

## martha rosler, 3 works

- I the restoration of high culture in chile

---

- II the bowery in two inadequate descriptive systems
- III in, around, and afterthoughts  
(on documentary photography)

## THE NOVA SCOTIA PAMPHLETS

<sup>2</sup>Gerhard Richter  
128 DETAILS FROM A PICTURE (HALIFAX 1978)  
10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> × 7<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> inches (illustrated)  
65 pages

<sup>3</sup>Jenny Holzer  
TRUISMS AND ESSAYS  
8<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> × 8<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> (English and French)  
50 pages

*forthcoming pamphlets:*

<sup>4</sup>Daniel Buren  
LES COULEURS (SCULPTURE)  
LES FORMES (PEINTURE)

<sup>5</sup>Dara Birnbaum  
ROUGH EDITS: POPULAR IMAGE-VIDEO

<sup>6</sup>MOTIVATIONS FOR NEW MUSIC  
Edited by Peter Gordon  
With Contributions by Rhys Chatham, Peter Gordon,  
Jill Kroesen, Ron Robboy, Ned Sublette,  
and 'Blue' Gene Tyranny.

Editor: Benjamin H. D. Buchloh

THE PRESS OF THE NOVA SCOTIA COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN











**3 works**



**3 works**

**martha rosler**



To Ursula Eder, in whom I first saw the beauty of thought brought to bear on art.

Copyright 1981 by Martha Rosler and The Press of NSCAD  
All rights reserved

Published by:  
The Press of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design  
5163 Duke Street Halifax Nova Scotia Canada  
Production and layout by Gary Kibbins  
ISBN: 0-919616-20-8  
Printed and bound in Canada  
Cover illustration: Photographs from **The Bowery** by Martha Rosler



contents

the restoration of high culture in chile  
2

the bowery in two inadequate descriptive systems  
9

in, around, and afterthoughts  
(on documentary photography)  
59



## the restoration of high culture in chile

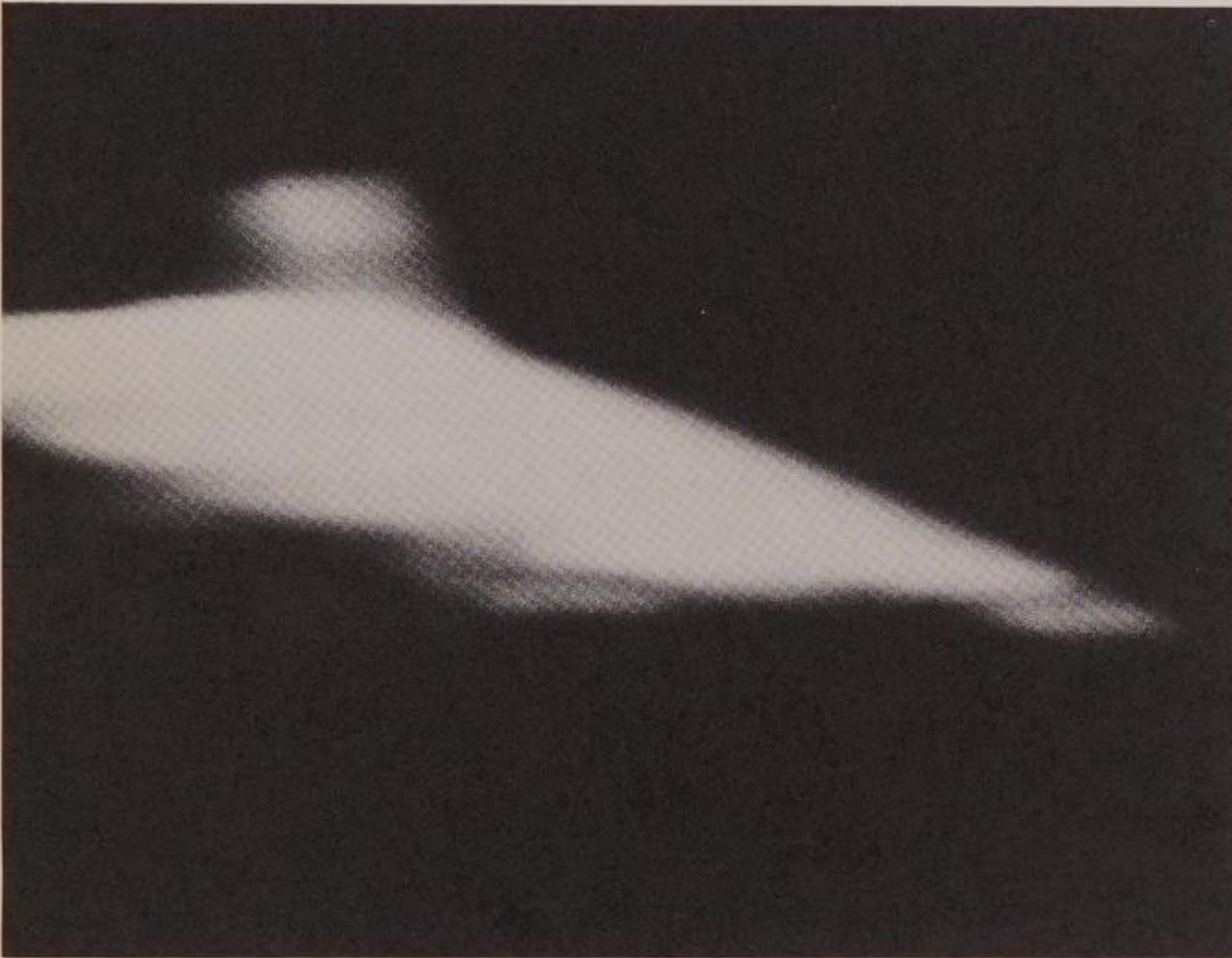
She has a friend who visits her every so often, a charming, quirky man, a music critic for a large Eastern paper. He does a good bit of traveling, to conferences and seminars. The last time he visited, he was on the way to something in San Francisco and had just come back from a month at a castle in Salzburg. She is not part of his world, and probably because he is a bit unreal to her, his middle-aged gallantry strikes her as pleasant more often than it irritates her. Well, he's a romantic and a lover of good times, good company, good music, and he'd had a wonderful time in Austria. He'd been entranced by a young singer named Norma; her rich voice, as he describes it, matches her dark beauty and radiant warmth. It is especially wonderful to him that this young woman has married an old friend of his, Bill, an electronic-music composer at one of the large Midwestern departments. The critic and Bill had been out of touch, and the critic was delighted to find Bill transformed, humanized. In his telling of it, Norma's brunette generosity has thawed and tempered Bill's Nordic reserve. The pair had produced a child, Maria Elena, at 9 months the darling of the festival. The critic explains that their loving, indulgent ways with her captured the hearts of their musical

colleagues and helped the community feel itself as one. At month's end, Norma pressed the critic to visit her mother and brother on his way through San Diego. She promised a warm welcome and wrote Mama immediately.

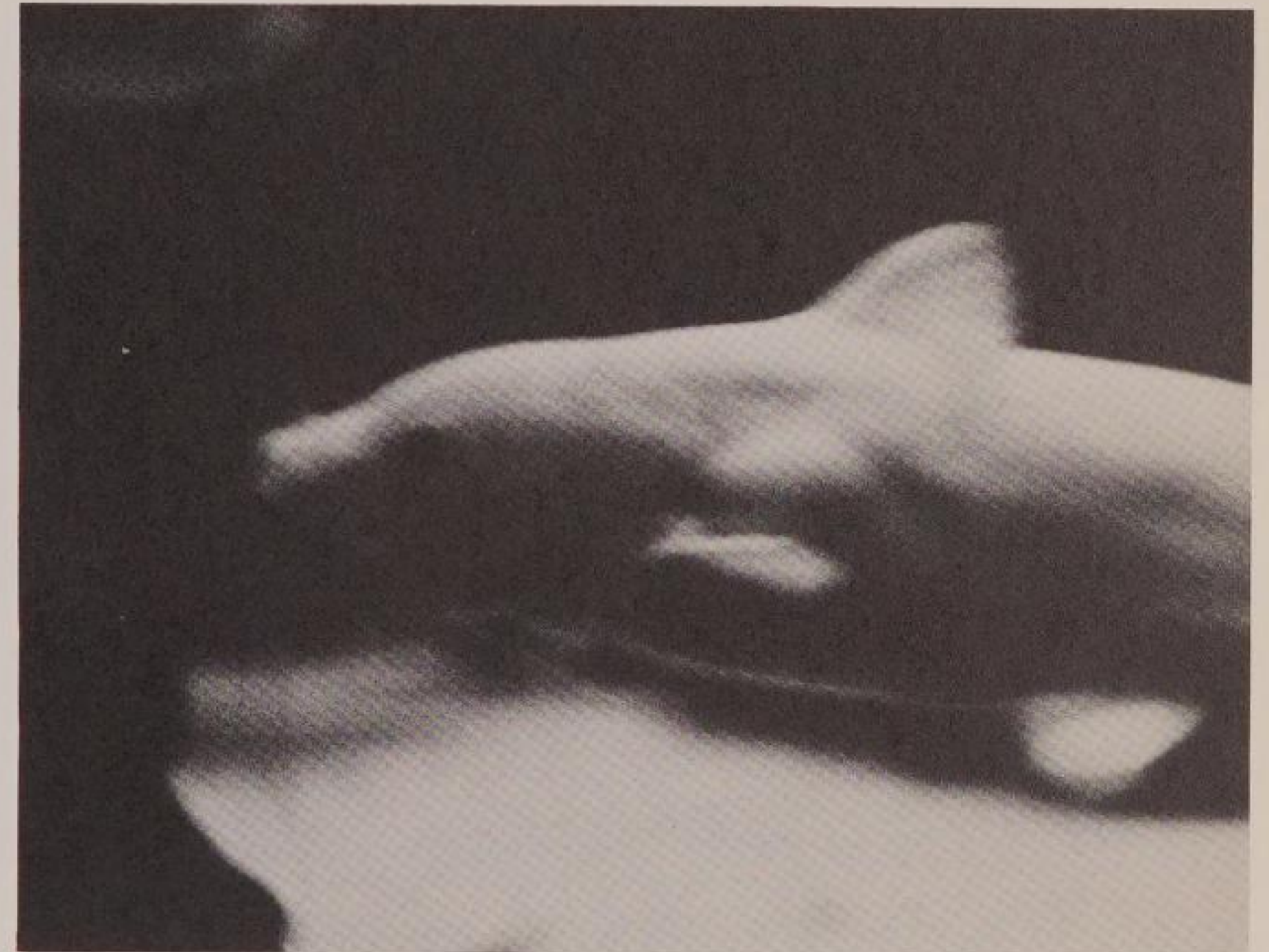
The critic is a bit shy; he interrupts his story and looks at her. She realizes then that the story is instrumental. He asks, will she come along to visit Norma's family? He has phoned ahead and been urged to come that evening. She discovers that the family lives in Tijuana. She searches her memory of the previous moments of talk but finds no clue. The international character of concert music, she thinks. The family, it develops, is indeed Mexican. They live in Tijuana and control the operation of the manufacturing concern that Papa, now dead, had established there. Her curiosity defeats her reticence; she will go.

That evening she and her friend buy Mexican car insurance and cross the border. Her friend doubts her answer of 500,000 for Tijuana's population — almost as big as San Diego?! They follow Mama's directions to a part of the city she's never seen before. Norma's family lives near a large international hotel displaying huge posters welcoming one of the candidates in Mexico's





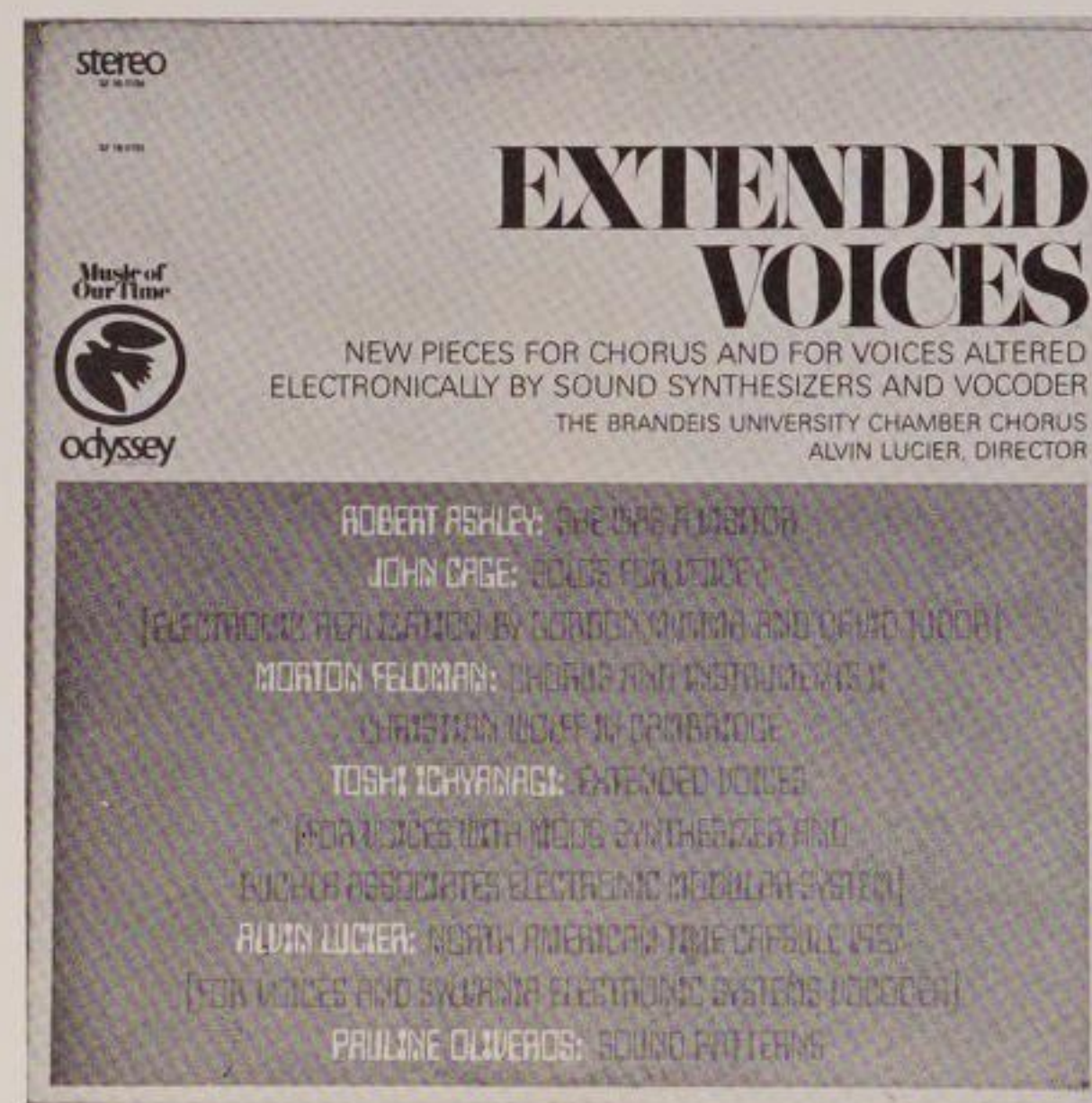
forthcoming election. They park. They walk up and back, looking for the house number. They enter and ask the clerk, in poor Spanish, does he know the family? Next door, he says in English. There's only a brick wall, they say. The gate is around the corner, he responds. They almost circle the block to find it. They ring; the gate unlatches. They walk up the path in the gloom and are met on the porch by the family, the mother round, small, dark, carefully coiffed, cordial; the brother tall, quiet, dark-haired but pale, with the almost muscleless look some people have. Their clothing is that of the established Mexican bourgeoisie: expensive, tasteful, rather conservative — maroon double-knit sweater and skirt, light-gray suit. All glide into a dim house, a dim parlor. Red velvet drapes and sofas, dark wood cabinets, books, an oil portrait — Papa. On the coffee table a photo of Norma, smiling, in brown velvet evening gown, holding a long-stemmed red American Beauty rose. Polite conversation over good sherry. The family's English is fluid. Mama and the critic speak warmly; she and brother lean silently back in their seats. She fingers her camera, takes no pictures. Periodically she notices, across the dark room, something ghost-white



jumping silently in a tank. Mama speaks with controlled verve about Norma and Bill, their music, precious Maria Elena. Talk lulls. Brother opens a brief consumer's discussion of cameras. He seems gentle, earnest. She asks about the thing in the tank. A rare African catfish, he explains with the same pride touched with embarrassment with which he spoke of cameras. The fish can no longer be imported, and he has learned from the director of the San Diego zoo that there may be none left in the States.

They rise for dinner. The servants are out, of course. They emerge onto the porch. Brother gets the dark-green Mercedes; she sees within the garage a Volvo wagon and a Porsche with American plates. Brother has gone to college in San Diego. His English is more American than Mama's in accent and idiom. Driving loosens him up; he talks confidently as he drives to a favorite restaurant nearby. It is attached to a tawdry motel. Inside, Tijuana wrought iron, huge paper flowers, American tourists, high prices. The waiters, dressed to remind one of vaqueros, are very gracious to her hosts. All the entrees are meat; she chooses something with organs and entrails. The food and wine are very good. Conversation centers on music and art and





— a gesture to her — on films. Norma's family shows itself to be comfortably well-bred, refined, sensitive, cultured. Brother unbends some more. He becomes animated about the humanitarian virtues, the sheer magnetic power, of Jimmy Carter; he wishes fervently for his election. Watergate has been such a blow. He follows the campaign through North American television and newspapers. Are not they, too, convinced of Carter's ethics and charisma? She recalls the election posters on the hotel and thinks of asking about Mexico's elections but she knows nothing at all about the race, the parties, the issues, and does not ask after all. Brother has gotten his degree in philosophy, from the University of San Diego, a large Catholic university. He develops aloud for them his system of moral philosophy, the most speculatively Idealist, the least attached to real life, that she has ever heard from a living being. It is personalistic and seems to rest on some notion of self-control. She and her friend shift in their seats. They discuss his ideas a bit, uncomfortably. Mama is silent, smiling vaguely; this is not one of Mama's topics. She feels suddenly that the abyss they've been skirting is closer than it had seemed.

Talk falters, dessert arrives, a frothy house specialty with liqueur and egg white. Over Courvoisier talk resumes. Mama picks up the thread; she tells

stories. She loves traveling, she says; all agree on its pleasures. She sighs that she prefers to travel light, but Norma and Bill! How difficult to tour with electronic-music equipment! Norma and Bill took so much baggage on their South American tour! But it was so marvelous, she exclaims, so successful, Norma's singing and Bill's music were so warmly received — Rio, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santiago de Chile . . . Santiago? she hears herself ask. Yes, Mama responds, she sang in the best hall in Chile. You know, it was only three days after the coup! Everyone was so excited! (Her friend squeezes her arm.) There were concerts so soon? Oh yes, it was the liberation, everyone was so happy. The nightmare, the reign of terror, had been ended. There was no longer any freedom, you know, under Allende, you couldn't buy so many things. The housewives had to go on strike. They had to wait all night long for black-market toothpaste, there was no soap, meat became hard to get, there was even talk of rationing. No, the people were not sorry to see it all go — they were jubilant. Norma's repertoire of German lieder and Bill's electronic compositions met with triumphant acclaim. Civilization had been restored.

Her friend helps her out. He moves the conversation onto safe ground. The rest of the visit has a different quality for her.



## II

She has ceased to keep up her part of this particular conversational fiction. Even her clothes remind her of the gulf between them. It was one of those carefully nurtured confusions that has led her to imagine that her culture intersected meaningfully with that of the other three. She thinks.

People have said that you can't elect socialism. Well,  
People have said that Chile had too many economic problems. Well,  
People have said that Allende mismanaged things. Well,  
People have said that Allende was Castro's tool. Well,  
People have said that socialism is frustrating. Well,  
People have said that the left will always have warring factions. Well,  
People have said that the government overthrew itself. Well,  
People have said that Allende was a Marxist devil. Well,  
People have said that you can't expect people to give things up. Well,  
People have said that people wouldn't stand for it. Well,  
People have said that it was foolish to think that the United States would stay out of it. Well,  
People have said that they knew the rabble would ruin things. Well,  
People have said that Allende was too interested in bourgeois legalisms. Well,  
People have said — the Chilean left has said — that the Unidad Popular government fell because it failed to arm the working people and the peasants. Well.

People have shown that the United States spent \$7 million to back opposition candidates in Chile, such as Eduardo Frei, and, when that failed, it backed a proposed coup to prevent Allende from taking office.

*According to the U.S. Senate assassination report, on Sept. 15, 1970 (11 days after Allende's election and before he took office), Pres. Nixon told CIA director Helms that an Allende regime would not be acceptable and instructed the CIA to play a direct role in organizing a military coup.*

People have shown that U.S. money and advice backed Chilean right-wing agitation and terrorism designed to promote the overthrow of the elected UP government.

*CIA deputy director Tom Karamessines told the Senate, "I am sure that the seeds that were laid in that effort in 1970 had their impact in 1973."*

People have shown that Chile is a classic example of a subject state, forced to yield its resources to foreign interests, mostly U.S.-owned multinationals, and to import finished goods at inflated prices.

People have shown that such companies, including ITT, Anaconda, and Kennecott Copper, conspired with the Nixon government and its covert policy makers in the "40 Committee" to engineer the "destabilization" and overthrow of the elected UP government.

People have shown that as a subject state Chile was always greatly in need of foreign monetary aid: U.S. and other tax dollars must prop up the economies and thus the governments of the subject states so that the multinationals can continue to draw their huge profits.

People have shown that the U.S. engineered an "invisible blockade" of Chile under the UP, cutting off vital consumer goods and all economic aid, from its own monies and from international funds under its control, which Chile had received in huge amounts all through the '60s despite its very poor credit ratings.

*Before Allende's election, U.S. ambassador to Chile Edward Korry warned then-president Frei "not a nut or a bolt will be allowed to reach Chile under Allende. . . . We shall do all within our power to condemn Chile and the Chileans to utmost deprivation and poverty."*

People have shown that the class differences in Chile have been systematically misrepresented in the U.S. press.

People have shown that the "strikes" and refusals by the Chilean entrepreneurial associations have been called "trade-union strikes" in the U.S. press, covering over the fact that working people were their victims and thus opposed them.

People have shown that the "truckers' strike" of October '72 was a strike of truck owners, shopkeepers, and professionals and that workers and students joined together to set up other ways of distributing goods and food, rather than joining the strike, as the strikers had imagined they would.

People have shown that 60% of Chileans suffer from malnutrition.

People have shown that the UP government, by more equitable distribution of food, was trying to end hunger and was beginning to succeed.

