DARKNESS AND LIGHT: DEATH AND BEAUTY IN PHOTOGRAPHY

by Stephen R. Moriarty
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LOOKING AT PICTURES

An essay by Lawrence S. Cunningham

Book design by Robert P. Sedlack, Jr.
Acknowledgments

The Snite Museum of Art, University of Notre Dame, takes great pride and pleasure in presenting these photographs from the permanent collection. Stephen R. Moriarty, the Milly and Fritz Kaeser Curator of Photography, selected photographs to represent two universal subjects: death and beauty (darkness and light). Many of the images were already in the collection; Moriarty acquired others in recent years to develop this theme.

The images are carefully paired on the pages of this catalog. In some cases the logic is explained in Moriarty’s essay; in other cases the reader must discern thematic, compositional, or wry rationale for pairings.

I am grateful for the thoughtful response offered by Professor Lawrence Cunningham, The Reverend John A. O’Brien Chair in Theology at Notre Dame. His essay deftly provides a means for us to look at anew—or to “contemplate”—often familiar images by reminding us “every photograph is an act of loss, and in that loss is poignancy.”

Notre Dame Associate Professor of Design Robert Sedlack skillfully combined images and text; editor Sarah Tremblay Gauley managed the words. Our accomplished “Exhibition Team” installed the photographs. Members include Associate Director Ann Knoll, Chief Preparator Greg Denby, Exhibition Designer John Phegley, and Exhibition Coordinator Ramiro Rodriguez.

Last in order, but first in my mind, are the many generous benefactors who either have given artworks or provided funding for their purchase. They are recognized in credit lines in the book’s appendix.

All these gifts of art, time, talent and funds further the artistic mission of the Snite Museum of Art: to nourish and challenge the human spirit by exhibiting and interpreting works of art.

Charles R. Loving
Director and Curator, George Rickey Sculpture Archive
Imagine, if you will, that the year is 1844, and you find yourself in the cemetery in the old Greyfriars churchyard in Edinburgh, Scotland, on a bright, sunny day. A small group of men and women has just walked in. One of them, probably a chemist named Robert Adamson, carries a photographic outfit which includes a simple wooden camera with a lens and a tripod. The image cast by the lens will not fall on film (or on an electronic sensor) but rather on sheets of paper that have been treated to make them sensitive to light.

Another member of the party is the painter David Octavius Hill, who formed a partnership with Adamson to produce photographs for various clients. Someone, possibly Hill, has chosen several sites to be photographed that day and poses different figures within the scenes. In the photograph seen here (page 6), the camera takes in a small part of the edge of the cemetery, with a row of shops, rooftops, and chimneys of the city fading into the distance.

The man seated on the left is believed to be Hill himself. He and two friends are focusing their attention on a tomb of one of the Covenanters, Scottish religious nationalists of the mid-seventeenth century. The monument was erected later; after their revolt had succeeded. By the time Hill and Adamson photographed the tomb, it was already a relic of the past and of a man long gone.
Today, in the beginning of the twenty-first century, we might see this rare photographic print as a survivor of the early days of the medium. Then we realize we are looking back at a scene that describes an encounter in 1844 with an older monument commemorating events that happened even earlier. Time both collapses and telescopes at the same moment.

It can be argued that the photograph has the quality of beauty, possibly because of its careful composition or because it captures some of the delightful experience of being outside on the grass on a sunny summer day. It is also fairly obvious that it relates to death, but is it because it is in a cemetery, because it commemorates the death and suffering of the thousands of Covenanters murdered by the British, or because these young pilgrims have now been dead for over a century? It is left up to viewers to decide whether either (or neither) feeling is present and how that may (or may not) affect their responses to the picture.

The photographs in this book have been selected for their relationship to the concepts of death and beauty. The “death” photographs are not just depictions of lifeless bodies (although there are some of those) but also images that illustrate fear, pain, alienation, loneliness, anger, destruction of places, destruction of cultures or races, sorrow, or hatred. Similarly, the “beauty” photographs are not just depictions of attractive people or things (although there are some of these, too) but also images that illustrate care, compassion, healing, growth, happiness, the preservation of places and cultures, grace, or love.
Another way to look at death and beauty in this context is to think of darkness and light. Darkness has long been associated with the presence of shadows, evil, or depression. In the Bible, one of the plagues inflicted on the Egyptians is darkness (Exodus 10:21–29), and darkness is described in the New Testament (Matthew 8:12) as a place of punishment, where there will be “weeping and gnashing of teeth.” In contrast, light brings salvation. “The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light, and upon those who sat in the region and shadow of death, light has dawned” (Matthew 4:16).

Perhaps photographs of beauty are the easiest to relate to. How many times have we said, or heard someone else say, “Look at that sunset! It’s beautiful! Quick, get the camera!” Bright flowers and colorful fall trees are perennial favorites, as are children and pets. There are some photographs in this selection that capture that sense of wonder at the landscape and its inhabitants.

Some do it on a grand scale, including Joel Meyerowitz’s luminous colored picture of tide flats on Cape Cod (page 8), Robert MacPherson’s glorious depiction of the waters cascading at Tivoli (page 10), Charles Marville’s study of the dramatic clouds over Paris, with the dome of the Invalides in silhouette (page 12), and Edward Weston’s view looking out over the desert from a ghost town on a hill (page 13). Others are more intimate, such as Gustave Le Gray’s lusciously-lit rutted road through the Forest of Fontainebleau (page 11), Anne Brigman’s allegorical landscape featuring a nude model high on a rock in the California Sierras (page 14), Edward Steichen’s shot of the moon rising over a New England pond (page 16), and Harry Callahan’s image of his wife and daughter standing in a tranquil Lake Michigan, just a few steps away from downtown Chicago (page 17).

A kind of everyday beauty surrounds us, a beauty we may easily miss if not gently nudged by a photographer’s eye. It would be easy to overlook the dreamlike play of light shining through a curtain onto a windowsill (page 18), the sense of a hot, sleepy Midwestern summer day (page 18), the graceful curves of a tiny plant (page 19), or the lovely little sycamore tree by the street on a rainy New York day (page 20).

Likewise, there are photographs that seem to obviously describe death. Two images of home funerals, separated by time and space, were taken by Shelby Lee Adams (page 22) in Appalachia and W. Eugene Smith in Spain (page 25). A Frenchman has an encounter with a head of a decapitated calf (page 23), and France sends a warning to those who might fight against their colonial rule by exhibiting the heads of executed rebels (page 23). Dead soldiers are photographed after battles on the fields of Antietam, Maryland (page 70), in Korea (page 71), Berlin (page 75), and Kuwait (page 77).

continued on page 27
Cape Cod, from the Bay/Sky series, 1976
Joel Meyerowitz

Slag Processing, Indiana Harbor,
August 31, 2006
Terry Evans
The Falls of Tivoli, ca. 1858–1860
Robert MacPherson

Sed Publica (Public Thirst), 1934
Manuel Alvarez Bravo

Forest of Fontainebleau, ca. 1853
Gustave Le Gray
Sky Study, Paris, with the Dome of the Invalides in Silhouette, ca. 1860
Charles Marville

Ghost Town—Rhyolite, Nevada, 1938
Edward Weston
Finis, 1912
Anne Brigman

La Buena Fama Durmiendo
(Good Reputation Sleeping), 1938
Manuel Alvarez Bravo

next spread:
The Pond—Moonlight, 1904
Edward J. Steichen

Eleanor and Barbara,
Lake Michigan, 1953
Harry Callahan
Windowsill Daydreaming, 1958
Minor White

Wind and Water No. I, 1940
Carl Distler
Acontium: Aconte, Wolf’s-Bane, Monk’s Hood. Young Shoot Enlarged 6 Times, 1928 Karl Blossfeldt

Untitled, from Roll, Jordan, Roll, ca. 1929–33 Doris Ulmann
Spring Showers, New York, 1900
Alfred Stieglitz

Nude, 1909
Clarence H. White

Le Manège de Monsieur Barré
(The Carousel of Mister Barré), 1955
Robert Doisneau
Postmortem of John Dillinger,
Chicago, July 22, 1934
Unidentified Photographer

The Home Funeral, 1990
Shelby Lee Adams
L’innocent, 1949
Robert Doisneau

Severed Heads of Revolutionaries, French Indochina, ca. 1895
Unidentified Photographer

next spread:
Family Portrait with Dead Mother and Family Photographs, ca. 1895
Unidentified Photographer

Wake in a Spanish Village, 1951
W. Eugene Smith
Veterans Hospital and Home at Invalidovna, Czechoslovakia, 1922–1927
Josef Sudek

Red Jackson, Harlem Gang Leader, 1948
Gordon Parks
Below the Surface

Another category to consider is photographs that seem at first glance (and maybe even second glance) to be all about beauty, but have dark undertones. Consider the picture by Czech photographer Josef Sudek (page 26). We see a space softly lit from behind, putting the figure of the man at the table in silhouette. A glass bottle on the table gleams, while pipe smoke settles in a soft cloud. Then we discover that the photo was taken in a soldiers’ rehabilitation home in Prague after World War I. Why is the man there; what happened to him on the battlefield? Sudek was present not just as a photographer but also as a fellow patient; he lost his left arm in combat and was trying to learn how to set up his tripod and camera and make an exposure with one arm. A photograph that has a strong visual affinity to Sudek’s is a striking picture by Gordon Parks (page 26), taken during his early years for Life magazine. In the accompanying essay we learn that the young man, Red Jackson, is a gang leader in Harlem, hiding out after hearing of a threat on his life.

