

DOUBLE EXPOSURE



Harry Callahan



Eleanor and Barbara, Chicago 1955. *"I hope that when the photographs are looked at, they will touch the spirit in people."*

CREATOR of many images, Harry Callahan is a man of few words and even fewer academic pretensions. All his "statements" are to be found within the picture-edges of his prints; his only "theory" is the practice of his art.

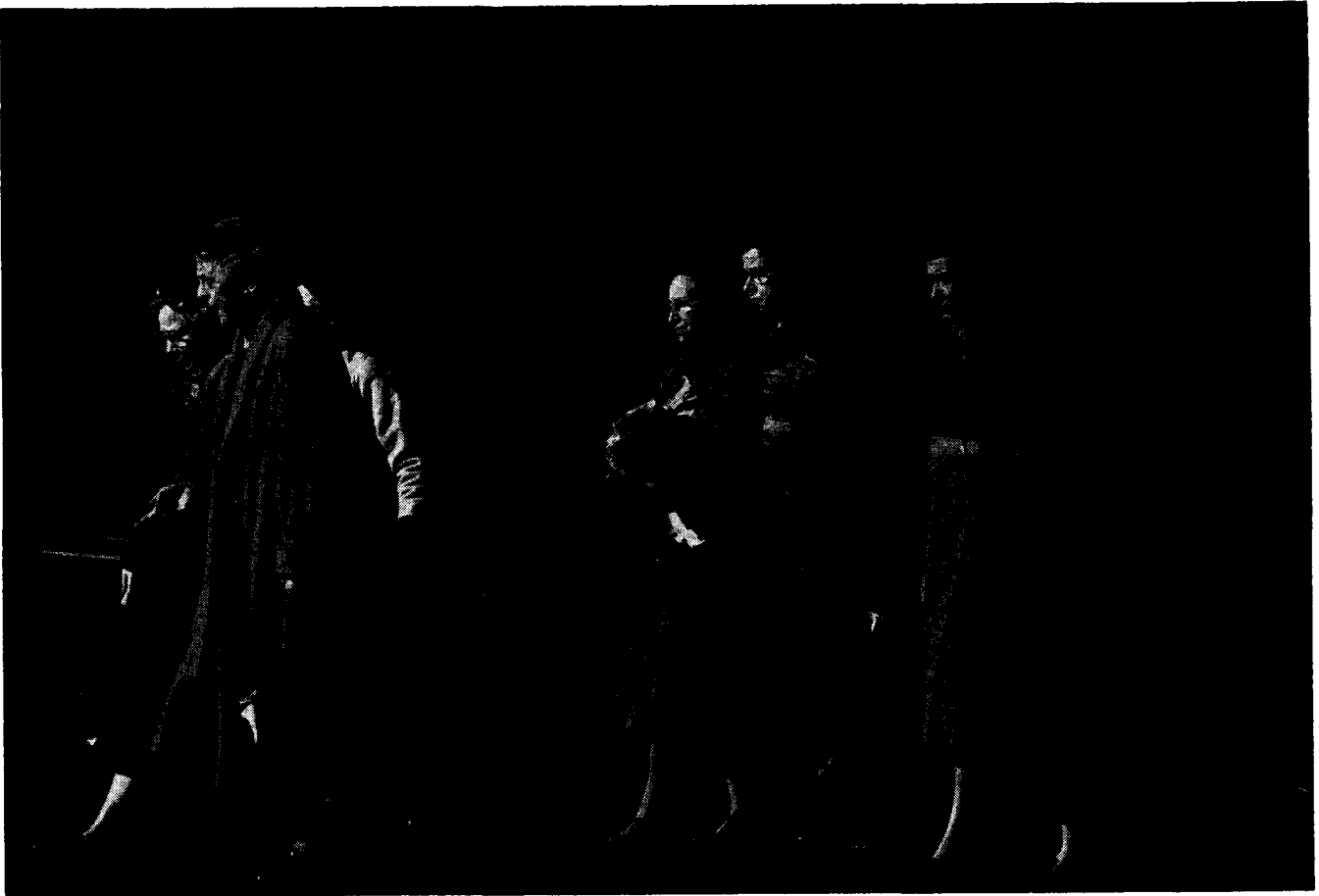
It is fortunate, then, that we now have an opportunity to see his working concepts and techniques displayed in depth—in the double exposure of publication and exhibition. A 240-page retrospective volume, *Photographs: Harry Callahan*, has been published by El Mochuelo Gallery of Santa Barbara. And currently New York's newly opened Hallmark Gallery is the red-carpet setting for a one-man show of 150 photographs, which in mid-October will start a tour of major museums here and abroad.

Both book and show chart a life story of dedication—the visual autobiography of a man's quest-by-camera for Santayanan essences, for form and order and design in the disordered sensory world of daily experience.