People have shown that the "March of the Empty Pots and Pans" in December '71 was not even a general middle-class action but a demonstration by the richest women of Santiago, enraged over their loss of established privilege, and organized by the extreme Right. One of its strategists, a Brazilian male, said: "Women are the most effective political weapon."

People have shown that U.S. dollars backed these right-wing middle-class



moves, pouring into Chile via the black market for the first time since Allende's election.

People have shown that entrepreneurs withdrew goods from stores and channeled them into the black market.

People have explained that Chile has had to rely heavily on imported consumer goods and even food. Before UP, the wealthiest 20% of the population drew 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ % of the income and consumed 42% of imported goods.

People have used beef as an example: In 1969-70 beef was available only half the days of the month, but the wealthiest 25% of Santiago families consumed 54% of the prime beef. Under UP, beef imports increased, but so did shortages. Why? Because *workers'* salaries rose, allowing them to buy more beef. Before UP, it took 5 hours' labor to buy a kilo of beef; under UP, 2 hours'. So the rich got a smaller share.

People have shown that in an opinion poll published in '72 by the opposition gazette *Ercilla*, 75% of lower-class households said essential products were easier to find, but 77% of middle-income and 99% of higher-income families said they were less accessible.

People have shown that the strategists of the entrepreneurial associations, including the key man, Orlando Saenz, worked closely with businessmen and others who had left Chile upon Allende's election (such as Augustin Edwards, head of Chile's most powerful economic empire, who moved to the U.S. upon Allende's election and became an international v.p. of Pepsi Cola), flying to the U.S. several times a year.

People have shown that the CIA spent millions to back anti-Allende propaganda, including \$1.6 million simply to back the opposition paper *El Mercurio*, the largest and most important channel of such propaganda, which cried freedom of the press — the single most important theme in the international anti-UP campaign — whenever the government protested.

People have shown that under the fascist generals torture, repression, book-burning, and spying are business-as-usual, and all civil liberties have been suspended for the great bulk of the people, along with freedom of speech and of the press. But *El Mercurio* and a few other journals continue to publish.

People have shown that the Chilean air force, which bombed the presidential palace in the final hours, was trained, aided, and outfitted by the United States.

People have shown that in the first days of the coup, the junta's sound trucks warned the people to report the presence of foreigners, whom

they identified as "Communists," especially people with last names ending in *berg*.

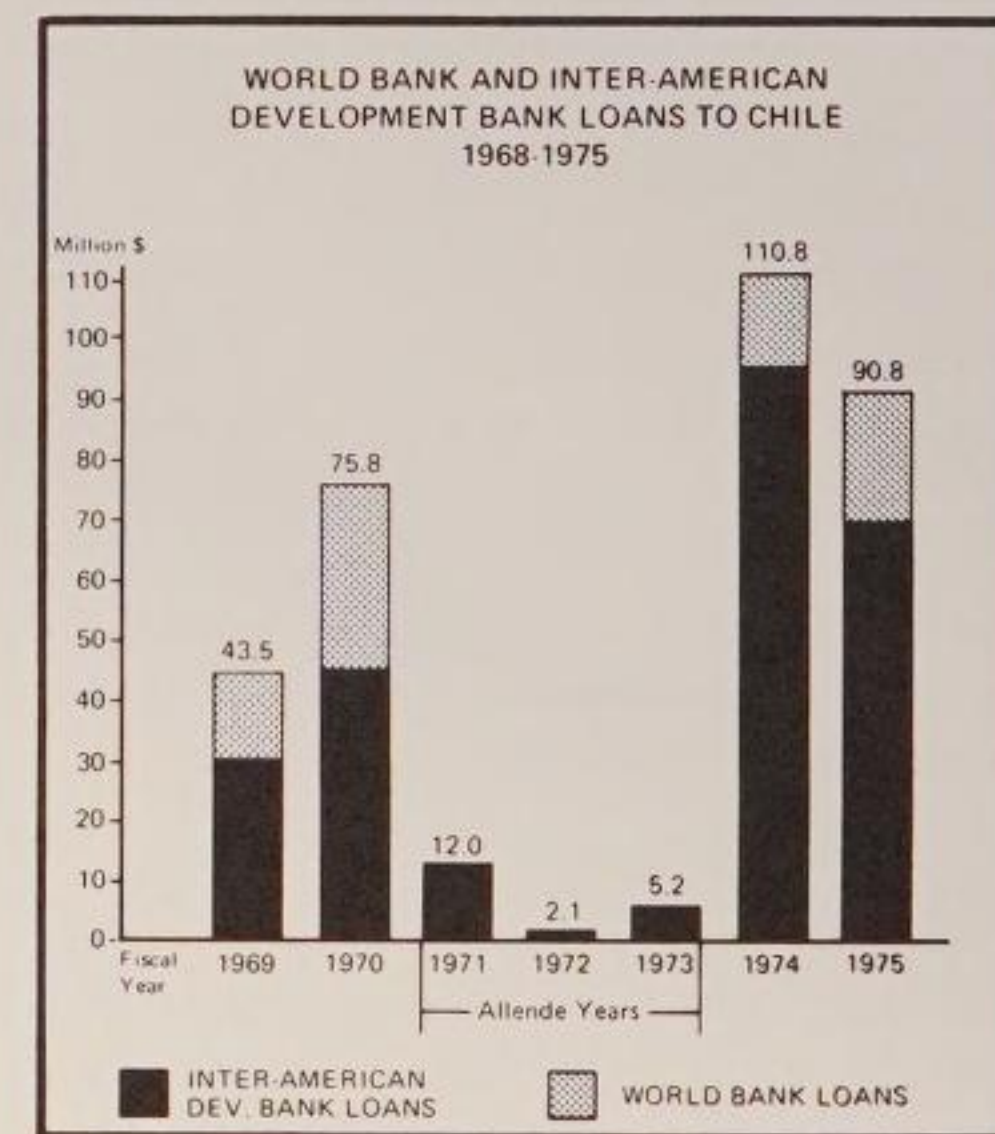
People have shown that the U.S. restored massive economic aid to Chile as soon as the junta took control, and such aid continues to flow in under a variety of rubrics.

*For 1976-8, the minimum amount of "gross external financing" needed was approximately \$3.2 billion in medium- and long-term loans and another \$150 million for short-term expenses.*

People have shown that inflation continues out of control despite the assistance of Nixon adviser Milton Friedman and "los Chicago boys."

People have shown that under the fascist generals, although the rich have had their privileges restored, the rest of the Chilean people are poorer, more disease-ridden, and hungrier than ever. For example, *one-quarter* of the population is now out of work.

People have used milk as an example: Despite the \$57.8 million received through only one of the many monetary-aid channels, the Title I loan program of "Food for Peace" (the rest of Latin America *together* received \$9 million) in '75, the junta removed price restrictions on milk, and consumer prices rose 40% while the price paid producers *dropped* 22%. There are over 10,000 producers in Chile but only 2 processing



Source: CIP from World Bank & IDB figures



companies, which control the market.

People have shown that the repression and torture routinely carried out by Latin American and other governments friendly to the U.S. have been systematized with U.S. help and training, such as that provided by the U.S.' International Police Academy.

People have shown that tens of thousands in Chile have been kidnapped, tortured, imprisoned, and murdered for their support of the Popular Unity government, its programs, or its ideals, or for any suspected criticism of the junta and its programs and goals, and that there is no end to this in sight.

People have shown that Jimmy Carter has curiously refused to criticize the junta for its program of violation of what Carter refers to as human rights.

People have shown that opposition to the fascist take-over was most successful and most prolonged in the places where the workers and peasants had armed and organized themselves into militias. Well, she thinks.

### III

When she is alone and the need for a politely composed face is past, her anger rises. She thinks. After the election of the Unidad Popular, the Popular Unity, government, the people of some of the Santiago shantytowns, the *poblaciones*, made some changes. The government helped arrange for adequate food and other necessities, and the people banded together to help themselves. The people of Ranquil changed the name of their *población* to Nueva Habana. They built houses, and for the first time in perhaps generations they had decent housing and nutrition. They set up a school, teaching reading and writing to those who hadn't learned them, children and adults. They were very proud of their studies, which put great emphasis on the history of Chile's working classes. They put on white shirts to show the world a new front, to signal their pride in taking charge of their destinies and also of their history. Throughout Chile working people were discovering their own culture and developing their own voice, their own music.

Víctor Jara, for example, a well-known stage director who'd become part of the new Chilean popular-song movement in the late '60's, left the theater and devoted his time to writing and singing songs that differed greatly from the packaged culture that had flooded Chile via the

foreign-controlled mass media. He wrote songs, sang Latin American folk songs, put Neruda's poems to music:

.....

**Yo no quiero la patria divida  
Cabemos todos en la tierra mía  
Y los que se creen prisioneros  
Se vayan lejos con su melodía.  
Siempre los ricos fueron extranjeros,  
Que se vayan a Miami con sus tías . . . .**

.....

**I don't want my land divided.  
There's room for all of us here in my country.  
And those who feel that they're in prison  
Should go a long way off to play their tune.  
The rich have always been foreigners,  
They should go to Miami to join their aunties . . . .**

Neruda died, Jara died, the people of Nueva Habana died, all in their own ways. The junta comes on television after the coup — so says *The New York Times* — to remind the people of Chile, or those who get to see television at least, "Remember, you can be replaced." After the coup some bulldozers came — there weren't many bulldozers or even tractors in Chile because the foreign-owned automobile industry found passenger cars more profitable, so perhaps these were lent by newly resumed U.S. aid — the bulldozers appeared and flattened Nueva Habana and other poblaciones. As the foreign journalists said, one evening there were the new little towns, the next morning there was nothing but the raw, track-crossed earth.

She thinks, there is another story about a concert, one not drawn from the classical repertoire, one that took place not to great acclaim in the best hall in Chile but to jeers and threats in Santiago stadium. The stadium is where all the suspected dissidents, Communists, and troublemakers were put in the first weeks of the coup, thousands packed in, kept until their interrogation, their torture, or their executions were accomplished. Víctor Jara was put there. He sang to and with the other prisoners. He was ordered to stop, he refused to stop. They took away his guitar and cut off his fingers. They machine-gunned him to death, like Allende, like many, many others.





Philip Steinmetz

She imagines the bulldozers knocking down the houses and muddying the white shirts of the people of Nueva Habana. She imagines she hears the rich contralto of Norma, in a brown velvet gown, an American Beauty rose in her hair, singing German lieder, drowning out the songs and then the cries of Nueva Habana. She imagines the synthesized music of Norma's tall blond husband, American Bill, drowning out the songs of Víctor Jara and then his screams and the sound of machine guns, in Santiago stadium. She imagines their music drowning out the grinding of the bulldozers as they remove Nueva Habana, its schools, its history lessons, and its people from the face of the Chilean earth.

**She imagines a photograph, an impossible photograph.** It shows a new concert hall, the new *best hall in Chile*, above the tracks of bulldozers marked CAT, and in the tracks are the severed fingers of Víctor Jara strumming the earth of Chile. His mouth, buried, is filled with earth, it is true, but his voice is not stilled but muted. It resonates deep under the Chilean ground.

## FOR ORLANDO LETELIER AND RONNI KARPEN MOFFITT

*This work was done for a memorial exhibition at New York's Cayman Gallery for Orlando Letelier, the former Chilean government minister and economist murdered in Washington, D.C., in September, 1976. I typeset and pasted up the work (including the chart but no photos) and had it printed as a 5-page hand-out with a (pink, yellow, or white) title page. Subsequently it was also presented as a hand-out, with its photos on the wall, in several shows in the United States and Canada. (After the first printing, one photo was incorporated, and the title page was red.)*

*This accounts for its origin and history; I've often meant to make it more current by adding material, but that now seems inappropriate. Since 1977, things haven't improved in Chile, though glowing accounts of "economic progress" appear periodically in such organs as Fortune, the business pages of the New York Times, and the Wall Street Journal, for the hold of the multinationals has tightened, the situation seems "under control," the people docile. Periodically mass graves are "discovered," and repression-by-death waxes and wanes. The underground is still working underground, though there are occasional organized protests. The condition of the poor is still desperate, unemployment and inflation are rampant. Michael Townley's co-conspirators — Chilean, Cuban, and American, identified and unidentified — in the assassinations of Letelier and Moffitt, his colleague at the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, are now free. For information about the current state of the Chilean people, the captor government and its ties to the international financial and business community, please see such periodicals as NACLA's Report on the Americas, Dollars & Sense, and the publications of the several Chile solidarity organizations. See also André Gunder Frank's Economic Genocide in Chile: Second Open Letter to Milton Friedman and Arnold Hamberger.*

*We must now watch to see what happens in Nicaragua, El Salvador, Jamaica, Grenada, and Guatemala — and perhaps Cuba — as Latin America and the Caribbean once again become the target of U.S. ideological and military intentions in what it has claimed as its back yard.*

*Sources: Varied, including direct and reported experiences; the publications of the North American Congress on Latin America; International Bulletin: two U.S. Senate publications; Alleged Assassination Plots and Covert Action in Chile 1963-1973; and Orlando Letelier, "Economic Freedom's Awful Toll," in The Nation, Aug. 28, 1976.*

