and hanged him from an oak tree by the road. As was common, a local photographer documented the lynching, hoping to make money on the sale of prints. Historian Steve Oney has noted, “Postcards of the lynched Leo Frank were sold outside the undertaking establishment where his corpse was taken, at retail stores, and by mail order for years. The dean of the Atlanta Theological Seminary praised the murderers as ‘a gifted band of men, sober, intelligent, of established good name and character—good American citizens.’ The mob included two former Superior Court justices, one ex-sheriff, and at least one clergyman.”

Members of the lynch mob, who called themselves the Knights of Mary Phagan, later convened on Stone Mountain, read Bible passages, burned a cross, and reestablished the Ku Klux Klan, which had begun to die out after the end of Reconstruction. Believers in Frank’s innocence established the Jewish Anti-Defamation League, which is active to this day. Leo Frank was posthumously pardoned by the state of Georgia in 1986.

opposite page:
The Lynching of Leo Frank, Marietta, Georgia, August 17, 1915
Unidentified Photographer

Mausoleos, Panteón, Cementerio
(Mausoleums, Pantheon, Cemetery), Lima, Peru, ca. 1875
Eugenio Courret

Lazarus, ca. 1932
William Mortensen
The nineteenth-century Argentine photograph (left) of a Welsh colonist and six natives of Patagonia was not intended to preserve evidence of a vanishing culture. The European man with a beard was Lewis Jones, a Welsh adventurer who had helped organize a shipload of settlers to leave Britain and start farming in Patagonia, at the far southern tip of South America. Presumably, Jones brought these members of the Tehuelche tribe to Buenos Aires to drum up support for the colony, which on a number of occasions had to ask for government help to survive. They would have been the objects of much curiosity since very few Argentines had ever seen a Patagonian native in person.

The man directly behind Lewis was Casimiro, a chief, or cacique, of the group. To his right is his son, “Sam Slick.” Casimiro and Sam became well-known in Buenos Aires, but their fame was short lived, as forces were in motion that would soon result in the death of many of the native peoples in Argentina. In late 1878, the Argentinian general Julio A. Roca began a campaign to steal the ancestral homes of the various tribes, especially the vast grasslands that were coveted by cattle and sheep ranchers. General Roca armed cavalry units of six-thousand men with the new Remington repeating rifles from the United States and ordered them to “extinguish, subdue, or expel” any indigenous people who refused to surrender; “tracing as it were with your bayonets an immense field for the development of future greatness.” Interestingly,
the Welsh settlers themselves were very respectful of the rights of the indigenous people they encountered, and the only two they ever killed were mistaken for Roca’s supporters, who could earn a bounty by turning in human ears.

Unfortunately, discrimination against native peoples is still rampant in many parts of Latin America. In Guatemala, although indigenous people are actually in the majority, they are often treated as less than human. Luis Palma, who was trained as an architect, has produced a series of images that address this issue (page 48). He was inspired by the fanciful images that appear on Guatemalan lottery tickets, where mythical characters carouse with roses, moons, and suns. Palma found his models among the indigenous people, and he developed a printing technique whereby he coated most of the photograph with a diluted solution of asphaltum, providing a warm brownish tone. He was careful not to tone the eyes, making them stand out with a piercing white clarity. The photographer explained that when individuals look at his prints, they find themselves staring into the model’s eyes, which is exactly what many Guatemalans refuse to do.

 Lewis Jones and Patagonia Natives, Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1867
 Unidentified Photographer

 Covent Garden Flower Women, 1877
 John Thomson
A more subtle form of cultural coercion is occurring in Charles Savage's 1875 photograph \textit{Baptism of the Shivwits Indians} (page 47). Savage, a devout Mormon from England, maintained a studio in Salt Lake City. He frequently traveled throughout Utah, documenting church activities and gathering landscapes and scenes that he could sell from his studio. This image, taken near St. George, shows “Old Katoose,” the chief, wearing a loincloth and standing in a pool of water, flanked by two Mormon missionaries. On a hillside in the background, Native Americans of the Shivwits tribe sit quietly, waiting for their turn. The photograph was well-known at the time, appearing as a woodcut in the May 22, 1875, issue of \textit{Leslie’s Illustrated Newspaper}.