Like the figure in Sudek’s picture, the proud old man in Hector Garcia’s portrait (right) is a veteran, but of a different war. We are told only that he is an old Zapatista, the revolutionary guerrilla movement formed in Chiapas, Mexico, about 1910 by Emiliano Zapata. He is fortunate to have lived to such a ripe old age, since estimates of the death toll of the conflict, including those from hunger and illness, total over one million people.
Portraits often become more complex when we learn the stories of the lives of the sitters. Consider the migrant farm woman in Horace Bristol’s depression-era photograph (right). Bristol was a California photographer in the 1930s who became aware of the plight of the refugees of the Dust Bowl (sometimes called “Okies,” since many were from Oklahoma), who went west to find jobs but often ended up living in poverty in refugee camps. Bristol decided to make a book of stories and photographs that would expose their plight to a national audience. He enlisted the help of a young writer who had written sympathetically about workers—John Steinbeck. They visited the camps, where Bristol photographed the residents and Steinbeck conducted interviews with the same people. After a few weeks, Bristol sent Steinbeck a set of photographs and waited for him to produce the accompanying text. But after some stalling, Steinbeck confessed that he had abandoned their project and written a novel, *The Grapes of Wrath*. The woman in the photograph was the model for the strong, long-suffering Ma Joad, both in the novel and in the movie that followed.1

“Ma Joad” in Migrant Camp, California, 1938
Horace Bristol
A young girl in her First Communion dress faces us in Milton Rogovin’s 1973 portrait taken in Buffalo’s lower west side (page 30). Rogovin, an optometrist and lifelong socialist, has shot several series of portraits of working-class folk, including miners in Appalachia, Cuba and Chile. This girl lived in a run-down neighborhood near his office, where he often walked and asked permission to take pictures. When asked about the circumstances of the shoot forty years later, Rogovin claimed it was too long ago, hesitated, and then remembered one thing: the apartment of the girl’s family was very dirty, and her older brother tried to block out some of the squalor by hanging the bedspread behind her.²

*continued on page 32*

What Does Your Face Show? ca. 1936–40
Peter Sekaer

Prostitue, New Orleans, Louisiana, 1936
Peter Sekaer
Untitled, from Buffalo, Lower West Side Series, 1973
Milton Rogovin

Fitness America Contestants, Redondo Beach, California, 1998
Lauren Greenfield
A more sinister, and sad, story lies behind Deborah Luster’s portrait of Donald Garringer (left). Formally, it is similar to Rogovin’s picture, but a more tragic history accompanies Garringer. At the time he posed for Luster in a hot Louisiana cotton field in 1999, he was inmate 115224 at Angola Prison. Scratched on the back of the photo is the information that he was born in 1962 and was incarcerated in 1990 to serve a life sentence. Luster’s interest in the lives of lawbreakers came from a personal experience: a relative hired a man to kill her mother, and in the ensuing trial she became aware of how destructive to life crime can be. She obtained permission to take portraits of willing prisoners and eventually handed out more than twenty-five thousand wallet-size pictures, which were sent from prisons to friends and family, sometimes resulting in visits or letters for people who had not had either for years, if ever. Luster commented that one of the tragedies of being in prison is that inmates are emotionally and physically alone, and her photographs expedited what she simply called “contact.”
Faces of Childhood: Innocence, Joy, Fear, Race, and Sex

Generally, photographs of children are taken to celebrate the joy of life, to capture the fleeting expressions that will rapidly change, or possibly just to boast about one’s grandchildren. One photograph that fits these criteria is Gertrude Käsebier’s beautiful platinum print of her daughter reading to her grandson (page 34). Käsebier was probably the best-known and most respected woman photographer in America in the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries. Besides running a successful studio, she exhibited and published as an equal alongside the great camera artists of the period, such as Alfred Stieglitz (page 20), Edward Steichen (page 16), and Clarence White (page 20). After her children were grown, she realized that because of the time and energy she had put into her work, she had neglected to document her own children. She began a series of personal images of her family that were gathered into albums, from which this particular photograph comes.4 This image is a great example of Käsebier’s subtle sense of design, because the tree, its shadow, and the gentle curve of the path frame the triangular shape (a symbol of stability) of the child and his mother, whose long hair blows in the wind.

Gertrude and Charles O’Malley of Newport, Rhode Island, ca. 1903
Gertrude Käsebier

In contrast, consider three photographs that each feature three children: Diane Arbus’s image of triplets in their New Jersey bedroom (page 36), Lewis Hine’s three boys from South Carolina (page 37), and the two girls and a boy draped in a large American flag (page 38). At first glance, the picture of the triplets could be a simple documentation of multiple births; but on further study, it becomes much more ominous. Although their faces are identical, the girls on either side look very solemn, while the middle one wears a faint smile. The bedroom itself reinforces the concept of repetition and multiplicity, from the patterns on the wall and bedspread to the rows of ruffles on the curtain. With a very subtle touch, Arbus has exposed and printed the photo so that the girls’ dresses blend into one dark shape, as though they were all emerging from one lower body.

Diane Arbus’s image of triplets in their New Jersey bedroom (page 36), Lewis Hine’s three boys from South Carolina (page 37), and the two girls and a boy draped in a large American flag (page 38). At first glance, the picture of the triplets could be a simple documentation of multiple births; but on further study, it becomes much more ominous. Although their faces are identical, the girls on either side look very solemn, while the middle one wears a faint smile. The bedroom itself reinforces the concept of repetition and multiplicity, from the patterns on the wall and bedspread to the rows of ruffles on the curtain. With a very subtle touch, Arbus has exposed and printed the photo so that the girls’ dresses blend into one dark shape, as though they were all emerging from one lower body.

Larry Clark

Untitled, from Tulsa, 1980
The other two photographs were meant to be factual documents that would inspire the viewer to take a stand against injustice. Hine’s picture was part of a large body of work assembled to make the public aware of the extensive and evil practice of child labor. The photographer visited mines, glass factories, slum workshops, urban streets, and textile mills to gather visual and written evidence of this national scandal, which few people had actually witnessed themselves. He took careful notes to counteract claims that he was exaggerating or faking conditions.

The full caption for this image, as he typed it, reads, “Maple Mills, Dillon, S.C. Lonnie Baker (tallest) Has doffed 4 years. Gets 40 cents a day. Bertie Baster—10 years old. 3 years in mill Runs 3 sides = 30 cents a day.” Doffers ran back and forth in a mill, replacing the full spindles with empty ones. A “side” was one of the long rows of spindles on each machine. In addition to the fact that it kept children out of school, the work was dangerous and unsafe. Many lost fingers or even arms and legs in these industrial settings. Children in coal mines developed “black lung” disease, while those in mills, like Lonnie and Bertie, could develop “brown lung” from inhaling cotton textile dust.
A more complex story lies beneath the smiles of Rosa, Charley, and Rebecca, identified on the mount of the third image as “Slave Children from New Orleans.” Rosina (Rosa) Downs, Charles, and Rebecca were part of a group of slaves who had been freed when the Union Army captured New Orleans in 1863. That same year they were sent north on a tour to raise money for schools for former slaves which were being constructed by Northern abolitionist groups. At each stop, photographs were taken and sold to audiences who heard the stories of the children. At first three adults also participated in the tour, but it was discovered that they did not elicit much sympathy. When the group decided to make a side trip to Philadelphia, the two darker-skinned children were left behind, leaving only the three with the lightest skin and eyes; it seems that Northerners found nothing particularly shocking about dark-skinned children being enslaved. Audiences became especially fascinated with the two girls, particularly the “prettiest,” Rosa. The successful sale and popularity of this series of photographs raise many questions about the perception of race in mid-nineteenth-century America and about the role photography played.
It has been suggested that the nineteenth century began with the belief that what was written was true, and it ended with the belief that what was photographed was true. While Southerners encountered slaves frequently, if not daily, Northerners had little or no personal experience of the “peculiar institution.” Harriet Beecher Stowe’s enormously popular (and flawed) novel *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was the closest that most had ever come to the daily lives of slaves. If you attended a church that was antislavery, you might occasionally hear a testimony from a freed or escaped slave, such as the renowned orator Frederick Douglass. In such an environment, photographs became even more important as “true” witnesses.

The shocking “truth” of this photograph was not that it was terrible to enslave a child, but that three children who had African-American ancestors somewhere in their past could look so white. Contemporary viewers, like many today who are shown the image, would have looked carefully to see if the children’s hair and faces held any clue to their being partially black. It was obvious that any of the three could have passed for white on any American street. This then raised the question, who do I know who appears to be white but is actually black? Perhaps a husband, wife, or lover? Or even one’s own parent, with the dreaded implication?

