In Advance of the Landing: Folk Concepts of Outer Space
Doug Curran

Ruth Norman heads the Unarius Educational Foundation, preparing Earth for the arrival of spaceships from the Intergalactic Confederation. El Cajon, California, Dec., 1980
that occurred with the fighter that she knew, whose image she sent around the world. "Covering" is defined within the limits of the randomness of events. The expectation that you open yourself up to daily. El Salvador attempts to overcome the randomness by restoring humanity and proportion to our comprehension of events. Mexico's previous book, Nicocor, June 1979-1980, was a more satisfying narrative that came through half a continent close. El Salvador ends rather lamento, but it is still unpublished chapters, in early 1984, as foreign photographers are being frustrated, threatened or expelled from this battleground, we are at least informed of some history. And with the publication of this extended photo-document, we can at least be responsible for knowing.

Martha Langford

![Image of a book cover]

Lives I've Never Lived: A Portrait of Minor White

Alta Friedlich, Arc Press, P.O. Box 1963, Cleveland Heights, Ohio, 1983, 80 pp.; illustrations, $10.95 plus $1.50 for postage and handling.

The title Lives I've Never Lived is written out in Minor White's hand under the cover photograph: a portrait of White himself modeled to look of woolen scarf and topped with a sombrero-like hat. He stands with his back to the wall and bar rack, from which hang many mementos, hat, and a white hat on a shelf. White wears a suit with an alpaca complexion, somewhat guarded hands held in jacket pockets, and not apparent friends, not ready to give up his ground. However, this image is fragile, as though it's the costume that has made him imagine that he's been around and change into the weather's tone and stripped of his courage. White. This collection of barely visible, snapping, and borning White. The collection of bare, the hat makes the man and the world is strongly expressed in childhood corners, harm which allow reverence to slip into any role desired. The battle, the battle is the stick taken.

And indeed this cover introduction is apt! The photographs within, dated March-May 1930, which capture characteristic White, a leering jockey, a nuns, a lama, a Cree girl, a bearded man in a print shirt, a duiker, an actor White. All through the years, and yet it is the same with such an effect, except for the tiny difference, and the sequence is the same. Especially when I understand the importance of Alфер Project's forward and journey some of the paradoxes that came together in this book.

Friedlich, long-term working associate and friend of White's, has assembled and selected the photographs for publication. And White's assistant, after she wrote in Department 107, it quoted, "Dust is not the root of the cause left behind it," and so Frederick and White, each for their own purposes, have created a project. Work began in March, which often ends three months before White's death in June.

One photograph of White, deepening on a white, cloudless, blue sky, with a scatter of clouds, and White's green furled in clouds. Patterned by sunlight, the scene divides, "Transition, 203 Park Ave., May 16, 1930." (This is their natural address.) This is the natural address.

This situation is regrettable, for Klein remains one of the major photographers of the last three decades. Some justice was recently done, however: in May and June of last year the Centre Georges Pompidou in Paris mounted an extensive Klein exhibition that occasioned release of a new book, published jointly by the Centre Pompidou and Editions Herscher.

The latter book, which can sometimes be found this side of the Atlantic, is everything the Aperture volume was not, although for the most part it reproduces the same photographs, often in similar order. For one thing, Herscher published the book in an intelligent size and paid considerable attention to reproduction quality as well as layout and sequencing. For another, Klein's work in other media (painting, design, film) is represented in reasonable proportion to his photography and is unobtrusively integrated into both text and reproductions. And for a third, the introduction (free-form interview excerpts, in French) by Carole Naggar is interesting, informative and accurate in addition to being engaging and spontaneous; and the book contains an excellent bibliography/filography.

Klein's photographic career has been meteoric: between 1956 and 1964 he published four books (New York, 1956; Rome, 1958; Moscow, 1964; and Tokyo, 1964), all of which remain out of print classics. Since 1962 he has made thirteen major films and collected awards including the Grand Prix du Festival International de Tours and the Prix Jean Vigo. In 1978 he began exhibiting still photographs once again, and has had twenty-four exhibitions since that year (in France, Holland, the U.S., England, Italy, Switzerland, Sweden and Ireland), the majority of which have occurred since 1980. It seems appropriate that his interest should shift back toward still photography, and the reappearance of his work after twenty years gives an entirely new audience access to his vision — a vision which remains as startling and fresh as it was in the 1950s and 1960s.

In the post-Robert Frank era

William Klein

Centre Georges Pompidou and Editions Herscher, Paris, France, 1983; 144 pp.; hardcover

By now most people are aware of the uproar that accompanied publication of the Aperture monograph on William Klein: Klein attempted to stop publication, Aperture sued; claim and counterclaim followed in rapid succession. If Klein were a minor photographer or Aperture a minor publisher, the matter might have been forgotten and the book remaindered, but the book is still around (in all its oversized, overpriced glory), and doubtless Klein still feels as if his work has been seriously misrepresented.

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of photography, all the attention given to the snapshot aesthetic and all the critical and material success achieved by the likes of Garry Winogrand and Elliott Erwitt is perhaps inevitable. But if one measures the work of the latter photographers against Klein's output, by any objective standard Klein emerges as the more versatile photographer, the more thoughtful artist and by far the more acute observer of society and behaviour. Erwitt may possess a keener sense of humor; Winogrand may be a sharper social critic; but Klein's work has a breadth, a daring, an insight and a raw energy that legitimately set his photographs apart from the work of so many of his contemporaries, both well-known and otherwise. This is superb photography, interesting and challenging, and it is published in a format that does it credit. If you are interested in Klein, this volume will provide considerable reward; if you aren't, you may find yourself pleasantly surprised.