When the picture was taken, the Shivwits, hunters and gatherers, were in a hungry, weakened condition, many of them dying of diseases such as measles and smallpox. After a prophet named Antelope Jack had a revelation that they should cooperate with their white neighbors, Katoose agreed to lead the entire tribe into baptism in the Mormon Church. The month after he took this photograph near St. George, Savage wrote an article for the April 28, 1875, issue of the \textit{Salt Lake City Deseret News}, telling the story behind the image:

\textbf{Baptism of the Shivwits Indians, March 1875}
Charles R. Savage

As we were leaving St. George for the desert, we saw a great gathering of Indians near a pool north of the city. We found on arriving there that Qui-tuss and 130 of his tribe, composing part of the Shebit [sic] nation, were about to be baptized. Their manner was as simple and childlike as could be. Bro. A. P. Hardy [standing on the right] acted as interpreter, and when he announced that they would engage in prayer, these swarthy and fierce denizens of the mountains knelt before our Eternal Father with more earnestness of manner than some of their white brethren ... animosities were buried, the past forgotten.

The photographer goes on to explain what will be the result of this sacrament:

\textit{It may be asked, what good will it do the Indians? I answer that it means that they must change their habits of life, they must wash themselves regularly, they must stop the use of paint on their faces, they must work and not let the ladies do it all, they must learn to live like their white brethren.... As an evidence, I saw an Indian asking for work.... Others were hunting for old clothes, that they might dress like their white brethren. After the ceremony, two cattle were slaughtered and the meat distributed to the Indians.}

It was reported that for years afterwards, the Shivwits regularly requested to be baptized again, so they could obtain more food and clothing. They have survived to this day, but at what price?

\textit{continued on page 50}
Paracelsus, 1957
Frederick Sommer

La Rosa, 1989
Luis González Palma

Untitled, from Roll, Jordan, Roll, ca. 1929–33
Doris Ulmann
Survival was on the mind of photographer Doris Ulmann when she visited a South Carolina plantation to record the daily lives of the workers, known today as the Gullah people, descendants of West African slaves who had worked the rice and cotton fields near the Atlantic coast. Ulmann, a New York society photographer with a strong sense of social responsibility, had decided to document American subcultures that were disappearing in the face of industrialization and urbanization. She was fascinated by them, and besides making many handsome portraits, she documented their work and the surrounding landscape. The two photographs presented here (pages 19 and 49) are not typical of the kind of documentary photography being practiced in the United States at the time. Ulmann worked in the older, romantic pictorial style, which featured carefully posed subjects depicted in warm tones and in soft focus, often printed on rough-surface papers. This style had been abandoned by documentary photographers such as Dorothea Lange (right) and Walker Evans (page 32) who worked in the "straight photography" mode, which emphasized sharp, clear focus and the use of regular, glossy commercial paper for printing.

One might argue that the beautiful, peaceful setting of the baptism in the swamp and the quiet, graceful dance of the young girl did not accurately capture the reality of the lives of Southern blacks in the 1920s and 1930s, when opportunities for advancement were few, times were hard, and the Ku Klux Klan (page 52) still ruled with terror in the night. On the other hand, Ulmann’s photographs are certainly well-crafted and respectful of her subjects, and perhaps that is enough.
Another photographer who hoped to preserve the vanishing cultures of native North Americans was Edward Curtis. Working at the beginning of the century, Curtis used a style that was similar to Ulmann’s, featuring soft focus, warm tones, and romanticized subjects. We can see this in his striking, handsome portrait of an Arikara man, Bear’s Belly (right). Curtis preferred that his subjects wear their traditional dress, but he found that most of the Indians in the contemporary West wore blue jeans and flannel shirts, like everyone else. Sometimes his subjects owned older costumes which they could pose in. For those who did not, Curtis searched the trunks of clothing he had accumulated. Unfortunately, he often dressed people in clothing that was completely wrong for their tribe, for instance, putting a Plains Indian feather headdress on a native of a Western tribe. While these inconsistencies have made Curtis’s photos somewhat problematic for ethnologists and historians, his images have become prized as decorative art in expensive condominiums in such “Western” places as Aspen, Santa Fe, and Phoenix.