There is yet another explanation for the success of such photographs, an even darker one. New Orleans was widely known as a place where the slave markets often specialized in the sale of light-skinned “fancy girls,” regularly purchased to become someone’s mistress or to work in a brothel. To add another layer of complexity, consider the circumstances surrounding the marketing of the children’s photograph. Rosa, Charley, and Rebecca would have been presented to a viewing audience along with a narrative explaining that these children, so “white,” innocent-looking and vulnerable, had been rescued by the Union from a fate of terrible exploitation, leaving the audience to imagine what that would have been. Then, photographs of groups or individuals (Rosa was the most popular subject) would have been offered for sale, in an eerie imitation of an actual slave auction.

opposite page:
*Our Protection. Rosa, Charley, Rebecca.*
*Slave Children from New Orleans, 1864*
*Charles Paxson*
Nostalgic Document or Visual Obituary?  
The Life and Death of Cultures and Races

Another group of photographs included here relates not to an individual’s death but rather to the death of a culture or a large group of people, often of the same ethnic group. A moving example of this kind of image is Roman Vishniac’s picture taken in Warsaw’s Jewish ghetto sometime between 1933 and 1939 (page 40). The photograph captures a slice of time on a sunny day, its casual composition reminiscent of a snapshot. A woman looks away at something outside the frame, shielding her eyes with a gesture that could also indicate worry or despair. A boy on the left is busy with some activity, his back turned towards the camera. He and the woman balance the two sides of the picture, with a pair of young boys in the middle sitting and studying something, perhaps a book or a magazine. The boys and the woman are framed by a large open doorway, the interior in darkness.

It is the context of the photograph that transforms its meaning for the viewer. Vishniac was a Russian Jew who had studied biology and medicine in Moscow before immigrating to Berlin. An American organization hired him to document the worsening conditions for Jews living in eastern Europe under the rise of Nazism. After he finished the commission he kept on traveling and photographing in Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Romania, and Lithuania. He was arrested eleven times, and often had to bribe his way out of police custody and across borders. Vishniac knew that the world he was photographing would cease to exist after Adolf Hitler applied his “final solution,” and he wanted not only to preserve it for future generations but also to convince Western countries to intervene to save lives. Within a few years after this picture was taken, the woman and children and their world had all ceased to exist.

Courtyard in a Jewish House, Warsaw Ghetto, ca. 1933–1939
Roman Vishniac

Untitled (New York City), ca. 1957–1960
David Heath
An anonymous photograph of a lynching similarly confronts us with the terrible results of ethnic and racial hatred (right). Leo Frank, a Jewish mechanical engineer, had moved from Brooklyn to be part owner and plant manager of the National Pencil Factory in Atlanta, Georgia. One Saturday, Mary Phagan, a thirteen-year-old girl who worked at the factory, came to see Frank to obtain a paycheck she was owed. The next morning at 3AM, her battered body was discovered in the basement by Newt Lee, a black man who was the night watchman. Frank was accused of the murder on circumstantial evidence and the testimony of a janitor, Jim Conley. (Years later, it was shown that the janitor had lied and was himself the murderer.)

One might think that Newt Lee would have been the prime suspect, based on racial hatred, but other hatreds came to dominate the incident. The Leo Frank trial occurred at a time when not only racism but anti-Catholic, anti-immigrant, and anti-Semitic hatred were raging in the South, as well as in rural areas of the North. The “lustful Jew” Leo Frank was convicted. It was such a travesty that the governor of Georgia commuted Frank’s death sentence, hoping he could get a fairer trial when tempers cooled. But it was not to be. A mob broke into a prison farm and kidnapped Frank. Driving back toward Atlanta, they pulled over
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.
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 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 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 Salt Lake City Deseret News, telling the story behind the image:

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:

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?

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.

View on Apache Lake, Sierra Blanca Range, Arizona.
Two Apache Scouts in the Foreground, 1873
Timothy O’Sullivan
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
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.\textsuperscript{12} 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.\textsuperscript{13} 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.\textsuperscript{14} 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

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 unclinching—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…*

*I 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.

*Cementerio, Shilac, Puebla, Mexico, 1992*  
Graciela Iturbide

*Reservoir in the Mountains, Brazil, ca. 1879*  
Marc Ferrez

*opposite page:*  
*Bristol, Virginia, 1996*  
Mike Smith
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

Cañon of Kanab Wash, Colorado River, Looking South, 1872
William Bell
Endnotes
1 Horace Bristol, Stories from Life: The Photography of Horace Bristol (Athens, GA: Georgia Museum of Art, University of Georgia, 1995), 36.
3 Deborah Luster and C. D. Wright, One Big Self: Prisoners of Louisiana (Santa Fe, NM: Twin Palms, 2003), 22.
6 Ibid., 395–96.
7 Steve Oney, And the Dead Shall Rise: The Murder of Mary Phagan and the Lynching of Leo Frank (New York: Pantheon Books, 2003), 178.
8 James Allen, ed. Without Sanctuary: Lynching Photography in America (Santa Fe, NM: Twin Palms, 2000), 176.
9 Oney, And the Dead Shall Rise, 524.
14 Ibid., 134.

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Over the years, many undergraduates, graduate students, and volunteers have researched the photographs in the Museum’s collection, including most of the images in this book. I am particularly indebted to Morna O’Neill, Ph.D. for sharing her scholarship on the nineteenth-century European photographs.

The many generous donors who made the acquisition of these photographs possible are cited individually in the extended captions at the end of this publication.

Photographic collections are impossible to assemble without the assistance and knowledge of photography dealers. I extend special gratitude to Lee Marks and Ken and Jenny Jacobson for their continual support and sharing both their images and their expertise.

The catalog you are holding in your hands is proof of the extraordinary ability and creativity of designer Robert Sedlack, Associate Professor of Design. He was a delight to work with. He made a complex and difficult process seem effortless, and even fun.

I am grateful to my wife, Kathleen, for her instincts and her own perception of death and beauty. In a world of darkness she has consistently shown me the light.

Finally, a humble thanks to all the photographers who produced these striking photographs. I believe they all would be delighted to know that their fragile images have survived, and still have the power to amaze and inspire us.

Stephen R. Moriarty
Introduction

It has been a high honor to be invited to write some introductory reflections for this splendid show of remarkable photographs. The invitation has also presented a daunting task, because I am neither an able photographer nor an art critic. My only competence comes from the fact that most of my adult life has been spent thinking about the tradition of contemplative living and about those who are, in fact, practitioners of contemplation. The word contemplation is to be understood in its most capacious sense of “looking intently” or “gazing with attention,” and so, an argument could be made that to appreciate any work of art, much less to be a critic of art, demands that one look intently; more will be said about this matter later in the essay. Thus, I come to this collection the way most viewers will—as one who looks. Many of these photographs are considered classics, and as the philosopher Hans George Gadamer noted, the classic has a “surplus of meaning.” My argument is that looking is a start, but contemplating is the next and better step to capturing a little of that surplus of meaning behind what some may dismiss as merely “visual.”
Photography

I will leave it to the professional historians to adjudicate whether it was the French inventor and adventurer Hercules Florence (1804–1879), while living in Brazil, who coined the word photography in 1832 or the British polymath John Frederick William Herschel (1792–1871) who did so in roughly the same period. What is clear, however, is that it was Herschel who introduced the word photography to English speakers. The *Oxford English Dictionary* traces the first public usage of both the words photograph and photography to a paper given and published by Herschel in 1839.

Herschel was one of those brilliant nonprofessional men of science who, after the obligatory turn at Eton and Cambridge, gave luster to the Victorian period as a well-respected polymath. We still use the nomenclature he developed for the seven rings of Saturn and the four around Uranus; his own age honored him for his mapping of the southern sky during a sojourn in South Africa, where, as a diversion, he also cataloged much of the flora of that part of the world, leaving it to his wife, the mother of his twelve children, to render his collection into artistic plates. His urgency at grasping the immensity of time in the development of the world inspired, as he said in print, Charles Darwin’s work. Almost as a side issue, it was his interest in light-reacting chemicals that led him to coin what was then a neologism: photography.

The term photography derives from two Greek words: *phos*, meaning “light,” and the infinitive *graphein*, meaning “to write.” It is a brilliant word in its own right, because a photograph emerges when light strikes a sensitive medium or, today, becomes fixed through the process of digitization. It is one of the more mysterious elements in photography that before the invention of the digital camera, one wrote in light only in the dark—film had to be developed in a darkroom. It was only with the arrival of the Polaroid camera that one could hold a small piece of paper in the hand and watch figures emerge in a manner that, when I first saw it, seemed almost preternatural. Light “wrote” from darkness. We will return to that play of light and dark later.

Photography is so much a part of our culture that we have lost any sense of how profound an invention it truly was. It is commonplace
today to see a video clip of a public event—a sports match, a political speech, a rock concert—in which the crowd is holding up cell phones taking pictures of the event, while that crowd itself is being photographed by a videographer. It is a common trick of a newsmen to take a picture of a clutch of photographers as they take pictures of the president as he speechifies. No sacred ceremony, from baptism or bar mitzvah to weddings, graduation, and burial, is without the intrusive eye of the camera. It is the preferred instrument of the voyeur (while, in a sense, all photographers fall into that camp).

The camera is the engine that drives advertising today, and the news occurs, as it surely does on television, within the parentheses of that advertising. Alas, as many of the young have learned to their chagrin, the snapshot records on MySpace, or its equivalent, capture indiscretions that will exist forever in cyberspace. Is it a surprise that the cliché “A picture is worth a thousand words” was coined by an advertising executive in the 1920s? One is almost persuaded, with this incessant bombardment of the visual, by the lament of the late Susan Sontag in her influential essay On Photography, that there is just too much of it. There is, of course, sad irony in the fact that her companion Annie Leibovitz, herself an accomplished cameraperson, photographed Sontag in her last days on her deathbed. The camera can be intrusive.

