

YEAR 2 N° 3 SPRING 2008

MOMENT

Une Revue de Photo



Björn Andersson / Jenny Jozwiak / Noel E. Jefferson / Barbara Yoshida / Luis Nieto Degregori



Piedra de 12 ángulos / Vicente Revilla

STONES AND PHOTOGRAPHY

by Vicente Revilla

I have always tried to believe that two totally different stones can still be identical. How? Are they different because of their place in time, their usage, their history? But, what is so unique about them? We see that they are motionless. They are indeed static, but can they perceive us? No...of course not. They are stones...lifeless, but yet they record our own personal journeys...allegories, dreams. How is this so?

Growing up in Cusco, Peru, I was surrounded by enormous hand-carved stones that were and still are very special to me. They were mute, but contained secret, hidden messages. "Stones question and shape reasoning," I am told. "You study them to understand yourself," say the scholars. They must then influence logic and thinking? Why not? In the end, these giant stones may not have only defined the architecture of my city; they may also have recorded and chronicled my own personal journey...a journey I tried to understand as I photographed them.

My thanks to Bjorn Andersson, Barbara Yoshida, Susan Thomas, Noel Jefferson, Jenny Jozwiak, Maria Fernanda Huber, Peter Zeray, Cynthia Karasek and Rob Goldman for the photography project he created with a group of homeless men, including Gil, Alexander and Rufino. Their photographs give us a particularly poignant vision of their world. Muito obrigado to Brazilian photographer Andre Cyriano for bringing us his powerful image of Rocinha, the largest shantytown in the world. Many thanks also to Luis Nieto, a Peruvian writer, who brought to my attention the early 20 century photography of Cusco. My gratitude to El Centro Bartolome de las Casas for allowing us to publish these photographs, and, too, Miguel Chani, Juan Manuel Figueroa Aznar, Jose Gabriel Gonzalez, Pablo Veramendi; all pioneers of early photography in Cusco.

Child of wakening, / The stars stretch out / Unchanging / Like notes in a still song. / Speak / And let the morning sun / At dance on the Greek shore / Burn us and bear witness / To the moment / Of a new standing. / Let us be thankful. / Where flowers grow on stone / We will find our home / Robert Farrell

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MOMENT

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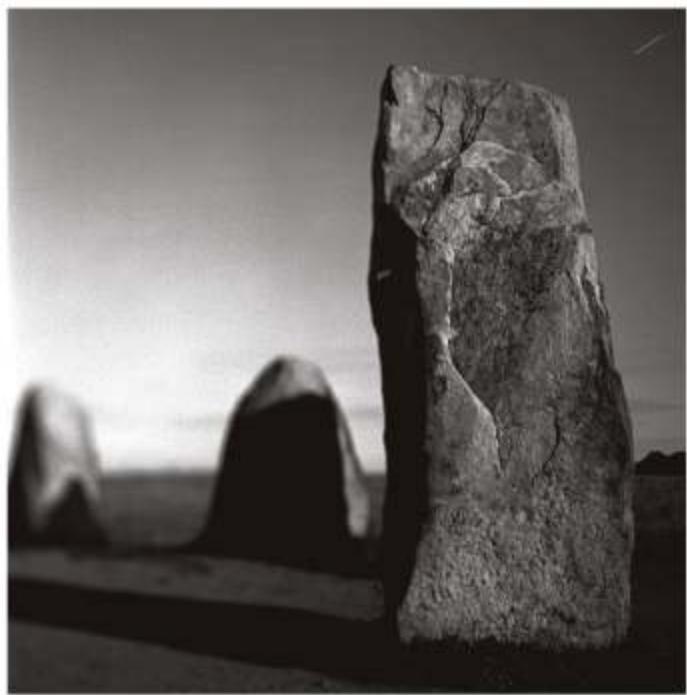
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Fader lät hugga runor dessa efter Asser, broder sin, som norr vart död i viking



Björn Andersson



Ales Stenar-Moonlight, Ystad, Sweden



The Gurranes-Moonlight, Castletownshend, Ireland

Barbara Yoshida



Sacsayhuaman / Vicente Revilla

No recuerdo del Cusco sino mi ser de piedra. / Piedra sobre piedra sin música en los ojos, / memoria de los días que las piedras esperan, / náuseas de vivir, / sollozos derrumbados sobre charcos de piedra: / piedras familiares, / torrenciales piedras; / esperanza asfixiada en medio de la piedra, / piedras, piedras... más piedras: / ¡Oh, hatun Pachakuteq, / rumimantapas asuan hatun!: / arden mis vísceras en tus mitos de piedra.