# EL PUEBLO UNIDO JAMAS SERA VENCIDO











aglow, glowing      lit, lit up

illuminated      abuzz      rosy      mellow







high      exhilarated      elevated  
happy      heady      hippped      het up





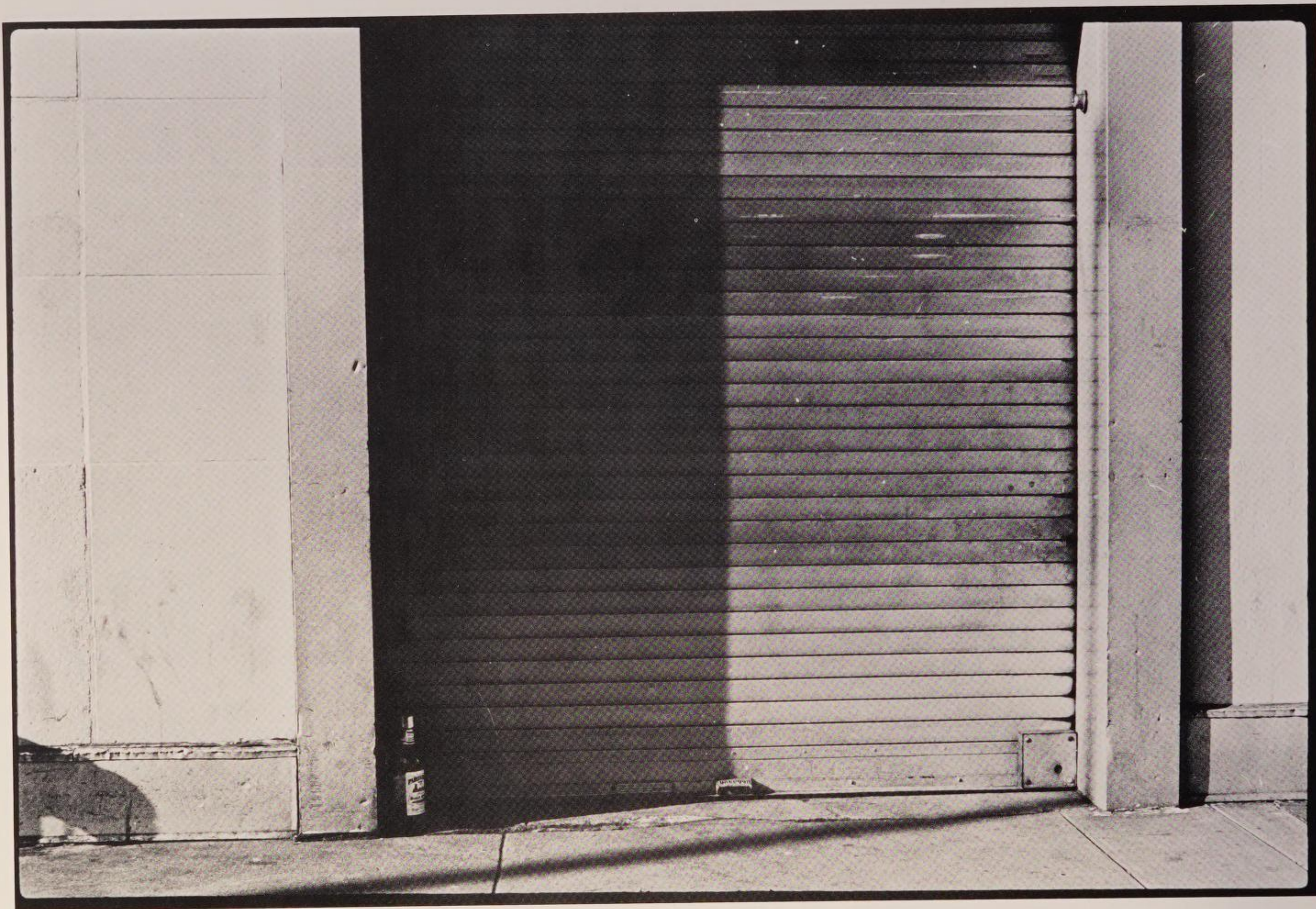


polished      shined      tipsy

primed      tuned      oiled

lubricated      greased







loopy

groggy

boozy

tight

steamed up

bent

folded

flooey







featured

fortified

piffed      pifflicated      spifflicated

obfuscated      pixilated

inebriated







squiffy    snozzled    screwed

bleary-eyed

glassy-eyed

cross-eyed

cock-eyed







muddled

fuddled

flustered

lushy

sottish

maudlin







the worse for liquor

top heavy      moon-eyed      owl-eyed

pie-eyed      shit-faced

snockered

shicker







in one's cups

under the influence

liquored up

tanked up

juiced up

slopped up

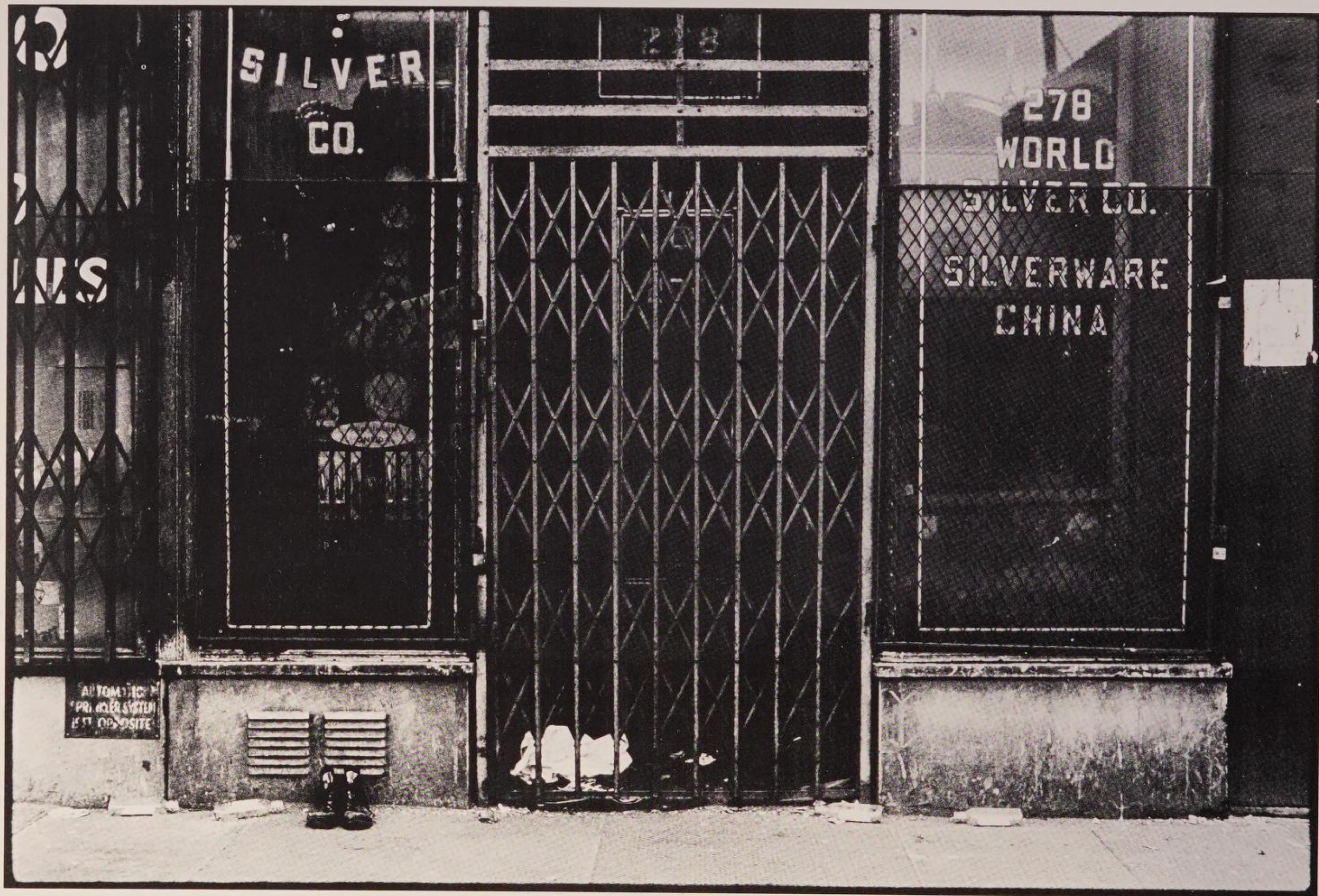
sloppy

bloated

loaded

full







soaked

drenched

sodden

flying the ensign

steeped

over the bay

soused

half-seas-over

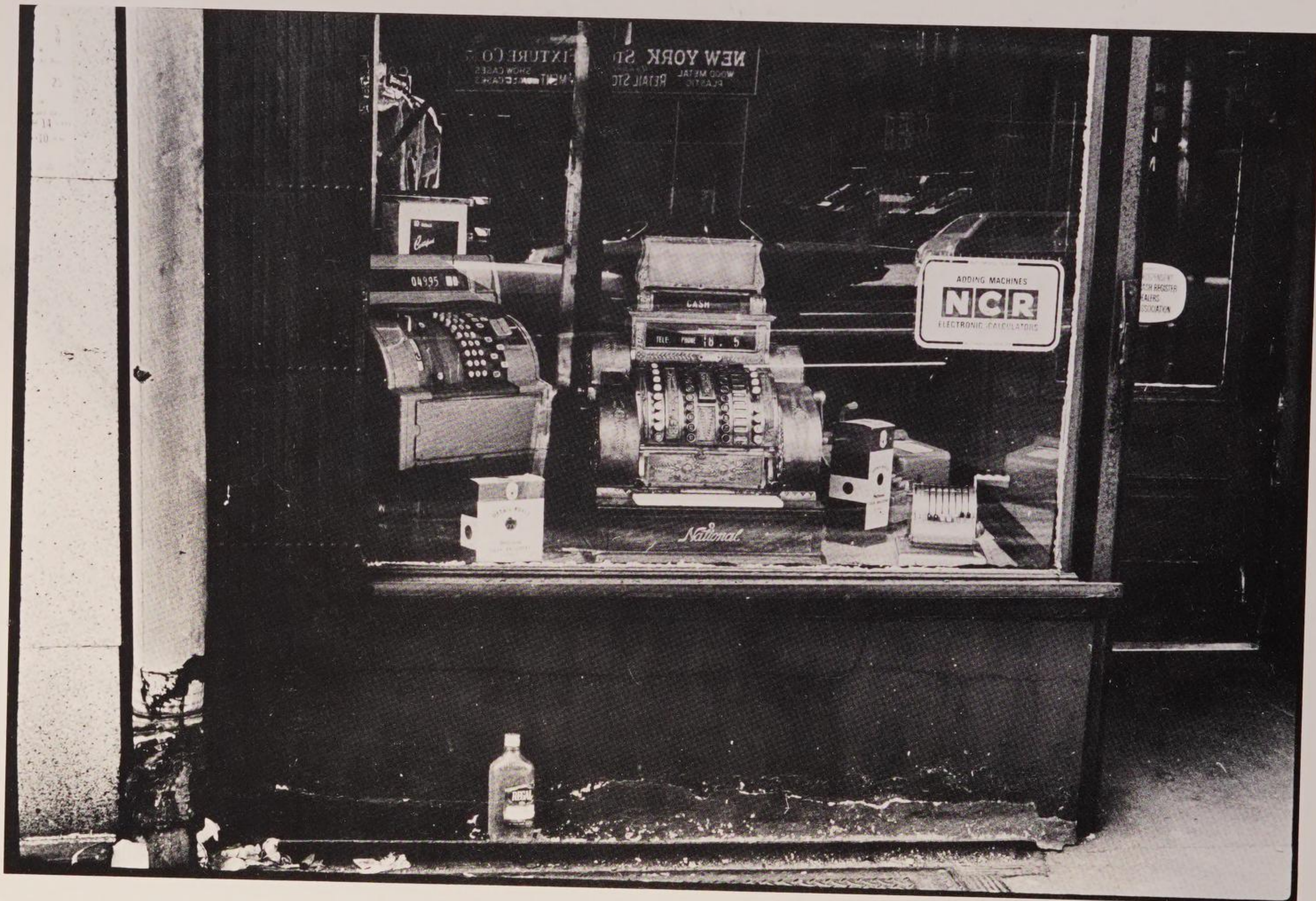
sloshed

decks awash

saturated

down with the fish







stewed

boiled

potted

corned

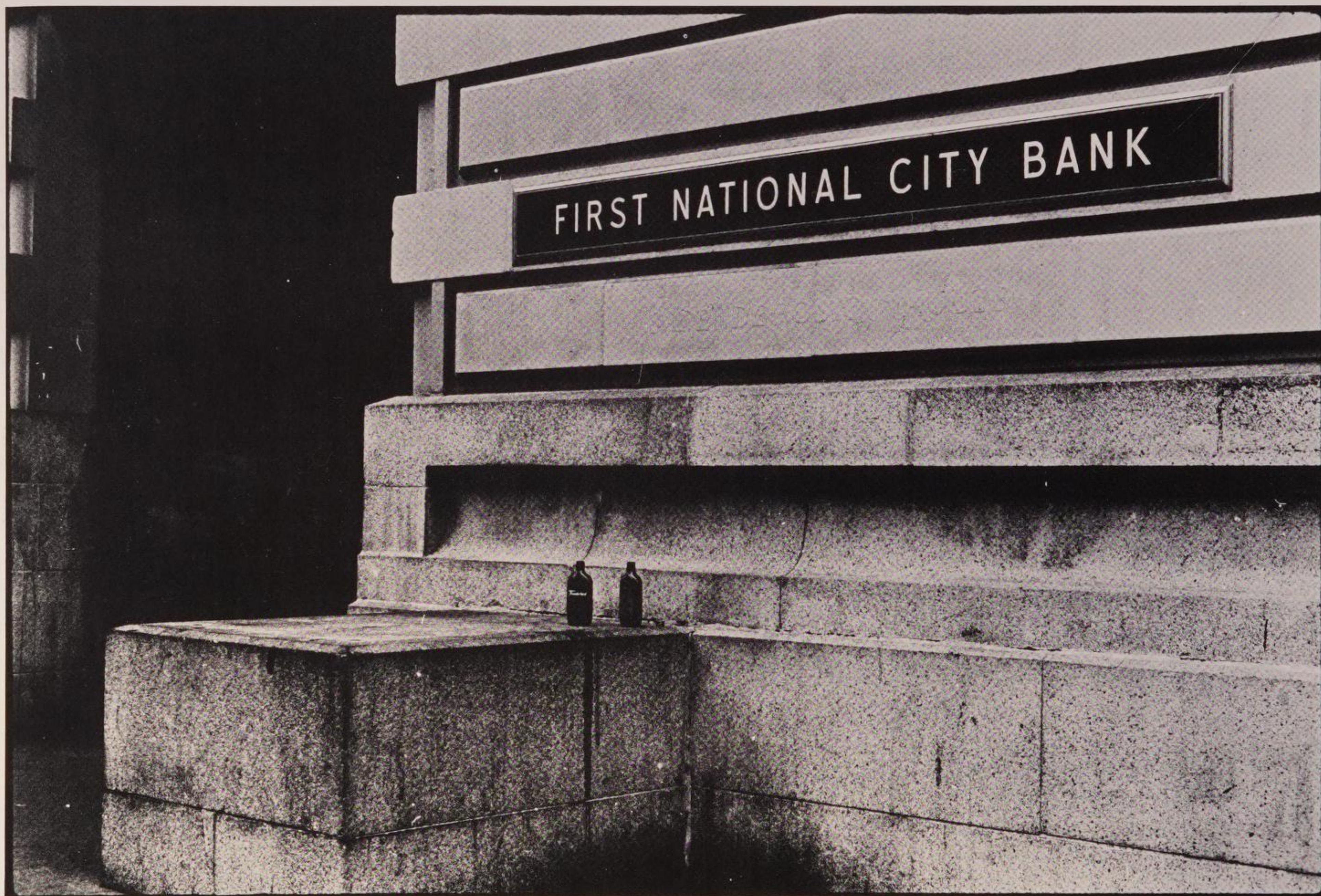
pickled

preserved

canned

fried to the hat







plastered          stuccoed

rosined          shellacked

vulcanized

inebriated

polluted







up to the gills

under the table

slopped over      limp

melted      stinko      shot

overshot

drunk, drunken







falling down drunk

gassed      whipped

stiff      blotto

ossified

paralyzed

overcome







comatose      unconscious

passed out      knocked out

laid out

out of the picture

out like a light







blind drunk

dead drunk

embalmed

buried

gone



sot

tippler

winebibber

elbow bender

overindulger

toper

lushington







blossom nose

rum bud

grog blossom

soaker, soak

sponge

souse

rummy

boozer

juicer







boozehound      juicehound

rumhound      gas hound

jakehound      boiled owl

whale







hard drinker

funnel

drinkitite

emperor

bingo boy, bingo mort

dipsomaniac





TOOLS  
PLUMBING  
SUPPLIES  
ELECTRIC  
SUPPLIES  
PAINTS  
WALL PAPER  
BAR RAIL  
BRAX  
BRASS  
BATH ROOM  
HARDWARE  
FURNITURE  
HARDWARE  
TANKS  
TUBS  
SINKS  
STOVES  
MADE

**CUSTOM MIXED**  
POLYURETHANE · SOLVENTS · STAINS  
BRUSHES · VARNISH · SHELLAC  
**PARAGON PAINT** 



lush      wino      rubbydub

inebriate

alcoholic

barrelhouse bum





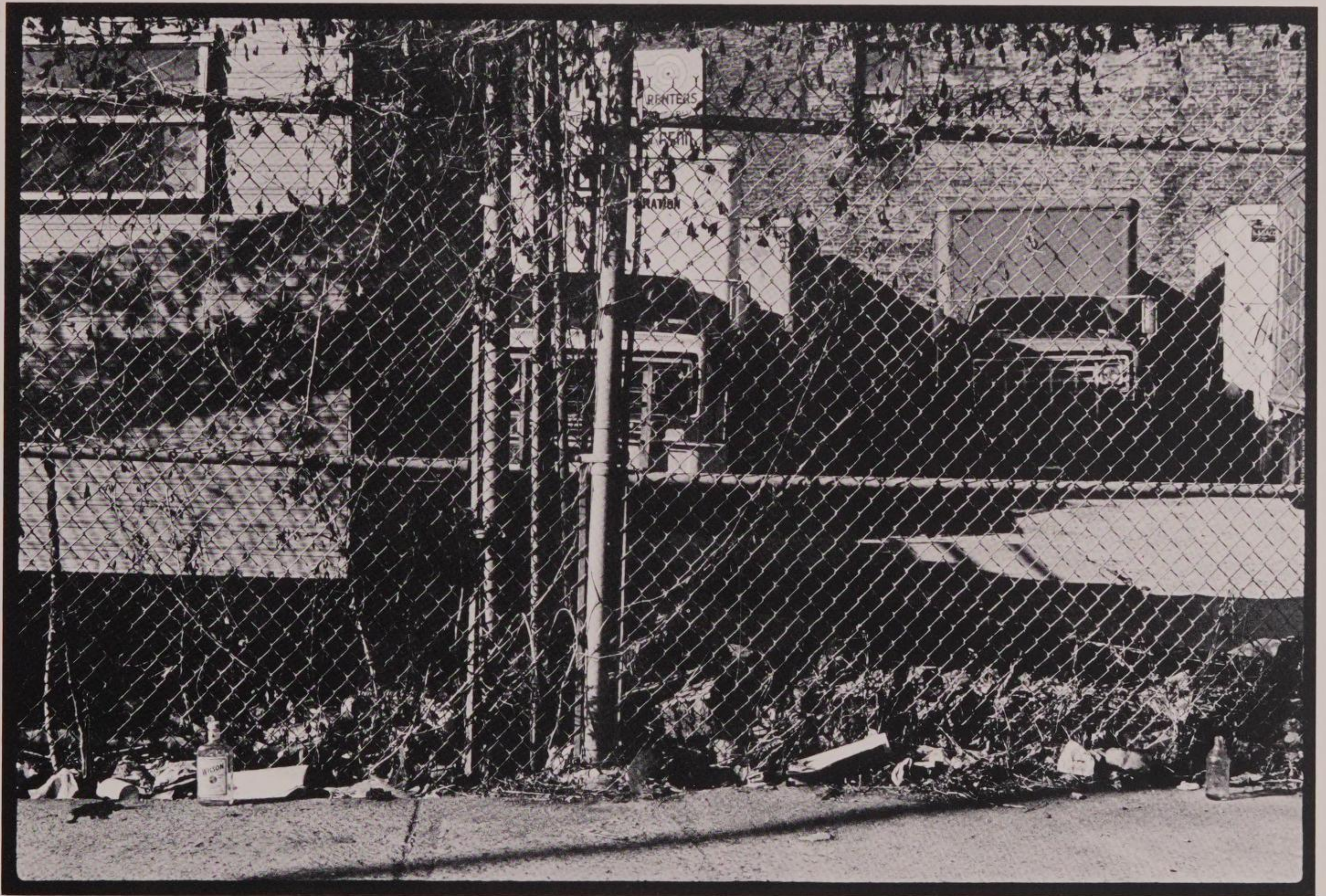


drunk

derelict

bum



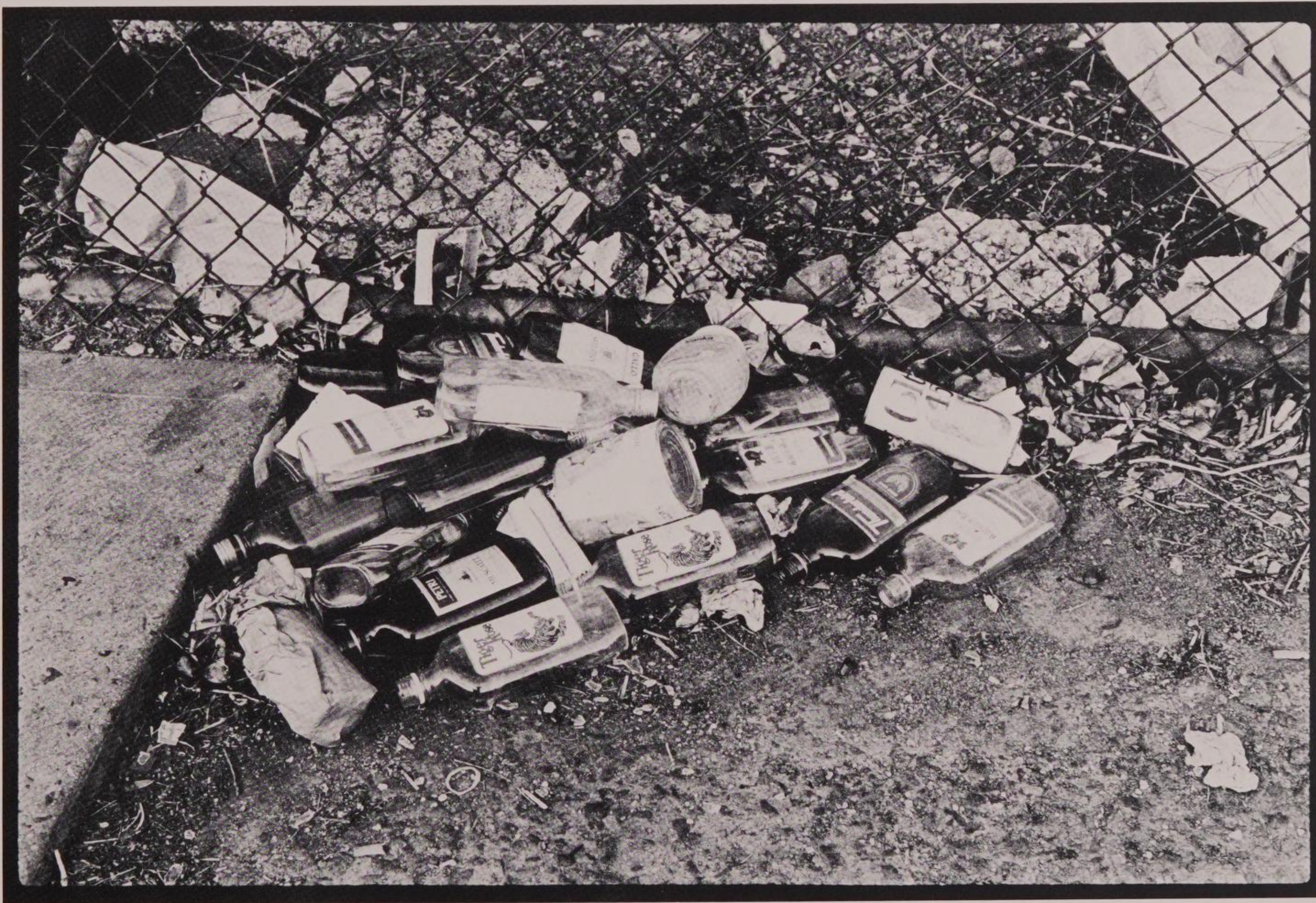




dead soldiers

dead marines











# T H E      B O W E R Y

in  
two  
inadequate  
descriptive  
systems



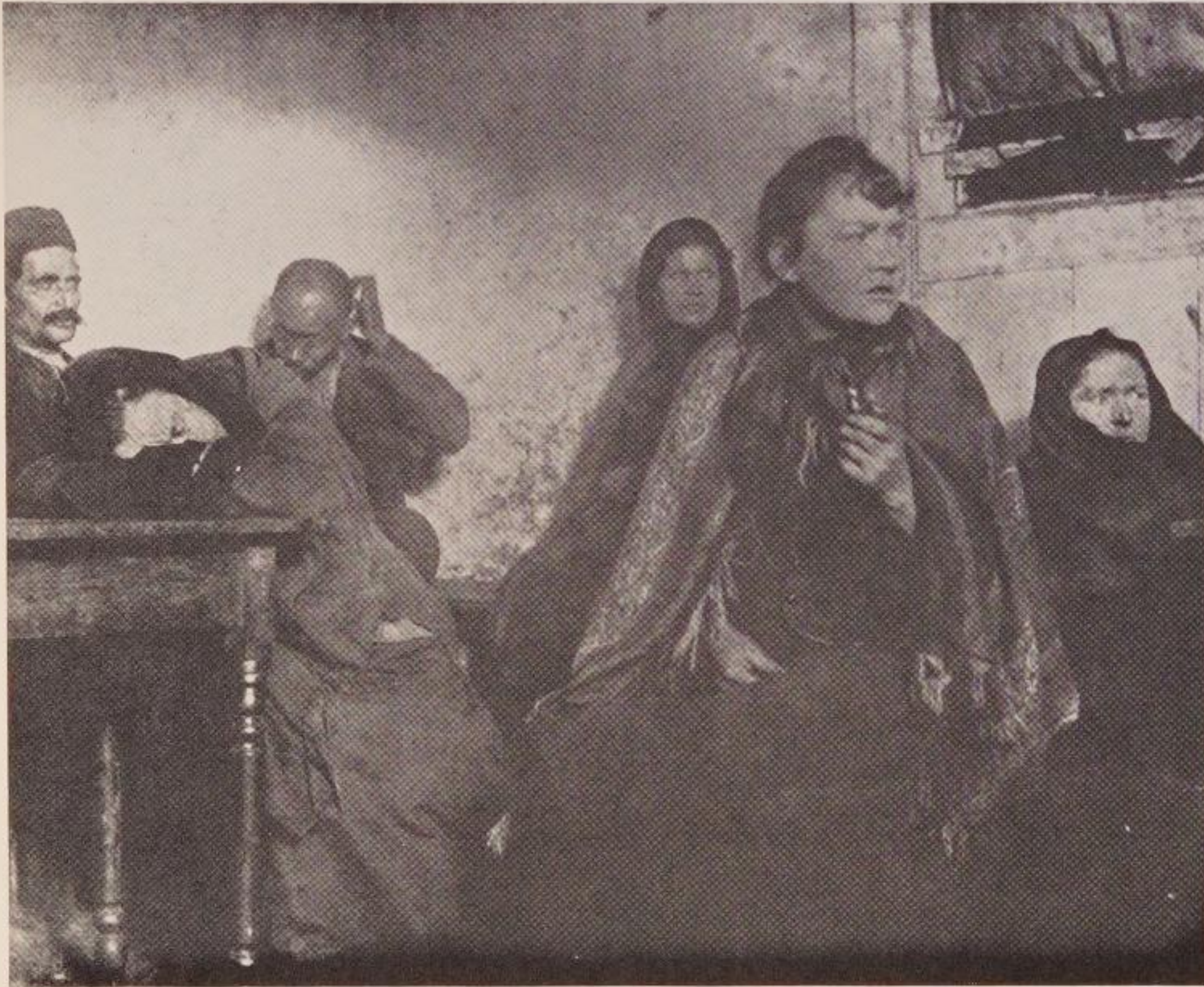




**in, around, and afterthoughts  
(on documentary photography)**



1. Jacob Riis, *Hell on Earth*, 1903. The Peril and Preservation of the Home. in *Jacob Riis, Photographer and Citizen*, ed. by Alexander Alland, Sr., Aperture, Millerton, N.Y. 1974, p. 89. Hine's comment: "One night, when I went through one of the worst dives I ever knew, my camera caught and held this scene. . . . When I look upon that unhappy girl's face, I think that the Grace of God can reach that 'lost woman' in her sins; but what about the man who made profit upon the slum that gave her up to the street?"



see p. 72

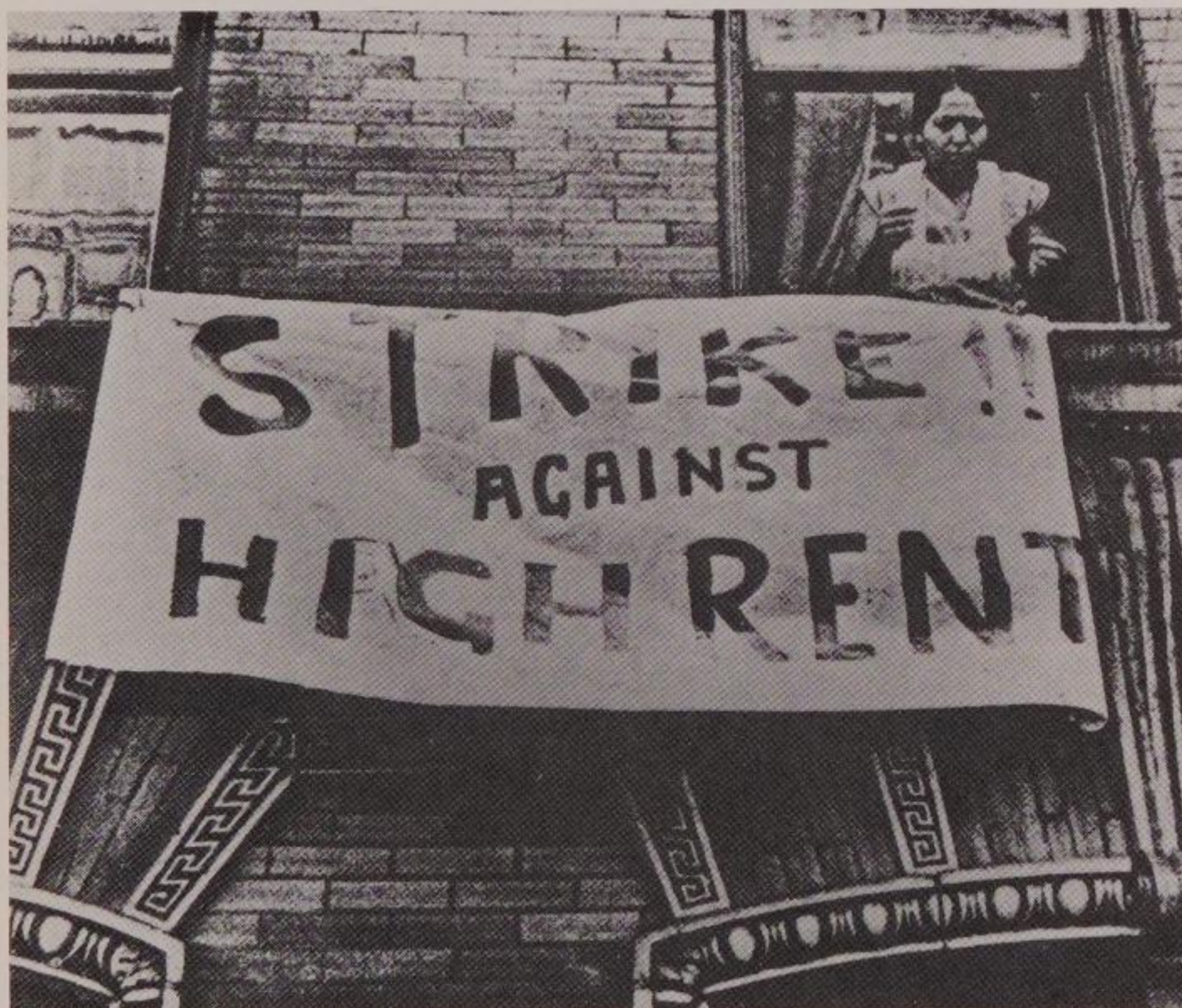
2. Lewis Hine, *Cannery Workers Preparing Beans*, c. 1910. (from Hine's activist, muck raking period.) see *America and Lewis Hine, Photograph 1904 1940*, Aperture, Millerton, N.Y. 1977.