Ku Klux Klan Initiation,
Upstate New York, ca. 1920s
Unidentified Photographer

“When We Were Boys Together,” ca. 1860
Dr. John Adamson

Bear’s Belly—Arikara, 1908
Edward S. Curtis
Some photographs of Native Americans seem less judgmental or romantic. One example is Timothy O’Sullivan’s 1873 landscape depicting two Coyotero Apache scouts at Apache Lake in Arizona’s Sierra Blanca (right). The picture was taken to document the Western survey expedition commissioned by the United States government and led by Lieutenant George Wheeler. There is nothing romantic about these men who stare sternly at the camera and are armed with rifles. This is unusual, for the majority of nineteenth-century photographs of Native Americans were taken by professional photographers, either outdoors or, more commonly, in a studio, with the intention of selling them to travelers as souvenirs, or to the curious who had never been to the West themselves. In these images, the natives are shown as peaceful and nonthreatening. If a gun appears, it is obviously a prop and is not directed at the viewer. When O’Sullivan took this photograph, fear of armed uprisings was still widespread, and the Battle of Wounded Knee was three years in the future. But since the photographer was being paid to produce government documents, he was not concerned with the salability of his prints and was solely interested in making a strong image for the expedition’s reports.
Finally, another photograph of an indigenous person, this one by Eugenio Courret, does not appear to have a particular political or social agenda (left). It is a portrait of a native of the Peruvian Amazon, who has apparently crossed the Andes to Lima and made his way to Courret’s studio. The resulting photograph is fascinating for many reasons. First, the man is dressed in his Amazonian clothing, with beads in his hair and around his neck. His left shoulder is covered with a kind of a stole fabricated from the feathers of tropical birds, which would have shone with many bright colors. The loose trousers are a concession to the sensibilities of the Peruvians, who would have been shocked by a loincloth. He leans incongruously on a prop resembling a classical Greek or Roman column, a common fixture in studios of the time. But what is really striking is the fact that this is an image of a particular human being, a living man who looks the viewer directly in the eye as an equal, not as a “type” or an exotic curiosity. The photographer Courret and his subject have collaborated in producing an unusual photograph, one that does not romanticize or stereotype the subject but, rather, presents him as a fellow human being.

*continued on page 58*
Family Group in a Garden, Lille, France, ca. 1855
Alphonse Le Blondel

Coyotito, ca. 1999–2001
Rame (Ramon Jimenez)
Retrato de Lo Eterno (Portrait of the Eternal),
ca. 1932–1933
Manuel Álvarez Bravo

Dancing Girl, Ceylon, ca. 1880
W. L. H. Skeen & Company
Western Fantasies and Asian Realities:
Picturing the “Exotic” World

In the nineteenth century, curiosity about the remote lands of the Middle East and Asia resulted in a whole industry devoted to producing souvenir photographs for tourists, soldiers, sailors, traders, and colonial administrators. Images of landscapes and architectural wonders were actively collected, as were those of craftspeople, local royalty, members of obscure tribes, and native “types.” A British soldier in India, Lt. Willoughby W. Hooper, was commissioned in 1862 by the India Office in London to photograph representatives of different occupations and classes for a large documentary project, a series of eight volumes of pictures called The People of India. One of the images he made was a photograph of a graceful Indian girl (left). In a sense, the finished series was a kind of catalog of some of the people “owned” by the British Empire. A few years later, Hooper was asked to photograph victims of a severe famine in Madras (page 60). The French later spread rumors that Willoughby had victims rounded up by the authorities, photographed them, and then callously walked away. In reality, he was very concerned about the tragedy, and his photographs were used in campaigns to raise money in England to purchase and ship grain to India.¹¹
Famine Victims, Madras, India, ca. 1876–1878
Lt. Willoughby W. Hooper