The sheer ubiquity of photography and photographs in all of their variety (Jean Luc Godard once said that photography is truth; the cinema is truth at twenty-four frames a second) needs no empirical evidence. All we need to do is look. The common proverb “Familiarity breeds contempt” could be amended to say “Familiarity breeds… familiarity.” It is for that reason that this little meditation, as a prelude to looking at this exhibition of some classic photographs, hopes to step back from the very familiar world of the photograph to marvel at what photography is and what it signifies. I would like to make the familiar unfamiliar.

Elizabethton, TN, 2004
Mike Smith
Writing with Light

Let us leave aside, for the moment, color photography and digital photography in order to pursue a simple line of discussion. For decades after the medium’s invention, most photographs were rendered in black and white or, to be more precise, white (light) as contrasted to the darkness from which it emerged. There is something fundamentally primordial about black and white: one might think of white as the absence of color, and black as the blending of them all into something quite dense. Black-and-white photographs are mendacious in the sense that nothing in nature is all of one or the other: take a picture of the black sky and nothing appears, just as the plate would be vacant if the camera shot only light. It is the gradations of white and black that makes “light writing” possible. Photography always involves, however subtle, a spectrum; the more dramatic the spectrum, the more dramatic the result.

There is a conundrum here to be explored. Certain photographs have taken on the character of a “classic.” When we look at a classic photograph—pick anything from this show that arrests your attention—we are not “seeing” a real person or place. We are seeing light and darkness capturing an image of that person or place in a particular moment of time. What the photographer accomplishes is to arrest darkness and light in time. That moment is ineffable in that it cannot be duplicated (although it may be staged or even parodied); the photograph has recorded time and the physics of light, giving us a memoir of something that has now gone by. Careful viewers of the photograph have to think reflexively that what they think they are seeing is not there; what is there is the capture of now-vanished light and darkness of some time ago. In that way of looking at things, every photograph is an act of loss, and in that loss is poignancy.
The photograph is exemplary of the evanescence of time. It always speaks to the past—a past that is either one we recognize or one that is shocking in its difference. That is why it is a poignant exercise to thumb through a family album: Dad and Mom looked so young, and the children are now so old; and uncle so-and-so is how many years dead? To look at photographs is to create temporal distance. Augustine of Hippo wrote, “What, then, is time? I know well enough what it is provided that nobody asks me; but if I am asked what it is and try to explain, I am baffled. All the same I can confidently say that I know that if nothing passed, there would be no past time; if nothing was going to happen, there would be no future time; and if nothing were there would be no present time” (Confessions, 11.14). Thus, in a few sentences, he set out the phenomenon of time, and most particularly, present time, as a problematic.

Hence, to really look at a photograph implicates a past moment captured in light, but a past that is not retrievable except in what it triggers for us in the present. This fact explains why photography is so centrally implicated in memory. Precisely because the photograph captures that moment, it is left to the viewers to bring their experience to the moment either through memory or by its absence, as the photograph reveals something new and, paradoxically, old (since what is captured is past). Every photograph demands that the viewer not only look at but also bring a narrative to the image—a narrative composed either from memory or through intuition. In his famous book on photography, Camera Lucida (1980), the late French critic Roland Barthes caught this ambiguity perfectly. Looking at a photograph of a nineteenth-century condemned prisoner, Barthes described that “He is dead and He is Going to Die,” for when Barthes looked at the picture the prisoner was long dead, but the photograph caught him before he went to the scaffold, as he awaited his fate. Barthes calls that captured moment a punctum (Latin for “a point”), which is the nexus between what was recorded in a moment and the “moments after the moment” that, in an almost Proustian way, the record invokes.
Ancient Roman augurs would mark off an area of the heavens called a *templum*, in order to watch for the flights of birds whose patterns were said to reveal future events. From that custom arose a Latin word, *contemplatio*, which meant something like “to gaze intently or to watch purposively.” By extension, the word came to mean the close observation of nature, a way of looking that was connected both to augury and to the ways of those who followed science. Christians took over that word to describe resting in God through quiet prayer. To be a contemplative, in short, is to develop the habit of closely watching or attentively gazing.

Cultivating the contemplative spirit is a necessary discipline for anyone who desires to approach the visual arts (or the literary ones, for that matter) with more substance than the desultory day-trippers who must “do” a museum or an exhibit as part of a tourist package. Those who wish to go beyond mere curiosity must develop a contemplative habit and take the time to look.

To engage a photograph fully is to gaze with attention, to look with purpose. Purpose, of course, implies a response, since all artistic vision is reciprocal. Is it not the case that a person will say about something being looked at as an artifact, “It doesn’t speak to me”? Such a phrase is metaphorical speech to be sure, but all metaphors carry a truth within them. Truly striking photographs look back at the viewer with a message that only the viewer can decode and which, at times, is beyond rational control.
“In-quiry”

What speaks back to a viewer more often than not provokes a question—a query. That question bends the viewer to the picture at hand in what, forgive the neologism, is an “in-quiry.” The maker of the photograph may or may not have intended a statement of morality or politics or the urge to buy or to shock or titillate. Such intentions must be judged, because photography, like all art, can easily lapse into propaganda or manipulation; we are bombarded with such visual artifacts every day. Photographic advertising is, as a moment’s reflection teaches, both propaganda and manipulation; it wishes to spread a message (propaganda) and inspire us to buy (manipulation). Nobody ever got a hamburger as perfect as those cunningly photographed examples in advertisements.

Because a photograph captures a moment in time, it provokes the viewer to ask, what happened before this moment? What happened next? Not to put too fine a point upon it: every photograph implies a story, which the viewer is compelled to construct. This provocation arises even in that most static of stereotypical photographs: the portrait. Looking at old tintypes sold in flea markets triggers the “Who was this?” reaction, just as the portrait of a famous person leads us into the bank of memory to recall how we know the subject and what our reactions might be in that knowledge.

Every viewer’s reaction to a given photograph says something about his or her emotional, spiritual, intellectual, and social makeup. Reactions of moral repugnance, fond recollection, determination, or even banal acquiescence well up from the experiences had, opportunities missed, or convictions held that are part of the repertoire of every alert viewer.

Exhausted Renegade Elephant, Woodland, Washington, June 1979
Joel Sternfeld
Behind the Machine

The writer in light—the photographer—can be a creator, as is surely the case when the subject is the portrait, because in that instance the photographer manipulates light and chooses the background to set the stage. However, no matter how artful that stage, the most profound portrait arises from the darkness into light only when the photographer seizes the right moment to shoot. The product of that right moment may be as banal as the portrait done in a shopping mall to capture a child in a moment of “cuteness,” or it may be as authentically revealing as the insightful portrait of a person achieved when the photographer not only seizes the moment but understands viscerally that the seized moment is revelatory.

The photographer/chronicler may travel—for news, for views, for documentation, or out of sheer restlessness—but still depends on that serendipitous moment of having a camera at the ready and the wit to use it effectively just when the shot was fired or the wall crumbled or the lightning struck or the group was at its least self-conscious. Action photographs (sports and war photos are prime examples) freeze an instant when something imminent is to occur: the instant before a body knifes into the pool or the soldier safely ducks for cover. That same chronicler may be sensitive enough to capture place and time when silence reigns or emptiness looms or, not to put too fine a point on it, nothing is happening except the sheer facticity of the photographer’s recognition that something is there. Some of the most brilliant photographs enjoy their brilliance by the absence of humans in the picture—pictures of desolate factories or suburban tract homes or desert landscapes—to remind us that the world is dense, present, and there, even without human presence. The cunning truth, however, is that there is a human there: the photographer, who remains offstage to capture the pure presentness of reality, which, of course—another paradox here—is no longer present.

Specimen Drawer of Cardinals, Field Museum, Chicago, 2001
Terry Evans
Pentimento

Thanks to modern technology, the art historian today can use X-ray equipment or its analogues to look beneath a painting to see the first sketches of the artist. If the sketches differ from the finished canvas, the artist has obviously rethought his or her plan; for this change of mind, the art historian uses the Italian word *pentimento*—the artist, as it were, “repented” his or her first idea. No such luck is permitted to the photographer. It is true that if the first sitting of the portrait photographer fails to catch what is intended, there can be a reshoot. In the contemporary world, the photographer can even, to use a new verb, “photoshop” a picture using the magic of digital technology to manipulate the image—making it larger or deeper or more tonal as one might desire. As is well known, one can even create something that is not there by photoshopping the original image. Mischief-minded people do that with seeming impunity today.

Past generations of photographers did not have such elaborate tools in their armory. Through either genius or serendipity (despite some tinkering around in the darkroom), the photographer froze in light and dark a precise moment. If the flower faded or the sun was not quite right or the *dramatis personae* moved or dispersed, there was little to be done, even though it is true that the photographer could painstakingly doctor a photo by elaborate manipulations. After all, it was not uncommon for photographers in the Stalinist era to make persons become nonpersons in their pictorial archives. Be that as it may, the ordinary situation of “taking a picture” creates, it seems to me, a truly poignant connection between the evanescent and the permanent that, as I insisted earlier, implicates temporality deeply in the great photograph. Unlike Monet endlessly trying to catch light on his haystacks, the photographer can readily achieve that effect over and over again; but what the photographer cannot do is go back and retouch what he or she has done—unless, of course, possessed of photographic memory (a phrase worth pondering!), a discipline to endlessly tinker with his or her work, or, today, skill with Photoshop.

next spread:
Flies in the Window, Castletown House, Ireland, 1972
Alen MacWeeney

The Domes, Valley of the Yosemite, from Glacier Rock, 1872
Eadweard Muybridge
In the Show

How does one get a fixed point to look at what is represented in this exhibition? The photographs are from the permanent collection of the Snite Museum of Art on the campus of the University of Notre Dame. The variety of subjects represented in the works makes generalizations a real risk, if not an impossibility. How do we move from praising the beauty of landscapes artfully displayed to analyzing scenes of war, violence, poverty, and social tragedy? How do we distinguish vivid color from the brownish patina of early photos? How do we resist being simple voyeurs, as we stroll past the walls and find ourselves arrested by one image in its grotesquerie only to be pulled away by the innocent beauty of another? We stroll, but the eye chooses.