No mere data collector, Callahan has used his camera as a divining rod. The areas of probing and search change as the focus and planes of his interest shift—from faces of passers-by to the equally anonymous façades of the buildings that house them, from tattered billboards to tangled reeds and grasses, from intimate fleshly portraits of his wife and daughter to skeletal abstractions of light and shadow. These are the sectors of Callahan's exploration and discovery, and to these he has turned and returned for extended periods of study during his quarter-century career.

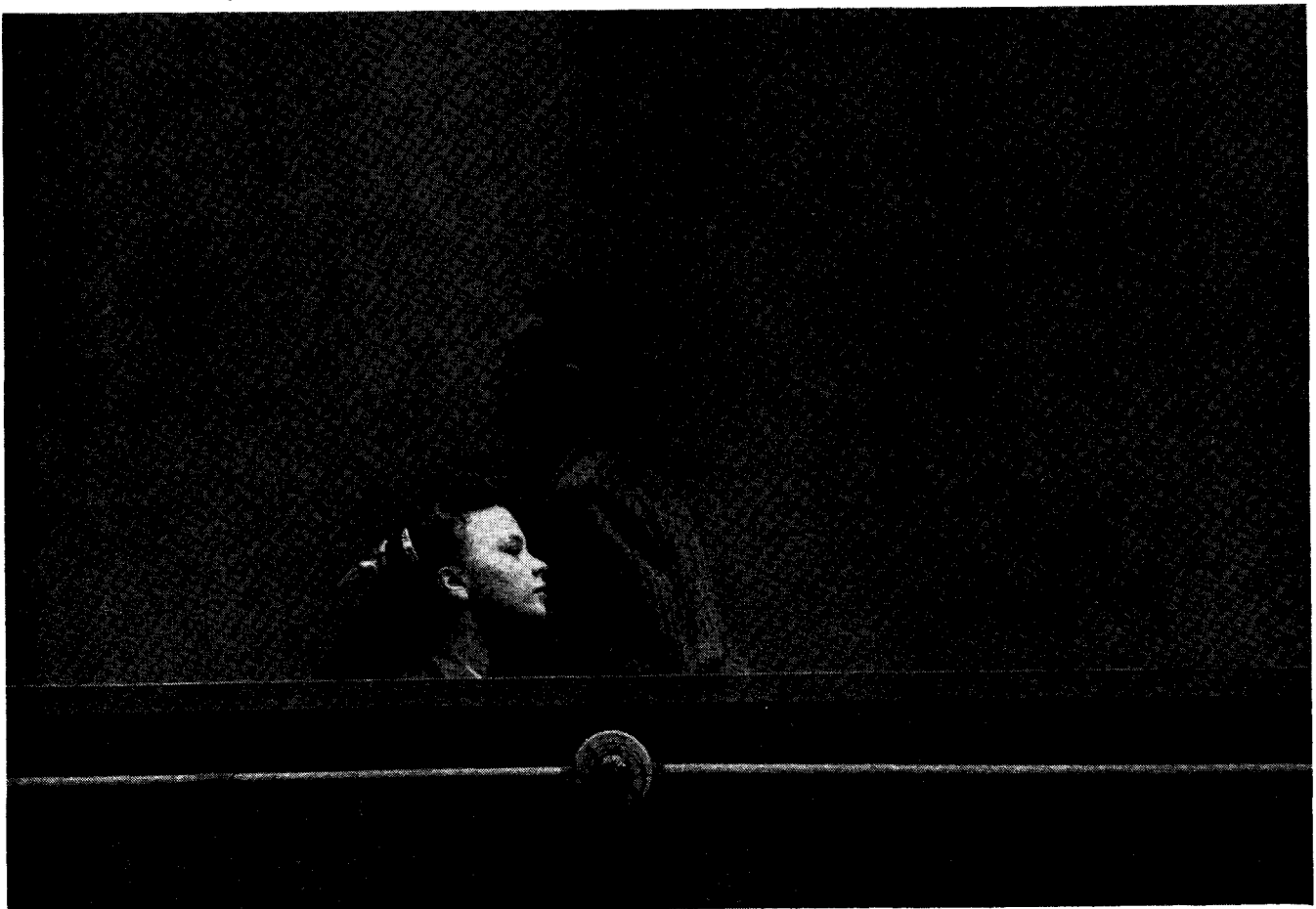
"You must start with a concept, with the idea that there is much more to the subject than meets the unaided eye," he told me the other day. "The subject is all-important. And I experiment with various techniques to help me see things differently from the way I saw them before. That is seeing *photographically*, and when you see *photographically* you really see."