New York, 1968
Garry Winogrand

Opposite page:
Woman with Flowers and Fans, Japan, ca. 1880s
Kusakabe Kimbei

Woman with Sake Bottle, Japan, ca. 1870s
Usui Shushaburo

Woman in a Rainstorm, Japan, ca. 1880s
Kusakabe Kimbei
Some of the most sought-after photographs were produced in Japan. That nation was one of the last Asian countries to be opened to Western travelers, and was seen as the most unusual, different, and exotic. Visitors avidly collected souvenirs to take back to Europe and America, including furniture, lacquerware, clothing, fans, prints, and photographs. Especially in demand were photographs of landscapes, temples and other buildings, the life of the streets, and unusual “types,” such as a blind itinerant masseur, a traveling dentist, a musician, or perhaps a geisha.

Because of the long tradition of *ukiyo-e*, or hand-painted woodblock prints, many colorists were available to work in the new photography studios. While nineteenth-century photographers around the world occasionally tried to add color to their monochromatic albumen prints, the Japanese were the undisputed masters of the technique. For example, Kusakabe Kimbei’s elegant studio portrait of a Western woman in Japanese dress features delicate colors on the hanging scroll, the abstract designs on the fans, the kimono, and the vase of flowers on the floor (right). His photograph of a young geisha holding a doll (page 62) has a much sparser setting, but her kimono’s pattern and the doll’s gown are rendered in color, and her face and lips have been “warmed up.”

The colors may be subtle, as in Usui Shushaburo’s portrait of a woman holding a sake bottle and exposing her right breast (right), or bright, as in Kimbei’s whimsical photograph of a woman holding an umbrella in a studio, pretending she is in a rainstorm (right).
However, underneath the surface of these beautiful images existed a dark and terrible reality, the world of sexual slavery. Prostitution has always been a big business in Japan, and even today is estimated to be second only to the automobile industry. When Europeans began arriving in the country, one of the first things the authorities did was set up brothels for their patronage, both to make money and to keep the suspicious foreigners occupied close to their dwellings, since they were not permitted to move freely about the country. By the 1860s the number of visitors had greatly increased, travel restrictions were relaxed, and Westerners frequently patronized the extensive “pleasure districts,” especially in Yokahama and Nagasaki, which had the highest concentrations of foreigners.

Western men bought large numbers of photographs of young Japanese women, posed either clothed as “beauties” or “courtesans” or in various stages of undress that clearly marked them as prostitutes. Prostitutes were ideal models for the photo studios; they were plentiful, cheap, and had little choice in the matter, as they were literally someone’s property. In Japan in the mid-nineteenth century, it was legal to buy and sell women and children (as it was in this country before 1865). Travelers often commented on the sight of impoverished rural peasants dressing up their little girls and taking them to brothels to sell them to the owners, sometimes at a very early age. Once her background is known, the sad young girl with her doll (left) becomes especially poignant and vulnerable.
Occasionally, a photograph appears of a woman who is obviously a prostitute but is also a strong individual, not just an object of desire. Such is the rare early portrait of a woman in India (left). Although she has exposed her right breast, she is much more confrontational, more individualized than the Japanese woman in a similar pose (page 61). She stares right into the camera, confronting the viewer as a person; there is nothing demure or shy in her demeanor. In this sense, the image relates to E. J. Bellocq’s portrait taken in Storyville, the old red-light district of New Orleans (page 65). Bellocq’s work survived in negative form in a trunk of decaying glass negatives, and little is known about his motives for photographing this and other women in Storyville. Whatever the reason, personal or commercial, his subjects seem comfortable with his presence and do not react as if they feel they are being exploited.

