of Southern towns have money now," he said, "but Houston has the most because of the oil crisis. More and more patrons are emerging, and that's drawing in more and more artists."

"The farther Southern artists get from the old paint-the-dilapidated-

shack school, the more people buy and invest, even businessmen like banks. Houston's the hot one."

But other Southern cities, big and little, also are showing signs of notable cultural activity.

Atlanta, for example, already has what is probably the best of the dozen or so Southern symphony orchestras. But its increasingly sophisticated cultural community recently began to demand an orchestra befitting a metropolis that advertises itself as "the next great American city."

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N.Y. Times 11/1/76

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The New York Times/Ed Andrich

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Nadel-color take 1 (corner)

6/21/76

by Norman Nadel
Scripps-Howard Staff Writer

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the world were to have to settle for Van Gogh's pen-and-ink work only.

MEMORANDUM

To: Wilma Gottlieb
From: JOHN SZARKOWSKI
Date: July 15, 1976
Subject: Article by Norman Nadel

This article was written
for the Scripps-Howard
newspapers. So far we
have not received any
press clippings.

recognizing photography
ognition to color

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6/21/76
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NEW YORK--It is ironic that the Museum of Modern Art, which pioneered many years ago in recognizing photography as a fine art, only now is granting that same recognition to color photography.

The event which signals this change is an exhibition of ~~the~~ color prints by William Eggleston, 37, of Memphis, Tenn., which will be at MOMA through August 1. This coincides with publication of "William Eggleston's Guide," by John Szarkowski, the museum's director of photography (\$12.50), which reproduces the exhibition's photographs and includes a critical essay by Szarkowski.

To many serious photographers, the museum's --which in recent years has meant Szarkowski's--bias against color has been difficult to understand. He has rejected this medium of expression because it is too pretty, or too commercial, or somehow lacking in truth. Yet black-and-white photography, long considered acceptable, also can be and frequently is pretty, commercial and deceptive.

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Adrian take 1 (corner)
nadel-color take 2

6/21/76

I think I understand Szarkowski's reasoning, without agreeing with him. He has a blind spot, which has to do with certain basic and contrary conditions of non-photographic art, on the one hand, and photographs, on the other:

The great advantage of the painter, draughtsman, sculptor, potter or constructionist is that his (or her) art is selective. Not only can the painter put into a painting whatever he wishes, he can leave out whatever might prove distracting. He can, in effect, edit a landscape, still life or figure study to suit his own feeling about it. That provides one aspect of its individuality and of its art.

Whereas painting and the allied arts are selective in this fashion, the camera is ruthlessly inclusive and non-discriminating. Point it anywhere and it will photograph all that its lens encompasses, which is why the average snapshot looks cluttered and relatively formless.

So the art of photography consists largely of imposing a discipline on this camera, this tool which ~~eats~~^t up everything it sees, in order to simplify and clarify the resulting image. There are all sorts of ways: moving in close to a subject to reduce awareness of background or surrounding features, editing down the image through use of telephoto lenses which cover a smaller field than a normal lens, and using selective depth-of-field to diffuse or erase unwanted forms, *for examples*.

Well, obviously, if you can eliminate the ~~insistence~~^t presence of color simply by using a black-and-white film, your pictures will be simpler and purer in form. That's why sculpture, in a monochromatic medium such as stone or metal, *can* make such a

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
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nadel-color take 37

With color, the economy and refinement of a work of art is harder to achieve, though far from impossible. A photographer uses color very ~~as~~ selectively to make his statement, as a painter does.

Eggleston's photos, made around Memphis or in nearby Tallahatchie County, Miss., where his family has a cotton farm, have this selectivity, this economy, this refinement. The difference between his work in color and the same photos reproduced in black-and-white is dramatic. Color is a major and absolutely essential ~~ingredient~~ of his artistic statement.

But to suggest, through this exhibition and the publication of the book, that Eggleston is almost the first and only color photographer of importance, is ridiculous. MOMA did show Ernst ~~Haas~~ color work 14 years ago, and has a very few historically interesting color photos in its permanent collection. However, that can be counted as merely ~~leaving~~ the door open to this medium.

True, there are problems. Even the best color prints fade, although Berkey ~~K&L~~ ^{co} which made 33 dye transfer prints for this show, will guarantee them for 50 years. The eye and the camera do not ~~perceive~~ ^{see} color in the same way. Our minds tend to change colors from what they are to what we think they should be. We think of a particular patch of grass as being the same shade of green all day, when actually it changes almost continuously as the light changes. Also, there are considerable differences from one color film to another, and among the various processing methods.

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1133.22-color take 4X

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Model-color take 4X

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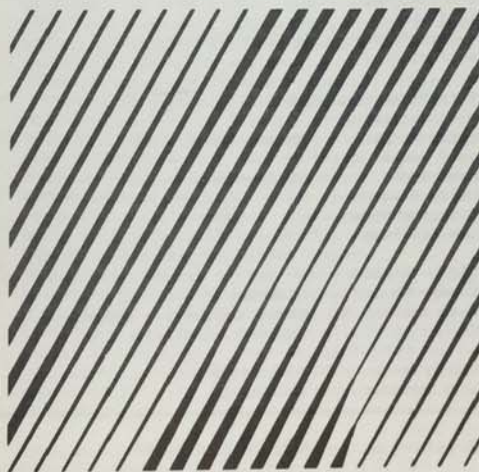
The Australian Centre
for Photography
76a Paddington Street
Paddington, Sydney 2021
Telephone 320629

2:4 August 1976

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Newsletter



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THE AUSTRALIAN CENTRE FOR PHOTOGRAPHY

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE	1976 - 1977
David Moore	-Chairman Photographer
Daniel Thomas	-Vice-Chairman Senior Curator, Art Gallery of New South Wales
Murray Macgowan	-Honorary Treasurer General Manager, Corporate Development, Rheem Aust. Ltd
David Worland	-Honorary Secretary Consultant
Graham Bradley	Solicitor
Rennie Ellis	Photographer, writer - Melbourne
Peter Elliston	Physicist, lecturer
Jon Haynes	Creative director
Craig McGregor	Writer
Robert Minter	Solicitor
Wesley Stacey	Photographer
Charlene White	Teacher
Ian Williams	Company director
John Williams	Photographer, teacher, critic

FINANCE COMMITTEE	
Murray Macgowan	-Chairman
Jon Haynes	
Robert Minter	
David Moore	
Bronwyn Thomas	Gallery director
David Worland	

EXHIBITIONS COMMITTEE	
Rennie Ellis	
Graham McCarter	Photographer
David Moore	
Roger Scott	Photographer
Wesley Stacey	
Bronwyn Thomas	
John Williams	

STAFF - GALLERY	
Bronwyn Thomas	Director
Susan Shannon	Secretary/Gallery assistant
Eleanor Holt	Gallery assistant
- WORKSHOP	
Anthony Browell	Administrator
Sandy Edwards	Assistant

"The stuff of the world is mind-stuff."
Sir Arthur Eddington

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR FOR THE PERIOD
JUNE 1975 - JUNE 1976

Perhaps the most significant advance during this period has been the approval of the Australian Taxation Office 'that gifts of \$2.00 and upwards to the Australian Centre for Photography Gallery Trust Fund will be allowable as deductions from the income of donors'.
The trust fund is presently being established. Significant also has been the establishment early this year, of the Australian Centre for Photography Workshop at no. 2 Paddington Street. Already more than 200 students have enrolled at beginner, intermediate and advanced levels; specialist weekend workshops are being arranged and children's groups are soon to commence. There have been at least 20,000 visitors to the Centre including the executive officer of the Visual Arts Board, Dr. Jean Battersby, distinguished overseas and interstate visitors among whom have been the directors and staff of most of Australia's state, regional and university galleries. There are increasing numbers of students at both secondary and tertiary levels along with artists in film, video, painting, sculpture and other media.

STAFF
In February Anthony Browell was appointed administrator and Sandy Edwards the assistant of the Workshop, and part-time tutors have been David Cubby, Graham McCarter, Philip Quirk, Roger Scott, David Smith, Greg Weight and John Williams. Susan Shannon was accepted into the post-graduate diploma course in Museum Studies at the University of Sydney, but graciously postponed her participation pending the establishment of the Workshop. During the year the Director attended the Annual General Meeting of the Australian Gallery Directors' Council in Mildura, Victoria, the Art Galleries Association Annual General Meeting in Ballarat, Victoria and the Art Association of Australia meeting at the Art Gallery of New South Wales. Application for membership of the Regional Galleries Association of New South Wales is presently being considered.

EXHIBITIONS
There have been changes of exhibitions each month, and works have included West Coast U.S.A. photographs as well as prints from South Africa and New York, retrospective exhibitions of two distinguished Australians, Max Dupain and David Moore, and an

important historical show, courtesy the National Library, Canberra, 'Gundagai' by Dr. Charles Louis Gabriel.
Seven different exhibitions have been toured throughout Australia from Townsville in Queensland to Perth, Western Australia and, for the Department of Foreign Affairs, 'Recent Australian Photography', a collection of more than 100 prints by fourteen photographers, was selected and designed for touring in Asia during 1976 - 1977. Prints have been purchased by the Australian National Gallery, Canberra, the National Gallery of Victoria, the Art Gallery of New South Wales and Horsham Art Gallery, Victoria. The Philip Morris Arts Grant Collection has acquired works by seventeen photographers and for the first time in Australia photographers are as well represented as painters, print-makers, sculptors.....

ATTENDANCE
Estimated figures of 20,000 visitors indicate increasing interest in the Centre. Annual \$10.00 mailing subscriptions have increased to 350 and membership of the Centre has grown from the original five to the present fifty-two. VISUAL ARTS BOARD GRANTS totalling \$38,000 have been received for 'administrative salaries and running costs'.
SALES of the Centre's two publications 'Aspects of Australian Photography' and 'New Photography Australia' have been disappointing especially as 'New Photography Australia' was awarded first prize for black and white duotone by the Australian Printing Industries Craftsmen Association. Poster sales are increasing and it is hoped postcards will be available shortly. Income from the hiring of touring exhibitions has been slowly increasing, but it is now apparent that this income can only contribute in a small way to the Centre's overall administrative costs.
NEW SOUTH WALES GOVERNMENT GRANT
\$2,500 hiring fee for the exhibition 'Time and Space' by Roger Scott and Greg Weight was received on the understanding that the exhibition be toured throughout New South Wales by the Arts Council of New South Wales.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS
Thanks are especially due to Polaroid Australia Pty Ltd for the gift of prints and frames, and to George's Camera Store Pty Ltd for generous assistance in setting-up the Workshop.
Library donations from Marion Hardman, Carol Jerrems, Laurence Le Guay, Barbara Leser, Murray

Macgowan, Paul Mallard, David Worland have been grateful donations from Anthony Bro Dupain, Philip Quirk, Roger and 'Camera and Cine' magazine. Thanks are due to members of the media who have given considerable support to the Centre and its activities. Photographers and curators who have written articles for the Newsletter, the New Zealand editor of 'Photography' at the Art Gallery of Victoria, and to those volunteers who have opened, packed parcels, and to those who have given invitations and generally supported the Centre for Photography in New South Wales, a national resource for photography.