Don Snyder

Through Indian Eyes: 19th and Early 20th Century Photography from India

Judith Mara Gutman, Oxford University Press and the International Center of Photography, New York, New York, 1982, 200 pp., hardcover, $41.95; softcover, $23.25

Judith Mara Gutman began research for an exhibition and book on historical Indian photography in 1980. By making a series of visits to India, both to locate photographs and consult with experts, she began to define an "Indian" about Indian photography. In many instances she found that the "Indian" did not know how to look at the photographs she saw. She realized she would have to do some studying of Hindu philosophy to discover why the space and composition in the photographs were so disconcerting and confusing to her Western sensibility. Unfortunately, Gutman never discuss this aspect of her research in any detail, and information on Hindu metaphysics could only have added to a reader's appreciation of the photographs reproduced in the book. Instead, she takes a narrative, anecdotal approach and leads us along from small town to tiny village in India, describing how she found photographs and met people who were able to shed light on her inquiries. Although her account is enthusiastic, Gutman is not a brilliant writer. Her descriptions are often self-conscious, stilted and forced, and after a while her text becomes pedestrian and peddling. Of course most of us are not capable of translating an intense experience into words which will effectively convey the flavor and richness of travel. Perhaps given this common limitation, then, Gutman could have chosen a more appropriate format with which to structure her book— for example, a thematic one.

But, this aside, the author is perceptive and has an acute visual sense. What she has to say about the photographs themselves is fascinating and clearly expressed. And, in terms of scholarship, the book seems sound. Gutman has documented the work and activities of specific photographers and photographic firms; this is the first time such information has been systematically brought together and published. Her main thesis is that the Indian view of reality is not the "objective" observable one to which we Westerners are so
Readers of this magazine will be familiar with Mario Giacomelli through the images from *Verrà la morte e avrà i tuoi occhi* (Death will come it will have your eyes) which were published in the Spring 1983 issue. Others may know his work from the occasional exhibition, article or reproduction that has appeared in the past few years, but generally he is known to photographic audiences more by reputation than through wide exposure. Recognition, particularly in North America, has come relatively late; thus the appearance of Mario Giacomelli, released by the Friends of Photography in California as number thirty-two in their continuing series of photographic publications, is most welcome.

This volume has a preface by James Alinder, an informative introduction by Stephen Brigid and Claire V.C. Peep and a chronology; it reproduces forty Giacomelli photographs, drawn from several of his major projects. Included are selections from the *Paesaggio* (Landscape), *La Buona Terra* (The Good Earth), *Pretini* (Little Priests), *La Gente del Sud*
(People of the South) and *Verrà la morte*...essays, which represent a good cross-section of his total output to date.

The work is usually interesting, often compelling, sometimes annoying, but always absolutely committed. The *Paesaggio* series, which has occupied Giacomelli’s attention for longer than any of his other projects, is the strongest work here: these passionate, contrasty prints span an incredible range, from crude to subtle and from relatively ‘straight’ to highly manipulated. (In addition to making radical changes in tone value while printing, Giacomelli has taken to doing handwork on his negatives or on the landscape itself, plowing it with a tractor and sometimes photographing from the air). The results take the geometrical forms of Italian hills and farmlands through a remarkable transformation — this is a cubist landscape, rough around the edges, and vastly different from the Italy photographed by Paul Strand or Emmet Gowin.

*La Buona Terra* and *La Gente del Sud* are in some respects logical extensions of the *Paesaggio* work, as they deal with people in relation to the landscape and with lives dedicated to cultivation of the soil, but neither project is as successful. Some images — the famous “Scanno, 1959” (p. 42), a village scene with an out-of-focus figure staring toward the camera from the edge of the frame (p. 40) and two photographs of farming groups (pp. 33 and 46), one of women and children in the fields, the other of families passing by a haystack in late afternoon — are very powerful. Others are naive, trite or even banal, and this contrast weakens the work rather than contributing dramatic tension. These comments also apply to the reproductions from the *Prettini* series, which unfortunately come across badly in comparison with the best images from the other groupings.

It is also true that Giacomelli’s work can be raw and primitive. Some may find these qualities objectionable, but the same criticisms can be made of many photographs by Robert Capa, Bill Brandt or Josef Koudelka; and rawness, when it serves an expressive purpose, is far preferable to mannerism or emotional sterility. In this computer age maybe it isn’t so bad to be human, fallible or a less-than-perfect artist. It does not seem that Giacomelli is trying to get away with casual technique or sloppy vision, and whether one responds to his emotionalism or not, his sincerity is never in question. Neither is his love for the earth and his feeling for the people who farm it, and given the ecological destructiveness now occurring on such a large scale, some excess in the service of a statement about landscape can readily be forgiven.

One assumes that in due course Giacomelli’s work will be made more accessible by publication of a major monograph; certainly his career appears headed in that direction. In the meantime, however, this book fills a big gap; and it does so at an entirely reasonable price.

Don Snyder