No recuerdo del Cusco sino mortajas de piedra, / el mundo ilustrado de las piedras voraces.

Ángel Avendaño Farfán



Soulful love

Paul Robinson

the conversion project



Lazar



Hagan



Roddy



Sam

photos by jenny jozwik

Stand in another man's shoes

Eternal is Your might, O God; all life is Your gift; great is Your power to save! With love You sustain the living, with great compassion give life to all. You send help to the falling and healing to the sick; You bring freedom to the captive and keep faith with those who sleep in the dust.

In my spiritual journey, I have unearthed the divinity of my own purpose, a truth I can no longer ignore. I have just begun to realize my responsibility as a privileged, white, American male, and with that, the power bestowed upon me — to save, to love, to have compassion, to heal, to free, and to keep faith with my brothers who quite literally sleep in the dust...on a good day. On a bad day, they will be found shivering on a scrap of discarded cardboard in the icy snow, not in the bowels of some far-off, politically torn regime, but a mere 1.7 miles from where you now stand.

There is no "they", no abstract entity to call upon to do the difficult work. "They", "he" or "she" is none other than you and I, we the people, in community. We, a congregation of able-bodied men and women whose collective eternal might stands the only chance of bringing freedom to the captive, the deprived and the discouraged. "Alone we can do so little," advised Helen Keller, "together we can do so much."

The stranger who resides with you shall be to you as the native among you, and you shall love him as yourself, for you were aliens in the land of Egypt.

Aliens in the house of Egypt, aliens in the house of Palestine, aliens in the house of Warsaw. We certainly know what it means to be unwelcome. We know what it means to be hated and unjustly discriminated against. And we know what it means to struggle. Or do we? Most of us know of no such affliction. Too often, we of blessed fortune, lament the plight of our ancestors from cloistered sanctuaries and Posturepedic mornings. But things change when you stare into the hollow eyes of men roused from air mattresses at 4:30 AM, shuttled to barren, frozen streets with no more hope than a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and a day's wages...on a good day.

On a bad day they could surely wind up like their friend, Orlando, 22-years-old, alone, frozen to death in the woods a mere 1.7 miles from where you now stand. I no longer take for granted my cozy home, daily hot showers and cuddles on the couch. Rather they remind me of just how just fragile our existence is, and how history has proven that

in one incomprehensible heartbeat, I too could be standing in those same shoes.

The conversations I am interested in rousing are not those of blanket policies and philosophies; they are about real names attached to real faces and the incontrovertible rights of every human being, beginning with the men whose photographs you see before you — Alexander, Miguel, Gil, Alex, Rufino, José, Marcus, Amado. May their art open doors to vital, often difficult conversations of strife and promise, of pride, hope and dignity, and of creating purpose in life...yours, theirs and mine.

—Rob Goldman

The word "service" is often used to describe tasks performed with expectations of praise or compensation. Huntington Interfaith Homeless Initiative (HIHI) defines service in rather different terms. For HIHI, service means giving back. It does so via a collective of more than 25 local congregations and religious institutions, who ensure that the homeless of Huntington Township have food and a safe, warm place to sleep during the coldest winter months.

Days after his viewing Born Into Brothels, a documentary based on a woman teaching photography to children of prostitutes in India, Goldman swung into action. An internationally published photographer and teacher himself, Goldman decided to put his talents to work in a brand new arena; as part of his graduate school studies, he would teach these men the art of photography. This he felt could help bring him in touch with a world that seemed incredibly alien. He wondered, "Can I give these men a chance to share their life with me through photography and at the same time share their story with the world?"

From December through March 2008, the men received disposable cameras at their weekly lessons. The cameras came back filled with hauntingly beautiful images of life on the other side of tracks. Goldman led critiques, lectures and demonstrations, as translators (some more fluent than others) struggled to convey the subtleties of his teachings to a mostly non-English-speaking student body. "When I taught, they were completely there," remarked Goldman, "grasping the concepts I was teaching and applying them week after week. Their growth as photographers has been remarkable!"