WILLIAM EGGLESTON SHOWS

In a one man show at New Art, William Eggleston's colour seem to crash a bit. Black and white photographs similar subject matter for colour, with the exception of pictures, has been rather this realist genre. Eggleston's colour values are of a quality of confident authenticity. These pictures are extreme, contain a great deal of social edge of Memphis. Eggleston does not hunt for most interesting ways to shock - and disturbing effect of negative shock condition one's response to awful stillness in this intellectual participation by This exhibition has already been hotbed of controversy with photographic expression. The New York Times was highly critical of belief in Eggleston. What it will be interesting to see if his photographs fall in the development of photography.

WILLIAM EGGLESTON'S GUIDES
Published by The Museum

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	MoMA Exhs.	1133.22

FOR PHOTOGRAPHY

1976 - 1977

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Chairman

Library director

Photographer

Photographer

Director

Secretary/Gallery assistant
Library assistant

Administrator
Assistant

and is mind-stuff."

Sir Arthur Eddington

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR FOR THE PERIOD
JUNE 1975 - JUNE 1976

Perhaps the most significant advance during this period has been the approval of the Australian Taxation Office 'that gifts of \$2.00 and upwards to the Australian Centre for Photography Gallery Trust Fund will be allowable as deductions from the income of donors'.
The trust fund is presently being established. Significant also has been the establishment early this year, of the Australian Centre for Photography Workshop at no. 2 Paddington Street. Already more than 200 students have enrolled at beginner, intermediate and advanced levels; specialist weekend workshops are being arranged and children's groups are soon to commence. There have been at least 20,000 visitors to the Centre including the executive officer of the Visual Arts Board, Dr. Jean Battersby, distinguished overseas and interstate visitors among whom have been the directors and staff of most of Australia's state, regional and university galleries. There are increasing numbers of students at both secondary and tertiary levels along with artists in film, video, painting, sculpture and other media.

STAFF

In February Anthony Browell was appointed administrator and Sandy Edwards the assistant of the Workshop, and part-time tutors have been David Cubby, Graham McCarter, Philip Quirk, Roger Scott, David Smith, Greg Weight and John Williams.

Susan Shannon was accepted into the post-graduate diploma course in Museum Studies at the University of Sydney, but graciously postponed her participation pending the establishment of the Workshop. During the year the Director attended the Annual General Meeting of the Australian Gallery Directors' Council in Mildura, Victoria, the Art Galleries Association Annual General Meeting in Ballarat, Victoria and the Art Association of Australia meeting at the Art Gallery of New South Wales. Application for membership of the Regional Galleries Association of New South Wales is presently being considered.

EXHIBITIONS

There have been changes of exhibitions each month, and works have included West Coast U.S.A. photographs as well as prints from South Africa and New York, retrospective exhibitions of two distinguished Australians, Max Dupain and David Moore, and an

important historical show, courtesy the National Library, Canberra, 'Gundagai' by Dr. Charles Louis Gabriel.

Seven different exhibitions have been toured throughout Australia from Townsville in Queensland to Perth, Western Australia and, for the Department of Foreign Affairs, 'Recent Australian Photography', a collection of more than 100 prints by fourteen photographers, was selected and designed for touring in Asia during 1976 - 1977. Prints have been purchased by the Australian National Gallery, Canberra, the National Gallery of Victoria, the Art Gallery of New South Wales and Horsham Art Gallery, Victoria. The Philip Morris Arts Grant Collection has acquired works by seventeen photographers and for the first time in Australia photographers are as well represented as painters, print-makers, sculptors.....

ATTENDANCE

Estimated figures of 20,000 visitors indicate increasing interest in the Centre. Annual \$10.00 mailing subscriptions have increased to 350 and membership of the Centre has grown from the original five to the present fifty-two.

VISUAL ARTS BOARD GRANTS totalling \$38,000 have been received for 'administrative salaries and running costs'.

SALES of the Centre's two publications 'Aspects of Australian Photography' and 'New Photography Australia' have been disappointing especially as 'New Photography Australia' was awarded first prize for black and white duotone by the Australian Printing Industries Craftsmen Association.

Poster sales are increasing and it is hoped postcards will be available shortly.

Income from the hiring of touring exhibitions has been slowly increasing, but it is now apparent that this income can only contribute in a small way to the Centre's overall administrative costs.

NEW SOUTH WALES GOVERNMENT GRANT

\$2,500 hiring fee for the exhibition 'Time and Space' by Roger Scott and Greg Weight was received on the understanding that the exhibition be toured throughout New South Wales by the Arts Council of New South Wales.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks are especially due to Polaroid Australia Pty Ltd for the gift of prints and frames, and to George's Camera Store Pty Ltd for generous assistance in setting-up the Workshop.

Library donations from Marion Hardman, Carol Jerrems, Laurence Le Guay, Barbara Leser, Murray

Macgowan, Paul Mallard, Daniel Thomas and David Worland have been gratefully received along with donations from Anthony Browell, Kerry Dundas, Max Dupain, Philip Quirk, Roger Scott, John Williams, and 'Camera and Cine' magazine.

Thanks are due to members of the press, radio and media who have given considerable coverage to the Centre and its activities; also to those photographers and curators who have generously written articles for the Newsletter; to John Turner, the New Zealand editor of 'Photo-Forum', for lecturing at the Art Gallery of New South Wales; to the photographers for their enthusiasm and optimism; and to those volunteers who have served at openings, packed parcels, cut mounts, mailed invitations and generally assisted the Australian Centre for Photography in its important role as a national resource for photographic information.

WILLIAM EGGLESTON SHOWS COLOUR AT MOMA

In a one man show at New York's Museum of Modern Art, William Eggleston's disturbing photographs in colour seem to crash a barrier of expression. Black and white photography has been examining similar subject matter for some years now but colour, with the exception of Helen Levitt's pictures, has been rather consciously avoided in this realist genre. Eggleston manages an integration of colour values and meanings that have a quality of confident authority. These pictures are extremely factual. They contain a great deal of information about the sociological edge of Memphis, Tennessee. Eggleston does not hunt for shock values yet in most interesting ways many of his pictures are shocking - and disturbing. However, it's the effect of negative shock which seems so much to condition one's response. There is a kind of awful stillness in this work that demands intellectual participation by the viewer.

This exhibition has already added fuel to the hotbed of controversy which surrounds the new photographic expression in the U.S.A. The New York Times was highly critical of John Szarkowski's belief in Eggleston. When the exhibition is over it will be interesting to see where these photographs fall in the developing mainstream of photography.

David Moore

WILLIAM EGGLESTON'S GUIDE by John Szarkowski.
Published by The Museum of Modern Art, New York.

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	MoMA Exhs.	1133.22

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A NON-PHOTOGRAPHER

The American-Italian anarchists, Sacco and Vanzetti, were convicted of murder in 1920. Seven years later, after appeals and fevered demonstrations, they were executed in Massachusetts. Ben Shahn took this theme as a modern "crucifixion" and within seven months had done twenty-seven gouache paintings. These, like the other great satirists, Daumier and George Grosz, had both structure and humanistic content without subordinating form to message. Shahn grew more eloquent and assured and at his death in 1969, was one of America's most gracious modern artists.

Around 1932, encouraged by his friend, the brilliant photographer, Walker Evans, Shahn started to use his Leica in the streets emphasizing the unposed intimacy between figure and setting, the unbalance and surprise and complex vanishing points.

The mass of public typography - signs, posters, slogans, advertisements - fascinated him. The first exhibition, in New York, of Cartier-Bresson impressed him greatly and the capturing of the moment of expressive movement was revealed to him. The Farm Security Administration employed him as an artist and briefly as a photographer from 1935 to 1938 under the euphemistic title of "Senior Liaison Officer" to provide a living wage. He must have come under the influence of such fellow employees as Stryker, Evans, Mydans, Lange, Rothstein, Delano, Lee and Vachon.

These are the photographs that appear in the Harvard Press publication, 'The Photographic Eye of Ben Shahn', edited by David Pratt. Walker Evans assisted in the preliminary selection of the over one hundred reproductions in this edition culled from some three thousand in the collection of the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard.

The usual shape of photographs is rectangular and this is a true and honest shape, it is a shape that Shahn uses superbly and with 35 mm clarity. The people, universally, are participants, there is not once the tension of invasion but only of a true and honest worker amongst true and forlorn people. One of the photographs records a sign:

"This is the car
Hoover promised me
Roosevelt gave me
For God's sake
Don't let Landon
Take it away"

: such were the times that Shahn has photographed, such photographs as to smell "the odor of an attic at white noon".

This is the second or third book of Shahn photographs available at the moment. The reproductions, though adequate, detract from Shahn's graphic impact, but still the introduction of the young photographer to "the keen historical spasm of the shutter" will not be much diminished.

The book has been presented to the Centre by the Australia and New Zealand Book Co. Pty Ltd and most certainly is an example to emulate.

David Potts

GRANT MUDFORD AT LIGHT GALLERY, NEW YORK

Fourteen of Mudford's pictures were on show and Victor Schrager, the new young director of Light Gallery, considers Mudford's work to be 'extraordinarily powerful' and indeed it is. Within the 20 X 14 image area of these prints an inhuman world of brute architectural form slashed by the geometry of shadows all but assaults the viewer. The sunlight, harsh and uncompromising, digs deep into the recesses of the forms and reveals all. The imagery is in a most direct way right on top of the emulsion. The performance is centre stage and the viewer sits in the front row challenged by the brash confidence of sledge hammer form and abrasive texture. Mudford sublimates himself to the subject and is content to let the picture be carried by rigorous selectivity and totally direct technique.

Unframed and boxed in the back room of Light are some forty additional recent prints. They serve to emphasise that he was once a student of architecture. But, additionally, graphics leap across some of the pictures and the mind twists in an effort to interpret the connection of such information as 'Emergency' or 'Bath Accents' or - best and most tantalising of all - 'Nix Suppl'! Mudford is far from articulate about his current work and says 'I find it extremely difficult to justify what I am doing. The more I get into photography the more confused I become.' Right now Mudford is cresting a wave of excitement and success which looks like supporting him for a long ride.

David Moore

EXHIBITIONS

Australian Centre for Photography Gallery

- 31 August to 25 September
- Jon Rhodes 'Just another Sunrise?: the impact of bauxite mining on an Aboriginal community' & Polaroid Experience
- 28 September to 23 October
- 'Farm Security Administration'
- 26 October to 20 November
- Edward Weston & Leon Saunders

Australian Centre for Photography Exhibitions on Tour

- 'Photographs & Anti-Photographs' Elliott Erwitt
- Institute of Modern Art, Brisbane
- 24 August to 14 September
- 'David Moore Retrospective 1940 - 1976'
- Brummels Gallery of Photography, Melbourne
- 9 September to 9 October
- 'Farm Security Administration'
- Shepparton Art Gallery
- late October through November
- 'Time and Space' Roger Scott and Greg Weight
- touring for Arts Council of Australia (N.S.W.)
- Broken Hill 30 August to 6 September
- Gulgong 20 to 24 September
- Narrabri 1 to 7 October
- Singleton 13 to 20 October
- Muswellbrook 22 to 29 October
- Glen Innes 10 to 17 November
- Casino 22 to 29 November
- 'Recent Australian Photography'
- Department of Foreign Affairs exhibition
- Japan

Exhibitions Calendar

- National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne
- Andre Kertesz 2 September to 1 November
- Ewing Gallery, Melbourne University
- Diane Arbus 12 October to 5 November
- Brummels Gallery of Photography, Melbourne
- Ann Noon & Ponch Hawkes 12 August to 4 September
- 'David Moore Retrospective' 9 Sept to 9 October
- The Photographers' Gallery, Melbourne
- Paul Caponigro 19 August to 12 September
- Steven Lojewski 16 September to 10 October
- Peter Leiss 14 October to 7 November
- The Camera Gallery, 47 Surrey Street, Kings Cross
- Neil Duncan, Robert McFarlane, Lance Nelson, & Joseph Spiteri 14 August to 30 September
- Colour photography October

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Eggleston photographs color a range of experience

By WARREN NISTAD

THE WORK of an exceptional artist or photographer can change the way we see and experience the world. Though we may wish to recognize and respond to such work immediately, this is perhaps less important than the work's ability simply to implant itself, enabling the slow and expanding process of germination to begin.