Maureen Lambray’s photograph of a prostitute in Chiapas, Mexico, conveys a similar feeling (page 59). The setting is reminiscent of classical paintings of a nude: a draped figure reclines in front of a plain background, with a few discreet flowers creeping up the wall behind. But this is no idealized Venus; this is a real person. Like the Indian woman, she stares somewhat arrogantly at the viewer, as if asserting that her body may be for sale, but she is not. A scar on her abdomen suggests that she has had a child, and so is possibly also a mother. Another scar, on her left breast, is from a bullet. In these details, the image becomes more complex, simultaneously erotic, maternal, and somewhat frightening.

continued on page 69
Storyville Portrait, ca. 1912
E. J. Bellocq

The Firefly, 1907
George H. Seeley

Jeanne Michel, Age 31 Months,
July 12, 1858
Victor Plumier

Carving of Shiva in Cave, Ellora, India, ca. 1895
Platé & Co.
Tamil Woman, Ceylon (Sri Lanka), ca. 1870s
W. L. H. Skeen & Company

Girl in a Bee Dress, 2004
Maggie Taylor

opposite page:
Natasha, 2003
Shelby Lee Adams

La Contadina, 1869
Julia Margaret Cameron
War and Photography: Darkness and Light on the Battlefield

When we think of war photography, many different images might come to mind: the dead sprawled on Civil War battlefields, the attack on Pearl Harbor, marines raising the flag on Mount Suribachi on Iwo Jima, soldiers wading ashore on D-Day, the wretched survivors of Nazi concentration camps, and (perhaps the ultimate symbol of destruction) the mushroom clouds of the atomic weapons dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki (right). The war in Vietnam produced an outpouring of photographs, as it was the first (and last) war to be so extensively documented by both still photographers and television crews.

Earlier in photography’s history, the American Civil War was by far the most photographed conflict since the invention of the medium around 1839. Because of the awkwardness of the equipment and the wet-plate negative process, no one was able to capture a battle as it happened, so the photographic record consisted of preparations for battle and its aftermath. The first time photographers were able to get to a battlefield before the dead were buried was on September 17, 1862, at Antietam, Maryland. Alexander Gardner and his assistant James Gibson brought their darkroom wagon up from Washington, DC, and spent several days photographing the battlefield and surrounding areas.

While the dead were usually buried right after a battle (the winner’s troops first), so many died at Antietam that it took the burial parties several days to complete their task. That September day was by far...
the bloodiest single day in American history, with an estimated twenty-three thousand killed, wounded, and missing between dawn and sunset. Here we have a photograph taken by Gardner at a sunken road that later came to be called Bloody Lane (right). It shows some of the fifty-five hundred casualties that occurred on this spot during a clash around midday, piled up like rubbish waiting to be picked up. When the photographs of the dead appeared for sale in the windows of Mathew Brady’s studio on Broadway, the public was stunned. They had read accounts of the battle in the papers and magazines, but the photographs made a much more powerful impact. (Recall the Iraqi prisoners at Abu Ghraib, and how the reports and rumors of their mistreatment were not taken seriously until those grainy digital images came to light.)

On October 20, 1862, The New York Times published a perceptive article about the Antietam pictures:

The living that throng Broadway care little perhaps for the Dead at Antietam, but we fancy they would jostle less carelessly down the great thoroughfare, saunter less at their ease, were a few dripping bodies, fresh from the field, laid along the pavement. There would be a gathering up of skirts and a careful picking of way... Mr. Brady has done something to bring home to us the terrible reality and earnestness of war. If he has not brought bodies and laid them in our door-yards and along streets, he has done something very like it... We should scarce choose to be in the gallery, when one of the women bending over them should recognize a husband, a son, or a brother in the still, lifeless lines of bodies, that lie ready for the gaping trenches...