see p. 74



3. Leo Seltzer, *Rent Strike, Upper East Side, New York City, 1933*. Seltzer was a member of the New York (Workers') Film and Photo League. His work seems more consistently militant than that of many other members.



see p. 72

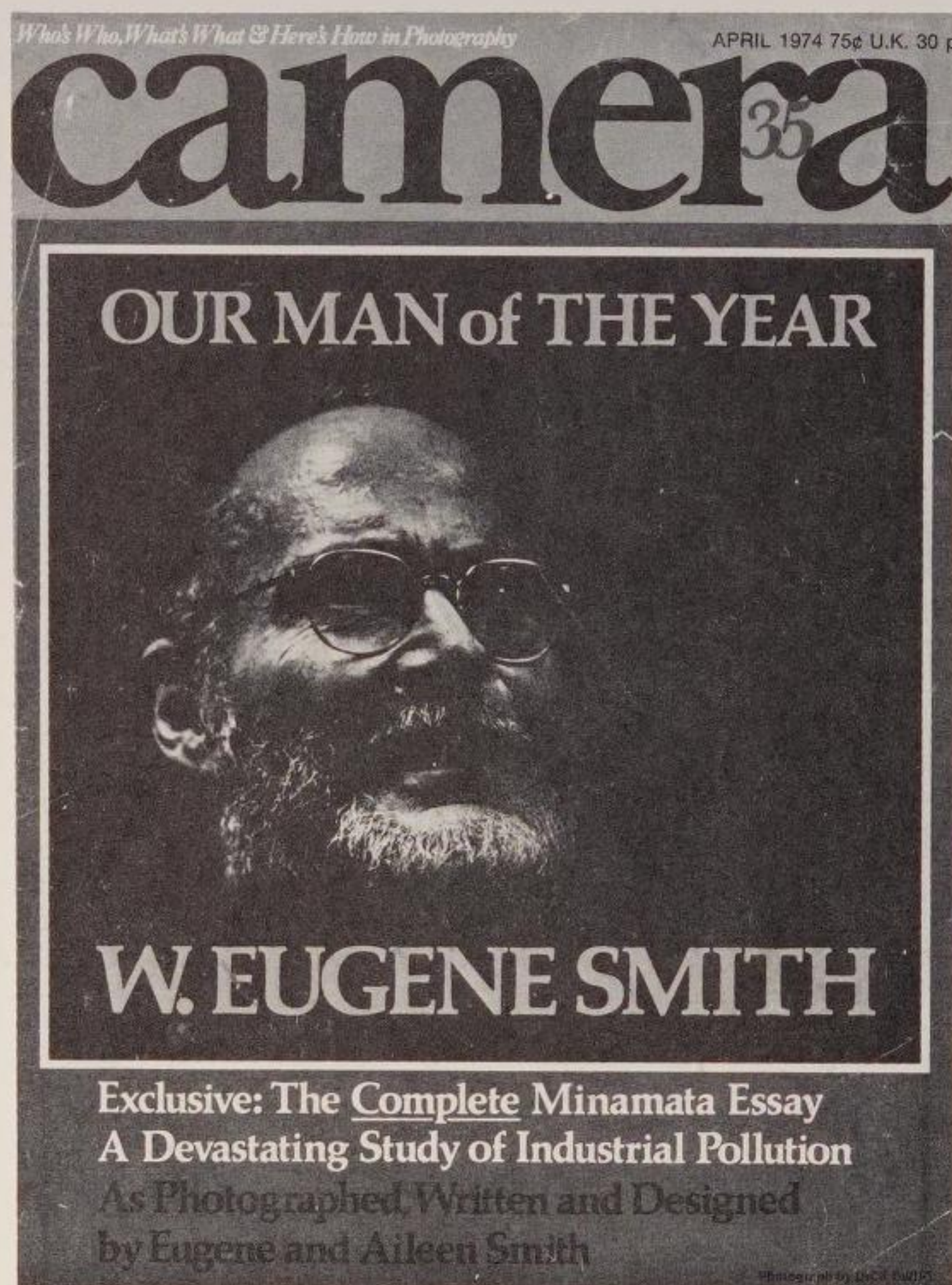
4. Ellen Grounds, age 22, a "pit broo wench" (pit-brow worker) at Pearson and Knowles's Pits, Wigan, with Munby beside her "to show how nearly she approached me in size." *Carte-de-visite* by Robert Little (or Mrs. Little), Wigan, September 11, 1873. see: Michael Hiley, *Victorian Working Women: Portraits from Life*, London, Gordon Fraser, 1979, p. 82.



see p. 73



5. Cover of *Camera* 35, April, 1974. Photograph of Smith by Dick Swift.



see p. 73f.

6. Canadian Club whiskey advertisement, 1971. (Gathered from March 9 issue of *Newsweek*.)

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House."

**"We thought we were in a peaceful village until we realized we were being stalked by the primitive Mudmen of New Guinea."**

1 "Anna and I always wanted to visit a tribe of Mudmen to see one of their Sing-Sing ceremonies." George Malynicz tells us. "Our guide, Peter Burt, refused to tell us exactly what the ceremony entailed, just to heighten the suspense a little. But we got more than we bargained for. We followed the Asaro River into the New Guinea interior to a village where it was rumored there might be a Sing-Sing. Sure enough, there were only women and children in the huts. Peter said the men must be in the jungle preparing for the ceremony, and went to look for them. Anna and I waited near the village.

2 "Suddenly a lone warrior appeared out of the brush and moved slowly toward us. My first reaction was to grab Anna and run. But then I realized that we were being stalked by at least thirty warriors from all sides. They approached as silently as cats, carrying spears, in a kind of menacing slow-motion dance. When I was certain we were done for, I spotted Peter taking pictures of the whole incredible thing. The Mudmen are highly unpredictable, and even Peter became concerned.

3 Peter shouted to the Mudmen to stop stalking us and joined us to talk with them in pidgin English. We found out that the stalking Sing-Sing dance was a re-enactment of a legendary tribal battle which their ancestors won by frightening off their enemies. Looking at the Mudmen we could understand how.

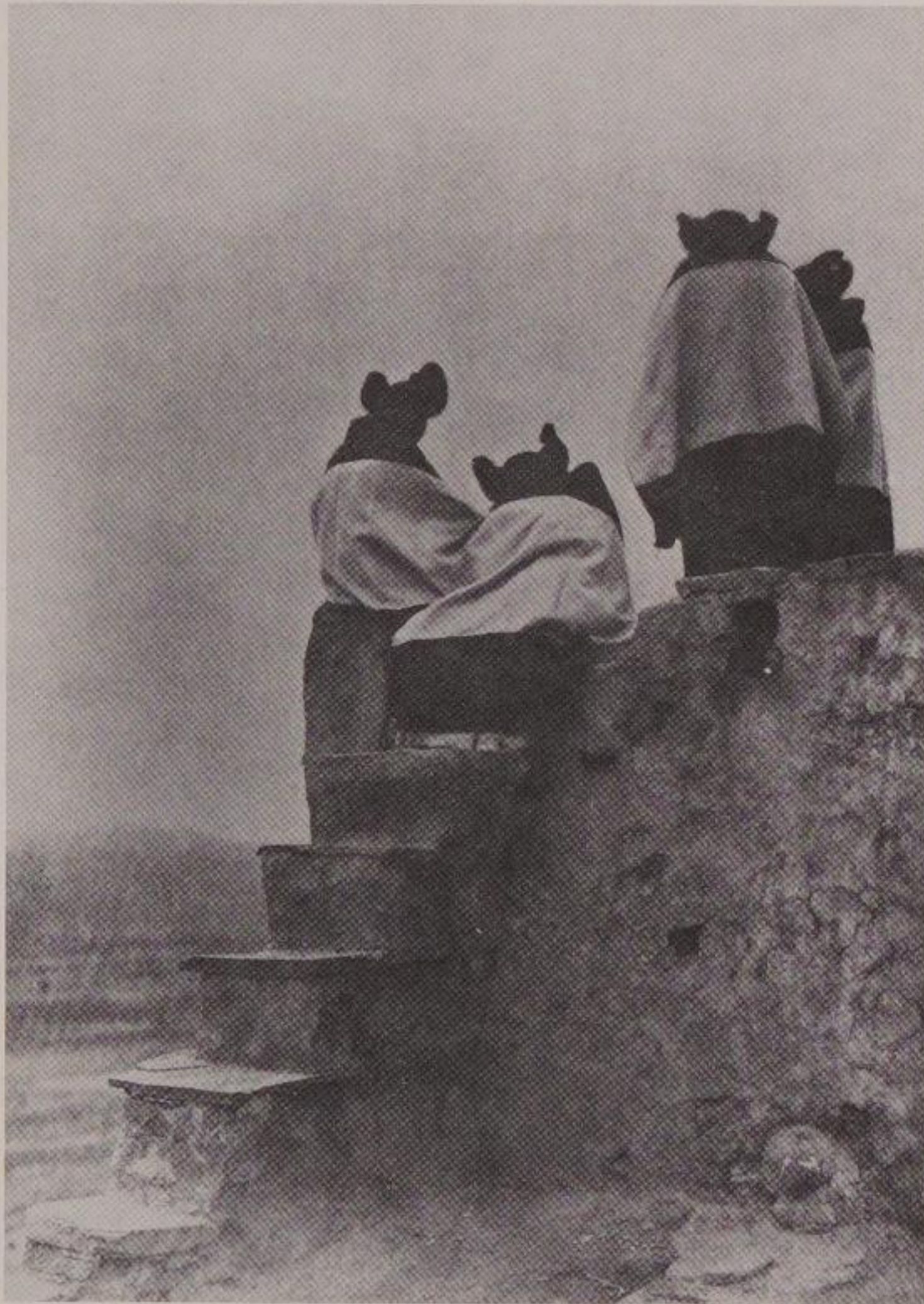
4 "Back in Civvies our hotel terrace was a welcome sight, and we couldn't stop talking about our adventure with the Mudmen. Even more welcome was the sight of Canadian Club." Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. It's the whisky that's light enough for women yet bold enough for men. The whisky that's "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.

**Canadian Club**  
Imported in bottle from Canada

see p. 74

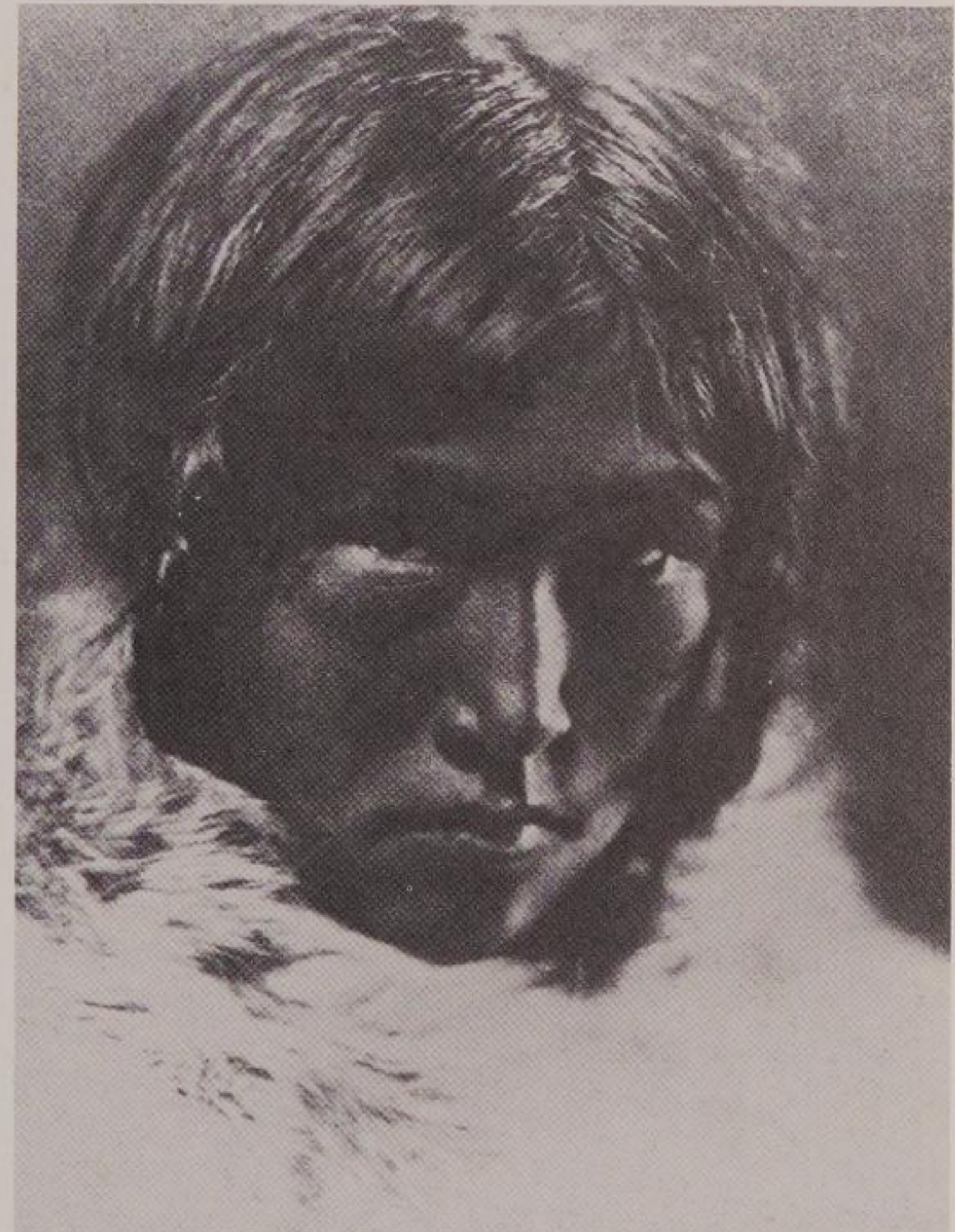


7. Edward S. Curtis, *Hopi Girls*, c. 1900. Original is sepia-toned.



see p. 74

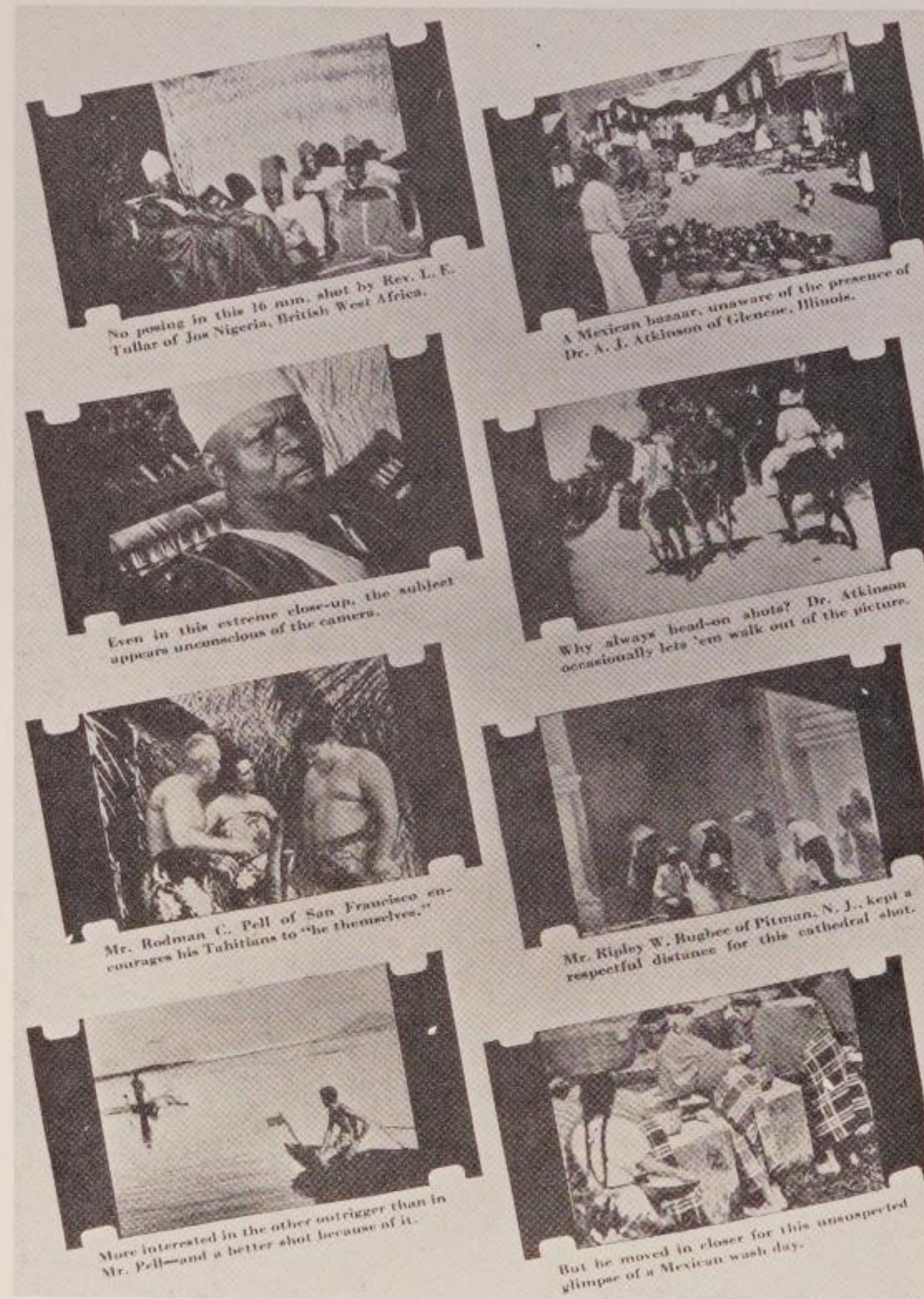
8. Robert Flaherty, c. 1914. Woman identified as Allegoo (Shining Water), Sikoslingmuit Eskimo Woman, Southern Baffin Lands, but she may be a woman named Kanaju Aeojiealia. Published in March, 1915, in a Toronto newspaper, captioned "Our little lady of the snows. . . makes a most engaging picture." see: *Robert Flaherty, Photographer/Filmmaker, The Inuit 1910-1922*, Exhibition Catalogue, Vancouver Art Gallery.



see p. 74



9. Eastman Kodak Company, *How to Make Good Movies*.



see p. 74

10. Adam Clark Vroman, *Hopi Towns: The Man with a Hoe*, 1902.  
see: *Photographer of the Southwest, Adam Clark Vroman, 1856-1916*, ed. by Ruth Mahood, Bonanza Books, N.Y. n.d.(see also Footnote 13.)



see p. 74

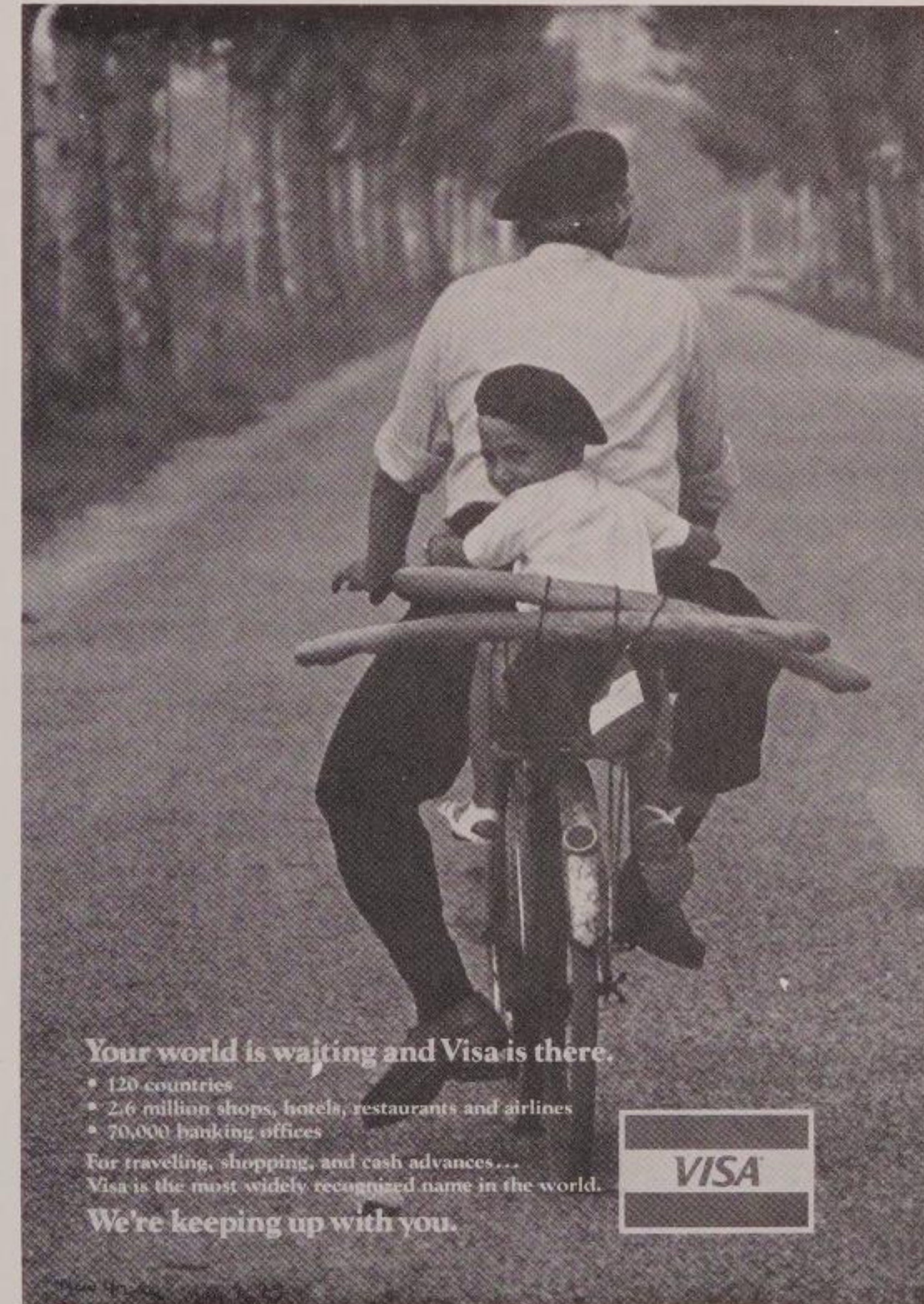


11. Elliott Erwitt, on an assignment for the French office of tourism in the 1950's. (Agency: Doyle Dane Bernbach.) Original in color.