Such influence on our vision can extend backward and forward. Walker Evans' photographs taken in the 1930s extended backward to aid our appreciation of Eugene Atget's work in Paris in the early 1900s. Now they extend forward to aid an appreciation of William Eggleston's work. Forty of Eggleston's color photographs taken in the South between 1969 and 1973 are on display through May 1 in the Reed College Faculty Lounge.

Though exhibit hours are listed as 12 to 5 on Saturday and Sunday, the prints may also be viewed during the week if the room is not otherwise being used.

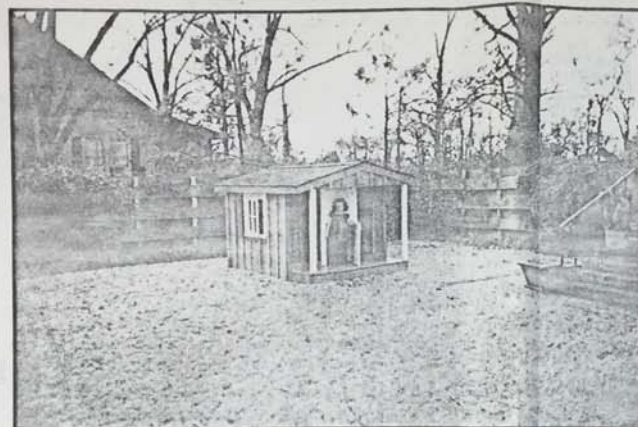
We see in the show what seem to be casual interior and exterior scenes of houses, people in and around their homes and cars, scenes from surrounding yards and parks and streets, and a few commercial buildings, some functioning and some abandoned.

The reception given them thus far has been mixed and heated, with an apparent majority of critics and viewers disliking them. They were first displayed at the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) last summer, where John Szarkowski, director of MoMA's department of photography since 1962, assembled MoMA's first book devoted to color photography entitled *William Eggleston's Guide*. Szarkowski appeared with the exhibit on April 15 to present a slide-lecture to an overflow crowd at Reed on "The Content of Photographs," and to lead a well-attended informal discussion on April 16.

When asked why the exhibit has received so much negative criticism, Szarkowski replied that most people find the photographs insulting. The images do not make use of the subject matter we have come to accept as proper for artistic photography, nor do they offer clear social or political meanings. The material seen is "so common, so available, so neutral," and the people in them seem "very middle-class and pretty comfortable."

Szarkowski feels Eggleston "was doing the same thing in the environs of Memphis, Tenn., that Atget did in Paris. He was attempting to describe his place, in both important senses of that term."

Atget took thousands of photographs of Paris between 1900 and 1927, primarily out of a love for the city and French culture, and also an awareness that much of it was being destroyed in the name of progress and thus



TALLAHATCHIE COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI

Eggleston's photographs have prompted much negative criticism

needed to be documented. On seeing his photographs initially, Berenice Abbott, who later acquired the bulk of his work, remembers that "there was a sudden flash of recognition—the shock of realism unadorned. The subjects were not sensational, but nevertheless shocking in their familiarity." They were so familiar that most viewers ignored them, and Atget worked and died in extreme poverty.

BETWEEN 1930 and 1936 Evans photographed the Eastern and Southern states. He worked with what Lincoln Kirstein referred to as a "puritanical eye," attempting to be precise and literal in his seeing, but also trusting his intuition to guide this seeing. MoMA displayed and published his work, *American Photographs*, in 1938.

The photographs of Atget, Evans and Eggleston are similar in that each man seemed to record the surface appearance of his times and environment. But as we continue to look at their works, we begin also to sense how those environments felt or feel. Each photographer had a quiet but consistent perspective that subtly builds as we go through his photographs, until we begin to believe the descriptions are precise and true.

Szarkowski observed that, "Our culture is not a given. We make it up as we go along," using the information at hand. Part of our information comes from photographs. We have come to believe that Paris in Atget's time was as he revealed it, and that America in the 1930s was as Evans revealed it. We

own culture. Szarkowski sees him revealing our everyday lives in terms of "the basic sensory and psychological textures that we do not understand, but that we recognize as important."

"Eggleston is a photographer of the South, but his pictures are not merely regional, but pictures that have to do with the character of our lives, described with affection, and without rhetoric; described in such a way that our lives seem more adventurous, more threatening, more filled with promise and terror than we might in our daily rounds have guessed. His pictures seem to me perfect. I wouldn't know how to improve them."

I HAVE BEEN amazed thus far at the consequences of my own viewing of the show. My initial impression was that I had seen most of these scenes countless times before in my daily life, and felt no need to do so again. But I kept going through the images for several hours, discovering new information each time.



WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK, FARMHOUSE, 1931

Walker Evans' puritanical eye

can no longer tell how much of their work was fiction or fact, nor do we any longer question it.

It is difficult to accept such information when it comes in our own time and culture. Eggleston's work is now germinating in the minds of its viewers as we attempt to define not only the contemporary South, but our

When I left and took off on a weekend drive, I was startled repeatedly by similar scenes that popped out at me, and became increasingly aware of how much seeing of the ordinary I had cut off. I had not seen those scenes countless times. I had rarely truly seen them at all, and felt grateful to Eggleston for enabling me to become more

fully aware of my surroundings. Thus I am already largely convinced of the accuracy of his view of his and my culture, though it has not yet reached the subtle levels Szarkowski has achieved after living with these images for several years. Whether or not it does, my way of seeing has been changed by these photographs, which, I suspect, will play a large if not definitive role in how we view this period in the future.

I was also delighted by the visual games to be discovered through a careful viewing of Eggleston's photographs. The prints themselves range in size from about 9 x 12 inches to 13 x 20 inches, and are thus much easier to explore than the 5 x 7-inch images in the *Guide*. In one photograph a balding man in a suit is seen standing in a paved lot touching an old orange piece of Air Force equipment resembling a fuselage, perhaps remembering when both he and it could fly, while—barely perceptible in a background park—a child is climbing a post which extends beyond the frame.

In another the camera points to an overhead socket in a room with ceiling and walls of deep red. An extension comes from the socket, into which are plugged a light bulb with pull chain, and three white extension cords stretched out across the ceiling. While perhaps interesting in itself, the meaning changes considerably when we notice in the lower-right hand corner three small day-glo posters illustrating various sexual positions.

More obvious, but equally delightful, is a sculpture of a luminous life-sized black dog lying on a concrete pedestal. He appears very alert—so much so that the odd metal straps going across his front paws seem both tragic and almost necessary to keep him in place. Not all the images contain such details, but so many do that it is worth paying close attention to the entire area of each print.

Szarkowski also praises the photographs for the way color is used. He feels that previously photographers have tended to take essentially black and white photographs with color added, or photographs of pure and pleasing color relationships resembling abstract painting. He labels the results "puerile, formless or pretty," and feels the abstracts unfortunately "remind us of something similar but better" as done by painters. While he admires the still lifes of Irving Penn or the nature photographs of Eliot Porter, he feels such photographers have achieved success with color by limiting it to one known area under their control. With Eggleston, he is pleased at the range of situations in which color is used, and with the sense that color is so existentially and essentially a part of the photographs. The color has come to be "a real part of real photographs of the real world."

WILLIAM EGGLESTON'S PHOTOGRAPHS: A SENSE OF SOMETHING YET TO HAPPEN

By David Featherstone

ALTHOUGH PHOTOGRAPHIC exhibitions are appearing more and more frequently in museums and galleries in the Portland area, most of the work comes from local or relatively unknown photographers, and has represented the relatively safe, established approaches to image-making. Rarely has there been an exhibition which has raised significant questions about the nature or direction of the medium.

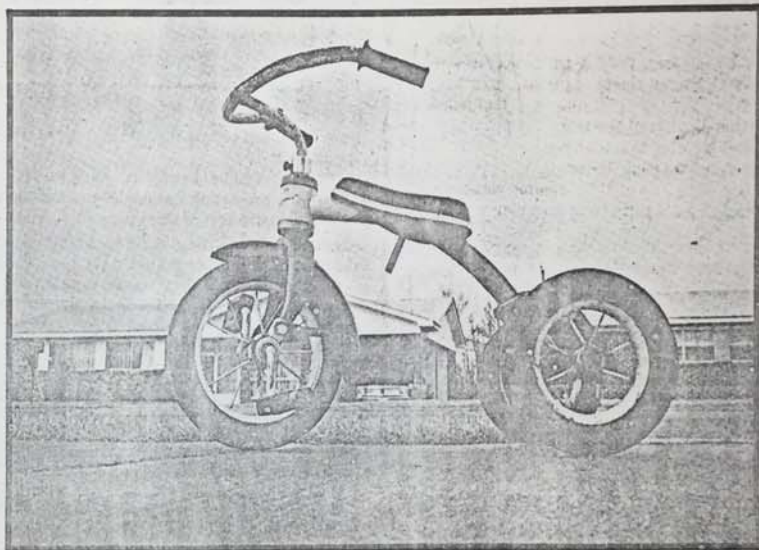
This fact makes the current exhibition of work by William Eggleston at the Reed College Faculty Office Building Gallery (through May 1) especially welcome. In exhibiting Eggleston's color photographs, the gallery is presenting not only the work of a photographer with a national reputation, but also a group of images which have generated a reasonable amount of controversy.

When Eggleston's work was first presented at New York's Museum of Modern Art last year, it was the first one-person show of color photographs to be shown there in some 20 years. The book published to accompany the show, *William Eggleston's Guide*, which contains an introduction by the Museum's Director of Photography, John Szarkowski, was also the first book of color photography ever produced by the Museum. The controversy in New York centered around the validity of the Museum's supposed blessing of color photography and the choice of Eggleston's work to make that announcement.

The first impression of Eggleston's photographs is that they are random snapshots of mundane situations. It becomes clear, however, that the photographs are carefully composed, and that they present situations too abstract to even be considered by the typical family snapshotter. Made in and around Memphis, Tennessee, and in northern Mississippi between 1969 and 1973, the photographs show common objects, deserted buildings, room interiors, or friends and relatives in nondescript situations. They are, in a sense, documentary images, but they are documents which would be of greater value to an anthropologist researching the details of a culture than to a journalist dealing with a culture's more sensational themes.