At times his technique is the "straight"



Chicago 1961. *"... I found that people walking were lost in thought, and this (not the literal) was what I wanted."*

Chicago 1960. *"I had an urge to photograph people on the streets ... and to do it freely."*





Multiple Exposure Tree, Chicago 1956.
"I'm interested in revealing the subject in a new way"—often with experimental techniques to isolate and intensify form.

approach of a traditional cameo portrait; at others it may be the stratagem of multiple exposure that etches the stylized tracery of a tree's foliage, or a trick of camera movement that realigns planes and surfaces into new abstract patterns. But always technique is hand-maiden to artistic purpose; it is only the means by which each impression is isolated and intensified.

For Callahan, "the difference between the casual impression and the intensified image is about as great as that separating the average business letter from a poem. If you choose your subject selectively—intuitively—the camera can write poetry rather than casual correspondence."

Most critics agree that his camera extracts a poetic statement from even the simplest of subjects. In a foreword to the recently published book, however, his friend Hugo Weber confesses being somewhat puzzled by the photographer's preference for wine-dark prints. As one who has closely followed Callahan's work from his early teaching days at the Institute of Design in Chicago to his present post as director of photographic studies at the Rhode Island School of Design, Weber sums up the characteristically dark print: "I think he does it to make you look twice."

In any case, Callahan has a craftsman's concern for quality prints. He prefers making his own, and those reproduced here were rushed to us directly from his Providence darkroom the day after he returned home from the New York opening of his show.

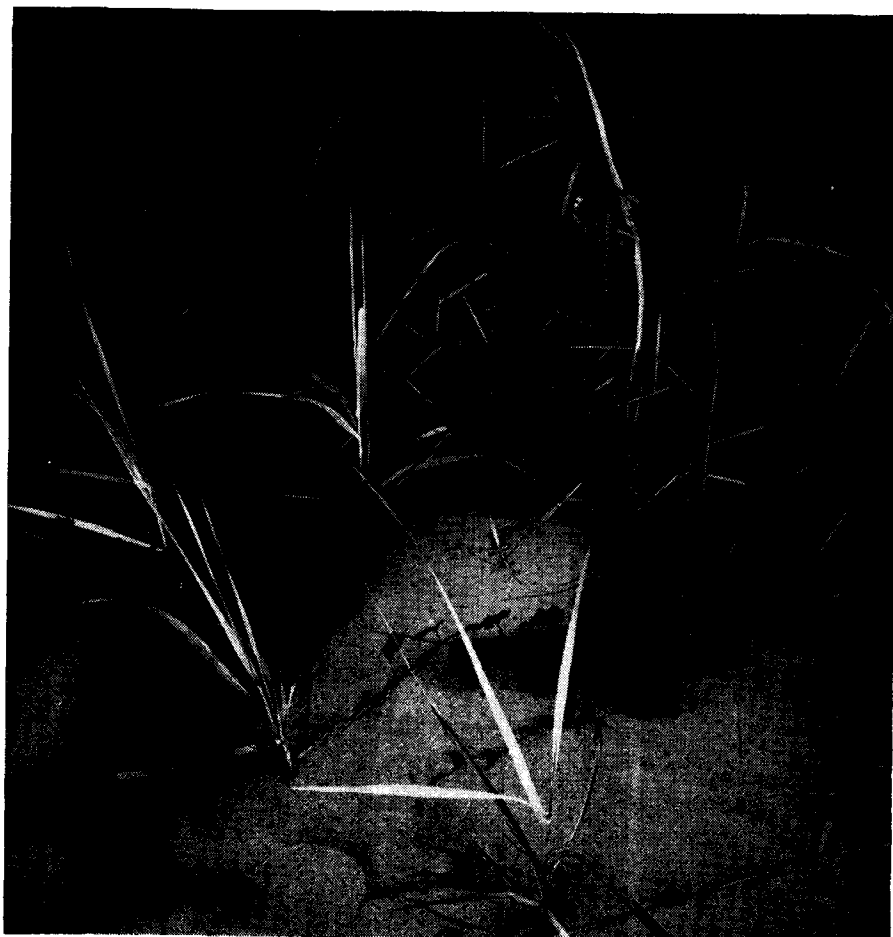
Viewing the work on exhibit as well as on the printed page, we can only applaud the decision of Hallmark Gallery director David Strout "to present these photographs as simply as possible in order that they might speak for themselves." They do—and for Harry Callahan, too.

—MARGARET R. WEISS.



Wells Street, Chicago 1949. *"A photo is able to capture a moment that people can't always see."*

Lake Michigan 1949. *Nature study at close range: "beautiful photographic values of tone and texture."*





Ten Years Later

THE Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency had another talk in Washington recently with network chiefs about television's crime-and-violence programs. Senator Thomas J. Dodd, the committee chairman, wanted to know if the witnesses had taken into account in their programming practices a new body of scholarly research that points to "a significant relationship between violence shown in films and subsequent aggressive behavior committed by viewers of the films." The general tenor of the answers was: yes, we are aware of the new data but we haven't changed our minds—no causal relationship has yet been demonstrated between crime and violence on television and violent action in real life.