—Tee Silverman

This exhibition was made possible by generous donations from Friends of the Students for 60,000, Temple Beth El Social Action Committee and several Temple Beth El congregants and friends. All film was processed by Flatiron Color and exhibition prints were made by Lexington Labs in NYC. ■



Gil sweet



Alexander

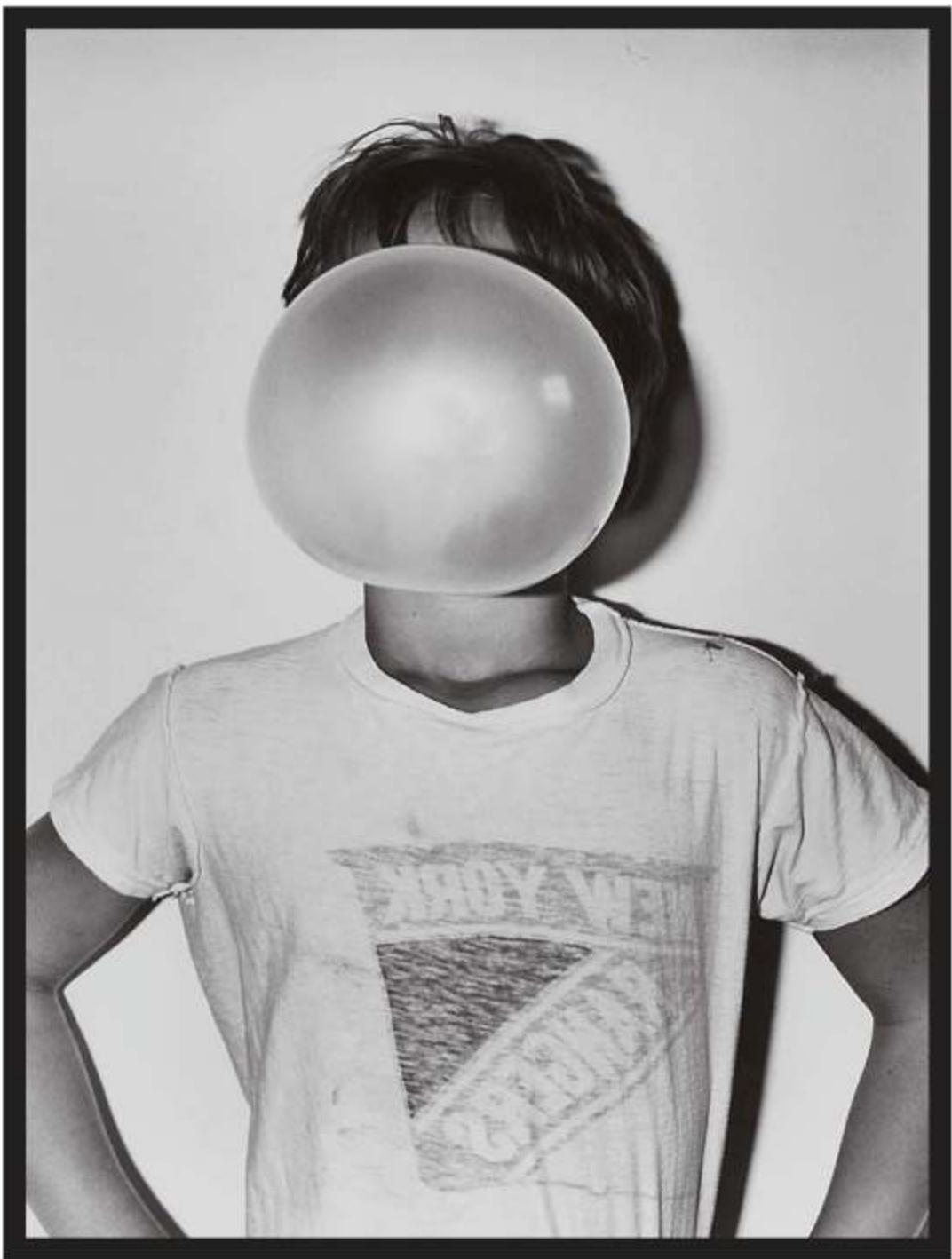


Alexander



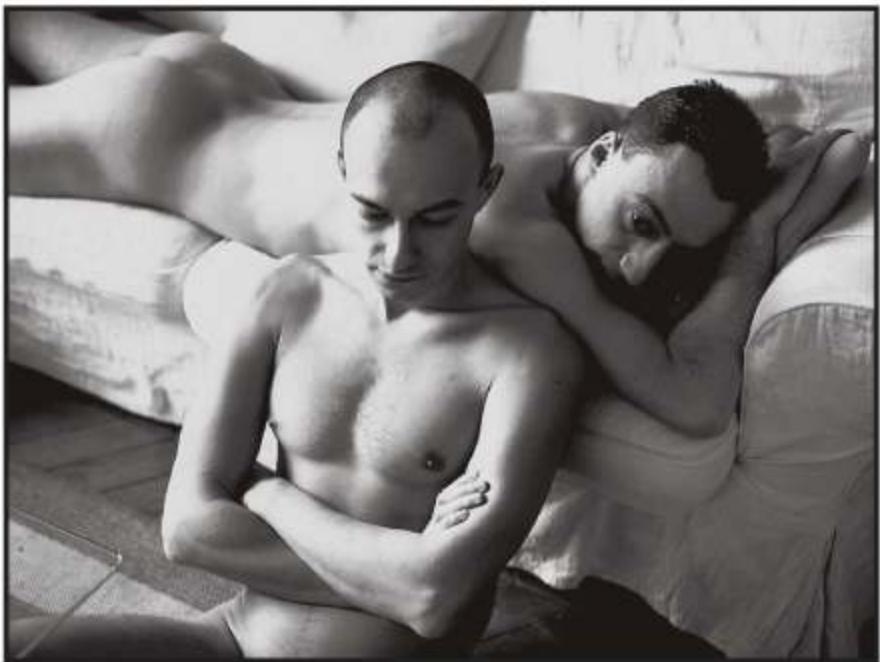
Rufino

Homeless capture their
street lives on camera



New York Rangers, 1979

Peter Zeray



Nudes untitled



Nudes untitled

Noel E. Jefferson

La Escuela Cuzqueña de Fotografía

Por Luis Nieto Degregori

El crédito de la fotografía más antigua del Cusco le pertenece al viajero inglés Thomas Penn, que estuvo de paso por la ciudad, admirando lo que quedaba de su antiguo esplendor, hacia 1870. Tuvieron que pasar algunas décadas más para que la fotografía dejara de ser asunto de viajeros o de extranjeros que sentaban sus reales en Cuzco. En los primeros años del siglo XX, la ciudad, que estaba despertando poco a poco del letargo y la decadencia decimonónicas, contaba ya con algunos estudios fotográficos, como el «Universal» de Miguel Chani o el que pusieron en sociedad, a pocos pasos de la Plaza de Armas y a un costado de su catedral, los fotógrafos José Gabriel González y Juan Manuel Figueroa Aznar.