Eggleston's photographs are recordings infused with private meaning. The ordinariness of the image-situations implies significance and action beyond the confines of the image itself, in the same way that the still photographs which used to be posted outside movie theaters represented an entire sequence of action within the film. The photograph of an elderly man sitting on a bed holding a gun is disquieting because of the tired, casual way he allows the gun to rest on the bed. Is he contemplating suicide? Or is he about to put the gun away after showing it to someone else? The image needs resolution, but unlike the definite context of the movie theater stills, the viewer must resolve these photographs by drawing on his own imagination.

The barren landscape photographs and empty room interiors also have the feeling of impending



Even in black-and-white, this photo shows William Eggleston's technique of capturing mundane situations, situations so common even a family snapshotter wouldn't consider them.

action. The image of a beige, mobile home-style liquor store flanked by a white picket fence set at the rear of an empty, ochre-colored dirt parking lot suggests the expected arrival of customers rather than the isolation of a deserted building.

Even though viable color technologies have been available since the 1930s, it is only recently that museums and galleries have paid much attention to color photography. Many of those people writing about photography have a tendency to refer to "the problem of color in photography," as if the color were something which could be removed from the image and dealt with separately. There is no question that color is a viable creative medium, but it is important to consider the color as an inextricable part of the photographic image.

The dye-transfer process which Eggleston uses gives a slightly more stable print than regular color printing processes, but the greatest advantage to the photographer comes from the more precise control of color within the print which is possible. With this added control, the color in Eggleston's work is an integral part of both the form and content of the images. Not only is the visual shape of the image dependent on the colored patterns, but the viewer's emotional response is affected by the overall hue of the prints. The balance between color-form and color-content varies from image to image, however.

The effect of color on the meaning of the images is most obvious in several of Eggleston's interior photographs, such as the one of a room with shelves of china. An open doorway leads to other rooms, each room successively bathed in a stronger warm yellow light. It is unimportant here that the predominant color is not what one would see standing in the room.

The warmth of the yellow light defines the photograph's meaning.

The importance of color-content is also apparent in the photograph made outdoors of three children standing on a road at dusk. There is a slightly alarmed expression on the children's faces, an alarm which is accentuated by the relationship between the purple sky and the greenish-yellow light reflecting off the road around them. The atmosphere is enhanced by the reddish tinge of the flesh tones.

The majority of Eggleston's photographs, however, are those in which the influence of color is more subtle. They appear to be more ordinary because their color is closer to that of our expected perceptions of the colors. While some of these images are among the least successful in the show, there are some poignant images among them. In one photograph, a white man in a black suit and red tie and a black man wearing a white servant's jacket are standing in a parklike woods. Behind them is a white car, with another figure barely visible inside. The stance of the two men, combined with the cold gray light which bathes the whole image, creates an emotionally charged image. Like many other Eggleston photographs, the final content is the implication of subsequent action.

This is, in many ways, an imperfect show, but that should not take away from the value of the viewing experience. The importance of the images lies in the delineation of an idea about image-making which has not yet been fully realized. Few of the 40 photographs here will be remembered for long, but there are times when the questions raised about an emerging aspect of a medium by a partially successful exhibition are more stimulating than the aesthetic confirmation received from seeing established masterpieces. ■

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Title

Untitled

A Mid-South Quarterly Review of the Visual Arts

Volume II, Number 4 February 14, 1977 Memphis, Tennessee

\$1.25/copy \$5.00 subscription membership

Photographs by William Eggleston at Brooks

by Gary Witt

I do not know whether William Eggleston is an important artist; both literally and figuratively, he lives too close to my own place and time to tell. Therefore, I will leave the question to someone else, preferably an objective soul who was not raised around here.

But I do know that Eggleston's work has become important to me. "Has become," because it was not always so. I suppose I did not understand the reciprocal nature of these photographs, that they demanded as much of me as I was demanding of them. I was preoccupied with the color, waiting for it to speak to me, and nothing happened. I realize now that Eggleston's use of color is purposefully casual, to force us to participate. Just as we complete the colors of nature by paying closer attention to them, so we complete Eggleston's colors by filling in what he leaves understated. In both cases this participation takes us to the heart of the matter. For nature, the heart is the things themselves, while, for a photograph, it is the image.

And what of Eggleston's images? At first I looked for universal statements, or evocative symbols for my own Southern upbringing. And again I was wrong. His images are not universal, but the opposite: personal, unique, almost private. But not quite private, for he seems to be saying, "Look, I have found my place."

Many people apparently think that this is not enough. Eggleston's critics--and they are legion since his one-man show at the M.O.M.A.--seem to have a frustrated air about them; it's not that they understand his work, and simply dislike it, but rather as if they do not understand it to begin with. They probably share my dual difficulties: learning to see Eggleston's colors, and accepting that these colors are in the service of photographs no more momentous than the ordinary business of living which they metaphorically reveal.

With persistence, these difficulties can be surmounted; Eggleston's photographs can be understood. But understanding only leads to a larger question: Why is Eggleston's body of work important? I cannot say. I know that photographs can present half-truths, even lies, with unarguable logic, yet Eggleston's seem to me true. I know that they touch fine and pure emotions in me, causing joy, wonder, and not a little fear.

As for fear in photography, certain primitive tribes are terrified of the camera, believing that it can suck the very life from whatever is before it, and transfer that life to the photograph itself. And seeing this work of Eggleston's makes me wonder: Could these primitive tribes be right?

In response to the exhibition of photographs by William Eggleston at the Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, (February 12 through March 27), *Untitled* offers the following discussion. The participants are Jack Hurley, PhD, Associate Professor of History at Memphis State University and author of *Portrait of a Decade*; Richard Reep, photography instructor at the Memphis Academy of Arts; Steve Cushing, senior photography major at the Memphis Academy of Arts; and myself.



William Eggleston, "Memphis"

GW: What can we say about William Eggleston and his photographs?

RR: Well, he has produced a body of work which is a personal record, and has done it in color. His motive was a purely personal impulse to take pictures, and not any outside reasons.

JH: They really are color photographs, aren't they? They don't work in black and white.

RR: Yes, the power comes from the color. Not that it's aggressive, but just the opposite. He has integrated it with his subject matter, where nothing dominates.

SC: In fact, this commingling makes the total greater than the parts, it seems to me.

GW: What is so difficult about this kind of color work? Why has it been so elusive?

JH: Color has been around a long time. They had good Kodachrome in the 50's, but the medium was too new; they leaned on the color as a crutch. It's not a technical question, but a visual one, a question of learning to see in color and not in black and white. The technical problems are that color is expensive and hard to control.

GW: And Eggleston has the means, the time, and the vision to put together a consistent body of personal images, and reproduce them in the finest color process available?

JH: I think so. That process is called dye transfer. It is difficult and expensive, but it does give color prints a greater degree of permanence. The color dyes are applied directly to the paper, by a type of screen process. It's archival.

RR: No one was serious enough to try this before--a large body of expensive color work.

Cont. p.4

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Cont. from p.1 -- Eggleston

GW: Eggleston's color is not the older style: saturated, graphic, drenched in color. His is very real, and it seems almost too close to life. Until recently, "art" cinema was in black and white because it seemed more profound. Black and white apparently preserves the necessary distance between art and reality. Eggleston's color narrows that distance considerably.

RR: But we have come a long way towards a complete visual literacy. We understand pictures in black and white; we know how to "read" them pretty well. It's interesting that several color photographers have emerged simultaneously--Shore, Meyerowitz, Eggleston--who take our literacy a step further by adding color. It was bound to happen.

SC: The problem is learning a new syntax, a new way of looking at pictures, where it's not color for the sake of color. Eggleston's newness has been a problem, but now we are learning how to look at this kind of work.

GW: So Eggleston is a man whose time has come. He is breaking down the last barrier, eliminating that distance between "high" art and life. If people see his pictures as banal, it must be because, to them, the world is banal.

RR: Right. Color closes the gap between reality and "art-at-a-distance." But that's an important issue in all of photography right now--the style-less photograph. As someone once said, "The world is much more interesting than my opinions of it could ever be." This hands-off approach is significant, and color lends itself to this view. If you're formal and overly-dramatic, you might also be too aware of color. "Snapshotting" as a style of picture-making seems to integrate the color better. It is not heavy-handed; it lets the image reveal itself.

JH: And maybe these snapshot photographers are trying to get closer to a basic life force. Whereas the formalists are interested in form, light, etc., these people seem to capture the fleeting moments that sum up experience for them. With Eggleston, he seems to want to capture a sense of time: Southern time.

JH: And maybe these snapshot photographers are trying to get closer to a basic life force. Whereas the formalists are interested in form, light, etc., these people seem to capture the fleeting moments that sum up experience for them. With Eggleston, he seems to want to capture a sense of time. Much has been said about his sense of place, but I see a keen sense of time: Southern time. The figures are passive, things seem deserted, it's a Southern rural small-town quality. People are "sitting on their hands," or their arms are passively at their sides. Compare this with Helen Levitt's pictures of New York streets; Eggleston's is a whole different pace.

GW: Yes. He has preserved what I grew up with; it's amazing that he captures this sense of things in timeless images. With a feigned innocence, he is registering his intuitive love, or maybe hate, of his surroundings. He seems delighted with what he sees as true out there.

RR: His intuitive approach re-emphasizes the reality of the Southern situation. If he were more formal, even about his subject matter, he would be taking us another step away from reality towards art. But he lets the chips fall where they may, and lets the world be what it is. We don't get a revelation, but just what's there; the revelation comes after seeing a lot of these images, maybe a lot of times. It doesn't look like art; it's too much like reality. That's why many people reject photography as art. They feel that art must be manipulated to be significant or meaningful. Also, photography is too commonplace. It hasn't had the elevated status of painting; photographs are everywhere--newspapers, magazines, family albums--everybody takes pictures.

JH: This freedom from art can be a powerful advantage. But we shouldn't go too far in merging art into life. Eggleston does select, and he puts a frame around things. He composes, he stops the flow, like all photographers. He selects out of life consciously.

GW: Yes, that's the art in photography, and Eggleston's composition is truly classical at times--I'm thinking of the marble globe photograph, or the "Peaches" sign atop the roof--but composition is not the point of these pictures. He doesn't seem to be framing laws or theories, and I hate to even say that he is giving us symbols or essences. Art and life are merging, because Eggleston and others seem content to show the world as they experience it, directly. The selection, the frame, serve to draw attention to what we might otherwise miss. It is a type of re-definition. Ordinary things and events are significant, if you open for them. This photography shows the inherent value of things.

SC: And since photographs are not precious objects, in the traditional sense, the artist is put into a position of deeper responsibility, not to any price-less object, but to the content.

GW: I think that television, mass communications, the casual use of images for non-verbal communication, have made us ready for this simple, unadorned vision. Color television looked unnatural to most people at first because they were so used to black and white that all they could see was the color. These photographers are teaching us that same lesson: the world is not composed of colors, it is composed of things, and they happen to be certain colors. Eggleston doesn't see the thing and its color as separate, and that's why his work seems so real, so true.

RR: Yes. Color and his regionalism have made him important to photography curators like John Szarkowski at the Museum of Modern Art, who thinks that these things are critical to photography. They're concentrating on this sort of localized view, not unlike regionalism in literature.

JH: Szarkowski is fascinated by change--the interfacing of cultures--the edges between city and country, for instance. Eggleston's photograph of that black Buick parked at the edge of town is an example of this.