The networks were concerned about the problem, they said; they would be glad to come to Washington at any time to discuss it further with the subcommittee. Senator Dodd pointed out that they had talked before. In fact, the discourse between Capitol Hill and Madison Avenue on this theme that went on during the 1961-62 hearings of the subcommittee had been foreshadowed back in 1954. Senator Estes Kefauver was chairman then; and after three years of the hearings he reported in 1957: "The industry, brought face to face with the problem of its influence on juvenile conduct, is already making efforts to improve its programs so that a more beneficent diet will be presented to the child turning to television for entertainment . . . it is certainly to be hoped that the industry will police itself and not force the federal government to intervene."

The Kefauver report recommended a Presidential watchdog commission, a tougher FCC policy, minimum standards, and foundation-supported research. Four years later, in 1961, with Senator Dodd in the chair, the committee began yet another talk with the broadcasters. It found that "in spite of fears on the part of the public and the warnings of our behavioral scientists, network executives consciously fostered a trend toward violence by ordering more of it to be included in action-adventure shows, presumably to assure the maintenance of high ratings." The broadcasters were still glad to talk about it in 1961-62, and again they predicted less violence in the future. Senator Dodd, still remonstrating in 1964, said to the networks, "Ten years later, we hear and observe that it

is 100 per cent worse . . ." (He noted that CBS had made some improvement.) "Unjustifiable violence and brutality permeate new shows which center around college campuses, hospitals, psychiatrists' offices, and other unlikely locations." In addition, the Senator went on, "The most violent shows of two years ago are today shown during earlier broadcasting hours than they were originally designed for. There has been little or no editing of objectionable content. This means that these programs, which we found so objectionable and which I felt that even the industry was embarrassed with, are being made available to a much larger and younger group of children than ever before."

To which the networks replied in essence: "No shows that we schedule ourselves or sell or lease to stations in syndication deals violate the NAB code; our continuity acceptance departments simply wouldn't permit that. As for the times at which our customers show these syndicated, adult-oriented shows, we, of course, have no control over that: it would be unwarranted." The dialogue between the continuity acceptance people and the Hollywood television studios, as reflected in exhibits of the committee, makes diverting reading. What a pity that the transcripts of these hearings will, when finally released, probably not be read!

When the most recent talk ended, Senator Dodd said there would be more. At one point he said severely to the network executives: "I don't think you care. I am sorry to say that. But that is the way it looks to me. And I think un-

less you get to a point where you care, the American people are going to make you care. You keep feeding this stuff to their children, and I tell you they are not going to take it forever."

The Senator said to the ABC executives, as he concluded his talk with them: "I hope you are not too unhappy about this hearing." To which one executive graciously responded: "Senator Dodd, we are not unhappy about the hearing. As I said before, we are of the belief that you are focusing the industry's attention upon a problem that exists by the very power of the medium that we are in. And we are aware of the efforts that you are making, and we are perfectly willing to come and talk to you on this subject at any time." Senator Dodd as graciously countered: "Well, I am glad you talked to me. But you talked to me before. And you talked to Senator Kefauver twelve years ago. You are awfully nice people to talk to, and I think you have good intentions. But we don't seem to be getting anywhere." No truer word was ever spoken more graciously. Whatever its faults, it's still our Congress. One hates to see it involved in an exercise in futility. Perhaps the subcommittee and the networks are both kidding the American people. How much exposition do you need before the action commences? Perhaps Congress doesn't want to act, perhaps it can't act, perhaps it shouldn't act; but if we're to keep the Dodd dance going, why can't we have equal time for all sides? The National Association for Better Radio and Television (NAFBRAT), a citizens' group that is gaining members and vigor, tried to get some of its own witnesses heard at the recent hearings, without success. Senator Dodd said it had testified before; he implied it had nothing new to offer. Maybe so. But what did the networks have to offer that was new? Or, for that matter, Senator Dodd? —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Divorce

By Harold Witt

DIVORCE was one way out and so they took it—
escaped from their prison marriage to unbarred air.
Crazy with freedom, two so long cramped and crooked,
they danced different ways and began to lose that pallor,
laughing along at last where the wind has no door.

They were like school bent children released into summer
as if after June there were nothing further to learn—
chewed candies of whim and swam when the days turned warmer;
from their lives in the leaves no one could call them home.

Wintered again, they look back at that green illusion,
pick at their locks and their partners, dreaming a plan
to tunnel a way through the walls of their own confusion
and find outside, the woman, the ideal man—
the god they needn't love, who will worship them.