see p. 75

12. Credit-card advertisement, 1979. Photo by Elliott Erwitt. Original in color. (Gathered from May 7 issue of the *New Yorker*.) For the ad campaign, this scene was also restaged, twenty years after Erwitt made these stills, by the producer of a (moving) television commercial.



see p. 75

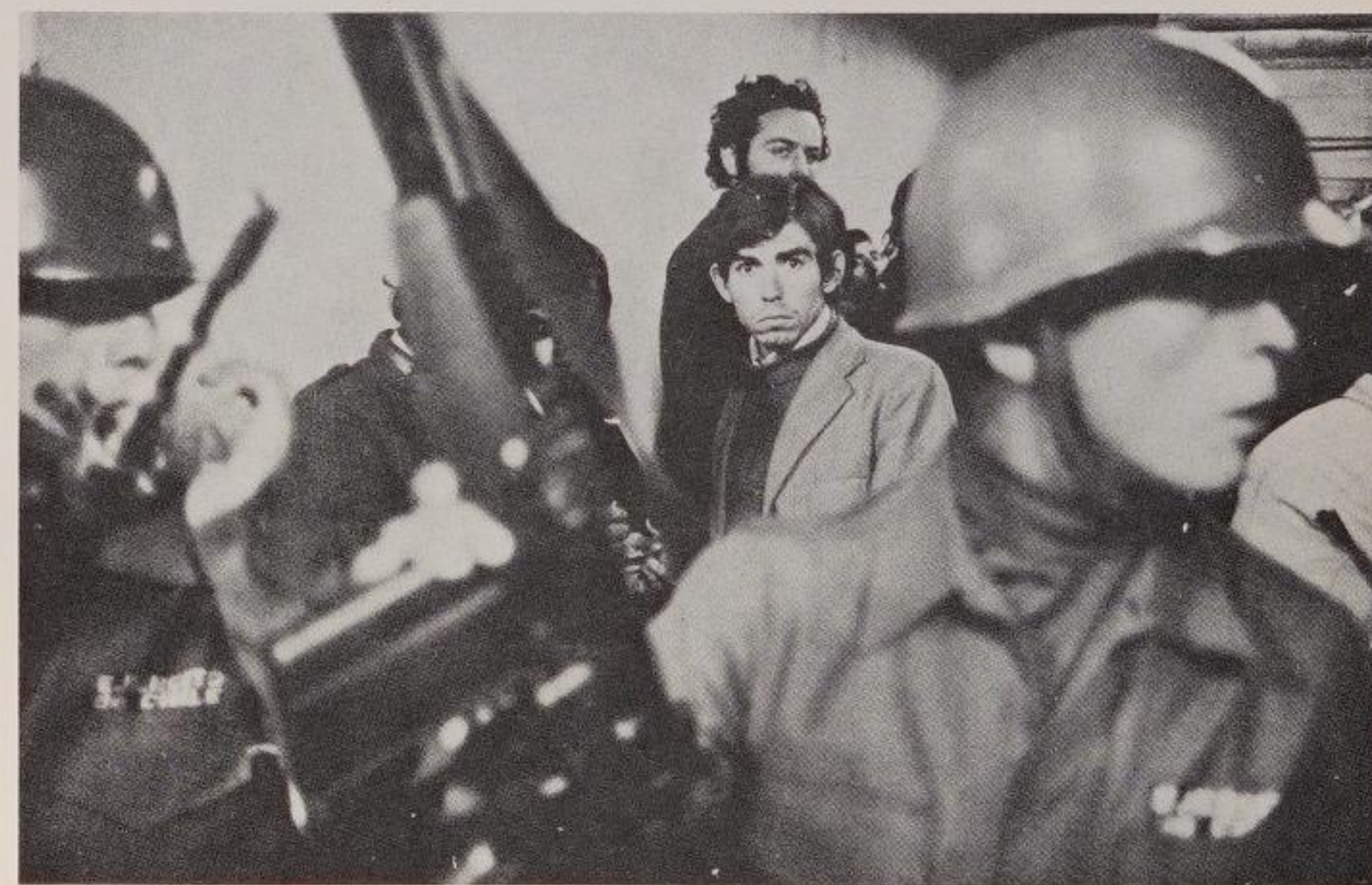


13. David Burnett, contact sheet showing prisoners detained at the stadium, Santiago, Chile, September, 1973. Reproduced in *American Photographer*, December, 1979, pp. 56-57.



see p. 75

14. David Burnett, *Detained prisoners*, September, 1973, 1.c.



see p. 75



15. Associated Press (photographer unknown), Florence Thompson in her trailer home with a framed copy of her photo and the book *In This Proud Land*. Reproduced from the *Los Angeles Times*, Saturday, November 18, 1978, Part II, p.1. (Original cannot be located.)



see p. 75

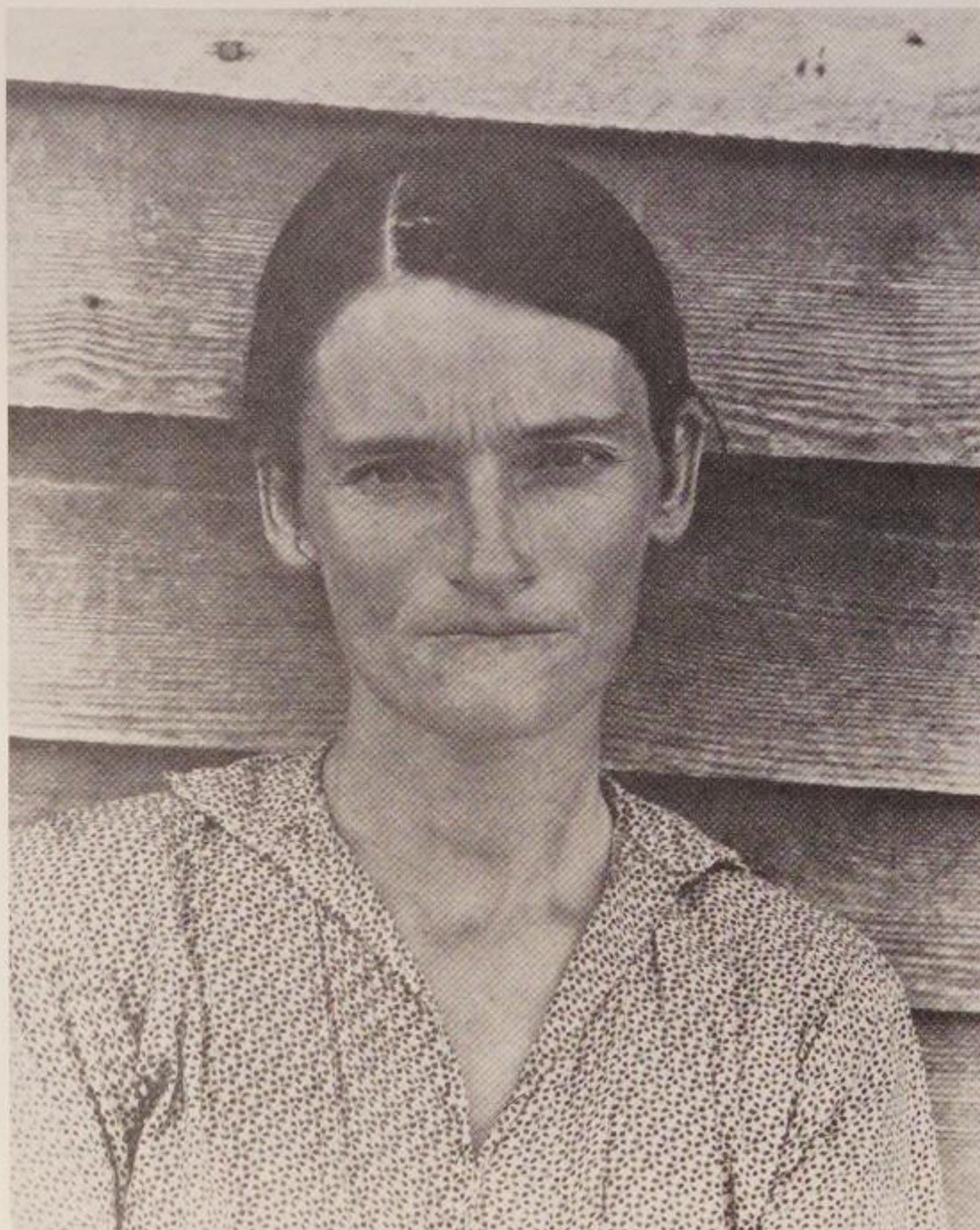
16. Dorothea Lange, "Migrant Mother" series, March, 1936, as reproduced in a promotional sheet for *American Photographer*, late 1970's. The famous photo, usually captioned *Migrant Mother*, Nipomo, California, 1936, is on the right.



see p. 76

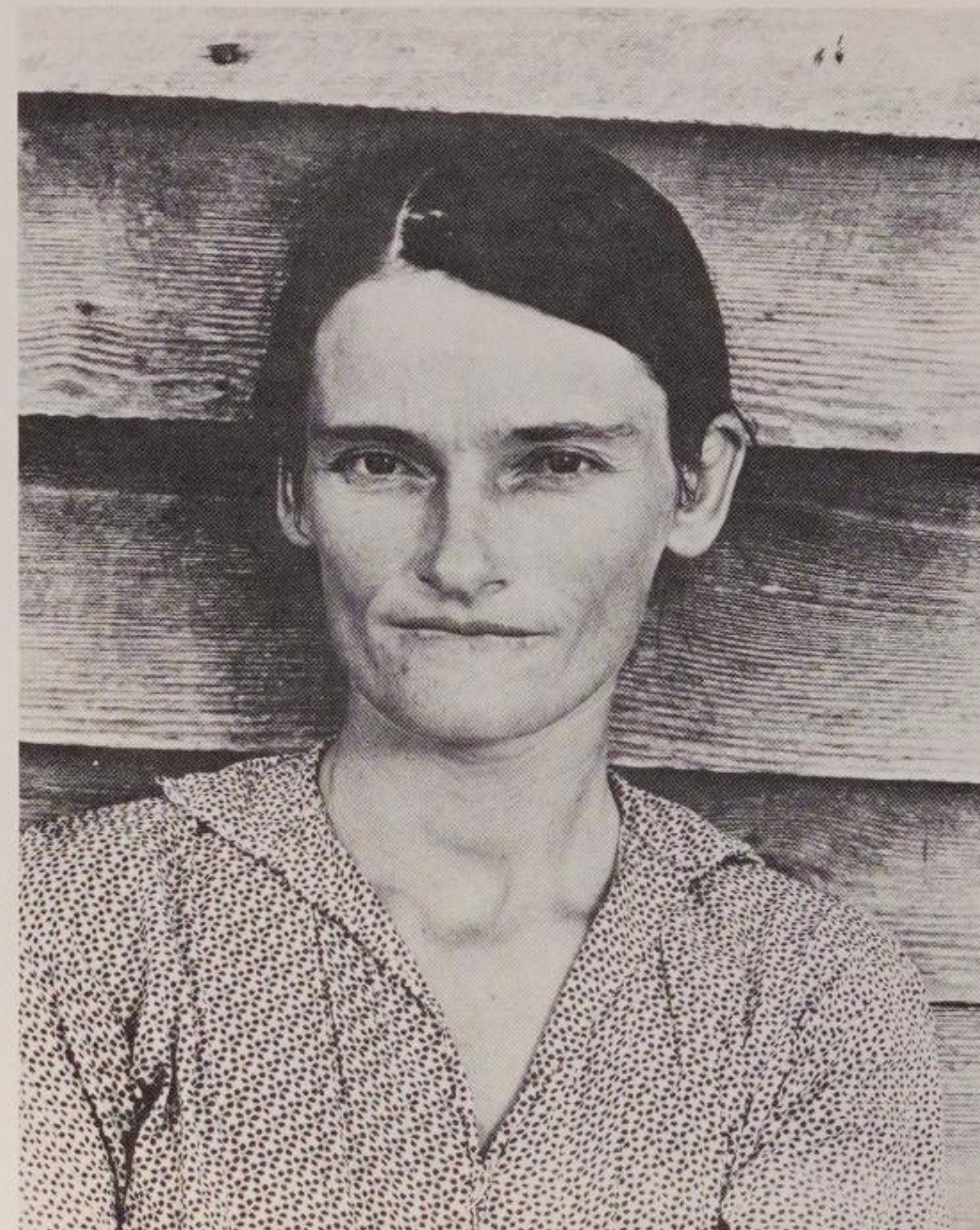


17. Walker Evans. This photograph of Allie Mae Fields Burroughs appears, captionless, in Agee and Evans' *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1939; in that work she is called "Annie Mae Woods Gudger"). It also appears in Time-Life, *Documentary Photography* (N.Y., 1972), captioned *Tenant Farmer's Wife, Hale County, Alabama, 1936*, and in Walker Evans, *First and Last* (Harper & Row, 1978), captioned *Allie Mae Burroughs, Hale County, Alabama, 1936*. In both those latter cases the photo is credited to the Museum of Modern Art; it does not seem to be listed with the Library of Congress. In Scott Osborne, "A Walker Evans Heroine Remembers," in *American Photographer* (Sep., 1979), the photo is not credited, but the copy mentions that it hangs in the museum. (See notes 18 and 19.)



see p. 77

This second photo, no doubt taken at the same time as the preceding, is listed with the Library of Congress as LC-USF342-8139A. It is reproduced in Evans' *American Photographs* (Museum of Modern Art, N.Y., 1938; reprinted 1962) captioned *Alabama Cotton Tenant Farmer's Wife, 1936* and in *Walker Evans: Photographs for the Farm Security Administration* (Da Capo, N.Y. 1973) captioned *Allie Mae Burroughs, Wife of a Cotton Sharecropper, Hale County, Alabama, Summer, 1936*. I have been unable to find any reference to the existence of two "Allie Maes," with different expressions. Articles such as Osborne's depend on there being just one, the preceding, which Osborne quotes Agee as calling "a fraction of a second's exposure to the integrity of truth."





18. Scott Osborne, Allie Mae (Burroughs) Moore, in her trailer home, in: *American Photographer*, September 1979, p. 72.



see p. 77

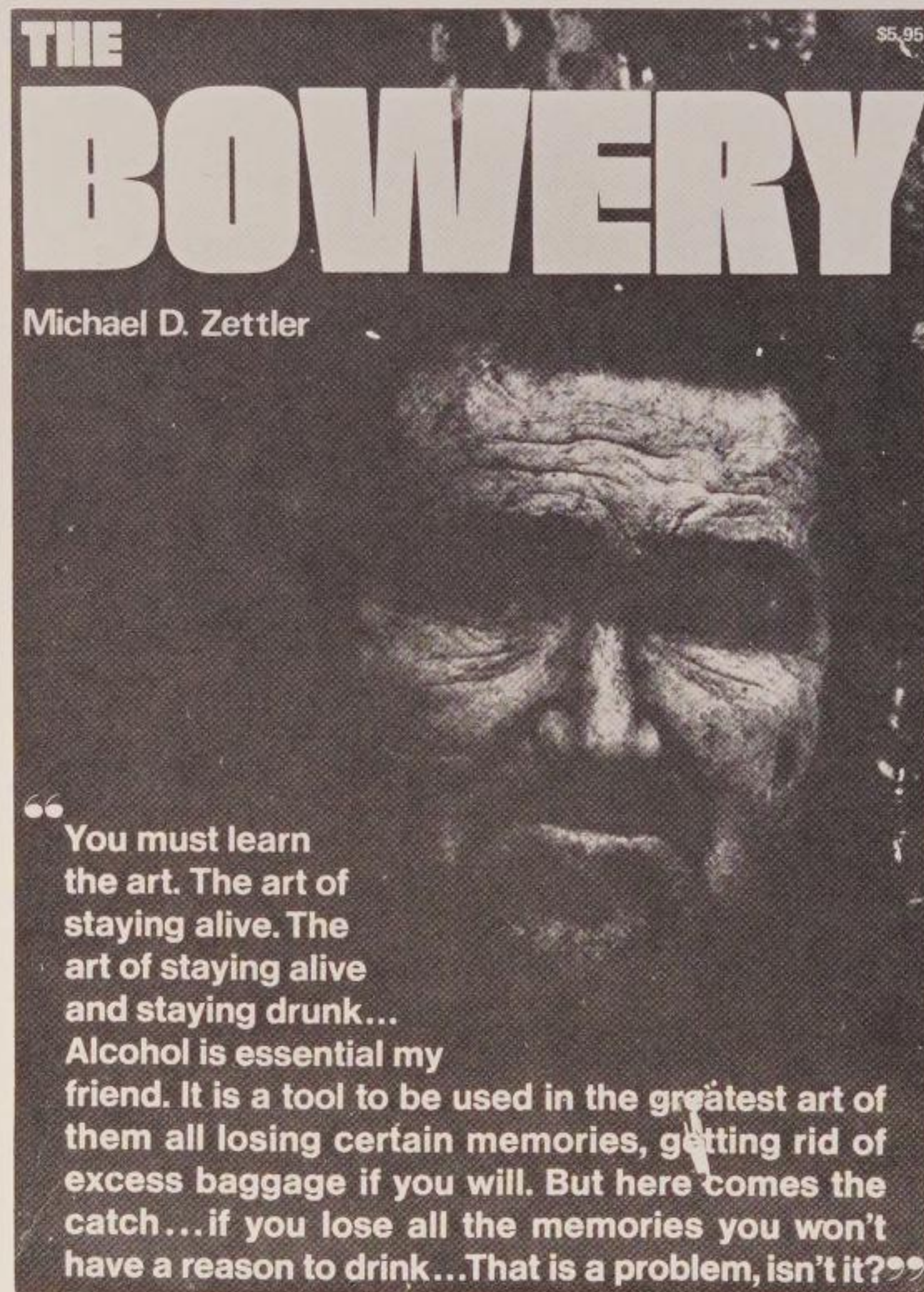
19. Layout from *Modern Photography*, July, 1980. The top photo is the cover of the Diane Arbus monograph published by Aperture in 1972. (Photo captioned *Identical Twins, Roselle, N.J., 1967.*) Bottom photo *Arbus Twins Revisited* taken by Don Lokuta, 1979.



see p. 77



20. Cover of Michael D. Zettler's *The Bowery*, Drake Publishers, New York-London, 1975.



see footnote no. 23



1.

The Bowery, in New York, is an archetypal skid row. It has been much photographed, in works veering between outraged moral sensitivity and sheer slumming spectacle. Why is the Bowery so magnetic to documentarians? It is no longer possible to evoke the camouflaging impulses to “help” drunks and down-and-outers or “expose” their dangerous existence.

How can we deal with documentary photography itself as photographic practice? What remains of it? We must begin with it as a historical phenomenon, a practice with a past. Documentary photography<sup>1</sup> has come to represent the social conscience of liberal sensibility presented in visual imagery (though its roots are somewhat more diverse and include the “artless” control motives of police record keeping and surveillance). Photo documentary as a public genre had its moment in the ideological climate of developing state liberalism and the attendant reform movements of the early-twentieth-century Progressive Era in the United States and withered along with the New Deal consensus some time after the Second World War. Documentary, with its original muckraking associations, preceded the myth

of journalistic objectivity and was partly strangled by it. We can reconstruct a past for documentary within which photographs of the Bowery might have been part of the aggressive insistence on the tangible reality of generalized poverty and despair — of enforced social marginality and finally outright social uselessness. An insistence, further, that the ordered world of business-as-usual take account of that reality behind those images newly seen, a reality newly elevated into consideration simply by *being photographed* and thus exemplified and made concrete.

In *The Making of an American*, Jacob Riis wrote:

*We used to go in the small hours of the morning to the worst tenements . . . and the sights I saw there gripped my heart until I felt that I must tell of them, or burst, or turn anarchist, or something . . . I wrote, but it seemed to make no impression. One morning, scanning my newspaper at the breakfast table, I put it down with an outcry that startled my wife, sitting opposite. There it was, the thing I had been looking for all those years. A four-line*



*despatch from somewhere in Germany, if I remember right, had it all. A way had been discovered, it ran, to take pictures by flashlight. The darkest corner might be photographed that way.*<sup>2</sup>

In contrast to the pure sensationalism of much of the journalistic attention to working-class, immigrant, and slum life, the meliorism of Riis and others involved in social-work propagandizing argued, through the presentation of images combined with other forms of discourse, for the rectification of wrongs. It did not perceive those wrongs as fundamental to the social system that tolerated them — the assumption that they were tolerated rather than *bred* marks the basic fallacy of social work. Reformers like Riis and Margaret Sanger<sup>3</sup> were strongly motivated by the worry that the ravages of poverty — crime, immorality, prostitution, disease, radicalism — would threaten the health and security of polite society as well as by sympathy for the poor, and their appeals were often meant to awaken the self-interest of the privileged. The notion of *charity* fiercely argued for far outweighs any call for self-help. Charity is an argument for the preservation of wealth, and reformist documentary (like the appeal for free and compulsory public education) represented an argument within a class about the need to give a little in order to mollify the dangerous classes below, an argument embedded in a matrix of Christian ethics.

Documentary photography has been much more comfortable in the company of moralism than wedded to a rhetoric or program of revolutionary politics. Even the bulk of work of the (Workers') Film and Photo League<sup>4</sup> of the Depression Thirties in the States shared in the muted rhetoric of the popular front. Yet the force of documentary surely derives in part from the fact that the images might be more decisively unsettling than the arguments enveloping them. Arguments for reform — threatening to the social order as they might seem to the unconvinced — must have come as a relief from the *potential* arguments embedded in the images: With the manifold possibilities for radical demands that photos of poverty and degradation suggest, any coherent argument for reform is ultimately both polite and negotiable. Odious, perhaps, but manageable; it is, after all, *discourse*. As such, these arguments were surrounded and institutionalized into the very structures of

government; the newly created institutions, however, began to prove their inadequacy — even to their own limited purpose — almost as soon as they were erected.