SC: But this is not ordinary documentary photography. It's an attitude of freedom of personal approach. Eggleston's works are not art objects, but artifacts. They answer to life instead of art history.

RR: They sure do. He photographs anything and everything, and he knows that it will fit together. He is not looking for archetypal images--what the South should look like--but is revealing aspects of his own Southern life.

JH: That's the snapshot tradition again, but with a keener sense of discovery and interpretation.

SC: Maybe people call this type of work banal because they haven't learned to see, and don't quite appreciate this new point of view. Life's not that banal if you stop and look at it. This is the important thing about Eggleston's work; it's a valuable lesson in seeing. I'm excited over these photographs finally coming to Memphis.

Memphis

Warhol and Wyeth at Cheekwood

by Adele Pilsch

The facts had been clearly stated. Andy Warhol, chief potentate of the Pop world, and Jamie Wyeth, third generation American realist, had met, liked each other and decided to do each other's portrait. They had done just that. The Tennessee Botanical Gardens and Fine Arts Center at Cheekwood in Nashville had, through contributions of ten donors, bought two of the finished results--a 40 x 40 inch acrylic and silk screened Jamie Wyeth on canvas executed by Andy Warhol and an oil portrait of Warhol by Jamie Wyeth. The museum is also exhibiting through February 18, (gas shortages and gallery closings may change these dates) five additional silk screen portraits and five line drawings of Wyeth by Warhol and twenty-four of Wyeth's studies of Warhol on brown paper, cardboard in mixed media.

As the city planned to host the two artists at a reception, January 30, the lines were being drawn. Were Warhol and Wyeth smiling all the way to the bank--knowing that anything with their combined

Cont. p.12

Reep and Bennett
Memphis Academy

Ed's note: the following is an article
parts each by a different reviewer. Co-
lity to ask artists to provide commentar-
tions, we asked a photographer to review
tal artist to review Bennett because of
firing media.

Joint Faculty Exhibition
Memphis Academy of Arts
February 4/February 27

Richard Reep's second photographic e-
Memphis is an event to be savored. His
fully printed images combine a straight
to the world around him with a finely a-
about modern life. His photographs are
(although many photographer-artists are
capture the naive power of snapshots the
has chosen to set his face against that
working slowly, carefully and consciousl-
good company in this decision. One thin-
of the recent work of Lewis Baltz on Wes-
trial architecture and there are several
photographers with whom his work invites

These young photographic formalists se-
rested in the visual qualities that distin-
nineteenth and early twentieth century ph-
those days of large, clumsy cameras and V-
tographers, a distance seemed to exist be-
and photographic object. There was a res-
treatment of subject which was often styl-
ever glib. As cameras became smaller and
manipulated photographers learned to make
sorts of clever tricks, ranging from the cl-
far of Waagoe to the surrealism of Uelsmann
cases of photography had become a trap and t-
arines turned out the results by the tens c-
recent years the new formalists have revolt-
altness and cheap shots. It isn't the eas-
the controlled and formal way, but it has i-
and emotional rewards. Reep's early traini-
ecture shown clearly in his eye for struc-
but this new series of photographs shows s-
Reep is stepping back from his subject, di-
himself to include and organize more visu-
it is not the easy way, but Reep is learni-
elevator on for him. His image of the Conti-
in its ambiguous statement and its sense o-
sane can be said of his photograph of aban-
stinting machinery in a field.



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World War II portraits by Mike Disfarmer—"an outstanding discovery"

PHOTOGRAPHY VIEW

GENE THORNTON

Photography Found a Home In Art Galleries

Hurricanes, deaths, discoveries and several conflicting trends marked the year in photography as seen from New York City. In the museums and galleries a growing number of important shows crowded the calendar, some of which created heated controversy. The likelihood of the photographic scene this year makes it easy to cite ten outstanding events and developments.

First on my list was the striking presence of photography in major art galleries that formerly showed only painting and sculpture. In the fall of 1976 Knoedler, Marlborough and Sidney Janis each opened the season with big exhibitions of photographs. Since none of them showed photographs as recently as three years ago, this says something about the new position of photography among the arts.

I'd put second on my list the opening of new galleries devoted exclusively to photography. In New York City these included the Rinhart Gallery, 818 Madison Avenue, opening with a show of photographs by Timothy O'Sullivan; Images, at 11 East 57th Street, which specializes in color photography; and the Marcuse Pfeiffer Gallery, 625 Madison Avenue, opening with a Weegee exhibition.

I'd put as third and fourth the evidence of two opposing trends. One is the renewed attention to human interest photography, as seen in Knoedler's opening exhibition, devoted to the works of veteran Life photographer

Alfred Eisenstaedt; Marlborough's large show of pictures of low life in Paris in the 1930's by Brassai; and Sidney Janis's display of Duane Michals's photographic portraits and narrative sequences.

The contrary trend, fourth on my list, is the movement towards formalistic photography, most evident at The Museum of Modern Art. For several years now the Modern has assiduously courted the kind of photographic formalism that is the antithesis of human interest photography. In 1976 the courtship was consummated with two big exhibitions featuring two different kinds of formalistic photography. The current (through February 6, 1977) Harry Callahan exhibition exemplifies the older type, which was invented by Paul Strand in response to the challenge of modern painting. In the older formalism, rocks, roots and other bits of nature are framed and printed in such a way as to emphasize their abstract shapes and colors. Callahan practices a peculiarly refined and elegant version of this.

A newer kind of photographic formalism was exemplified by the snapshot-like work William Eggleston showed in his summer exhibition at the museum. Eggleston, like other young formalists, has abandoned the tenuous connections the older formalists had with School of Paris painting to find inspiration in the photographic process itself. The theory is that photographs that look like photographs are better than photographs that look like paintings, and that photographs that look like snapshots or police lineup mug shots or 19th-century commercial record shots or some other form of vernacular photography are the best of all, especially if the photographs they look like were made by someone with no artistic pretensions whatsoever. Eggleston's photographs strongly resemble the color slides made by the man next door, and his show at the Modern was the most hated show of the year.

Fifth on my list is another trend, observable outside the Modern and those three major art galleries: the growing interest in the turn-of-the-century pictorialist photographers, whose soft-focus tonalism was once anathema to sharp-focus

Continued on Page 39

*file Eggleston
pictorialist*

Inf. Jones

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PHOTOGRAPHY VIEW

Continued from Page 29

modernists. Heading the list of exhibitions was the Witkin Gallery's two-part show of the complete photogravures from Camera Work, the publication Alfred Stieglitz edited for the American pictorialists he had organized into the Photo Secession group. The Witkin exhibition was buttressed by solo or duo shows at The Helios Gallery featuring Stieglitz himself, Edward Steichen, Gertrude Kasebier, Clarence White and Baron de Meyer, and exhibitions of Robert Demachy at the French Cultural Services, the Viennese photographer Heinrich Kuehn at the recently opened Rihart Gallery, and Karl Struss at the International Center of Photography.

An outstanding discovery makes the sixth item on any list. The works of Mike Disfarmer, a small-town portraitist from Arkansas whose style-less pictures of small-time cotton farmers and their families, taken during the years of the Second World War, can stand comparison with the works of August Sander, Diane Arbus and Irving Penn. So far Disfarmer's photographs have been seen in New York only in a new book, "Disfarmer: The Heber Springs Portraits, 1939-1946" (Addison House, \$22.50).

And as seventh, I'll chalk up a redis-

covery: the Anglo-Indian photographers of Victorian India, shown at Asia House last summer under the title "The Last Empire."

Eighth, ninth and tenth on this list—though not necessarily in order of importance—were events that rated three superlatives: saddest, most moving, most heartening. The saddest were the deaths of four of the oldest and most venerable masters of modern photography: Imogen Cunningham, Minor White, Paul Strand and Man Ray.

The most moving was the ceremony in the office of the French Consul General in New York at which nearly 80-year-old André Kertész achieved the rare distinction of being awarded the Ordre des Arts et des Lettres, the highest honor given to artists by the French government. If Kertész did not weep some of the witnesses did.

And the most heartening was the aftermath of the sinking in Hurricane Belle of the houseboat (moored in the 79th St. Boat Basin) that is headquarters for the Floating Foundation of Photography, a small but energetic organization that, among other activities, brings photography to prisons. When news of the disaster spread, 125 famous photographers donated more than 150 of their prints to be auctioned off to pay for raising and repairing the boat. ■

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FEBRUARY 1977

books



trailoffs, trans-rational leaps and romantic nose-dives. (Someday my prints will come!)

The most important change for printmaking in the seventies, according to Baro, is a preference by younger artists for printing their own editions, a more intimate involvement extending from pre- to post-press manipulations.

Michael Bonesteel

Michael Bonesteel is a multimedia artist and writer living in Madison, Wisconsin.

York 10016

by Gene Baro
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William Eggleston's Guide

photographs by William Eggleston
with an introduction by John Szarkowski
Museum of Modern Art, 1976
\$12.50

This is the book around which the furor has been raging. It is the catalogue from Eggleston's show at the Museum of Modern Art—the celebrated “entry” of color photography into those hallowed halls (though not its first appearance there). It gives those of us who never saw the show a chance to decide for ourselves.

Reviews of the show have tended to polarize about one of two points of view. The first, of course, is John Szarkowski's. As curator at MOMA, Szarkowski made a strong commitment to these pictures. In his masterfully written (as usual) catalogue essay, he laid it on the line: “As pictures these seem to me perfect.” Now; any clever writer knows how to praise without making a statement as baldly unequivocal as that, so one can only assume that Szarkowski's feelings were unusually strong in this case. Eggleston's pictures, indeed, seem to be a logical end-point to the kind of records of banality Szarkowski is known to support. In another context he has said, “Today's best photographers discover more and more within what would seem less and less.”

The other and opposite critical point of view is that these are dull pictures of dull subjects, packaged pretentiously to look like some kind of guide to the South (captions are all names of southern cities; e.g. a photo of the interior of a shower stall is titled “Memphis”). This point of view was most strongly expressed by the *N.Y. Times*' Hilton Kramer who countered Szarkowski by saying, “Perfect? Perfectly boring.”

Could both points of view be correct? I believe so. Because Szarkowski is right on target; Eggleston is one more step in a long and important evolution of increasing secularization of subject matter in western art. Working to further that evolution, Eggleston has focused on the trivia of southern life—barbecue grills, tract housing, ham dinners, dirt roads, etc.

And he's right to recognize Eggleston's grasp of the “expressive possibilities of the detail”—the shiny satin jacket hanging on the wall or the green street light bathing a corner in Morton, Miss. Eggleston's photographs of people—e.g. the trapped-looking boy in the genteel green parlor, the nude man standing dully in the red bedroom with spray-paint graffiti on the wall, or the old man seated on his bed displaying his pistol—these pictures are, in Szarkowski's phrase, “fictive and mysteriously purposeful.”

But Kramer is right too—many images are incredibly

dull. A grey front door with plastic flowers hanging on it, a swimming pool in winter, a skinny old woman sitting on a glider, white frame bungalows under a grey sky, even the colorless inside of a stove! When Bill Owens photographs such things (*Suburbia*) they serve anthropological ends and serve them well. One suspects Eggleston's pictures aim at the realm of poetry—many, unfortunately, don't come close.

You'll have to decide for yourself, then, but don't lose any sleep over it. Eggleston will not alter the history of photography—I suspect he'll just slip quietly into the footnotes.