It is inevitable when seeing a rich exhibition of any artworks that our temptation is to view eclectically. Go to any major museum and watch the crowds enter a room; a few will look at each exhibited artwork in turn, while the majority gravitate to the “major” work for a more studied moment of looking. The very way curators mount shows or arrange museum galleries acts as its own filter: the prize acquisitions get pride of place, while the minor works serve as sentinels or pointers for the major work. Such filtering is noted not as an accusation but as an observation about the capacity of the human mind to concentrate. When there is too much to take in (and there is too much in this exhibit), then either we self select or the very vividness of a particular photograph makes our selection for us.

Perhaps the best strategy is to observe the old Latin tag *multum in parvo*—seek the most from the least. In writing this essay, after a long time spent looking at the offerings provided by the curator, my own decision was to take a clue from the title of the exhibit and look for the interface of beauty and death. It strikes me that these two words are not meant to be seen as polar opposites, namely, that this show has some pictures that are beautiful and others that deal with death. There is something more subtle afoot, the idea that beauty itself has a certain quality of death (beautiful things and beautiful persons, in fact, die) and death somehow is implicated in beauty. To seek out beauty along with death runs the risk at one end of sliding into sentimentality and at the other of making a cult of death claiming that death is its own beauty. Western culture has many examples of these twin temptations, but, in my estimation, they should be resisted. Hemingway’s notion that bullfighting can be described as “death in the afternoon” is a sort of rubbishy sentimentality in which one is asked to accept the exaltation of death over life (this exaltation often betrays a move toward nihilism). The title of this exhibition, then, demands that we attend to it carefully.
Death and Beauty

The curator of this exhibition has titled it, in part, “Death and Beauty.” How are we to understand this seemingly jarring conjunction of seemingly odd words? Are we to think that death is beautiful (it is a truism that some die beautiful deaths) or that out of death comes beauty or, and the title is ambiguous here, that death and beauty stand next to each other as opposites? That is the way that most pessimistic of poets, A. E. Housman, saw it as he meditated on the loss of the young who were sent off as cannon fodder in the Boer War: “On every road I wandered by, / Trod beside me, close and dear, / The Beautiful and death-struck year” (“A Shropshire Lad,” 1896). It is not clear to me how to puzzle out the jarring subtitle of this exhibition except to say that those who have died are, in these photographs, if not living, at least kept alive in memory by the very existence of their life made concrete by the interplay of light upon black.

Much of what has been said above is so cerebral and so distant from the actual photographs in this show that it is only when we turn from reflection to actual gazing that what has been written makes any sense. Sense, of course, does not mean truth if one understands truth as some ultimate grasp of what is. Photographs are temporal fragments, so it is better to say that they point to truth. The late aesthetic theologian Hans Urs von Balthasar spoke of *ganze im fragment*—

919 South 9th St. Camden, NJ, 2004
Camilo Vergara

everything in a fragment. Maybe that is what a photograph is.

How much “truth” is in the very, and probably too, famous posed photo of the Storyville prostitute taken by E. J. Bellocq (page 65) before the First World War? Again, Roland Barthes is helpful here when, in his brilliant book on photography *Camera Lucida*, he...
casually remarks that the best picture of his late mother was one taken when she was a child and had not yet learned to “hide” before the camera. People lined up for a photograph (a portrait) inevitably “pose,” and in that pose assume a mask. What unromantic truth is hidden in the hourglass figure of a woman whose life was probably not a happy one in the brothel of Storyville? Those pathetic urchins in Lewis Hine’s Doffer Boys, South Carolina (page 37) ask us to push forward to think, How long did they last in those textile mills before lint and dust destroyed their lungs? And yet again, Whatever happened to those triplets so characteristically posed by Diane Arbus in the early 1960s (page 36)? And again and again, Whatever became of the baby (never mind the mother!) swelling the belly of the drug-user shooting a hypodermic needle in Larry Clark’s awful portrait of 1980? In that latter picture we come closest to beauty and death: the pregnant woman is almost madonna-like in her sensuous physical beauty, but her very beauty is undermined by the poison ready to be introduced into her veins and, by extension, those of her unborn child (page 35).

In each of those pictures, chosen without order, the nexus between beauty and death is omnipresent in different degrees and with diverse implications. Some of the subjects are dead but were alive when the pictures were taken (Barthes!), while others could well be alive albeit different from the time they were captured in light. They all share a kind of aching beauty—the winsome boys, the attractive triplets, the racy Flora Dora girl of New Orleans, the Madonna-like pregnant woman ripe with child and heavy of breast—but their fates seem almost inexorably drawn to old age, destruction, and death.
The Prophetic Edge

Before the Irish satirist Jonathan Swift died, he composed his own epitaph in which he said that savage indignation (*saeva indignatio*) could no longer “lacerate his heart.” Death alone would tame it. I thought of Swift’s phrase, difficult to translate from the Latin into pungent-enough English, while looking at some of these photographs. W. Eugene Smith’s *Tomoko Uemura in her Bath* (shown in the gallery but not in the catalog for copyright reasons) depicts a woman holding her severely handicapped child in a bath, in a pose that makes one think immediately of the standard image of the *pietà*; however, the knowledgeable viewer would also be aware that the child’s condition was caused by the cavalier dumping of toxins (especially mercury) in her neighborhood. The girl was cruelly poisoned by the indifference of those in power. How does savage indignation express itself in those circumstances?

The plain truth is that the alert photographer can serve as the social conscience of humanity by showing either human cruelty or human violence against others. We are only a few generations past the once-routine lynching of human beings (see the picture of Leo Frank’s hanging on page 42, for example). It is instructive to look at the wall of severed human heads of revolutionaries in Vietnam that an anonymous photographer documented in 1895 (page 23) and wonder how many Vietnamese remembered those kinds of events when they fought the French in the 1950s and left the struggles to the Americans, who fared little better, as subsequent history would show.
Beauty

Saint Thomas Aquinas had a succinct definition of beauty: “That which, when seen, pleases” (*id quod visum placet*). It is a wonderful definition, and, no doubt, when looking at some of the photographs in this show, the viewer will be pleased by the sheer beauty of some of the scenes that discerning photographers have captured. It would spoil things if I singled out those which are most pleasing, for my judgment would restrict, of necessity, the taste of the viewer and hinder that delicious moment when someone really looks and, almost involuntarily, pauses.

Saint Thomas, of course, assumed that the beautiful possessed a moral quality, for beauty in nature, human artifact, and other persons was a reflection of the source of beauty, which is, for Thomas, God. However, I should also note, in an almost sly manner, that it is human instinct to find something “pleasing” when, in fact, that pleasure comes from a less than noble impulse. Are we not pleased when an enemy gets comeuppance? Do we not revel, at moments, in the discomfort of those we do not like? It is always important to calibrate beauty with a moral calculus.

Sadness and horror can have their own beauty in an odd and peculiar way, when we see something terrible that causes us to rise up in “savage indignation” and pronounce a resounding “NO” to what appears before us. It is true, then, that we can appreciate what seems to be an oxymoron: terrible beauty. It is at this point that beauty and the prophetic and much more merge. The phrase “savage beauty” comes from the last line of Yeats’ powerful poem commemorating the 1916 Easter uprising in Dublin. From the carnage of that fateful day, Yeats saw, in the blood and loss of life, a possible new reality.
We should not romanticize the “terrible” by associating it with the beautiful. The best we can say when we look at the weary sharecropper in 1930s Alabama (page 32) or the naked man caught in the throes of an imprisoning neurological disease (page 105) is that while the human face has its own beauty, it also carries with it the implied message of the terrible. Through the gallery, we look—with detachment?—at the war victims, deathbed scenes, beaten-down Native Americans, or those crushed by inhuman work that we might pause, shed the detachment, and really look. In those capsules of light written in the dark we see the poignancy, the misery, and the grandeur of the human condition, to say nothing of the “real” world of nature and artifact, as it was and as the photographer has seen it. It is a sheer gift to us, if only we take the time to contemplate it.
Images