Estos primeros fotógrafos empezaron, como no podía ser de otro modo, retratando a los señores y sus familias en estudio, con el fondo de telones que ellos mismos pintaban. Tocaron luego las puertas de las espléndidas casonas, eligiendo ocasiones memorables como un cumpleaños o el día de una boda o el bautizo del benjamín de la casa. Muy pronto, sin embargo, como se puede ver por las fotos cedidas a *Moment* por la Fototeca Andina del Centro Bartolomé de las Casas, fueron apropiándose, con una voracidad insaciable, de más y más temas, desde las campesinas que venden en el suelo hasta el grupo de arqueólogos que acampa a la orilla de un río, y de más y más tipos humanos de todos los estratos de la sociedad, desde las damas de sociedad que son retratadas en una alameda antes o después de haber jugado al tenis hasta el campesino que posa en estudio con un aríballo en las manos pasando por un trío de mestizos en el que es el varón el que ocupa orondo la única silla.

Escuela Cuzqueña de Fotografía es el término que los especialistas han acuñado para agrupar a esos más de veinte fotógrafos que trabajaron en Cuzco en la primera mitad del presente siglo y que dejaron plasmada en hermosas imágenes la vida de la ciudad. El caso cuzqueño de tan elevado número de fotógrafos de mirada penetrante y técnica singular es seguramente único no sólo al nivel de Perú sino a escala mundial.