## 2.

Let us consider the Bowery again, the site of victim photography in which the victims, insofar as they are now victims of the camera — that is, of the photographer — are often docile, whether through mental confusion or because they are just lying there, unconscious. (But if you should show up before they are sufficiently distracted by drink, you are likely to be met with hostility, for the men on the Bowery are not particularly interested in immortality and stardom, and they've had plenty of experience with the Nikon set.) Especially now, the meaning of all such work, past and present, has changed: the liberal New Deal state has been dismantled piece by piece. The War on Poverty has been called off. Utopia has been abandoned, and liberalism itself has been deserted. Its vision of moral idealism spurring general social concern has been replaced with a mean-minded Spencerian sociobiology that suggests, among other things, that the poor may be poor through lack of merit (read Harvard's Richard Herrnstein as well as, of course, between Milton Friedman's lines<sup>5</sup>). There is as yet no organized national Left, only a Right. There is not even drunkenness, only "substance abuse," — a problem for bureaucratic management. The exposé, the compassion and outrage of documentary fueled by the dedication to reform has shaded over into combinations of exoticism, tourism, voyeurism, psychologism and metaphysics, trophy hunting — and careerism.

Yet documentary still exists, still functions socially in one way or another. Liberalism may have been routed, but its cultural expressions still survive. This mainstream documentary has achieved legitimacy and has a decidedly ritualistic character. It begins in glossy magazines and books, occasionally in newspapers, and becomes more expensive as it moves into art galleries and museums. The liberal documentary assuages any stirrings of conscience in its viewers the way scratching relieves an itch and simultaneously reassures them about their relative wealth and social position; especially the latter, now that even the veneer of social concern has dropped away from the



upwardly mobile and comfortable social sectors. Yet this reminder carries the germ of an inescapable anxiety about the future. It is both flattery and warning (as it always has been). Documentary is a little like horror movies, putting a face on fear and transforming threat into fantasy, into imagery. One can handle imagery by leaving it behind. (*It is them, not us.*) One may even, as a private person, support causes.

Documentary, as we know it, carries (old) information about a group of powerless people to another group addressed as socially powerful. In the set piece of liberal television documentary, Edward R. Murrow's *Harvest of Shame*, broadcast just after Thanksgiving in 1960, Murrow closes with an appeal to the viewers (then a more restricted part of the population than at present) to *write their congressmen* to help the migrant farm workers, whose pathetic, helpless, dispirited victimhood has been amply demonstrated for an hour — not least by the documentary's aggressively probing style of interview, its "higher purpose" notwithstanding — because *these people* can do nothing for themselves. But which political battles have been fought and won by someone for someone else? Luckily, Cesar Chávez was not watching television but rather, throughout that era, was patiently organizing farm workers to fight for themselves. This difference is reflected in the documentaries made by and for the Farm Workers' Organizing Committee (later the United Farm Workers of America, AFL-CIO), such works as *Sí, Se Puede* (*Yes, We Can*) and *Decision at Delano*; not radical works, but *militant* works.

In the liberal documentary, poverty and oppression are almost invariably equated with misfortunes caused by natural disasters: causality is vague, blame is not assigned, fate cannot be overcome. Liberal documentary blames neither the victims nor their willful oppressors — unless they happen to be under the influence of our own global enemy, World Communism. Like photos of children in pleas for donations to international charity organizations, liberal documentary implores us to look in the face of deprivation and to weep (and maybe to send money, if it is to some faraway place where the innocence of childhood poverty does not set off in us the train of thought that begins with denial and ends with "welfare cheat.")

Even in the fading of liberal sentiments one recognizes that it is impolite or dangerous to stare in person, as Diane Arbus knew when she arranged her satisfyingly immobilized imagery as a surrogate for *the real thing*, the real freak show. With the appropriate object to view, one no longer feels obligated to suffer empathy. As Sixties' radical chic has given way to Eighties' pugnacious self-interest, one displays one's toughness in enduring a visual assault without a flinch; in jeering; or in cheering. Beyond the spectacle of families in poverty (where starveling infants and despairing adults give the lie to any imagined hint of freedom and become merely the currently tedious poor), the way seems open for a subtle imputation of pathetic-heroic choice to victims-turned-freaks of the seizing of fate in straitened circumstances. The boringly sociological becomes the excitingly mythological/psychological. On this territory a more or less overt sexualization of the photographic image is accomplished, pointing, perhaps, to the wellspring of identification that may be the source of this particular fascination.<sup>6</sup>

### 3.

It is easy to understand why what has ceased to be news becomes testimonial to the bearer of the news. Documentary testifies, finally, to the bravery or (dare we name it?) the manipulateness and savvy of the photographer, who entered a situation of physical danger, social restrictedness, human decay, or combinations of these and saved us the trouble. Or who, like the astronauts, entertained us by showing us the places we never hope to go. War photography, slum photography, "subculture" or cult photography, photography of the foreign poor, photography of "deviance," photography from the past — W. Eugene Smith, David Douglas Duncan, Larry Burrows, Diane Arbus, Larry Clark, Danny Lyon, Bruce Davidson, Dorothea Lange, Russell Lee, Walker Evans, Robert Capa, Don McCullin, Susan Meiselas, . . . these are merely the most currently luminous of documentarian stars.

W. Eugene Smith and his wife Aileen Mioko Smith spent the early Seventies on a photo-and-text exposé of the human devastation in Minamata, a small Japanese fishing and farming town, caused by the heedless prosperity of the Chisso chemical firm that dumped its mercury-laden effluent into their



waters — including an account of the ultimately successful but violence-ridden attempt of victims to gain redress. When the major court fight was won, the Smiths published a text and many photos in the U.S. magazine *Camera* 35<sup>7</sup>. Smith had sent in a cover photo with a carefully done layout. The editor, Jim Hughes, knowing what sells and what doesn't, ran *a picture of Smith* on the cover and named him "Our Man of the Year", ("Camera 35's first and probably only" one). Inside, Hughes wrote: "The nice thing about Gene Smith is that you know he will keep chasing the truth and trying to nail it down for us in words and pictures. And you know that even if the truth doesn't get better, Gene will. Imagine it!"<sup>8</sup> The Smiths' unequivocal text argues for strong-minded activism. The magazine's framing articles *handle* that directness; they convert *the Smiths* into *Smith*; and they congratulate him warmly, smothering his message with appreciation.

Help preserve the "cultural heritage" of the mudmen in New Guinea, urges the travel editor of the Vancouver *Province* — why should you care?, he asks, and answers, to safeguard the value received for your tourist dollar (Canadians also love Disneyland and Disney World.) He is asking for donations to a cultural center. The "mudmen" formerly made large, grimacing pull-on masks to frighten their opponents in war and now wear them in "adventure" ads for Canadian Club ("We thought we were in a peaceful village until . . ."). The mudmen also appear in the "small room" of Irving Penn's *Worlds in a Small Room*,<sup>9</sup> an effete mimicry of anthropological documentary, not to mention in photos with the Queen. Edward S. Curtis was also interested in preserving someone's cultural heritage and, like other itinerant photographers operating among native North American peoples, he carried a stock of more or less authentic, more or less appropriate (often less, on both counts) clothing and accoutrements with which to deck out his sitters.<sup>10</sup> Here, as with Robert Flaherty a bit later,<sup>11</sup> the heritage was considered sufficiently preserved when captured within the edges of the photographic record and in the ethnographic costume shops then being established in museums of "natural" history. In Curtis' case, the photographic record was sepia-toned and bound in gold-decorated volumes selling for astonishing sums and financed by J. P. Morgan. We

needn't quibble over the status of such historical romances, for the degree of truth in them may (again) be more or less equivalent to that in any well-made ethnographic or travel photo or film. (An early — Forties', perhaps — Kodak movie book<sup>12</sup> tells North American travelers, such as the Rodman C. Pells of San Francisco, pictured in the act of photographing a Tahitian, how to film natives so that they seem unconscious of the camera.) Making such photos heightened patriotic sentiments in the States but precluded any understanding of contemporary native peoples as *experiencing subjects* in impoverished or at least modern circumstances; it even assisted the collective projection of Caucasian guilt and its rationalizations onto the "Indians" for having sunk so and having *betrayed their own heritage*. To be fair, some respect was surely also gained for these people who had formerly been allowed few images other than those of abject defeat; no imagination, no transcendence, no history, no morals, no social institutions, only vice. Yet, on balance, the sentimental pictorialism of Curtis seems repulsively contorted, like the cariogenic creations of Julia Margaret Cameron or the saccharine poems of Longfellow, in comparison with the cooler, more "anthropological" work of Adam Clark Vroman.<sup>13</sup> We can, nevertheless, freely exempt all the photographers, all the filmmakers, as well as all the ethnographers, ancillas to imperialism, from charges of willful complicity with the dispossession of the American native peoples. We can even thank them, as many of the present-day descendents of the photographed people do, for considering their ancestors worthy of photographic attention and thus creating a historical record (the only visual one). We can thank them further for *not* picturing the destitution of the native peoples, for it is difficult to imagine what good it would have done. If this reminds you of Riis and Hine, who first pictured the North American immigrant and native-born poor, the connection is appropriate as far as it goes but diverges just where it is revealed that the romanticism of Curtis furthered the required sentimental mythification of the Indian peoples, by then physically absent from most of the towns and cities of white America. Tradition (traditional racism), which decreed that the Indian was the genius of the continent, had nothing of the kind to say about the immigrant poor, who were both fodder for the Industrial Moloch and a hotbed of infection and corruption.



Or consider a photo book on the teeming masses of India — how different is looking through it from going to an Indian restaurant or wearing an Indian shirt or sari? We consume the world through images, through shopping, through eating . . . .

- *Your world is waiting and Visa is there.*
- *120 countries*
- *2.6 million shops, hotels, restaurants and airlines*
- *70,000 banking offices*
- *For traveling, shopping and cash advances . . .*
- *Visa is the most widely recognized name in the world.*
- *We're keeping up with you.*

This current ad campaign includes photographs taken here and there in the world, some “authentic”, some staged. One photo shows a man and a boy in dark berets on a bicycle on a tree-lined road, with long baguettes of bread tied across the rear of the bike: rural France. But wait — I’ve seen this photo before, years ago. It turns out that it was done by Elliot Erwitt for the Doyle Dane Bernbach ad agency on a job for the French office of tourism in the Fifties. Erwitt received \$1,500 for the photo, which he staged using his driver and the man’s nephew: “The man pedaled back and forth nearly 30 times till Erwitt achieved the ideal composition . . . . Even in such a carefully produced image, Erwitt’s gift for documentary photography is evident,” startlingly avers Erla Zwingle<sup>14</sup> in the column “Inside Advertising” in the December, 1979, issue of *American Photographer* — which also has articles, among others, on Bill Owens’ at “best” ambivalent photos of mid-American suburbs, leisure activities, and work (“sympathetic and honest, revealing the contentment of the American middle class” — Amy M. Schiffman), on a show of the Magnum news-photo agency photos in a Tokyo department store (“soon after the opening [Magnum president Burk] Uzzle flew off to hunt down refugees in Thailand while Glinn remained in Japan, garnering much yen from assignments for the likes of IBM, Seagram, and Goldman Sachs” — “E.F.”), on Geoff Winningham’s photos of Texas high-school football (“Inevitably one can compare him with the legendary Robert Frank, but the difference . . . is that . . . Winningham

clearly loves the craziness [more on craziness later] he dwells upon” — Schiffman), on Larry Clark’s photos of Tulsa speed freaks (“A beautiful, secret world, much of it sordid” and “although there is plenty of sex, death, violence, anxiety, boredom . . . there is no polemic apparent . . . so it doesn’t really matter whether or not we can trust these photos as documents; to see them as photographs, no more and no less, is enough” — Owen Edwards). There is a Washington column by James Cassell complaining that “the administration frowns upon inspired photojournalism” and a page on a Gamma photographer named David Burnett who arrived in Santiago de Chile a few days after the brutal putsch in 1973. On a government tour of the infamous stadium where people were detained and shot, he and other photographers “noticed a fresh batch of prisoners.” Burnett says, “The Chileans had heard many stories about people being shot or disappearing [in a war does one learn of death from hearing stories?] and they were terribly frightened. The haunting gaze of one man in particular, whose figure was framed by two armed soldiers, . . . caught my eye. The picture has always stayed with me,” he concludes. We see a contact sheet and that image enlarged. The article, by Yvette E. Benedek, continues: “Like most agency photographers, Burnett must shoot both color and black and white to satisfy many publications in different countries, so he often works with three Nikons and a Leica. His coverage of the coup . . . won the Overseas Press Club’s Robert Capa Award . . . . ‘for exceptional courage and enterprise . . . .’ ”

What happened to the man (actually, men) in the photo? The question is inappropriate when the subject is photographs. And photographers. The subject of the article is the photographer. The name of the magazine is *American Photographer*. In 1978 there was a small news story on a historical curiosity: the real-live person who was photographed by Dorothea Lange in 1936 in what became *the world’s most reproduced photograph*. Florence Thompson, 75 in 1978, a Cherokee living in a trailer in Modesto, was quoted by the Associated Press as saying, “That’s my picture hanging all over the world, and I can’t get a penny out of it.” She said that she is proud to be its subject but asked “What good’s it doing me?”; she has tried unsuccessfully to get the photo suppressed. About it, Roy Stryker, genius of



the photo section of the Farm Security Administration, for which Lange was working, said in 1972: “When Dorothea took that picture, that was the ultimate. She never surpassed it. To me, it was *the* picture of Farm Security . . . . So many times I’ve asked myself what is she thinking? She has all of the suffering of mankind in her but all of the perseverance too . . . . You can see anything you want to in her. She is immortal.”<sup>15</sup> In 1979, a United Press International story about Mrs. Thompson said she gets \$331.60 a month from Social Security and \$44.40 for medical expenses. She is of interest solely because she is an incongruity, a photograph that has aged; of interest solely because she is a postscript to an acknowledged work of art. Mr. Burnett’s Chilean photograph will probably not reach such prominence (I’ve never seen it before, myself) and we will not discover what happened to the people in it, not even forty-two years later.

A good, reasonably principled photographer I know, who works for an occupational-health-and-safety group and cares about how his images are understood, was annoyed by the articles about Florence Thompson. He thought they were cheap, that the photo *Migrant Mother*, with its obvious symbolic dimension, stands over and apart from her, is *not-her*, has an independent life history. (Are photographic images, then, like civilization, made on the backs of the exploited?) I mention to him that in the book *In This Proud Land*,<sup>16</sup> Lange’s field notes are quoted as saying, “She thought that my pictures might help her, and so she helped me.” My friend the labor photographer responds that the photo’s publication caused local officials to fix up the migrant camp, so that although Mrs. Thompson didn’t benefit directly, others like her did. I think she had a different idea of their bargain . . . .

I think I recognize in his response the well-entrenched paradigm in which a documentary image has two moments: 1. the “immediate,” instrumental one, in which an image is caught or created out of the stream of the present and held up as testimony, as evidence in the most legalistic of senses, arguing for or against a social practice and its ideological-theoretical supports, and 2. the conventional “aesthetic-historical” moment, less definable in its boundaries, in which the viewer’s argumentativeness cedes to

the organismic pleasure afforded by the aesthetic “rightness” or well-formedness (not necessarily formal) of the image. This second moment is *ahistorical* in its refusal of *specific* historical meaning yet “history-minded” in its very awareness of the pastness of the time in which the image was made. This covert *appreciation* of images is dangerous insofar as it accepts *not* a dialectical relation between political and formal meaning, not their interpenetration, but a hazier, more reified relation, one in which topicality drops away as epochs fade, and the aesthetic aspect is, if anything, enhanced by the loss of specific reference (although there remains, perhaps, a cushioning backdrop of vague social sentiments limiting the “mysteriousness” of the image). I would argue against the possibility of a nonideological aesthetic; any response to an image is inevitably rooted in social knowledge — specifically, in social understanding of cultural products. (And from her published remarks one must suppose that when Lange took her pictures she was after just such an understanding of them, although by now the cultural appropriation of the work has long since removed it from this perspective.)

A problem with trying to make such a notion workable within actual photographic practice is that it seems to ignore the mutability of ideas of aesthetic rightness. That is, it seems to ignore the fact that historical interests, not transcendental verities, govern whether any particular form is seen as adequately revealing its meaning — and that you cannot second-guess history. This mutability accounts for the incorporation into legitimate photo history of the work of Jacob Riis alongside that of the incomparably more classical Lewis Hine, of Weegee (Arthur Fellig) alongside Danny Lyon. It seems clear that those who, like Lange and the labor photographer, identify a powerfully conveyed meaning with a primary sensuousness are pushing against the gigantic ideological weight of classical beauty, which presses on us the understanding that in the search for transcendental form, the world is merely the stepping-off point into aesthetic eternity.

The present cultural reflex of wrenching all art works out of their contexts makes it difficult to come to terms with this issue, especially without seeming to devalue such people as Lange and the labor photographer, and



their work. I think I understand, from the inside, photographers' involvement with *the work itself*, with its supposed autonomy that really signifies its belongingness to their own body of work and to the world of photographs.<sup>17</sup> But I also become impatient with this perhaps-enforced protectiveness, which draws even the best-intentioned of us nearer and nearer to exploitiveness.

The Sunday *New York Times Magazine*, bellwether of fashionable ideological conceits, recently excoriated the American documentary milestone *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* (written by James Agee and photographed by Walker Evans, in July and August of 1936, in Hale County, Alabama, on assignment from *Fortune* magazine but not published until 1941.<sup>18</sup> The critique is the same as that suggested in germ by the Florence Thompson news item. We should savor the irony of arguing before the ascendent class fractions represented by the readership of the Sunday *New York Times*<sup>19</sup> for the protection of the sensibilities of those marginalized sharecroppers and children of sharecroppers of forty years ago. The irony is greatly heightened by the fact that (as with the Thompson story) the "protection" takes the form of a *new* documentary, a "rephotographic project," a reconsignment of the marginal and pathetic to marginality and pathos, accompanied by a stripping away of the false names given them by Agee and Evans — Gudger, Fields, Burroughs — to reveal their real names and "life stories." This new work manages to institute a new genre of victimhood — the victimization by *someone else's* camera of helpless persons who then hold still long enough for the indignation of the new writer to capture them, in words and images both, in their *current* state of decrepitude. The new photos appear alongside the old, which provide a historical dimension, representing the moment in past time in which these people were first dragged into history. As readers of the Sunday *Times* what do we discover? That the poor are ashamed of having been *exposed* as poor, that the photos have been the source of festering shame. That the poor remain poorer than we are, for although *they* see their own rise in fortunes, their escape from desperate poverty, we *Times* readers understand that our relative distance has not been abridged; we are still doing much better than they. Is it then difficult to imagine these vicarious protectors of the privacy

of the "Gudgers" and "Burroughs" and "Fields" turning comfortably to the photographic work of Diane Arbus?<sup>20</sup>

The credibility of the image as the explicit trace of the comprehensible in the living world has been whittled away for both "left" and "right" reasons. An analysis which reveals social institutions as serving one class by legitimating and enforcing its domination while hiding behind the false mantle of even-handed universality, necessitates an attack on the monolithic cultural myth of objectivity (transparency, unmediatedness), which implicates not only photography but all journalistic and reportorial objectivity used by mainstream media to claim ownership of all truth. But the right, in contradistinction, has found the attack on credibility or "truth value" useful to its own ends. Seeing people as fundamentally unequal and regarding elites as natural occurrences, composed of those best fitted to understand truth and to experience pleasure and beauty in "elevated" rather than "debased" objects (and regarding it as social suicide to monkey with this natural order), the right wishes to seize a segment of photographic practice, securing the primacy of authorship, and isolate it within the gallery-museum-art-market nexus, effectively differentiating elite understanding and its objects from common understanding. The result (which stands on the bedrock of financial gain) has been a general movement of legitimated photography discourse *to the right* — a trajectory that involves the aestheticization (consequently, formalization) of meaning and the denial of content, the denial of the existence of the political dimension. Thus, instead of the dialectical understanding of the relation between images and the living world that I referred to earlier — in particular, of the relation between images and ideology — the relation has simply been severed in thought.

The line that documentary has taken under the tutelage of John Szarkowski at New York's Museum of Modern Art — a powerful man in a powerful position — is exemplified by the career of Gary Winogrand, who aggressively rejects any responsibility (*culpability*) for his images and denies any relation between them and shared or public human meaning. Just as Walker Evans is the appropriate person within the history of street



photography to compare with Lee Friedlander, the appropriate comparison for Winogrand is Robert Frank (who is compared with almost everyone), whose purloined images of American life in the Fifties suggest, however, all the passionate judgments that Winogrand disclaims. Images can yield any narrative, Winogrand says, and all meaning in photography applies only to what resides within the “four walls” of the framing edges. What can, in Frank’s work, be identified as a personally mediated presentation has become, in Szarkowski’s three “new documentarians”, Winogrand,<sup>21</sup> Arbus, and Friedlander, a privatized will o’ the wisp:

*Most of those who were called documentary photographers a generation ago . . . made their pictures in the service of a social cause. . . . to show what was wrong with the world, and to persuade their fellows to take action and make it right. . . . a new generation of photographers has directed the documentary approach toward more personal ends. Their aim has not been to reform life, but to know it. Their work betrays a sympathy — almost an affection — for the imperfections and frailties of society. They like the real world, in spite of its terrors, as the source of all wonder and fascination and value — no less precious for being irrational . . . . What they hold in common is the belief that the commonplace is really worth looking at, and the courage to look at it with a minimum of theorizing.*<sup>22</sup>

Szarkowski wrote that introduction to the *New Documents* show in 1967, in an America already several years into the “terrors” and disruptions of the Vietnam War. He makes a poor argument for the value of disengagement from a “social cause” and in favor of a connoisseurship of the tawdry. How, for example, do we define the boundaries and extent of “the world” from looking at these photographers’ images, and how can we be said to “know it?” The global claim he makes for their work serves to point out the limits of its actual scope. At what elevated vantage point must we stand to regard society as having “frailties” and “imperfections”? High enough to see it as a circus before our eyes, a commodity to be “experienced” the way a recent vodka ad entices us to “experience the nineteenth century” by having a drink. In comparison with nightmarish photos from Vietnam and the United States’ Dominican adventure, the

work of Friedlander, Winogrand, and Arbus might be taken as evidencing a “sympathy” for the “real world.” Arbus had not yet killed herself, though even that act proved to be recuperable by Szarkowski’s ideological position. In fact, the forebears of Szarkowski’s are not those “who made their pictures in the service of a social cause” but bohemian photographers like Brassai and the early Kertész and Cartier-Bresson. But rather than the sympathy and almost-affection that Szarkowski claimed to find in the work, I see impotent rage masquerading as varyingly invested snoop sociology — fascination and affection are far from identical. A dozen years later, aloofness has given way to a more generalized nihilism.

In the San Francisco Sunday paper for November 11, 1979, one finds Jerry Nachman, news director of the local headline-and-ad station, saying:

*In the Sixties and Seventies all-news radio had its place in people’s lives: What was happening in Vietnam? Did the world blow up last night? Who’s demonstrating where? . . . Now we’re on the cusp of the Eighties and things are different. To meet these changes KCBS must deliver what’s critical in life in a way that’s packaged even perversely. . . . There’s a certain craziness that goes on in the world and we want people to understand that we can chronicle it for them.*

Nachman also remarks, “Our broadcasters tell people what they saw out there in the wilderness today.” The wilderness is the world, and it inspires in us, according to this view, both anxiety and perverse fascination, two varieties of response to a spectacle.