Gretchen Garner

Gretchen Garner is a photographer and teaches at St. Xavier College. She is Chicago correspondent for *Afterimage*.

Propaganda and other Photographs

Simpson Kalisher
Addison House, 1976
71 black and white photographs, \$9.95 (paper)

For an author to refer to his work as “propaganda” suggests that distortion or deception may be an ingredient in persuading the reader to embrace his vision. The issue of the book then becomes to determine what the particular matrix of ideas is about, how it is transmitted, and finally whether its purpose is successfully served by the format of the book. Thus in addition to a consideration of whatever pictorial concerns are manifested in individual photographs, the tightly-sequenced structure of Simpson Kalisher's *Propaganda And Other Photographs* demands that the pictures be read as the articulation of a particular set of beliefs or ideas.

The photographs record the casual, but telling, gestures of a cross-section of the population. One that recurs is that of people carrying a printed sign, whether its purpose be religious, political or commercial. The printed statement is a direct communication of a specific belief, and becomes each individual's own form of propaganda.

Simple gestures, such as the tilt of a head, a raised fist, the frozen equilibrium of people dancing, a suspicious, spiteful or pathetic stare, all seem to function like the signs, as an abbreviated statement of an attitude or belief, as a shorthand that has a standardized meaning.

A gesture is limited in time and takes its meaning from the wider behavior in which it occurred. When isolated by the camera, however, it can be used as an expression in its own right. What Kalisher chooses to express with his captured gestures levels all experience to futile exercises. Except for a sequence near the conclusion of the book in which Kalisher's subjects indicate a mild contentment with their lives, the people in these pictures are suspicious, uncommunicative, afraid.

Kalisher draws our attention to this sociological content by a strict ordering of the photographs. The book has an overall rhythm but is most tightly structured in the pairing of photographs on facing pages. What we usually see is a self-conscious comparison of gestures that are related in structure but which occurred in radically different contexts. A pairing near the beginning of the book opposes a photograph of three men raising a pole at a carnival site with a man selling American flags at a parade, the merchandise raised above his head in a fashion that echoes the previous picture—an obvious comment on the vulgarity of patriotism. Throughout the book the pairing itself has a quality of propaganda because the meaning of the gesture is restrictively equated or explicated.

A half-dozen years ago when widespread dissatisfaction with the quality of life was a commonly-expressed concern, this book would have had far greater resonance. Today, it is propaganda, it is a distortion, it not a deception. I respect Kalisher's skillful use of photographs as interdependent units of an extended statement, but I choose not to accept his vision of the way the world is, other than as a warning of what it could become.

c. 1977, James Jensen

JAMES JENSEN teaches at Loyola University and Columbia College.

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ZEIT *magazin*

Nr. 13/24. März 1978

Eggleston



**Es
grünt so
grün...**

Feld-, Wald- und
Wiesen-Menüs
von Mutter Natur
(Seite 38)

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ZEIT MAGAZINE

MARCH - 1978



Vorbei die Zeiten, da Kino, Fernsehen, Illustrieren und Ansichtskarten nur schwarzweiß waren. Die Welt ist bunt, das neue Bild der Erde ein einziges Farbmagazin. Außerhalb unserer brillanten optischen Selbstbedienungsläden ist alles etwas grauer. Aber nach der Arbeit, zumal in den Ferien, werden wir dann selbst ganz geovital und legen einen Farbfilm nach dem andern ein, um dem Leben die diapositiven Seiten abzugewinnen. Nahezu 90 Prozent aller Kamerabesitzer fotografieren heute farbig. Um sich von der kolorierenden Mehrheit abzuheben, haben die professionellen Fotografen lange Zeit Schwarzweiß vorgezogen. Henri Cartier-Bresson riet allen Kollegen, auf Farbfotos zu verzichten: Die Farbe gehöre zur Malerei, nicht zur Fotografie. Einer, der sich nicht daran hielt und trotzdem den Altmeister der Schwarzweiß-Fotografie als sein Vorbild bezeichnet, ist der junge amerikanische Farbfotograf William Eggleston. Neben Stephen Shore, Neal Slavin und anderen zählt Eggleston zu jener zweiten Generation von Farbfotografen, die Ende der sechziger Jahre begannen, Farbe als Bestandteil der Dinge, als wesentliches Element einer Situation neu zu entdecken. Farbe ist für diese Fotografen ein realistisches Prinzip mit irrealen Komponenten. Bevorzugt fotografieren sie unscheinbare Motive, Alltagssituationen, oft in Amateurmanier. William Eggleston wurde 1939 als Sohn eines Baumwollfarmers in Memphis geboren. Seine Fotos sind Bilder aus der amerikanischen Provinz. Ein kahles Hotelzimmer, eine gekachelte Dusche: Räume, die etwas Steriles, Beklemmendes haben, eher Todeszellen als Lebensräume. Die Farben haben keine illusionistische, verdeckende Tendenz, sondern eine verstärkende, realistische. Der Mann, der da auf einem Bett sitzt, ist hier nicht zu Hause. Die Tür steht offen, der Tod des Handlungsreisenden ist bereits eingetreten.

Foto: Helaine Messer
William Eggleston

Als John Szarkowski, Direktor der Fotoabteilung am Museum of Modern Art, als erste große Farbfoto-Ausstellung Egglestons Bilder zeigte und „vollkommen“ nannte, rief sich Hilton Kramer, Kritiker der *New York Times*, die Augen: „Vollkommen? Vollkommen banal, vielleicht. Vollkommen langweilig, mit Sicherheit.“ Nichts aufregender als die Farben des Banalen. Peter Sager

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FOTOGALERIE: William Egglestons Farben des Banalen



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Eggleston

Print Collectors Newsletter, Nov/Dec '76

MacGillivray, Caroline H. *Fantasy & Symmetry. The Periodic Drawings of M. C. Escher*. New York: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 1976. 84 pp. 12 illustrations including 12 in color. \$18.00. Art and science? This book is written by the professor of chemical crystallography at the University of Amsterdam. The drawings' resolutions in question can be and are used as a visual guide to the mathematical laws of symmetry, and even further they are based on the laws of crystallography. (Escher of course did not know this.) Escher fills two-dimensional space. The two Escher rules are without recognition there is no meaning and with out shade contrast there is no visibility. Shading is a necessity, a logical means of visualizing the adjacent components of patterns. The text is divided into three sections: patterns with classical symmetry, patterns with black-white symmetry, and patterns with polychromatic symmetry. With each plate the patterns group symbol is given, the meaning of the symbol is briefly explained, and the principles of symmetry in the periodic arrays are pointed out in a logical order in non-mathematical language. With a little assistance the reader is to work out the lattice and symmetry Escher's fantasy logic rewards in the unraveling.

Mortimer, Ruth, Compiler. *Harvard College Library Department of Printing and Graphic Arts Catalogue of Books and Manuscripts Part II: Italian 16th Century Books*. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1974. 2 rob. 840 pp. Over 1,300 illustrations. \$75.00. The fruit of over seven years of research by Ruth Mortimer, these two volumes catalogue Harvard College Library's 16th century Italian books, with the emphasis placed on book production after 1490. Listed alphabetically according to author, each of the 559 entries describes the physical makeup of the book, printing history, binding, leaf size, and gives references. All title pages as well as many other pages are reproduced. Subjects are arranged as the interests of the Renaissance man who read them: Dante to Palladio's *Quattro libri dell'architettura*, miscellanea to face-pattern books. A valuable sourcebook for 16th century books in Italy as well as all Europe, influenced by the vast Italian book production.

Rotzler, W. *Photography as Artistic Experiment*. Garden City, American Photographic Book Publishing Co., Inc., 1976. 92 pp. 84 illustrations. Paper \$5.95. An excellent survey of innovations in photography for art, touching on the 16th century camera obscura, concentrating on such early practitioners as Talbot, Cameron, and Muybridge, and linking artists of the 20th century to the experiments of the 19th century predecessors. Plates are well selected, including interesting shots by E. L. L. Mesens, Francis Bruguière, John Hearfield, Anton Bragaglia, and Paul Citroen. Translated from the German edition of 1974 for the *Photography: Men and Movement* series.

Rubin, William, and Lancher, Carolyn. *Andre Masson*. New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1976. 232 pp. 201 illustrations including 24 in color. Cloth \$20.00, paper \$8.95. Carolyn Lancher writes, "No true history of Surrealism in painting could be constructed without an account of the role of Andre Masson, yet both Masson's life and his art stand outside the confines of any collective identification. The broad unifying his efforts is his undeviating fidelity to the dictates of his inner being, however variable or contradictory. Masson is consistently paradoxical. His book, a result of the Museum of Modern Art's Masson show last spring, confronts and discusses the thematic, technical, and qualitative fluctuations of the artist's long career. Rubin paraphrases Masson

himself when he writes that "his painting is too Surrealist for those who disbelieve Surrealism and too Surrealist enough for the true believers. An interesting show artist and book. Excellent notes, essays, reproductions, reference illustrations, chronology and bibliography all very thorough."

Slayin, Neal. *When Two or More Are Gathered Together*. New York: Esther, May, & Thomas, Inc., 1976. Unpaginated. 80 color plates. \$3.00. The best way to understand Sloan's most recent projects, photographing Americans as they have grouped themselves into groups, clubs, societies, from the six employees of the Cinema St. Marks to the 1,000 members of the American Barbers Society to the thousands play all on Facebook. "I want to photograph people, they are the Army, the Navy, the State, the Church."

Strass, Walter L. *The German Single Leaf Woodcut 1450-1600*. New York: Dover Publications, Inc., 1975. 1 vol. 1, 437 pp. 1,230 illustrations. \$195.00. A useful and informative volume, a sequel to Max Friedberg's publication of German single leaf woodcuts from 1450-1550 recently revised and edited by Walter Strass. Included are an introduction by Mr. Strass including the many artists involved in 16th century printing, a collection by Max Friedberg of the subjects of 420 woodcuts at the Zentralbibliothek in Zurich, various appendices, and a bibliography. 1,230 full page reproductions of woodcuts and woodblock prints, descriptions, many never before published in book form.

Szarkowski, John. *William Eggleston's Color*. New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1976. Illustrated by MFA Press, Cambridge. 112 pp. 48 color plates. \$12.50. When in the center of Eggleston, the artist who rejected his state of wealth and wonder, this is a well produced photography book. 48 pictures (reduced to appropriately relevant size) accompanied by an excellent essay by the editor John Szarkowski. Not many Eggleston's agree and his color is neither praise, but some do and are enough.

Thorpe, James. *English Illustration: The Nineties*. New York: Da Capo Art Books, Inc., 1973. 268 pp. 124 illustrations. \$75.00. James Thorpe concerns himself with English illustrations between the years 1890 and 1900. According to him, the greatest and happiest years of England's history, when her supreme dignity and power were unchallenged, and were not influenced by the imitative absorption of shallow, meretricious qualities from America or by the stark rigidity of Bolshevism. "A strong statement and one that gives a fair idea of the books spirit. The contents are a preface, an essay, index. The Art of the Illustration, and sections entitled: 'Some Illustrated Weekly Papers and Two Dailies,' 'Some Other Illustrated Weekly Papers,' 'Some Monthly Magazines,' 'Some Quarterly and Annuals,' 'Some Illustrated Books,' and 'Some Conclusions.' For Old Boys and the occasional cultural history student. Rule Britannia.