Homes have been made desolate, and the light of life in thousands of hearts has been quenched forever. All of this desolation, imagination must paint for broken hearts cannot be photographed.

While Gardner’s images showing large groups of the dead have been reproduced countless times over the years, another photograph he took is not well known (page 71). A caption printed on a label glued onto the back reads, “A Confederate soldier, who, after being wounded, had dragged himself to a little ravine on the hill-side, where he died.” The “ravine” looks more like a slight depression in the grass, but perhaps this young Southerner found a last bit of peace there in the midst of the terrible carnage occurring all around him.
Visually, there is a sad resemblance between Gardner’s image of Bloody Lane and Stanley Tretick’s 1950 photograph of a massacre of American prisoners by retreating North Koreans (right). A big difference is that the man above the trench in Korea is a Catholic chaplain, giving the last rites to the young men below him. One might argue that the ritual was cold comfort to the dead, but millions of people witnessed that last blessing when it appeared in Life magazine, and it is likely that some of those readers were related to the soldiers.

Photographs taken during conflict can sometimes tell stories of people who were fortunate to escape intact from the threat of destruction. In 1940 Robert Jakobsen was working as a photographer for the Los Angeles Times when he was sent down to the docks to get some shots of soldiers assembling to ship out (page 72). He was preparing to shoot a smiling couple when he heard a child crying. Without thinking, he turned and snapped this picture, freezing in time emotions that have been repeated for thousands of years: the fear of a child who feels his family being torn apart by war, and the sadness of the soldier who must go. The photograph resonated with the anxieties of millions of Americans who saw it in newspapers and magazines, in exhibits, and on posters. However, few of them ever heard the end of the story. Private Winbury fought at the attack on Pearl Harbor, survived a number of battles in the Pacific theater, and, when the war ended, was reunited with his son.

opposite page:
Ditch on Right Wing, Where a Large Number of Rebels Were Killed at the Battle of Antietam, 1862
Alexander Gardner

this page:
Confederate Soldier, Who, After Being Wounded, Had Dragged Himself to a Little Ravine on the Hill-Side, Where He Died, 1862
Alexander Gardner

Last Rites for U.S. Prisoners Executed by North Koreans, 1950
Stanley Tretick
Private John Winbury of the California National Guard Says Goodbye to His Son Before He Leaves for Hawaii, 1940
Robert Jakobsen

Boy Crying, 1963
David Heath
Three Russian women running along a street in Leningrad during World War II have also managed to escape death, at least at the moment of Boris Kudoyarov’s photograph (right). In an attempt to cause chaos and break the will of the residents of the besieged city, the Germans lobbed artillery shells into the streets while workers, most of them women, were changing shifts. For these three, this was their lucky day; the explosion behind them occurred just seconds after they had passed the spot.

Another photographer who covered World War II was W. Eugene Smith, a brilliant but troubled man who believed that if he could use his cameras to show what war does to people, viewers might find war abhorrent and reject it. Smith was sent to the Pacific theater, where he photographed thirteen island invasions before he was seriously wounded. During the battle on Saipan in July 1944, he made an image that he later considered one of his most powerful (page 74). The Japanese authorities had terrified the local population with tales of how horribly the Americans would treat them, so they fled ahead of the advancing troops, sometimes in such a hurry that even children were left behind. Smith had been patrolling for hours with a group of soldiers when they found their first living person, a baby abandoned and
Wounded, Dying Infant Found by American Soldier in Saipan Mountains, 1944
W. Eugene Smith

Ah Ninh, South Vietnam. Soldiers of the South Vietnamese Army Give Their Prisoner the Centuries-Old but Usually Effective Water Torture, April 20, 1965
United Press International, London Bureau

Ah Ninh, South Vietnam. Soviet Army Enters Berlin, April 1945
Ivan Shagin
covered with rocks so that its cries would not give away its location. He described the event as follows: “Hands trained for killing, gently worked the sod away from the small lopsided head and extracted the infant. The eyes were sockets of pus, covered with the clinging flies. The head was obviously mashed to one side in its softness, and the little body was covered with scratches—but it was alive…. We hoped that it would die.”