COVER
The Park at Saint-Cloud, France, June 1926
Eugène Atget
French, 1857–1927
gelatin silver printing-out-paper print
6 7/8 x 8 7/8 inches (17.5 x 22.5 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2002.020

page 4
Al Filo del Tiempo (The Edge of Time), 1992
Mariana Yampolsky
American, 1925–2002
gelatin silver print
14 x 18 1/2 inches (35.6 x 47.0 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana Foundation Endowment for American Art
2007.047.001

page 6
The Covenanters’ Tomb, Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh, ca. 1844–1845
David Octavius Hill (Scottish, 1802–1870)
and Robert Adamson (Scottish, 1821–1848)
salt print from a paper negative
8 3/4 x 5 3/4 inches (20.9 x 14.6 cm)
The Janos Scholz Collection of Nineteenth-Century European Photography
1994.030.040

page 8
Cape Cod, from the Bay/Sky series, 1976
Joel Meyerowitz
American, b. 1938
chromogenic color print
8 x 10 inches (20.3 x 25.4 cm)
Acquired with funds from the Mike Madden Purchase Fund
1979.032.001

page 9
Slag Processing, Indiana Harbor, August 31, 2006
Terry Evans
American, b. 1944
digital pigment print
30 x 40 inches (76.2 x 101.6 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana Foundation Endowment for American Art
2008.031.001

page 10
The Falls of Tivoli, ca. 1858–1860
Robert Macpherson
British, 1811–1872
albumen silver print from a collodion glass negative
16 5/8 x 12 1/4 inches (42.2 x 31.1 cm)
The Janos Scholz Collection of Nineteenth-Century European Photography
1979.122.001

page 10
Sed Publica (Public Thirst), 1934, printed ca. 1974
Manuel Alvarez Bravo
Mexican, 1902–2002
gelatin silver print
19 3/4 x 14 3/4 inches (50.1 x 37.4 cm)
Gift of Ms. Carol Lipis
1978.022.G

page 11
Forest of Fontainebleau, ca. 1853
Gustave Le Gray
French, 1820–1882
salt print from a dry waxed-paper negative
10 1/8 x 14 9/16 inches (25.7 x 36.9 cm)
The Janos Scholz Collection of Nineteenth-Century European Photography
1984.012.030

page 12
Sky Study, Paris, with the Dome of the Invalides in Silhouette, ca. 1860
Charles Marville
French, 1816–1879
albumen silver print from a collodion glass negative
5 1/16 x 8 15/16 inches (14.4 x 22.7 cm)
The Janos Scholz Collection of Nineteenth-Century European Photography
1987.015.025

page 13
Ghost Town—Rhyolite, Nevada, 1938
Edward Weston
American, 1886–1958
gelatin silver print
7 5/8 x 9 1/2 inches (19.4 x 24.1 cm)
Gift of Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2008.002

page 14
Finis, 1912
Anne Brigman
American, 1865–1950
photogravure from Camera Work XXXVIII, 1912
5 1/4 x 9 1/2 inches (13.3 x 24.1 cm)
Museum purchase by exchange, Mr. Samuel J. Schatz
1975.031.003

page 15
La Buena Fama Durmiendo (Good Reputation Sleeping), 1938, printed 1974
Manuel Alvarez Bravo
Mexican, 1902–2002
gelatin silver print
19 3/4 x 14 3/4 inches (50.1 x 37.4 cm)
Gift of Ms. Carol Lipis
1978.022.C
The Pond—Moonlight, 1904
Edward J. Steichen
American, b. Luxembourg, 1879–1973
photogravure from Camera Work XIV, 1906
6 3/8 x 8 inches (16.2 x 20.3 cm)
Gift of Dr. Douglas Barton
1980.077.001

Eleanor and Barbara, Lake Michigan, 1953, printed later
Harry Callahan
American, 1912–1999
gelatin silver print
8 x 10 inches (20.3 x 25.0 cm)
Museum purchase by exchange, Dr. and Mrs. Norval Green, Msgr. Alfred Mendez
1993.041.002

Windowsill Daydreaming, 1958, printed later
Minor White
American, 1916–1976
gelatin silver print
10 3/4 x 8 1/2 inches (27.3 x 21.6 cm)
Museum purchase by exchange, Mr. Samuel J. Schatz
1974.010.03

Wind and Water No. 1, 1940
Carl Distler
American, 1875–1963
gelatin silver print
10 1/2 x 13 inches (26.7 x 33.0 cm)
Gift of Miss Helen A. Distler
1975.019.077

Acontium: Aconte, Wolf’s-Bane, Monk’s Hood. Young Shoot Enlarged 6 Times, 1928
Karl Blossfeldt
German, 1865–1932
photogravure from Urformen der Kunst
10 1/4 x 7 1/2 inches (26.0 x 19.0 cm)
Acquired with Museum Projects Fund
1997.033.001

Untitled, from Roll, Jordan, Roll, ca. 1929–33
Doris Ulmann
American, 1882–1934
photogravure
8 1/4 x 6 3/8 inches (20.9 x 16.1 cm)
Gift of Milly Kaeser in honor of Fritz Kaeser
2002.012.034

Spring Showers, New York, 1900, printed 1911
Alfred Stieglitz
American, 1864–1946
photogravure from Camera Work XXXVI, 1911
9 x 3 5/8 inches (22.9 x 9.2 cm)
Gift of Dr. and Mrs. R. Stephen Lehman
2006.066.004

Nude, 1909
Clarence H. White
American, 1871–1925
platinum print
10 x 8 inches (25.4 x 20.3 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana Foundation Endowment for American Art
2008.034

Le Manège de Monsieur Barré (The Carousel of Monsieur Barré), 1955, printed ca. 1979
Robert Doisneau
French, 1912–1994
gelatin silver print
19 7/8 x 15 7/8 inches (50.4 x 40.3 cm)
Gift of Mr. John C. Rudolf
1994.028.002.D

Postmortem of John Dillinger, Chicago, July 22, 1934
Unidentified Photographer
gelatin silver print
8 x 10 inches (20.3 x 25.4 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Walter R. Beardsley Endowment for Contemporary Art
2001.023.003

The Home Funeral, 1990
Shelby Lee Adams
American, b. 1950
gelatin silver print
14 1/2 x 19 inches (36.8 x 48.2 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Fritz and Milly Kaeser Endowment for Liturgical Art
1999.043

L’innocent, 1949, printed ca. 1979
Robert Doisneau
French, 1912–1994
gelatin silver print
19 7/8 x 15 7/8 inches (50.4 x 40.3 cm)
Gift of Mr. John C. Rudolf
1987.046.002.I
Severed Heads of Revolutionaries, French Indochina, ca. 1895
Unidentified Photographer
gelatin silver print
4 1/2 x 7 inches (11.4 x 17.8 cm)
Acquired with funds from the Mary Frances Mullholland Bequest
2006.018.005

Family Portrait with Dead Mother and Family Photographs, ca. 1895
Unidentified Photographer
gelatin silver print
7 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches (19.0 x 21.5 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Walter R. Beardsley Endowment for Contemporary Art
2001.023.004

Wake in a Spanish Village, 1951, printed later
W. Eugene Smith
American, 1918–1978
gelatin silver print
8 3/4 x 13 1/4 inches (22.2 x 33.7 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the 1978 University of Notre Dame Purchase Fund
1978.079

Veterans Hospital and Home at Invalidovna, Czechoslovakia, 1922–1927
Josef Sudek
Czechoslovakian, 1896–1976
gelatin silver print on carte postale stock
3 9/16 x 3 9/16 inches (9.0 x 9.0 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Walter R. Beardsley Endowment for Contemporary Art
1998.045

Red Jackson, Harlem Gang Leader, 1948
Gordon Parks
American, 1912–2006
gelatin silver print
10 1/4 x 7 1/2 inches (26.0 x 19.1 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana Endowment for American Art
2007.008.002

The Old Zapatista, Morelos, Mexico, ca. 1940s
Hector Garcia
Mexican, b. 1923
gelatin silver print
10 3/4 x 13 3/4 inches (27.2 x 34.8 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Walter R. Beardsley Endowment for Contemporary Art in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2001.033.002
Foto: Héctor García/Fundación Héctor García/Ciudad de México

“Ma Joad” in Migrant Camp, California, 1938
Horace Bristol
American, 1908–1997
gelatin silver print
12 1/2 x 9 3/4 inches (31.8 x 24.8 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana Foundation Endowment for American Art
2005.024

What Does Your Face Show? ca. 1936–40
Peter Sekaer
American, b. Denmark, 1901–1950
gelatin silver print
7 1/4 x 10 inches (18.4 x 25.4 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2004.011.002

Prostitute, New Orleans, Louisiana, 1936
Peter Sekaer
American, born Denmark, 1901–1950
gelatin silver print
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2004.011.001

Untitled, from Buffalo, Lower West Side Series, 1973
Milton Rogovin
American, b. 1909
gelatin silver print
7 x 7 inches (17.8 x 17.8 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Walter R. Beardsley Endowment for Contemporary Art
2003.020

Donald Garringer, Angola, Louisiana, 1999, printed later
Deborah Luster
American, b. 1951
photographic emulsion on aluminum
5 x 4 inches (12.7 x 10.1 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2004.031
Floyd Burroughs, a Cotton Sharecropper, Hale County, Alabama, 1936, printed ca. 1950s
Walker Evans
American, 1903–1971
gelatin silver print
9 1/2 x 7 1/2 inches (24.1 x 19.0 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2000.044

The Walls, Texas, 1967, printed later
Danny Lyon
American, b. 1942
gelatin silver print
10 7/8 x 13 3/4 inches (27.6 x 34.9 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana Foundation Endowment for American Art
1996.035.002

Gertrude and Charles O’Malley of Newport, Rhode Island, ca. 1903
Gertrude Käsebier
American, 1852–1934
platinum print
6 1/4 x 8 1/8 inches (15.9 x 20.6 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana Foundation Endowment for American Art
2007.020

Untitled, from Tulsa, 1980
Larry Clark
American, b. 1943
gelatin silver print
13 15/16 x 10 7/8 inches (35.3 x 27.6 cm)
Gift of Mr. Walter Lake, Jr.
1981.080.001.OO