Tice, George A. *Urban Landscapes: A New Jersey Portrait*. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1976. 102 pp. 95 illustrations. Cloth \$25.00, paper \$12.50. George Tice documents his home state and thereby his experience. His photographs at first seem clinical, super objective, but as images add on image they form a coherent, intensely personal vision of time, a social structure, and a community structure in semi-urban America. Images taken in the 70s of midlife, Megalopolis. Neither heart of city, nor

suburban, the neither and now. Non-peopled images of factories and nurseries, diners, gas stations, highways, and for sale homes. Environment are compressed, endless, often dead, images where people are their cars, their fur uniforms, their heads shape, their eating places, their roads, their churches, their lake vaults, their dolls, their courthouses, and their graveyards. This book haunts with the depays of watching life, late TV. Or ever later.

Tonkins, Calvin. *The Scene: Reports on Post-Modern Art*. New York: Viking Press, 1976. 272 pp. 11 illustrations. \$12.00. A breezy, bright view of the art world in the 1960s and early 70s keyed in the very special corner of curator Henry Geldzahler, artist Andy Warhol, print publisher Tamarind Company, L.A. artist, filmmaker Jonas Mekas, and video artist Nam June Paik. Puts you there if you haven't been. Let's you know more about the scene.

Weitzmann, Kurt; Eberle, William C.; Kitzinger, Ernst; Buchthal, Hugo. *The Place of Book Illumination in Byzantine Art*. Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1973. 184 pp. 238 black and white illustrations. \$28.50. Published in conjunction with a 1973 exhibition of Byzantine manuscripts at the Art Museum of Princeton University in honor of Kurt Weitzmann, who was retiring from Princeton. This book consists of four papers delivered at a symposium on Greek illumination by four of the leading American scholars on the subject. Weitzmann's essay manages to clarify much of the not always useful scholarship in this field, a great deal of which was originally put forward by Weitzmann himself. The other papers deal with specific problems: the relationship between monumental painting and manuscript illumination and the often dismissed Palaeologan period. Few discoveries are made, more questions asked than answered. Weitzmann passing the torch to Eberle, Kitzinger, and Buchthal, who in turn are passing it further.

Wilmerding, John. *American Art*. New York: Viking Press, Inc., 1976. 122 pp. 301 illustrations including one in color. \$40.00. Chapter 1 begins "America was an image before the way a fact." And it is with images and forms, their evolution, their translations, transmutations, and linkups that Wilmerding focuses. These images exist as themes, rhythms, sometimes illusions, from folk art to earth works and all art in between. Wilmerding not only documents and surveys the art of this continent for 200 years but seeks to make themes and images part of a single ideological and aesthetic flow. American symptoms, celebration, discovery, practicality, youth, lagness, rawness, cannot be divorced from American art. Wilmerding feels this and writes strongly. His research and his energy are consistent. He does not ignore sculpture, prints, photography, or very recent art, but his specialty is the 19th century, and there is a slight emphasis. A special book.

Woodward, David, Editor. *Five Centuries of Map Making: Chicago*. University of Chicago Press, 1975. 177 pp. 67 illustrations. \$17.50. This excellent volume, originally prepared in 1972 for the third series of Kenneth Nebenzahl, Jr. Lectures, brings together information on the neglected issue of mapmaking, mapmaking, and then crucial and mutable relationship. The six major essays included provide a detailed and coherent historical overview of the techniques and exigencies in this art science.

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NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1976

Art: Focus on Photo Shows

By HILTON KRAMER

HISTORIC breakthroughs are not, alas, what they used to be—at least in the world of art. Take the exhibition of photographs by William Eggleston that opened this week at the Museum of Modern Art (through Aug. 1). We are invited by John Szarkowski, director of the department of photography at the museum, to look upon this as a very significant event. To underscore the point, the museum has prepared a poshy, hard-cover book of 112 pages (\$12.50, M.I.T. Press) to accompany the show—a fairly unusual procedure for the first solo exhibition by an artist few people have ever heard of. In his text for the book, Mr. Szarkowski throws all caution to the winds and speaks of Mr. Eggleston's pictures as "perfect."

Perfect? Perfectly banal, perhaps. Perfectly boring, certainly. A perfect example of what, for Mr. Szarkowski and many like-minded connoisseurs of contemporary photography, is now à la mode. But this is not, of course, what Mr. Szarkowski means by "perfect." He means that Mr. Eggleston's pictures achieve a rare degree of excellence and originality, and that—to put the matter mildly—is something about which opinions will differ.

What does make this show unusual, if not exactly historic, is that it is the museum's first major exhibition of photographs in color. The book, "William Eggleston's Guide," is likewise the museum's first publication on color photography, with 48 plates—more than half the exhibition—printed in color. Even the text is printed on paper that is the color of a green bathroom shower in one of Mr. Eggleston's pictures.

As color is now one of the "hot" problems in this medium long dominated by black and white images, it would be news indeed if Mr. Eggleston's pictures were the masterpieces they are claimed to be. In my opinion, they are not.

That bathroom shower is an index to the kind of subject Mr. Eggleston favors. He likes trucks, cars, tricycles, unremarkable suburban houses and dreary landscapes, too, and he especially likes his family and friends, who may, for all I know, be wonderful people, but who appear in these pictures as dismal figures inhabiting a commonplace world of little visual interest. The locations are Memphis, where Mr. Eggleston lives, and Tallahatchie County, Mississippi, where his family's cotton farm is.

The use of color, alleged to lend a special distinction to these pictures is, to my eye at least, similarly commonplace. It varies from being obviously pretty (a bright blue pickup truck seen through the growth of wisteria in bloom) to being obviously austere (the gray-black-off-white tones of the interior of a household oven). Mostly it is postcard bright, in the outdoor daylight pictures, or ponderously atmospheric, in the interior shots.

There is no great formal intelligence at work in these pictures, either. Mr. Szarkowski

Inc. and the National Endowment for the Arts—that has to be seen to be believed.

What a relief it is to turn from these pictorial banalities to the work of a genuine imagination! Clarence John Laughlin, whose exhibition of photographs called "The Transforming Eye" is now at the International Center of Photography, Fifth Avenue at 94th Street (through June 6), is not a discovery, of course. He is one of the great classics of American photography—

accomplishments of our time.

Mr. Laughlin has long been a resident of New Orleans, and some of the enchantment of that magical city has found its way into his pictures. Some of the romance of Surrealism—especially the romance of the unconscious—has deeply affected his art, too. The result, whether his pictures are "straight" or elaborately composed of separate, incongruous images superimposed to form a haunting evocation of an interior universe, is a feast for the eye.

New Orleans provides Mr. Laughlin with some of his most bizarre "straight" pictures. (With cemeteries and architectural ornament like New Orleans's, who needs embellishments?) So do the decayed and abandoned Louisiana plantation houses of a few decades ago that he made one of his photographic specialties. These pictures alone would guarantee Mr. Laughlin a place among the classics.

But his other specialty is what he calls the "visual poem"—a term he reserves for a particular category of picture but that I would apply to all of his "invented" images. These range from synthetic landscape fantasies ("Passage to Never Land") enveloped in a macabre, painterly light, to pictures in which a figure standing beside a doorway filled with debris, say, peers at us through an elaborate oval picture frame ("The Ego-Centrics"). We are in a world of deliberate, devilish symbolism in these pictures, and their sheer visual power is extraordinary.

It says something about the force of Mr. Laughlin's imagination that even his architectural photographs often look as if their subjects have been invented in the darkroom. He is an original, a romantic of the generation—I often think of Martha Graham when I see his pictures—that looked upon the pictorial specifications of the world we inhabit as a key to an inward, infinitely absorbing universe of poetic implication.



"The Shadows Fall," by Clarence John Laughlin

ski makes much of the fact that Mr. Eggleston places most of his subjects plunk down in the center of his pictorial space, or just off center, as if this were some remarkable esthetic feat. It is not.

The truth is, these pictures belong to the world of snapshot chic—to the post-Diane Arbus, antiformalist esthetic that is now all the rage among many younger photographers and that has all but derailed Mr. Szarkowski's taste so far as contemporary photography is concerned.

To this snapshot style, Mr. Eggleston has added some effects borrowed from recent developments in, of all things, photorealist painting—a case, if not of the blind leading the blind, at least of the banal leading the banal. For purely negative reasons, this is a show—made possible, as they say, by grants from

an artist with an almost feverish gift for invention. Working within the traditional limits of the black-and-white print, he achieves an extraordinary visual poetry—an art of the fantastic, that is one of the special

Bolshoi Theater Gets Lenin Honor

MOSCOW, May 27 (AP)—The Bolshoi Theater, 200 years old and sparkling with new trimmings, received the Order of Lenin yesterday a top Soviet honor.

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Soviet decorations, a list of names that filled two full pages inside the newspaper Sovetskaya Kultura.

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The New Yorker 10/10/77

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Color

PERHAPS no stronger—or more ludicrous—demonstration of photography's mimetic relationship to painting exists than its recent appropriation of Photo-Realist art. The color snapshots of campers and frozen-custard stands and tract houses that the Photo-Realist painters took, blew up, and painstakingly rendered in oil or acrylic are now being retaken by avant-garde photographers and—without further ado, sometimes still dripping with the Polaroid fluid—rushed to the avant-garde galleries. Official sanction for this new school of photography came from the Museum of Modern Art in the spring of 1976, when John Szarkowski mounted a large show of color photographs by a young photographer from Memphis named William Eggleston, and simultaneously published in hard cover a long critical essay, illustrated with forty-eight color plates, entitled "William Eggleston's Guide." Stephen Shore, another young photo-Photo-Realist, received a show at the museum a few months later, and scores of other photographers of this school have subsequently appeared at Light, Sonnabend, Castelli Uptown, and elsewhere. Color photography, which up to now had been associated with photography's most retrograde applications—advertising, fashion, *National Geographic*-type travel pictures, nature pictures, old-fashioned arty abstractions of peeling walls and European traffic signs—suddenly became the medium's most advanced form of all.

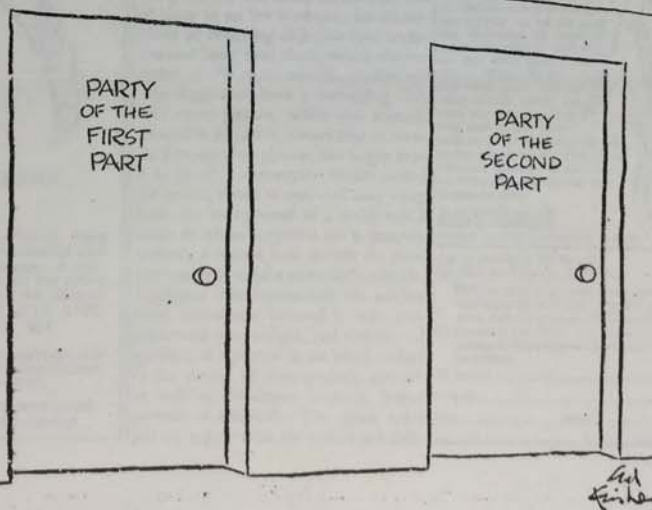
However, because one of the unwritten laws of contemporary photography is that no photographer shall ever publicly admit to any painterly influence (Cartier-Bresson once laughingly confided that he coined the term "photo-journalism" as a kind of diversionary tactic—a screen behind which he could do his painting-derived work and have no one bother him), there has been no acknowledgment anywhere of Photo-Realism as the progenitor of the new color photography. In his "Guide" essay, Szarkowski himself omits any embarrassing mention of Photo-Realism, merely grudgingly citing "modern painting" as one among many possible influences on the new color photographers. The chief dif-

ference between them and their predecessors, according to Szarkowski, is that they have "a more confident, more natural, and yet more ambitious spirit, working not as though color were a separate issue, a problem to be solved in isolation (not thinking of color as photographers seventy years ago thought of composition), but rather as though the world itself existed in color, as though the blue and the sky were one thing."