On Okinawa in April 1945, Smith documented another compelling scene (right). Once again he was near the front lines, huddling in a ditch with some soldiers while bullets flew overhead and a battle raged just down the road. Suddenly, a soldier under fire and bleeding profusely came running toward them. He managed to make it to the ditch, even though he was hit in the foot just before he reached it. He was bleeding heavily from his head and nostrils but was coherent, saying he was a new replacement who had just been sent up to the front. According to one source, although he was in great pain, “they did not give him morphine because of his head wound, and as they laid him on the stretcher he grasped the neck of the medic and held on for several seconds. Then he lay there with his hands clinching and unclenching—finally he brought his hands together in the folded position of prayer; his lips began to move, he stopped writhing. They picked up the stretcher and as they carried him along the ridge his lips still moved and his hands were still clasped.”
Perhaps the most gruesome photograph shown here is Ken Jarecke’s image of a terribly burned Iraqi truck driver, taken during the first Gulf War (right). In an interview given to the BBC World Service on May 9, 2005, Jarecke explained how he came to take the photograph. He had been up all night, and early in the morning he and some other journalists and their U. S. Army handlers drove up the highway from Kuwait to Iraq, coming across an Iraqi army truck that had been caught in the open the day before and attacked by American planes with Hellfire missiles. Jarecke made two exposures and moved on, later describing to the BBC:

I don’t know who he was or what he did. I don’t know if he was a good man, a family man or a bad guy or a terrible soldier or anything like that. But I do know he fought for his life and thought it was worth fighting for. And he’s frozen, he’s burned in place just kind of frozen in time in this last ditch effort to save his life....

It caused quite a controversy in London, which is what images like that are meant to do. They’re meant to basically cause a debate in the public: ‘Is this something we want to be involved with?’ How can you decide to have a war if you are not fully informed? You need to know what the end result will be, what the middle result will be.

Jarecke sent the photograph to Associated Press offices in New York and London. The staff in New York thought it was an extraordinary image and made copies for themselves, but they refused to send it out.
to any newspapers in the country. Deciding it was too gory, they never gave the individual newspaper editors the choice to use it or not, so it did not appear in the U.S. press. In Britain, only *The Observer* printed it, and they were deluged with messages from angry readers.

There are two other war photographs to consider here, one by George N. Barnard from 1866 (right) and one by Simon Norfolk, taken in 2004 (page 79). Barnard was the official photographer for the army of General William Tecumseh Sherman. His photograph of Lu-La Lake on Lookout Mountain in Tennessee is not a typical Civil War photograph. There are no soldiers, no dead sprawled on the ground; in fact, there is no human presence. The photographic process of the time was too slow to capture an actual battle, so like Alexander Gardner he photographed the aftermath, such as ruins, captured fortifications, and shattered trees. These images became quiet metaphors for the violence that had scarred the South.

Lu-La Lake, however, was not the actual scene of a battle. Apparently, as Barnard explored the mountain in the mid-1860s, he could not resist the beauty of the scene. The rocks in the foreground appear to be close, but the photograph transitions abruptly to the lake and ridge receding in the distance. The image thus exists simultaneously in both two and three dimensions, giving it a kind of visual energy that contrasts with the serenity of the place. A local legend told that the Cherokee believed the waters of the lake had healing properties, and warriors of different tribes could rest there without fear. After experiencing the bloodiest event in American history, Barnard must have seen a place where all could be healed as a symbol of what the country desperately needed.