Textile Mill Workers, Dillon, South Carolina, December 1908
Lewis W. Hine
American, 1874–1940
gelatin silver print
4 5/8 x 6 1/2 inches (11.7 x 16.5 cm)
Museum purchase by exchange, Mr. Samuel J. Schatz
1977.084

Our Protection: Rosa, Charley, Rebecca, Slave Children from New Orleans, 1864
Charles Paxson
American, active 1860s
albumen silver print from a collodion glass negative
3 1/4 x 2 1/4 inches (8.3 x 5.7 cm)
Gift of Janos Scholz
1982.011.011.U

Courtyard in a Jewish House, Warsaw Ghetto, ca. 1933–1939, printed 1941
Roman Vishniac
American, b. Russia, 1897–1990
gelatin silver print
8 x 10 inches (20.3 x 25.4 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana Foundation Endowment for American Art
1993.075

Our Protection: Rosa, Charley, Rebecca, Slave Children from New Orleans, 1864
Charles Paxson
American, active 1860s
albumen silver print from a collodion glass negative
3 1/4 x 2 1/4 inches (8.3 x 5.7 cm)
Gift of Janos Scholz
1982.011.011.U

Courtyard in a Jewish House, Warsaw Ghetto, ca. 1933–1939, printed 1941
Roman Vishniac
American, b. Russia, 1897–1990
gelatin silver print
8 x 10 inches (20.3 x 25.4 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana Foundation Endowment for American Art
1993.075

Lazarus, ca. 1932
William Mortensen
American, 1897–1965
bromoil transfer print
13 1/2 x 10 1/4 inches (34.2 x 26.0 cm)
Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Kaeser
1980.029.038
Lewis Jones and Patagonia Natives, Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1867
Unidentified Photographer
albumen silver print
5 x 4 inches (12.7 x 10.2 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the
Mary Frances Mulholland Bequest
2005.046.011

Covent Garden Flower Women, 1877
John Thomson
British, 1837–1921
Woodburytype
5 x 4 inches (12.7 x 10.2 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the
Humana Foundation Endowment for American Art
1996.060

Baptism of the Shivwits Indians, March 1875
Charles R. Savage
American, b. England, 1832–1909
albumen silver print from a collodion glass negative
7 3/4 x 9 5/8 inches (19.6 x 24.4 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana
Foundation Endowment for American Art
2000.021

Paracelsus, 1957
Frederick Sommer
American, 1905–1999
gelatin silver print
13 7/16 x 10 5/8 inches (34.1 x 27.0 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser
in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2001.002

La Rosa, 1989
Luis González Palma
Guatemalan, b. 1957
gelatin silver print coated with bitumen
12 x 12 inches (30.48 x 30.48 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Walter R.
Beardsley Endowment for Contemporary Art
2005.026

Covent Garden Flower Women, 1877
John Thomson
British, 1837–1921
Woodburytype
5 x 4 inches (12.7 x 10.2 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the
Humana Foundation Endowment for American Art
1996.060

Baptism of the Shivwits Indians, March 1875
Charles R. Savage
American, b. England, 1832–1909
albumen silver print from a collodion glass negative
7 3/4 x 9 5/8 inches (19.6 x 24.4 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana
Foundation Endowment for American Art
2000.021

Paracelsus, 1957
Frederick Sommer
American, 1905–1999
gelatin silver print
13 7/16 x 10 5/8 inches (34.1 x 27.0 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser
in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2001.002

White Angel Bread Line, 1933, printed ca. 1950s
Dorothea Lange
American, 1895–1965
gelatin silver print
13 3/8 x 10 1/2 inches (33.9 x 26.6 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser
in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2004.004

Uneoked [sic] Indian, 1880
Edward S. Curtis
American, 1868–1952
photogravure
10 3/4 x 13 1/4 inches (27.3 x 33.7 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana
Foundation Endowment for American Art
1996.036

View on Apache Lake, Sierra Blanca Range, Arizona: Two
Apache Scouts in the Foreground, 1873
Timothy O’Sullivan
American, 1840–1882
albumen silver print from collodion glass negative
11 x 8 inches (27.9 x 20.3 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Betty Gallagher
and John Snider
2000.081
Amazonian Native from the Forest Slopes of Peru, ca. 1870
Eugenio Courret
French, active Peru, 1841–ca.1905
albumen silver print from collodion glass negative
9 x 6 3/4 inches (22.9 x 17.1 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2006.075.002

Family Group in a Garden, Lille, France, ca. 1855
Alphonse Le Blondel
French, 1812–1875
salt print from collodion glass negative
5 13/16 x 4 9/16 inches (14.7 x 11.58 cm)
The Janos Scholz Collection of Nineteenth-Century European Photography
1984.012.029

Coyotito, ca. 1999–2001
Rame (Ramon Jimenez)
Mexican, b. 1976
digital print
24 x 20 inches (60.9 x 50.8 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Walter R. Beardsley Endowment for Contemporary Art
2005.004.001

Retrato de Lo Eterno (Portrait of the Eternal), 1932–1933, printed 1977
Manuel Álvarez Bravo
Mexican, 1902–2002
gelatin silver print
9 3/8 x 7 7/16 inches (23.8 x 18.8 cm)
Gift of Mr. John C. Rudolf
1979.123.001.C
Page 62

Young Geisha with Doll, Japan, ca. 1870s
Kusakabe Kimbei
Japanese, 1841–1934
albumen silver print with applied color
10 1/2 x 8 1/4 inches (26.7 x 21 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Robert E. (ND ’63) and Beverly (SMC’63) O’Grady
2006.051.003

Page 63

Wife and Two Children of Unemployed Mine Worker, Marine, West Virginia, September 1938
Marion Post Wolcott
American, 1918–1990
gelatin silver print
7 1/16 x 7 7/16 inches (17.9 x 18.9 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana Foundation Endowment for American Art
2006.039.005

Page 64

Prostitute, India, ca. 1855–65
Unidentified Photographer
albumen silver print from collodion glass negative
8 1/2 x 7 inches (21.6 x 17.8 cm)
Gift of Mr. Jamie Niven, by exchange
2008.003.001

Page 65

Storyville Portrait, ca. 1912, printed by Lee Friedlander
E. J. Bellocq
American, 1873–1949
printing-out paper
9 13/16 x 7 7/8 inches (25.0 x 20.0 cm)
Museum purchase by exchange, Mr. Samuel J. Schatz
1975.077

Page 65

Carving of Shiva in Cave, Ellara, India, ca. 1895
Platé & Co.
studio active Ceylon ca. 1890–1940
platinum print
Acquired with funds provided by the Walter R. Beardsley Endowment for Contemporary Art
2003.007.002

Page 65

The Firefly, 1907
George H. Seeley
American, 1880–1955
photogravure from Camera Work XX, 1907
7 7/8 x 6 3/16 inches (20.0 x 15.7 cm)
Gift of Dr. Gary Pippenger
1981.087.007

Page 65

Jeanne Michel, Age 31 Months, July 12, 1858
Victor Plumier
French, active 1845–1866
daguerreotype
half plate, 4 1/4 x 5 1/2 inches (10.7 x 13.9 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Betty Gallagher and John Snider
2000.077.005

Page 66

Tamil Woman, Ceylon (Sri Lanka), ca. 1870s
W. L. H. Skeen & Company
studio active Ceylon 1860–ca.1920
albumen silver print from collodion glass negative
11 x 8 1/2 inches (27.9 x 21.6 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Robert E. (ND ’63) and Beverly (SMC’63) O’Grady
2007.003

Page 66

Girl in a Bee Dress, 2004
Maggie Taylor
American, b. 1961
digital ink jet print
8 x 8 inches (20.32 x 20.32 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2005.013

Page 67

Natasha, 2003
Shelby Lee Adams
American, b. 1950
gelatin silver print
20 x 16 inches (50.8 x 40.6 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2004.006

Page 67

La Contadina, 1869
Julia Margaret Cameron
British, 1815–1879
albumen silver print from collodion glass negative
11 1/2 x 9 1/2 inches (29.2 x 24.1 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2006.027

Page 68

Buddhist Temple and Cemetery, Nagasaki, Japan, ca. 1864–1865
Felice Beato
British, 1830–1906
albumen silver print from collodion glass negative
9 x 11 3/16 inches (22.9 x 28.4 cm)
The Janos Scholz Collection of Nineteenth-Century European Photography
1994.030.161.A
Nuclear Explosion at Nagasaki, Japan, August 9, 1945, 11:02 AM
U.S. Air Force photographer
gelatin silver print
10 x 8 inches (25.4 x 20.3 cm)
Gift of Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2004.013

Cristo with Thorns • Huexotla (no. 17 from The Mexican Portfolio), 1933, printed 1941
Paul Strand
American, 1890–1976
photogravure
10 3/16 x 7 7/8 inches (25.8 x 20.0 cm)
Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Kaeser
1981.132.001.Q

Ditch on Right Wing, Where a Large Number of Rebels Were Killed at the Battle of Antietam, 1862
Alexander Gardner
American, b. Scotland, 1821–1882
albumen silver print from collodion glass negative
3 3/16 x 4 1/2 inches (8.1 x 11.4 cm)
Gift of Dr. and Mrs. John McGonigle
1987.012.002