Szarkowski's conceit takes one back to the pre-color days, when the chief difference between the untrained snapshotter and the professional or good amateur photographer was precisely that the former took pictures "as though the world existed in color," while the latter knew better. Indeed, the whole art of black-and-white photography is the art of previsualizing black-and-white pictures, plucking them like rare flowers from an unphotographable landscape. One rejects most of what one sees through the lens, because one has learned to resist the blandishments of one's color vision. (It is surely no accident that stone and marble façades, Caucasian faces and bodies, snow, sand, and other black-and-white "naturals" figure very heavily among the masterpieces of black-and-white photography.) One anticipates that the most interesting and beautiful of *seen* images

will be dull, flat, chaotic, messy, and undifferentiated when subjected to the levelling process of monochrome printing. Color film provided the snapshotter with what he lacked and had been limping along without, since color photography is always interesting to look at, whereas black-and-white is interesting only under special conditions. Thus, paradoxically, it is black-and-white photography that demands of the photographer close attention to the world in color, while color photography permits him to forget it. The traditional separation by color of the serious photographer from the frivolous snapshotter represents the recognition on both sides that one medium is hard and the other easy—that one requires art and the other doesn't.

If color photography can do without art, this has not prevented cinematographers and photographers from attempting art in color, and, like their black-and-white predecessors, they have naturally gone to painting for their models. Films of obvious painterliness, such as "Elvira Madigan," "Bonnie and Clyde," "Last Tango in Paris," and "Providence," come to mind; their various derivations from Impressionism, Expressionism, Surrealism, and Abstract Expressionism are plainly visible. Color photographs by Steichen, Penn, Hiro, and Brassai, among others, reflect similar painterly influences. But when Szarkowski epigrammatically observes of such color pictures, "It is their



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unhappy fate to remind us of something similar but better," he again has things by the wrong handle, since all art photography—black-and-white as ineluctably as color—shares this fate. It is one of the medium's occupational hazards; if a photographer wants to create rather than imitate, he should get himself a brush.

If, then, photography is the (uppity) housemaid of painting (as journalism and criticism are the poor relations of poetry and fiction), where does that leave Photo-Realist photography—photographs based on paintings based on photographs? Aren't they, at least, exempt from invidious comparison with their painting sources? No, not even they. Even here, painting maddeningly upstages photography—and does it by sheer size. The World Trade Center dimensions of Photo-Realist paintings (with a few medium-sized exceptions), like those of their Abstract Expressionist and Pop predecessors, are integral to their structure and signature. The experience of walking into a gallery and suddenly confronting one of these colossal blowups on the wall—one's shock, confusion, and indecision about whether to laugh, sneer, or marvel at this idiotic rendering of Kodachrome banality—is part of the style of Photo-Realism. (One could characterize Photo-Realism as a kind of reverse Action painting: it lies inert and dormant, waiting to be "acted on" by the spectator.) The Photo-Realist photographer, with his puny eight-by-ten or eleven-by-fourteen prints, commands no such response. His pictures look insignificant, dull, even tacky, on the wall. The Eggleston photographs made a particularly poor showing in exhibition. They looked inartistic, unmodern, out of place in an art museum; an atmosphere of slouching dejection and tentativeness hung over them, which the reviews of the show cruelly confirmed. The Eggleston book is something else. The cover picture, which one scarcely noticed in the show, comes into its own. At first, careless glance, one might take it to be of a motorcycle sleekly poised for action, about to roar and soar away from the background of a stolid ranch house in whose carport a car is securely nestled; a second look reveals the puissant machine to be a mere kid's tricycle. Eggleston has approached his subject from below and invested it with preternatural size, weight, and defiance of gravity; the picture is an ironic salute to the power of photographic untruth as well as an almost tenderly lyrical portrait of a tricycle. The glossy color picture is pasted on the reticulated dull-

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black imitation leather of the book cover above a line of stamped-gold lettering, and, thus framed—with an abstract interplay between cover and picture—it acquires a quality of modern art that entirely eluded it in the museum. (A number of subsequent avant-garde color photographers, alive to the problem of their works' inartistic, even kitschy, appearance on the wall, have tried various remedial expedients; Jan Groover, for example, does serial pictures, putting three slightly different closeup views of the same suburban house or stretch of highway side by side within one frame, and thereby achieves a pleasing abstract artfulness that the single view would not have yielded.)

The intimation of Eggleston's cover picture that his "Guide" will take us deep into Photo-Realist country is confirmed by the first photograph inside. (Photo-Realist country—as well marked as Impressionist country or Dutch-genre land—is defined by the presence of recently made structures, machines, and objects; by people dressed in clothes of the cheap, synthetic, democratic sort; by the signs and the leavings of fast food, fast gas, fast obsolescence; by the inclusion of the very parts of the landscape that photographers used to try to eliminate, edging the bridal couple away from the parked cars, angling the lens to exclude the Laundromat sign encroaching on the quiet tree-lined street. Such props have become the Cézanne apples, the Monet poppies, the Cassatt white dresses of Photo-Realism.) This initial picture, which is like an invocation to the muse of the genre, shows a neatly painted front door on which a small, neat wicker basket, filled with blue plastic flowers, is hanging—a picture simple almost to the point of simple-mindedness, and as rich and subtle as a haiku. One knows perfectly well what lies behind that door: the "traditional" furniture of wood-grained plastic, the little ornate bonbon dishes with scalloped edges, the candleholders trimmed with more, probably "autumnal," plastic flowers, the pinch-pleated draperies of shimmering acrylic, the utter absence of any mess or sign of life, or even of any trace of the puzzled people who live there, caught between the church-picnic past and the post-Dachau present. A few pages later, we find the interior itself—a living room of mortuary immaculateness, containing a bridge table laid out for the completion of a wild-bird round jigsaw puzzle. Farther on, we move into the dining room and partake of a genteelly wholesome meal from gold-edged china



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set on pale-green patterned placemats: a slice of ham and a helping of overcooked green beans; various side dishes of rolls, butter, baked potato; salad drenched with "French" dressing; and a glass of iced tea. The rooms are in different houses, but the household gods are the same; similarly, the "Guide" tours the country around Memphis but evokes anywhere in America in the nineteen-seventies.

In his best work, Eggleston seamlessly yokes Photo-Realist irony to photographic immediacy—to the now-or-never *onceness* of a gesture, a posture, a quality of the light, the presence of a shadow. One such work is a picture of a stretch of dirt road near Glendora, Mississippi, taken on a clear, windy summer day: one of those heart-catchingly lucid days of blue sky and fast-moving clouds, of juicy, fragrant greenness, of shivering tree leaves showing their white undersides—a day that looks, one says to oneself, like a Kodacolor snapshot, but that, conversely, a Kodacolor snapshot never evokes. The evocativeness of *this* Kodacolor picture is elicited by the alien presence of a dozen white plastic bottles scattered along the road by the breeze, which has also pushed around a couple of corrugated-paper cartons. If one puts one's hand over the lower part of the photograph, thus eliminating the bottles and boxes, one is left with one of those landscapes of utter dullness and pointlessness that one is always being sucked into photographing while travelling through pretty country; with the foreground debris, the photograph acquires a Proustian reverberation—as if the adjectives were needed to “set” the familiar and universal, were the broth in which the germ of memory can breed. We feel that we have been there, on that day, along that piece of road, with those clouds and those plastic bottles.

Another remarkable picture—remarkable in a different way—is of a lean older woman sitting in the center of a dilapidated outdoor chaise on a day at the end of summer. It is a color picture about color photography. The woman is sitting on and against cushions printed with a riotous pattern of yellow and orange and green flowers; her dress is another bold floral print, in magenta, blue, and red; above her head is a pattern of sun-dappled green leaves seen through the grid of a white lattice; and, finally, at her feet is yet another pattern, of dead leaves on flagstone. In black-and-white, these patterns—and, so to speak, the woman, the chaise, the leaves, the flagstone—

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would cease to exist. In other memorable pictures, an atmosphere of romantic melancholy wafts out of their commonplace subject matter: a crepuscular view of a street in Memphis, in which telegraph wires and dark trees hover mournfully over a littered embankment and gutter; a sad view, also photographed at dusk, of a deserted swimming pool seen through the mesh of a fence. A picture of a man sitting on the edge of his bed in a motel in Huntsville, Alabama, speaks of every motel one has ever been in; one can almost smell the cloying disinfectant, see the paper band over the toilet seat, feel the man's nervous loneliness. Among pictures of a more abstract and yet still firmly realist character, there is one of a child's half-inside-out snow jacket hanging on the wall over a crib (cropped to show just the edge of the crib), a peering view of an oven interior, and one of a green-tiled shower stall.

Last year, Eggleston travelled up here from Memphis to appear in a symposium on color photography at the International Center of Photography. He was wearing a beautiful dark suit (in contrast to the casual dress of the other panel members), and when it came his turn to speak he was so overcome by shyness that he was unable to get out more than a few almost inaudible, red-faced monosyllables. The audience and the panel were sympathetic to his plight at first, but as the evening wore on, and Eggleston steadfastly failed to answer questions, the gathering turned against him, and people began to needle him. It was as if his suffering muteness was intentional—was a judgment on the glib vacuity of the symposium. (Question: What are you trying to say with your photographs? Answer: Well, let's put it that I'm a formalist. Let's put it that I'm looking for forms. Etc., etc.) Eggleston's alien presence transformed a boring and banal occasion into a painful and strange one—one that sticks in the mind, and, like Eggleston's photography (like all true photography?), does so because it doesn't quite add up.

—JANET MALCOLM

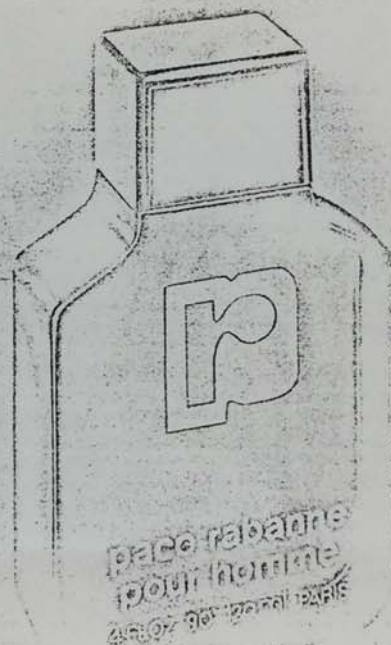
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Palo Alto (Calif.) Times]

SACRAMENTO (AP)—Gov. Edmund Brown Jr. has approved a \$75,000 California share of the Tahoe Regional Planning Commission budget for 1977-78—with a string attached.

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