Simon Norfolk took his photograph during the war in Bosnia. Norfolk has specialized in images of the effects of war, but as a landscape photographer rather than a photojournalist. He is fascinated by the fact that wars have been going on for thousands of years, and that in a country like Britain, ruins of Roman forts survive next to fortified medieval castles, which lie next to abandoned World War II airfields, which may be adjacent to an air force radar tracking station. Sometimes, places of violence sink out of sight, covered over by nature or by guilty perpetrators.
Lu-La Lake, Atop Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga, 1864 or 1866
George N. Barnard

Where the River that Flows Through the Kamenica Valley Meets the Drina, 2004
Simon Norfolk
The small valley Norfolk shows us is really quite beautiful: the orange leaves that have not yet dropped from the trees are framed by a beautiful snowfall and contrast with the lush, dark green color of pine trees on the slopes in the background. A careful look reveals a small cottage behind a low fence on the right, like something from a folk tale. The title tells us that this is where a small, unnamed stream flows into the Drina River. But missing is the caption that would change our whole perception of the scene: in one of his books, Norfolk adds that at least thirteen mass graves are believed to lie in this little valley. The photograph then becomes a way for us to scrape off the layers and go back in time in our imaginations to the original genocide. Norfolk’s goal is to lift us out of the flow of events so that we can view the scene with a new understanding. Whereas in Barnard’s photograph, water flows to remind us of healing, Norfolk reminds us that it can also cover over scars.
Light creates photographs, and if exposed to enough light over time, the images will fade away. Most are fragile paper objects, easily damaged by water, fire, even fungus and insects. But in that window between the beginning and the end, they have stories to tell us, if we look and listen carefully.

The very act of making a photograph is a statement of hope. The opposite of hope is despair, and someone in real despair does not see the need to communicate or to create, for it would be a meaningless and futile gesture. Fortunately, hope and despair—light and darkness, beauty and death—can sometimes do battle, and a photographer can produce a rare and amazing image that captures that struggle.

Consider a simple image by the Frenchman Eugène Atget (page 83). While relatively obscure during his lifetime, Atget has become one of the most admired photographers in the history of the medium. He came to photography after failed careers as a sailor, an actor, and a painter. He began documenting Paris and its environs in the late 1880s, and after almost fifty years he had produced over seven thousand glass negatives of plants, animals, street scenes, shop fronts, architectural details, and landscapes. Eking out a living selling prints to painters, designers, and government agencies, he shied away from being called an artist, probably thinking of himself more as a craftsman. The Park at Saint-Cloud, France was one of the very few exposures he made in June 1926, the same month that his companion of thirty years, Valentine, died. The ailing Atget would follow her a year later.

In these late pictures, the photographer often seems less concerned with documenting a landscape than with exploring light and shadow and the passing of time—and probably mortality. In Saint-Cloud the viewer peers out from the darkness under a tree into the brightly lit park. Atget’s camera sits on a heavy tripod, and, as always, he has carefully chosen exactly where to set it down. The photograph is composed of roughly equal parts of dark and light tones. If he had moved the camera a bit forward, the bright but diffuse light areas would expand, lessening the presence of the shadows. If he had moved it backward, more of the dark trunk and leaves of the tree would fill the picture, dominating the scene. As we gaze at the park through Atget’s eyes, it is unclear whether we are moving forward into the light, falling back into the darkness, or, like a tightrope walker, balancing precariously on the edge between the two.
Death is no more than passing from one room into another. But there's a difference for me, you know. Because in that other room I shall be able to see.

—Helen Keller
Endnotes


3 Deborah Luster and C. D. Wright, *One Big Self: Prisoners of Louisiana* (Santa Fe, NM: Twin Palms, 2003), 22.


6 Ibid., 395–96.


9 Oney, *And the Dead Shall Rise*, 524.


14 Ibid., 134.


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Stephen R. Moriarty