#### 4.

Imperialism breeds an imperialist sensibility in all phases of cultural life. A safari of images. Drunken bums retain a look of threat to the person. (Not, perhaps, as well as foreign prisoners . . .) They are a drastic instance of a male society, the lumberjacks or prospectors of the cities, the men who (seem to) choose not to stay within the polite bourgeois world *of* (does “of” mean “made up of” or “run by” or “shaped by” or “fit for”?) *women and children*. They are each and every one an unmistakably



identifiable instance of a physically coded social reality. The cynicism they may provoke in observers is far different from the cynicism evoked by images of the glitter world, which may end in a politically directed anger. *Directed toward change.* Bums are an “end game” in a “personal tragedy” sort of chance. They may be a surreptitious metaphor for the “lower class” but they are not to be confused with a social understanding of the “working class.” Bums are, perhaps, to be finally judged as *vile*, people who deserve a kick for their miserable *choice*. The buried text of photographs of drunks<sup>23</sup> is not a treatise on political economy, on the manipulation of the unemployment rate to control inflation and keep profits up and labor’s demands down, on the contradictory pressures on the institution of the family under capitalism, on the appeal of consciousness-eradicating drugs for people who have little reason to believe in themselves.

## 5.

*The Bowery in two inadequate descriptive systems* is a work of refusal. It is not defiant antihumanism. It is meant as an act of criticism; the text you are reading now runs on the parallel track of another descriptive system. There are no stolen images in this book; what could you learn from them that you didn’t already know? If impoverishment is a subject here, it is more centrally the impoverishment of representational strategies tottering about alone than that of a mode of surviving. The photographs are powerless to *deal with* the reality that is yet totally comprehended-in-advance by ideology, and they are as diversionary as the word formations — which at least are closer to being located within the culture of drunkenness rather than being framed on it from without.

There is a poetics of drunkenness here, a poetry-out-of-prison. Adjectives and nouns build into metaphoric systems — food imagery, nautical imagery, the imagery of industrial processes, of militarism, derisive comparisons with animal life, foreignisms, archaisms, and references to still other universes of discourse — applied to a particular state of being, a subculture of sorts, and to the people in it.

The words begin outside the world of skid row and slide into it, as people are thought to slide into alcoholism and skid to the bottom of the row. The text ends twice, comprising two series: First the adjectives, beginning with playful metaphor to describe the early, widely acceptable stages of intoxication and moving toward the baldness of stupor and death. A second series begins, of nouns belonging firmly to the Bowery and not shared with the world outside. Occasionally the texts address the photographs directly; more often, if there is a connection, it is the simultaneous darkening of mood as the two systems run along concurrently.

The photos represent a walk down the Bowery seen as arena and living space, as a commercial district in which, after business hours, the derelict residents inhabit the small portal spaces between shop and street. The shops range from decrepitude splendor, from the shabbiest of ancient restaurant supply houses or even mere storage spaces to astonishing crystal grottoes whose rapt cherubim entwined in incandescent fixtures and whose translucent swans in fountains of fiber-optic tubes relentlessly dripping oil blobs into dishes radiate into the street. Above the street, the now-infrequent flop houses and their successors the occasional, unseen living lofts (numbers 98 and 110, for example) vary from mean raw space to constructed tropical paradises, indoor boweries whose residents must still step over the sleeping bums in the doorway and so are not usually the type who think of having kids. None of this matters to the street, none of it changes the quality of the pavement, the shelter or lack of it offered by the doorways, many of which are spanned by inhospitable but visually discreet rows of iron teeth — meant to discourage sleep but generally serving only as peas under the mattress of a rolled-up jacket. While the new professional-managerial urban gentry devour discarded manufacturies and vomit up architected suburbiana in their place, the Bowery is (so far) still what it has been for fifty years and more. Bottles, and occasionally shoes, never flowers, are strewn on the Bowery, despite its name still describing its country past.

The photos here are radical metonymy, with a setting implying the condition itself. I will not yield the material setting, though certainly it explains nothing. The photographs confront the shops squarely, and they supply



familiar urban reports. *They are not reality newly viewed.* They are not reports from a frontier<sup>24</sup>, messages from a voyage of discovery or self-discovery. There is nothing new attempted in a photographic style that was constructed in the Thirties when the message itself was newly understood, differently embedded. I am quoting words and images both.

6.

Sure, images that are meant to make an argument about social relations can “work”. But the documentary that has so far been granted cultural legitimacy has no such argument to make. Its arguments have been twisted into generalizations about the condition of “man,” which is by definition not susceptible to change through struggle. And the higher the price that the photography can command as a commodity in dealerships, the higher the status accorded to it in museums and galleries, the greater will be the gap between that kind of documentary and another kind, a documentary incorporated into an explicit analysis of society and at least the beginning of a program for changing it. The liberal documentary, in which members of the ascendant classes are implored to have pity on and to rescue members of the oppressed, now belongs to the past. The Jacquelines of the world, including Jacqueline, dance on its grave in upholstered mausoleums like the home of “Concerned Photography,” Cornell Capa’s International Center for Photography, at its ritzy New York address.<sup>25</sup> The documentary of the present, the petted darling of the monied, a shiver-provoking, slyly decadent, lip-smacking appreciation of alien vitality or a fragmented vision of psychological alienation in city and town, coexists with the germ of another documentary — a financially unloved but growing body of documentary works committed to the exposure of specific abuses caused by people’s jobs, by the financier’s growing hegemony over the cities, by racism, sexism, and class oppression, works about militancy, about self-organization, or works meant to support them. Perhaps a radical documentary can be brought into existence. But the common acceptance of the idea that documentary precedes, supplants, transcends, or cures full, substantive social activism is an indicator that we do not yet have a real documentary.

**“I cannot say, I can only repeat”  
(a note on quotes and quoting)**

These photos, you think, might as well be quotations. They aren’t, but let’s let that go for now; they are purposely situated within a certain photographic tradition and so can be said loosely to quote that tradition, if not specific images, a specific photographer. Quotation, often as collage, threads through twentieth-century art (and literature) fugally entwined with the countertheme of “originality”. In quotation the relation of quoter to quote, and to its source, is not open-and-shut. Quoting allows for a separation between quoter and quotation that calls attention to expression as garment and invites judgment of its cut....Or, conversely, it holds out a seamless cloak of univocal authoritativeness for citers to hide behind. Although there is nothing unprejudiced about any representation, in the modern era, attempts at a necessarily false objectivity in relation to meaning have periodically been made, whether in art, as in the German *Neue Sachlichkeit* (New Objectivity), or in journalism, United States style. Photography, dressed as science, has eased the path of this feigned innocence, for only photography might be taken as directly impressed by, literally formed by, its source.

Quotation has mediation as its essence, if not its primary concern, and any claims for objectivity are made in relation to representations of representations, not representations of truth. But beyond the all-too-possible reductive-formalist or academic closure, in its straining of the relation between meaning and utterance, quotation can be understood as confessional, betraying an anxiety about meaning in the face of the living world, a faltered confidence in straightforward expression. At its least noble it is the skewering of the romantic consciousness on the reflexive realization of the impossibility of interpretational adequacy and its consequent withdrawal into a paranoid pout. Pointing to the existence of a received system of meaning, a defining practice, quotation can reveal the thoroughly social nature of our lives. (Whether it is seen to be conspiratorial or otherwise systemic turns out not to be only characterological in origin; it is also the knot of the problem of ideological mediation.) In



a society simultaneously undergoing fragmentation and reorganization into a new, oppressive totality in which ideological controls may play a decisive role, quotation's immanent self-consciousness about the avenues of ideological legitimation — those of the State and its dominating class and culture — or, more weakly, about routes of commercial utterance, can accomplish the simple but incessantly necessary act of making the normal strange, the invisible an object of scrutiny, the trivial a measure of social life. In its seeming parasitism, quotation refuses the role of the socially integrated, therefore complicit, *creativity*.

In this role, quotation is alienated sensibility. At certain historical junctures, quotation allows a *defeat* of alienation, as asserted reconnection with obscured traditions. Yet the elevation of an unknown or disused past emphasizes a rupture with the immediate past, a revolutionary break in the supposed stream of history, intended to destroy the credibility of the reigning historical accounts in favor of the point of view of history's designated losers. The homage of quotation is capable of signalling not self-effacement but rather a strengthening or consolidating resolve. Thus, for feminists in the past decade the resuscitation of a great body of works in all fields accompanied energetic new production.

But, in general, it is through irony that quotation gains its critical force. One speaks with two voices, establishing a kind of triangulation — (the source of) the quotation is placed *here*, the quoter over *there*, and the hearer/spectator *there* — and, by inflection, one saps the authority of the quote. Irony, however, is not universally accessible, for the audience must *know* enough to recognize it.

In the Pop era, quotation represented a two-faced literalism: a re-tying of connections to a social life beyond artistic expression that nevertheless offered a final refuge in formalism with a newly assimilated imagery (we might note that, with very different justifications, some feminist quotation, of styles extricated from their historically extinguished moment, has ended up precisely there as well). In the United States (though not, I suppose, in England), the direction of Pop's quotational irony was so faintly inscribed

(and so often denied) as to offer to the public at large the sense of monumentalized approbation of the banal commercial commodity, that is of its form, without *critique* — except possibly a critique of *execrable taste*...or, inversely, its exultant acceptance (a version of the romantic pout). With quotation, as with photography, meaning comes largely from the frame. Simply introducing something where it has been excluded — mass-culture imagery in an elite-culture setting or photos of the unphotographed poor such as those I considered earlier — can be a radical opener, until familiarity dissipates the shock. Quotes, like photos, float loose from their framing discourses, are absorbed into the embracing matrix of affirmative culture (see Marcuse on this and on repressive tolerance). The irony of Pop quotation, which hardly allowed for even the sustained moral indignation that photos of the poor conceivably might, lasted a mere instant, for not only was no coherent critical framework provided for Pop, even partial attempts were consistently refused by its critics and artists. And it is even easier to admire designs from the graphic commercial lexicon than a photo of some poor victim somewhere, no matter how familiar it has become and no matter how rich the narrative or symbolic import you have managed to invest it with — though in time the human content of the former photo of protest likely will raise it above high-art quotation of mass-cultural detritus.

The cachet of brand worship legitimized by Pop has percolated upward so that the beautifuls may now wear designers' signatures (at least for the moment) and then percolated back down as the massification industries merchandise a reachable version of high-class culture (as clothing: surface-as-self) to those below. The irony of Pop's quotational gambits certainly has evaporated. Yet quotation is still used by artists to give form to irony. "So hard to do anything original any more" betrays the dilemma of avant-garde sentiment at a time when the avant-garde is absent and may be structurally impossible. In another of a long string of ironic(?) refusals of virtuosity and "sensitivity", painters have recently adopted a reduced brutish figuration (seemingly chosen from the lexicon of those drastically damaged mentally) whose nihilism strikes not at any society in particular but at "civilization" — a familiar desperate move. A *situational* irony,



external to the work, now exists for photography, whose practitioners search for new looks as the omniverous commodification of photography leads to the conversion of photographs into art-historical material. Photographs quote painting, drawing, conceptual-art diagrams, advertisements, other photographs, generally as a tactic of upward mobility, to embrace the authority of the source and let any notion of *socially* critical practice be damned (the easy apparent choice of Art over Society). There is no irony meant in most of such work (or should I say none received?): This is quotation from (or for) the (aesthetically minded) Right.

In photography, Pop was belated, a move not of the Sixties but of the Seventies, when Pop Art already seemed indistinguishable from advertising. Photographic Pop was a predictable trend of detached documentary (in the weak sense of the term), blending literalism with varying proportions of coziness, cynicism, detachment, and despair. Where, finally, *could* depoliticized documentary have moved? Photography is dumb — it can only re-present the visible (a headache for activists). It cannot show, but can only refer to, social forces and processes; that is obvious. Furthermore, in the United States, poverty and oppression are not the visible sores they once were, during the Depression, for example — except in various nonwhite communities and neighborhoods, rural and urban. (Still, what Reaganism, like Thatcherism, may bring in terms of impoverishment of the white working class may render this argument somewhat obsolete.) For documentarians then to pursue a “third worldist” politics, looking to impoverished nonwhites to provide the spark of social revolution or bring about other radical change (to be distinguished from merely making images of the nonwhite poor) would make it all the more difficult for the overwhelmingly white middle classes, now convinced that in essence nonwhites are their economic rivals, to have more than a contemplative — perhaps a voyeuristic, perhaps an empathic — response to images of a poverty to whose image they have already become quite inured and the remediation of which no longer seems necessary (and may even seem “counterproductive”), whether on moral or patriotic grounds.... Images which they would, in any case, be unlikely to see, since the English-language mass-press picture magazines have

succumbed to the conqueror, television, which caters to the subterranean appetite for gore with color, sound, movement, and drama. No surprise, then, that social documentary has become enervated.

Treating *The Bowery* as a (dual) set of quotations was a strategy of critical framing of a social failure: A failure in that a plausible form of political expression using photographs was finally accorded the veneration of artistic and financial success while the conditions of impoverishment it depicted were allowed to remain essentially the same, changing, if at all, in step with the economics of wartime production, not through any singular power of the photographs. Any materialist could have predicted the failure of a cultural practice that necessitated an Idealist philosophical basis for its theory of social change. If change, however, was not the aim, if knowledge in a movement toward change is not the aim, then the logic of the documentary practice slips inward, into the psyche of the photographer, which I have been at pains to remind you has been the actual historical trajectory of social documentary. *The Bowery* points to what turned out to be an inadequate address to the material even when it was new. Its inadequacy stemmed from a segmented vision that wrenches documentary from the currents of social life and slaps it into books and frames, up on the wall and into artistic and financial portfolios and blots out the partisan nature of a struggle waged with images. The construction of the quoted language in *The Bowery* is a structure knitted into a whole out of single words and metaphoric sets; unlike the photos it does not quote an authored shape, a particular art address. So it is on the photos that my argument about commitment finally rests. Photos of an empty street, a melancholic blend of blurred memories of ancient dreams with imaginings of cities after the neutron bomb, will not do as a final resting place. If photos are to be populated, though, they ought to be made with a clarity that neither sell short the lives of the people shown nor pretend not to notice the built-in meanings of photographic discourses. Eventually the photography of the real has to give up the fear of engagement in favor of the clearest analysis that can be brought.



## Notes

1. In England, where documentary practice (in both film and photography) has had a strong public presence (and where documentary was named, by John Grierson), with well-articulated theoretical ties to social-democratic politics, it is customary to distinguish *social documentary* from documentary *per se* (photos of ballerinas, an English student said contemptuously). The more general term denotes photographic practice having a variety of aesthetic claims but without involvement in exposé. (What is covered over by this blanket definition, such as the inherently racist type of travelogue, with its essentialist rather than materialist theories of cultural development, will have to remain under wraps for now.) Of course, such distinctions exist in documentary practice everywhere, but in the United States, where positions on the political spectrum are usually not named and where photographers and other artists have only rarely and sporadically declared their alignment within social practice, the blurring amounts to a tactic. A sort of popular-front wartime Americanism blended into Cold War withdrawal, and it became socially mandatory for artists to disaffiliate themselves from *Society* (meaning social negativity) in favor of *Art*; in the postwar era one finds documentarians locating themselves, actively or passively, as privatists (Dorothea Lange), aestheticians (Walker Evans, Helen Levitt), scientists (Berenice Abbott), surrealists (Henri Cartier-Bresson), social historians (just about everyone, but especially photo journalists like Alfred Eisenstadt), and just plain "lovers of life" (Arthur Rothstein). The nonsensical designation "concerned photography" latterly appears, signifying the weakest possible idea of (substitute for) social engagement, namely, *compassion*, of whom perhaps the war photographers David Douglas Duncan, Donald McCullin, and W. Eugene Smith provide the best examples. If this were a historical essay, I would have to begin with ideas of truth and their relation to the developments of photography, would have to spell out the origins of photographic instrumentalism, would have to tease apart the strands of "naturalistic," muck-raking, news, socialist, communist, and "objective" photographic practice, would have to distinguish social documentary from our less defined ideas of documentary unqualified. . . .

2. Jacob A. Riis, *The Making of an American* (New York: Harper Torchbooks, 1966; originally published by Macmillan, London and New York, 1901), p. 267.

3. Margaret Sanger, a nurse in turn-of-the-century New York, became a crusader for women's control over reproduction. She founded the American Birth Control League in the Twenties (and much later became the first president of the International Planned Parenthood Federation) and similar leagues in China and Japan. Like many women reformers, she was arrested and prosecuted for her efforts, from disseminating birth-control literature to maintaining a clinic. Many other people, including Jane Addams, founder of Hull House in Chicago, and Lillian Wald, founder of New York's Visiting Nurse Association, might be cited as dedicated reformers in this tradition of middle-class championship of the oppressed, with varying relations to the several strategies of self-help, charity, and the publication of wrongs to awaken a healing empathic response.

4. The buried tradition of "socialist photography," a defined, though no doubt restricted, practice in some parts of Europe and North America in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, is being excavated by Terry Dennett (of Photography Workshop) in England. His research so far suggests that the showing of lantern slides depicting living and working conditions and militant actions were a regular part of the working-class political organizing, and references to "socialist photography" or photographers appeared in the left press in that period, furthermore, the world's first news-photo agency, World's Graphic Press, seems to have had a leftish orientation. In the collection *Photography/Politics: One* (London: Photography Workshop, 1979), a start was made toward a world-wide history of the photo leagues. In relation to left photography, one must mention the illustrated magazines, the most popular of which was the German *Arbeiter Illustrierte Zeitung*, or *AIZ* ("Workers' Illustrated Newspaper"; 1924—1938).

5. For a discussion of the work of Richard Herrnstein, chairman of the psychology department at Harvard University, see Karl W. Deutsch and Thomas B. Edsall, "I.Q.: Measurement of Race and Class?" (in which Herrnstein debates Deutsch and Edsall on some of their objections to his work), *Society*, May/June 1973; both are reprinted in Bertram Silverman and Murray Yanowitz, eds., *The Worker in "Post-Industrial" Capitalism (Liberal and Radical Responses)* (New York: Free Press, 1974). See also Richard Herrnstein's original article, "IQ," in *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1971, pp. 43-64, and Arthur Jensen, "How Much Can We Boost IQ and Scholastic Achievement?," *Harvard Educational Review*, Reprint Series No. 2, 1969, pp. 126-134. See, e.g., Samuel Bowles and Herbert Gintis, "IQ in the U.S. Class Structure," *Social Policy*, November/December, 1972, and January/February, 1973, also reprinted in Silverman and Yanowitz, *op. cit.*, for a critique of the theorizing behind intelligence testing. There have been many critiques of I.Q. — a very readable one is Jeffrey Blum's *Pseudoscience and Mental Ability* (New York: Monthly Review Press, 1977) — and of sociobiology, exposing their ideological foundations and poor scientific grounding — critiques that haven't inhibited either enterprise. Milton Friedman, best known of the extremely conservative "Chicago school" (University of Chicago) anti-Keynesian, "monetarist" economists, has strongly influenced the policies of the Conservative Thatcher government in England and the rightist Begin government in Israel and has advised many reactionary politicians around the world (and "los Chicago boys" laid the foundations for the brutally spartan policies of the Pinochet military regime toward all but the richest Chileans). Implicit in the pivotal conception of economic "freedom" (competition) is that the best will surely rise and the worst will sink to their proper level. That is the only standard of justice. In remarks made while accepting an award from the American Heritage Foundation, Friedman, referring to the success of his public (i.e., government- and corporate-sponsored) television series "Free to Choose," commented that conservatives had managed to alter the climate of opinion such that the series *could* succeed and proclaimed the next task to be the promulgation of "our point of view" in philosophy, music, poetry, drama, and so on. He has also recommended the dismantling of the National Endowments of the arts and the humanities (government funding agencies). We can expect the currency of Friedman's policies and their ideological corollaries to grow as they increasingly inform the policies and practices of the new rightist U.S. government.



6. A remarkable instance of one form that such fascination may take, in this case one that presented itself as militantly chaste (and whose relation to identification I won't take on now), is provided by the lifelong obsession of an English Victorian barrister, Arthur J. Munby, which was the *observation* of women manual laborers and servants. (The souvenir *cartes de visite* of young women mine workers, at the pit head and in studio poses, suggest that some version of Munby's interest was widely shared by members of his class.) Simply seeing them dressed for work rather than watching them work generally sufficed for him, though he often "interviewed" them. Munby was no reformer or ally of feminists, but in opposing protective legislation he considered himself a champion of working-class women, particularly the "robust" ones whose company he much preferred to that of the genteel women of his class, sufferers from the cult of enforced feebleness. After a secret liaison of nineteen years with a maid-of-all-work (a low servant rank), Hannah Cullwick, Munby married her but kept the marriage secret, and although he dressed her as a lady for their journeys, they lived separately and she remained a servant — often waiting on *him*. He also insisted she keep a diary. Munby's great interest in the new field of photography was tarnished by the fact that as in painting most aspirants had no interest in images of labor; he bought whatever images of working women he could find and arranged for others, often escorting women in work dress and sometimes using Hannah as a stand-in. He would dress her in various work costumes for photo sessions, and his diary describes how, pretending no relationship, he savored the sight of the photographer bodily arranging her poses and the degradation it imposed on her. In 1867 he took her to O. J. Rejlander, the famous painter-turned-photographer of (faked) "genre" scenes.

The huge Munby collection at Cambridge, consisting of 600 surviving photos as well as his sketches and private papers running to millions of words, provided the material for Derek Hudson's *A. J. Munby, Man of Two Worlds: The Life and Diaries of Arthur J. Munby, 1828—1910* (London, 1972), and Michael Hiley's lavishly illustrated *Victorian Working Women: Portraits from Life* (London: Gordon Fraser, 1979).

Not in relation to photographic imagery but to the sexualization of class itself that lies behind Munby's scopophilic obsession, we note that in Victorian England, where only working-class women were supposed to have retained any interest in sexuality, gentlemen would cruise working-class neighborhoods to accost and rape young women. (I am profoundly grateful to Stephen Heath not only for calling Munby and his preoccupations to my attention but also for generously sharing his own research with me.)

7. April, 1974. (I thank Allan Sekula for calling this issue to my attention.) The Smiths subsequently published a book whose title page reads *Minamata, Words and Photographs by Eugene Smith and Aileen M. Smith* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1975). I am not arguing for Smith's art-history-quoting, bravura photographic style. Nevertheless, and in spite of the ideological uses to which Smith's (and in this case the Smiths') work has been put in the photo world, the Smiths' work at Minamata evidently was important in rallying support for the struggle throughout Japan.