El más renombrado de los fotógrafos cuzqueños es sin duda Martín Chambi, pero su nombre ha eclipsado el de otros artistas del lente. En efecto, en los estudios de los ya mencionados José Gabriel González, Juan Manuel

Figueroa Aznar, Miguel Chani y del propio Martín Chambi, fue cuajando un selecto grupo de fotógrafos que pronto alzó vuelo propio. Es el caso de Horacio Ochoa, Pablo Veramendi y Fidel Mora, que aprendieron el oficio con González, y de los hermanos Filiberto y Crisanto Cabrera, que hicieron lo propio al lado de Chambi.

De los orígenes de Chani, el primero de estos pioneros de la fotografía en el Cuzco desgraciadamente es todavía poco lo que se conoce. Sobre González, en cambio, se sabe que nació probablemente hacia 1875 y que ya en 1895 tomó una foto a los integrantes de la Sociedad Protectora del Señor de Torrechayoc, una imagen muy venerada en el pueblo de Urubamba, a unos 60 kilómetros del Cuzco. Los secretos del oficio los aprendió probablemente de la mano de un grupo de misioneros evangélicos ingleses que tuvieron un estudio fotográfico en Cuzco en los últimos años del siglo XIX y que dejaron aparatos e instalaciones a la familia del fotógrafo en pago por alquileres atrasados. Repasando el centenar de placas que se han recuperado de este artista, se puede suponer que en las primeras décadas del presente siglo debió ser el fotógrafo oficial de la alta sociedad cuzqueña, reacia en un comienzo a aceptar a un artista de origen indígena como Chambi.

Figueroa Aznar, por su parte, era oriundo del norte del país, del departamento de Ancash, y aprendió el arte de la fotografía en Lima, al lado de Ferdinand Garraud, uno de los prestigiosos fotógrafos franceses que, junto con sus paisanos Courret y Manoury, dominaba el mercado limeño y el gusto de las clases altas capitalinas. Figueroa Aznar, a diferencia de sus colegas, combinaba la fotografía con la pintura. Finalmente, sobre Pablo Veramendi, al igual que Chani, son muy escasos los datos que se tienen.

La Escuela Cuzqueña de Fotografía es, sin duda, uno de los descubrimientos artísticos más importantes de los últimos tiempos en el Perú. La obra de los artistas presentados en esta ocasión por *Moment* y de otros que apenas hemos mencionado se puede apreciar ya sea en algunos libros de fotografía dedicados a ellos, ya sea en numerosas postales que se venden en Cuzco, ya sea, por último, visitando los archivos de la Fototeca Andina del Centro Bartolomé de Las Casas.

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(*) *Moment, Une revue de Photo*, agradece al Centro Bartolomé de Las Casas del Cusco y a la Fototeca Andina (fototeca@apu.cbc.org.pe) por la cesión de uso de las fotografías que ilustran el artículo.