Confederate Soldier, Who, After Being Wounded, Had Dragged Himself to a Little Ravine on the Hill-Side, Where He Died, 1862
Alexander Gardner
American, b. Scotland, 1821–1882
albumen silver print from collodion glass negative
3 3/16 x 4 3/8 inches (8.1 x 11.1 cm)
Gift of Dr. and Mrs. John McGonigle
1987.012.003

Last Rites for U.S. Prisoners Executed by North Koreans, 1950
Stanley Tretick
American, 1921–1999
gelatin silver print
10 x 8 inches (25.4 x 20.3 cm)
Gift of Jo C. Tartt, Jr.
2001.019

Private John Winbury of the California National Guard Says Goodbye to His Son Before He Leaves for Hawaii, 1940
Robert Jakobsen
American, ca. 1918–?
gelatin silver print
12 7/16 x 10 3/16 inches (31.5 x 25.8 cm)
Gift of Mr. Harold L. Cooke
1981.079

Boy Crying, 1963
David Heath
Canadian, b. 1931
gelatin silver print
10 3/4 x 7 3/8 inches (27.3 x 18.7 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana Foundation Endowment for American Art
1995.007.004

Vounded, Dying Infant Found by American Soldier in Saipan Mountains, 1944, printed 1977
W. Eugene Smith
American, 1918–1978
gelatin silver print
13 x 10 inches (33.0 x 25.4 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2005.011

Soviet Army Enters Berlin, April 1945, printed later
Ivan Shagin
Russian, 1904–1982
gelatin silver print
9 3/8 x 12 1/2 inches (23.8 x 31.7 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Walter R. Beardsley Endowment for Contemporary Art
1997.032
Wounded Soldier, Okinawa, April 19, 1945
W. Eugene Smith
American, 1918–1978
gelatin silver print
10 1/2 x 8 3/16 inches (26.7 x 20.8 cm)
Gift of Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2008.018

A Miner Reaches the Rim of the Gold Mine,
Serra Pelada, Brazil, 1986
Sebastião Salgado
Brazilian, b. 1944
gelatin silver print
11 x 17 inches (29.0 x 43.5 cm)
Acquired with Funds provided by the Walter R. Beardsley Endowment for Contemporary Art
2000.066

Burned Iraqi Army Truck Driver, Kuwait, 1991
Ken Jarecke
American, b. 1963
chromogenic color print
16 x 20 inches (40.6 x 50.8 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2004.007

Ruins of a Factory, Paris, ca. 1871
Unidentified Photographer, probably French
albumen silver print from a collodion glass negative
10 1/4 x 8 inches (26.0 x 20.3 cm)
The Janos Scholz Collection of Nineteenth-Century European Photography
1985.010.008

Lu-La Lake, Atop Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga, 1864 or 1866
George N. Barnard
American, 1819–1902
albumen silver print
10 x 14 inches (25.4 x 36.5 cm)
Gift of the Friends of the Snite Museum of Art
2000.072

Where the River that Flows Through the Kamenica Valley Meets the Drina, 2004
Simon Norfolk
British, b. Nigeria, b. 1963
chromogenic color print
20 x 24 inches (50.8 x 61 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Scholz Family
2006.022.001

Cementerio, Shilac, Puebla, Mexico, 1992, printed later
Graciela Iturbide
Mexican, b. 1942
gelatin silver print
18 x 12 3/4 inches (45.7 x 32.4 cm)
Gift of Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2007.028

Reservoir in the Mountains, Brazil, ca. 1879
Marc Ferrez
Brazilian, 1843–1923
albumen silver print from collodion glass negative
8 x 18 inches (20.3 x 45.7 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2006.064

Brick, Virginia, 1996
Mike Smith
American, b. 1951
chromogenic color print
17 x 21 inches (43.1 x 53.3 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Walter R. Beardsley Endowment for Contemporary Art
2003.009

The Park at Saint-Cloud, France, June 1926
Eugène Atget
French, 1857–1927
gelatin silver printing-out-paper print
6 7/8 x 8 7/8 inches (17.5 x 22.5 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2002.020

Cañon of Kanab Wash, Colorado River, Looking South, 1872
William Bell
American, b. England, 1830–1910
albumen silver print from a collodion glass negative
10 5/8 x 7 7/8 inches (27.0 x 20.0 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana Foundation Endowment for American Art
1994.003.003

U. A. Walker, New York, 1978, printed later
Hiroshi Sugimoto
Japanese, b. 1948
photogravure
17 1/2 x 22 inches (44.4 x 55.8 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana Endowment for American Art
2002.043
Plate 15 from A Guide to Operations on the Brain, 1890
Alec Fraser, M.D.
Scottish, 1853–1909
collotype
13 1/2 x 10 inches (34.2 x 25.4 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser
in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2004.008

Elizabethton, TN, 2004
Mike Smith
American, b. 1951
chromogenic color print
16 x 34 inches (40.6 x 86.3 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser
in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2005.009.001

Utah, 1964, printed 1978
Garry Winogrand
American, New York, NY, 1928–1984
gelatin silver print
9 x 13 3/8 inches (22.9 x 34.0 cm)
Gift of Mr. John C. Rudolf
1983.040.002.C

Suma, Resta, y Multiplica (Add, Subtract, and Multiply), ca. 1940s
Lola Alvarez-Bravo
Mexican, 1907–1993
gelatin silver print
8 3/4 x 7 1/4 inches (22.2 x 18.4 cm)
Gift of Mr. Jamie Niven, by exchange
2008.005

Plaster Cast of Dog from Pompeii, ca. 1870
Giorgio Sommer
Italian, 1834–1914
albumen silver print from a collodion glass negative
8 x 10 inches (20.3 x 25.4 cm)
The Janos Scholz Collection of Nineteenth-Century
European Photography
1985.011.015.Z2

Wall Street, 1915
Paul Strand
American, 1890–1976
photogravure from Camera Work XLVIII, 1916
5 1/8 x 6 3/8 inches (13.0 x 16.2 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the
Walter R. Beardsley Endowment for
Contemporary Art
1996.059

Man, Five-Points Square, New York, 1916
Paul Strand
American, 1890–1976
photogravure from Camera Work, XLIX/L, 1917
6 1/4 x 7 3/4 inches (15.8 x 19.1 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser
in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2000.054

Exhausted Renegade Elephant, Woodland, Washington,
June 1979, printed 1982
Joel Sternfeld
American, b. 1944
chromogenic color print
14 1/8 x 18 1/8 inches (35.9 x 46.0 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the
Walter R. Beardsley Endowment for
Contemporary Art
1986.020.R

Specimen Drawer of Cardinals, Field Museum, Chicago, 2001
Terry Evans
American, b. 1944
digital pigment print
34 x 26 inches (86.4 x 66.0 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana
Foundation Endowment for American Art
2008.031.002

Flies in the Window, Castletown House, Ireland, 1972
Alen MacWeeney
American, b. Ireland, 1939
gelatin silver print
16 x 20 inches (40.6 x 50.8 cm)
Gift of Mr. Patrick Kealy
1982.071.002.C

The Domes, Valley of the Yosemite, from Glacier Rock, 1872
Eadweard Muybridge
American, b. England, 1830–1904
albumen silver print from collodion glass negative
17 x 21 ½ inches (43.1 x 54.6 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser
in memory of Fritz Kaeser
2001.048.001

919 South 9th St. Camden, NJ, 2004
Camilo Vergara
American, b. Chile, 1945–
chromogenic color print
8 1/2 x 13 inches (21.6 x 33.0 cm)
Acquired with funds from the 2006–2007
Purchase Fund
2007.027.004
page 102
*Woman Walking on All Fours*, plate 148 from *Human Locomotion*, ca. 1885
Eadweard Muybridge
American, b. England, 1830–1904
collotype
15 3/8 x 22 3/8 inches, 39.0 x 56.8 cm
Dr. and Mrs. Charles Sawyer Purchase Fund 1980.090

page 103
*Hopscotch, 105th Street, New York*, 1952, printed later
Walter Rosenblum
American, b. 1919
gelatin silver print
5 1/8 x 4 1/4 inches (13.0 x 10.8 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by Milly Kaeser in memory of Fritz Kaeser 2001.033.001

page 104
*Untitled (Doctor Examining Patient)*, ca. 1920s–1930s
Unidentified Photographer
gelatin silver print
8 x 10 inches (20.3 x 25.4 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Walter R. Beardsley Endowment for Contemporary Art 2001.023.002

page 105
*Patient with Neuromuscular Disease*, 1894
Heinrich Curschmann
German, 1846–1910
photogravure, plate 22 from *Klinische Abbildungen*
6 1/4 x 3 3/4 inches (15.8 x 9.5 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Art Purchase Fund 1999.022

page 106
*El Ángel Exterminador (The Exterminating Angel)*, 1991
Mariana Yampolsky
American, 1925–2002
gelatin silver print
14 x 18 1/2 inches (35.6 x 47.0 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana Foundation Endowment for American Art 2007.047.003

page 107
*Nebraska State Highway 2, Box Butte County*, 1978, printed 1991
Robert Adams
American, b. 1937
gelatin silver print
8 3/4 x 11 inches (22.2 x 27.9 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Humana Foundation Endowment for American Art 1995.007.001

Back cover
*Shipbreaking #33, Chittagong, Bangladesh*, 2001
Edward Burtynsky
Canadian, b. 1955
chromogenic color print
30 x 40 inches (75 x 100 cm)
Acquired with funds provided by the Friends of the Snite Museum of Art 2005.065
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