8. *Camera* 35, April, 1974, p. 3.

9. Irving Penn, *Worlds in a Small Room, by Irving Penn as an Ambulant Studio Photographer* (New York: Grossman, 1974).

10. The work of Edward S. Curtis, incorporating photographs from his monumental work, *The North American Indian*, is now widely available in recent editions, including Ralph Andrews, *Curtis' Western Indians* (Sparks, Nev. [?]: Bonanza Books, 1962), and the far more elevated editions of the 1970s: the very-large-format *Portraits from North American Indian Life* (New York: Outerbridge & Lazard, 1972; small-format paperback edition, New York: A & W Publishers, 1975); an exhibition catalogue for the Philadelphia Museum, *The North American Indians* (Millerton, N.Y.: Aperture, 1972); and *In a Sacred Manner We Live* (Barre, Mass.: Barr Publishing, 1972; New York: Weathervane, 1972). One can speculate that it was the interest of the "counterculture" in tribalism in the late Sixties and early Seventies coupled with Native American militancy of the same period that ultimately called forth these classy new editions; posters of some of Curtis' (and others') portraits served as emblems of resistance for radicals, office workers, college students, and dope smokers.

Curtis, who lived in Seattle, photographed Native Americans for several years before J. Pierpont Morgan — to whom Curtis was sent by Teddy Roosevelt — agreed to back his enterprise. (Curtis' "first contact with men of letters and millionaires," in his phrase, had come accidentally: on a mountaineering expedition Curtis aided a stranded party of rich and important men, including the chiefs of the U.S. Biological Survey and the Forestry Department and the editor of *Forest and Stream* magazine, and the encounter led to a series of involvements in governmental and private projects of exploration and the shaping of attitudes about the West.) The Morgan Foundation advanced him fifteen thousand dollars per year for the next five years and then published (between 1907 and 1930) Curtis' resulting texts and photographs in a limited edition of 500 twenty-volume sets, selling for *three thousand dollars* (now worth over \$80,000 and rising). The title page read:

The North American Indian, Being a Series of Volumes Picturing and Describing the Indians of the United States and Alaska, written, illustrated and published by Edward S. Curtis, edited by Frederick Webb Hodge (of the United States Bureau of American Ethnology), foreword by Theodore Roosevelt, field research under the patronage of J. Pierpont Morgan, in twenty volumes.

Fabulously wealthy society people, including Andrew Carnegie, S. R. Guggenheim, Alexander Graham Bell, Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, and the kings of England and Belgium, were among the sets' early subscribers. But according to Curtis, over half the cost of a million and a half dollars was borne by Morgan and his estate.

Curtis dedicated himself completely to his task, and in addition to his photography and notes (and the writing of popular books, two of which became best sellers), he recorded thousands of songs on wax rolls, many of which, along with oral histories, were transcribed and published in his *magnum opus*. Curtis' fictionalized film about the Kwakiutl of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, was originally titled *In the Land of the Head Hunters* (1914) but has recently been released under the title *In the Land of the War Canoes*.

On the subject of costuming, see, for example, Joanna Cohan Scherer, "You Can't Believe Your Eyes: Inaccuracies in Photographs of North American Indians," *Studies in the*



*Anthropology of Visual Communication*, Vol. 2, No. 2 (Fall, 1975), reprinted in *Exposure* (Journal of the Society for Photographic Education), Vol. 16, No. 4 (Winter, 1978).

Curtis' brother, Asahel Curtis, was a commercial photographer and city booster in Seattle, an enthusiast of development, and a book of his distinctly nonpictorialist photographs of life and especially commerce in the Puget Sound area has been assembled and published by David Sucher as *An Asahel Curtis Sampler* (Seattle: Puget Sound Access, 1973). The one brother was integrated into the system of big capital and national government, the other into that of small business and regionalism.

11. Robert Flaherty is well known for his fictionalized ethnographic films, especially the first, *Nanook of the North* (made in 1919-1920, released in 1922). A catalogue of his photographs (formerly ignored) of the Inuit, with several essays and many reproductions, has recently been published by the Vancouver Art Gallery: Robert Flaherty, *Photographer — Filmmaker, The Inuit 1910—1922*, edited by Joanne Birnie Danzker (The Vancouver Art Gallery, 1980).

12. Eastman Kodak Company, *How to Make Good Movies* (Rochester, N.Y., n.d.).

13. Cameron's work can be found in *Victorian Album: Julia Margaret Cameron and Her Circle*, edited by Graham Ovenden (New York: Da Capo Press, 1975), and elsewhere. For Vroman's work, see *Photographer of the Southwest, Adam Clark Vroman, 1856—1916*, edited by Ruth Mahood (Ward Ritchie Press, 1961; reprinted, Sparks, Nev.(?): Bonanza Books, n.d.), or *Dwellers at the Source, Southwestern Indian Photographs of Adam Clark Vroman, 1895—1904*, edited by William Webb and Robert A. Weinstein (New York: Grossman, 1961). It might be noted that Vroman was occasionally quite capable (as were Hine and Smith) of thrusting his work into the mold of the "traditional" Western sentimental iconographic coding of piety, humbleness, simplicity, and the dignity of labor: a photo of a mother and child is titled "Hopi Madonna;" one of a man working is called "Man with a Hoe."

14. Zwingle's story seems to derive almost verbatim from the book *Private Experience, Elliott Erwitt: Personal Insights of a Professional Photographer*, with text by Sean Callahan and the editors of Alskog, Inc. (Los Angeles: Alskog/Petersen, 1974). The strange assertion about Erwitt's gift for documentary follows an interestingly candid quotation from ad agency president Bill Bernbach (as does most of the anecdote): "Elliott was able to grasp the idea quickly and turn it into a documentary photograph. This was tremendously important to us because the whole success of the campaign rested on the believability of the photographs. We were telling people that there was a France outside of Paris, and Elliott made it look authentic" (p. 60, emphasis added). In repeating the book's remark that Erwitt had achieved "the ideal composition" — called in the book "the precise composition" — the focus point marked with a stone, Zwingle has ignored the fact that the two photos — the one shown in *Private Experience* and the one used by Visa — are not quite identical (and the one in the ad is flopped). Questions one might well ask are what does "documentary" mean? (a question that, for example, lay at the heart of an often-cited political furor precipitated when FSA

photographer Arthur Rothstein placed a locally obtained cow skull in various spots in drought-stricken South Dakota to obtain "the best" documentary photograph and, as FDR was traveling through the area months later, the anti-New Deal editor of the *Fargo* (N.D.) *Forum* featured one of the resulting photos (as sent out by the Associated Press, with its own caption) as "an obvious fake," implying that trickery lay at the heart of the New Deal) and how precise is a "precise" or "ideal" composition? As to the relationship between documentary and truth: The bulk of Zwingle's article is about another photo used by Visa, this one of two (Bolivian) "Indian" women that the photographer (not Erwitt) describes as having been taken during a one-day sojourn in Bolivia, without the women's knowledge, and in which "some graffiti. . . a gun and the initials ELN, were retouched out to emphasize the picture's clean graphic style" (p. 94, emphasis added). The same photographer shot a Polynesia ad for Visa in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park using "a Filipino model from San Jose" who "looks more colorful in the picture than she did in real life. She was freezing" (pp. 94-95). The question of documentary in the wholly fabricated universe of advertising is a question that can have no answer.

15. Roy Emerson Stryker and Nancy Wood, *In This Proud Land, America 1935—1943, as Seen in the FSA Photographs* (Greenwich, Conn.: New York Graphic Society, 1973; New York: Galahad Books, 1973), p. 19.

16. *Ibid.*

17. I am not speculating about the "meaning" of photography to Lange but rather speaking quite generally here.

18. Agee and Evans went to Hale County to do an article or a series on a white sharecropper family for Henry Luce's *Fortune* magazine; because Evans was employed by the Historical Section of the Farm Security Administration it was agreed that his negatives would belong to it. When Agee and Evans completed their work (dealing with three families), *Fortune* declined to publish it; it finally achieved publication in book form in 1941. Its many editions have included, with the text, anywhere from 16 to 62 of the many photographs that Evans made. A new, larger and more expensive, paperback edition has recently been published; during Agee's lifetime the book sold about 600 copies.

It hardly needs to be said that in the game of waiting out the moment of critique of some cultural work it is the capitalist system itself (and its financial investors) that is the victor, for in cultural matters the pickings of the historical garbage heap are worth far more than the critical moves of the present, and by being chosen and commodified, by being affirmed, even the most directly critical works in turn, affirm the system they had formerly indicted, which in its most liberal epochs parades them through the streets as proof of its open-mindedness. In this case, of course, the work did not even see publication until its moment had ended.

19. Howell Raines, "Let Us Now Praise Famous Folk," *New York Times Magazine* (May 25, 1980), pp. 31-46. (I thank Jim Pomeroy for calling this article to my attention and giving



me a copy of this issue.) Raines is the chief of the *Times*' Atlanta bureau. The article seems to take for granted the uselessness of Agee's and Evans' efforts and in effect convicts them of the ultimately tactless sin of prying. To appreciate the shaping effects of one's anticipated audience, compare the simple "human interest" treatment of Allie Mae Fields ("Woods") Burroughs ("Gudger") Moore in Scott Osborne, "A Walker Evans Heroine Remembers," *American Photographer* (September, 1979), pp. 70-73, which stands between the two negative treatments: the *Times*' and the sensationalist news-wire stories about Florence Thompson (including ones with such headlines as "'Migrant Mother' doubtful, she doesn't think today's women match her," (*Toronto Star* Nov. 12, 1979). Mrs. Moore (she married a man named Moore after Floyd Burroughs' death), too, lived in a trailer, on Social Security (the article says \$131 a month — surely it is \$331.60, like Mrs. Thompson), plus Medicare. But unlike Thompson and Mrs. Moore's relatives as described by Raines, she "is not bitter". Osborne ends his article thus: "Allie May Burroughs Moore has endured. . . She has survived Evans [she died, however, before the article appeared], whose perception produced a portrait of Allie May Burroughs Moore that now hangs on permanent display in the Museum of Modern Art. Now the eyes that had revealed so much in that picture stare fixedly at the violet rim along the horizon. 'No, I wouldn't change my life none,' she says." According to Raines, *that picture* is the most sought-after of all Evans' Alabama photos, and one printed by Evans would sell for about \$4,000. Predictably, in Osborne's story Mrs. Moore, contemplating the photo, accepts its justice, while Raines has Mrs. Moore's daughter, after her mother's death, bitterly saying how much her mother had hated it and how much unlike her it looked.

20. In the same vein, but in miniature, and without the ramified outrage but with the same joke on the photographed persons — that they allowed themselves to be twice burned — *Modern Photography* (July, 1980) ran a small item on its "What's What" pages entitled "Arbus Twins Revisited." A New Jersey photographer found the twins, New Jersey residents, and convinced the non-reluctant young women to pose for him, 13 years after Arbus' photo of 1967. There is a mild craze for "rephotographing" sites and people previously seen in widely published photos; photographers have, I suppose, discovered as a profession that time indeed flows rather than just vanishing. *Mod Photo* probably had to take unusual steps to show us Arbus' photo. It is very difficult to obtain permission to reproduce her work — articles must, for example, ordinarily be *read* before permission is granted — her estate is very tightly controlled by her family (and perhaps Szarkowski) and Harry Lunn, a photo dealer with a notorious policy of "enforced scarcity" with respect to the work of "his" photographers (including Arbus and Evans. *Mod Photo*'s staff photographed the cover of the Arbus monograph (published by *Aperture* in 1972), thus quoting a book cover, complete with the words "diane arbus," rather than the original Arbus print. Putting dotted lines around the book-cover image, they set it athwart rather than *in* a black border, while they did put such a border around the twin photo of 1979. The story itself seems to "rescue" Arbus at the expense of the twins, who supposedly with direction "assumed poses. . . remarkably like those in the earlier picture." (I thank Fred Lonidier for sending me a copy of this item.)

21. Although both Frank's and Winogrand's work is "anarchic" in tendency, their anarchism diverges considerably; whereas Frank's work seems to suggest a left anarchism, Winogrand is certainly a right anarchist. Frank's Fifties' photo book *The Americans* seems to imply that one might travel through America and simply *see* its social-psychological meaning, which is apparent everywhere to those alive to looking; Winogrand's work suggests only the apparent inaccessibility of meaning, for the viewer cannot help seeing himself, point of view shifts from person to person within and outside the image, and even the *thought* of social understanding, as opposed to the leering face of the spectacle, is dissipated.

22. John Szarkowski, introduction (wall label) to the New Documents exhibition, February 28 — May 7, 1967. In other words, the photographer as either *faux naïf* or natural man, with the power to point but not to name.

23. Among the many works that have offered images of drunks and bums and down-and-outers, I will cite only Michael Zettler's *The Bowery* (New York: Drake Publishers, 1975), which I first saw only after I completed *The Bowery in two inadequate descriptive systems* but which, with its photographs and blocks of text, supposed quotations from the pictured bums and from observers, can nevertheless be seen as its perfect foil.

24. Such as the photographs of Chilean detainees taken by David Burnett, which I referred to earlier.

25. Where, perhaps to hold the interest of its society patrons, who may love documentary but who also tire of it, there are increasing numbers of fashion-photography exhibitions; as I write this its two shows are of the photos of George Hoyningen-Heuné and of a collection called *Allure*, chosen by Diana Vreeland, the influential former editor of *Vogue* and "special consultant" at the Costume Institute of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, (and coinciding with the publication of her new book with that name), whose philosophy is suggested by her account of the entree to New York's high society, which formerly was family but now is "success": "Now everything is power and money and knowing how to use both. Today, as soon as you see the name Kissinger, you know you're in the right place at the right time" (in Francesca Stanfill, "Living Well Is Still the Best Revenge" *New York Times Magazine*, Dec. 21, 1980 — an article with a shockingly exultant affirmation of wealth and great ostentation, a sign of the new regime in the United States).



The Bowery in Two Inadequate Descriptive Systems, 1974-75  
The Restoration of High Culture in Chile, 1977  
In, Around and Afterthoughts (On Documentary Photography), 1981



## Photo Credits

- p. 60, 1. Photo-Library of the Museum of the City of New York.
- p. 60, 2. George Eastman House, Rochester, N.Y.
- p. 61, 3. *Photography/Politics: One*, Photography Workshop, London.
- p. 61, 4. The Master and Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, England.
- p. 62, 6. Hiram Walker Incorporated, Detroit, Michigan.
- p. 63, 8. Robert and Frances Flaherty Study Center, The School of Theology at Claremont, Claremont, Ca.
- p. 64, 9. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.
- p. 64, 10. Ritchie Ward Press, Orinda, Ca.
- p. 65, 11. Magnum Photography Inc., New York, N.Y.
- p. 66, 13. American Photographer, New York, N.Y.
- p. 66, 14. American Photographer, New York, N.Y.
- p. 67, 15. Associated Press, New York, N.Y.
- p. 68, 16. American Photographer, New York, N.Y.
- p. 68, 17. Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.
- p. 68, 18. American Photographer, New York, N.Y.
- p. 69, 19. Don Lokuta, Union, N.J.
- p. 70, 20. Drake Publishers, New York-London.



Permission to reproduce Irving Penn's photograph *Asaro Mudmen*, *New Guinea*, 1970 was refused by Condé Nast Publications, Inc., in a one-sentence rejection stating: "Unfortunately the material requested by you is unavailable for republication." By phone their representative suggested that it was Penn who had refused the request.

Permission to reproduce a photograph of Ida Ruth Tingle Tidmore, one of Walker Evans' Hale County subjects, taken in 1980 by Susan Woodley Raines and reproduced in conjunction with Howell Raines' article "Let Us Now Revisit Famous Folk" in the Sunday *New York Times Magazine* of May 25, 1980, was refused by Ms. Raines because Ms. Tidmore was suing Mr. Raines over the content of the article. (See note 18.) The photo requested was captioned "Ida Ruth Tingle Tidmore and her husband, Alvin, outside their mobile home, which is adjacent to Alvin's collection of junked automobiles." A small corner inset showed one of Evans' photos from *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* and was captioned "Young Ida Ruth struck this pensive pose for Walker Evans' camera." However, the inset photo is identified in *Walker Evans: Photograph for the Farm Security Administration, 1935-1938* (New York: Da Capo Press, 1973) as Ida Ruth's younger sister Laura Minnie Lee Tingle (*sic*) (LC-USZ62-17931).

A colonial variant. . . . Photo by Allée Dumanoir, in the Sunday *New York Times*' travel section for November 22, 1981, captioned "Riding home with a French loaf at Capesterre on Basse-terre." Basse-Terre is part of Guadeloupe in the French West Indies. Frank J. Prial's accompanying article, "A Francophile's Guadeloupe," avers that despite U.S. tourism, ". . . thank heaven, everything has remained resolutely French, or at least French-Caribbean."

















## THE NOVA SCOTIA SERIES

*Source Materials Of The Contemporary Arts*

**Bernard Leitner**  
**The Architecture of**  
**Ludwig Wittgenstein**  
7 1/2 × 11 inches (illustrated)  
128 pages \$12.00 paper  
22.00 cloth

**Claes Oldenburg**  
**Raw Notes**  
7 1/2 × 11 inches (illustrated)  
544 pages \$12.50 paper  
(temporarily out of print)

**Simone Forti**  
**Handbook in Motion**  
6 1/2 × 9 inches (illustrated)  
140 pages \$10.00 paper

**Yvonne Rainer**  
**Work 1961-73**  
7 1/2 × 11 inches (illustrated)  
322 pages \$15.00 paper  
20.00 cloth

**Steve Reich**  
**Writings About Music**  
7 1/2 × 9 inches (illustrated)  
82 pages \$7.50 paper

**Donald Judd**  
**Complete Writings 1959-1975**  
8 1/2 × 11 inches (illustrated)  
250 pages \$14.50 paper  
25.00 cloth

**Hans Haacke**  
**Framing and Being Framed**  
8 × 10 inches (illustrated)  
154 pages \$9.95 paper  
17.50 cloth

**Michael Snow**  
**Cover To Cover**  
7 × 8 inches (illustrated)  
360 full-page reproductions  
\$12.50 paper  
20.00 cloth

**Paul-Emile Borduas**  
**Ecrits/Writings 1942-1958**  
7 1/2 × 11 inches (illustrated)  
140 pages \$10.00 paper  
15.00 cloth

**Dan Graham**  
**Video-Architecture-Television**  
8 1/2 × 11 inches (illustrated)  
92 pages \$9.95 paper  
17.50 cloth

**Carl Andre — Hollis Frampton**  
**12 Dialogues 1962-1963**  
11 1/2 × 9 inches (illustrated)  
134 pages \$17.50 paper  
27.50 cloth

Editor: Benjamin H. D. Buchloh

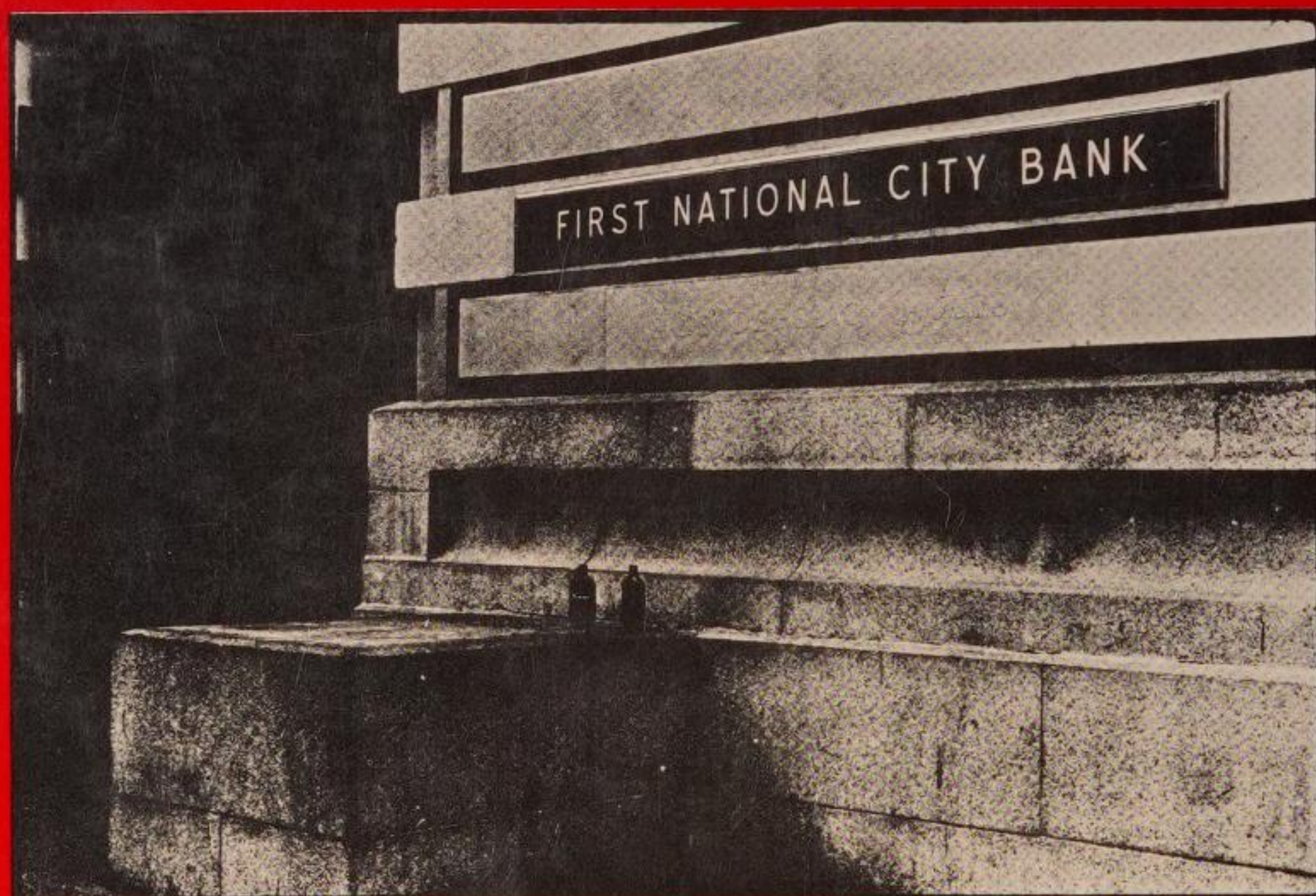
THE PRESS OF THE NOVA SCOTIA COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN

5163 DUKE STREET HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA CANADA

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS

113/15 UNIVERSITY PLACE NEW YORK N.Y. 10003 U.S.A.





stewed  
boiled  
potted  
corned  
pickled  
preserved  
canned  
fried to the hat