Campesinas en mercado, 1920

FOTOTECA ANDINA



Plaza de armas de Cusco, 1910

FOTOTECA ANDINA

Miguel Chani



FOTOTECA ANDINA

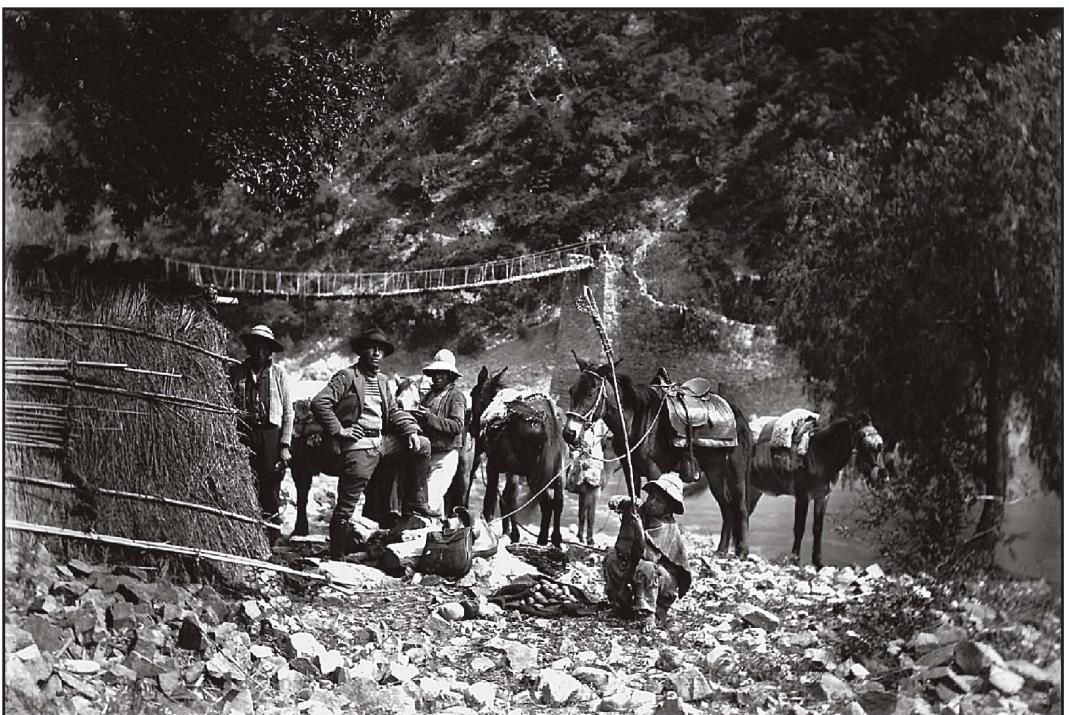
Campesino en estudio, 1910

Juan Manuel Figueroa Aznar



Damas tenistas en alameda, 1920

FOTOTECA ANDINA



Arqueólogos delante de puente colgante, 1930

José Gabriel González



FOTOTECA ANDINA

Matrimonio con madre, 1925



FOTOTECA ANDINA

Niña en estudio, 1935

Pablo Veramendi



Mercedes

María Fernanda Huberaut



Water babies / Cynthia Karasek



Stroller bird / Cynthia Karasek

A Sculptor's Take on Sculpture Photography: An Interview with Cynthia Karasek

by Eva Kolbusz

Cindy, what are the key aspects of photographing a three-dimensional artwork?

Photographing a sculpture is a lot like taking a headshot of an actor. Although a full understanding of the sculpture can only be attained by walking around the object, inevitably a single photo will become the representation and calling card for the sculpture. That photo must combine a highly attractive image with a lot of visual information. The best picture of the sculpture will be a like a good portrait—the most revealing image combined with the most flattering impression. I usually keep many images of each sculpture for my own archives, but finding the one image that will be the signature shot for a sculpture is the most challenging part of photographing my work.

How do you photograph your sculptures?

I bring a tripod and a good Nikon digital SLR camera to the site on a sunny morning and shoot 20-30 frames at 10-11am to record the sunlight at about 45 degrees to the ground. At this angle shadows maximize the illusion of volume. I get an idea of how I can best frame the object against the sky, surrounding vegetation, buildings, and scenery. I begin by "dressing the set": moving benches, garbage cans, litter etc. I may tear up some fresh grass to cover a bald spot in a lawn or clean the sculpture if necessary. I try to maintain the look and feel of an actual viewer confronting the artwork. I use a 50mm lens to replicate the human eye at middle distance, and I try to place the camera between shoulder and eyeball height. The beauty of the digital camera is instant feedback. I can make adjustments to the frame and review the placement of the light and shadow as I work. I make notes and review the images on a computer monitor after the shoot.

I return and shoot the sculpture on more occasions, but I return knowing where to frame the best shots, so I can concentrate upon the quality of the light and the intangibles that come with shooting outdoors. I may get the benefit of a great sky, or children playing, or soft misty light.

Thank you, Cynthia, and good luck in your work

Thank you.

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Emma



New love

Rob Goldman



Venus - Donna / Rob Goldman



Parque de las palomas



San Juan - Convento de los Dominicos

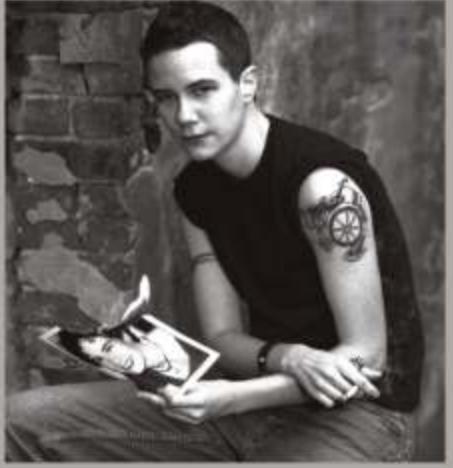


Casa



Gato

Angel Amy Moreno



stop looking like that moment. / stammers up / wonders / remembers startled
Susan Thomas

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