ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE

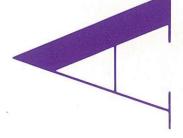
PHOTOGRAPHS 1976-1985



Self Portrait; 1985

February 4th - March 16th, 1986

HASSELBLAD



ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE

FOREWORD

ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE is a highly contemporary and fashionable photographer in the deepest and most challenging sense of these words. His choice of subject and immaculate sense of order; form and style pose issues that are intensely expressive of our times. Mapplethorpe is no radical, though his art may at times be shocking or surprising to certain viewers. His work does not propose a political programme though it is political in implication. Nor are his images conceived in a spirit of social documentation. But his work operates at a complex level of social and aesthetic meaning which along with the exceptional strength and beauty of his formal sense clearly make him a major contemporary artist.

This selection of photographs is the first extensive exhibition of Mapplethorpe's work in Australia, and it has been brought together specifically for an Australian audience. I would particularly like to thank the curator John Buckley for his commitment to the project. His selection of work perceptively emphasizes the range within Mapplethorpe's work as well as the subtle links between his images which is one of the most compelling aspects of his art. The full implication of Mapplethorpe's individual images can be thoroughly understood only within the wider context of his art. Mapplethorpe creates both the most explicit of erotic images and images where the real content of the work lies in its power of suggestion. The selection here represents both ends of the spectrum. The aesthetic and the erotic are elegantly and powerfully combined.

The Australian Centre For Contemporary Art thanks Robert Mapplethorpe and his assistants and the Robert Miller Gallery and Australian National Gallery for their willingness to loan the photographs. Thanks also to Paul Foss for addressing Mapplethorpe's art in the excerpts from his recent critical essay. The A.C.C.A. is especially grateful to Hasselblad, the suppliers of Mapplethorpe's photographic equipment, for their generous financial assistance which has made this exciting exhibition possible.

Sue Cramer Acting Director

INTRODUCTION

In the last lines of the final paragraph of his excellent essay on Robert Mapplethorpe for the catalogue to the I.C.A. exhibition in London, Alan Holinghurst talks of the flower photographs and in particular those in which light is 'collected and refracted in the anonymous and elegant vases'. He then concludes:

In those which hold the Cattleya and the Zygopetalum, a ghostly reflection of the studio itself can be seen, tantalizingly intimating the world which the very composure of the photographs excludes.

Here Holinghurst neatly hits upon one of the reasons for Mapplethorpe's powerful appeal. For the viewer the desire is always perversely there, like the young photographer in Antonioni's *Blow Up*, to enlarge and closely scrutinise the

reflected image in the vase for some clue about the larger world from which it was selected. He is invited to play voyeur to Mapplethorpe's world but is teasingly given only the artist's carefully edited version of it, thus further heightening the tension which has already been set up in the deliberate ambiguity between the highly charged eroticism of his subject matter and the cool, formal elegance of his composition.

In June 1985 I went to New York to meet and talk with the artist and to select work for Mapplethorpe's first Australian exhibition. Entering for the first time the large apartment/studio where Mapplethorpe lives and works was to step, like Alice, into the world beyond the looking-glass; to go at last beyond the perimeters of the photographs to which, as viewers, we are confined

Everything about the apartment is minimally elegant, everything in place. The soft filtered light through white, slim venetian blinds – gleamed on black perspex, polished wood floors, the high-tech stainless steel of lighting stands and cameras and the familiar shapes of the artists superb collection of glass. It was like being on the set of a Robert Wilson/Lucinda Childs performance.

Mapplethorpe is softly spoken, gentle and the street-casualness of his jeans and denim jacket is in contrast to the precision and formality of his surroundings.

We had chain-smoked our way through an hour or so of conversation when Javier, his young Spanish assistant and sometime model, arrived to set up for a shoot. In contrast to the half-light of the rest of the apartment the studio-end was now suddenly illuminated with the stark white light of quartz lamps. I sat silently watching as they both became absorbed with the positioning of equipment. Utterly intrigued, I longed to know what the subject of the photograph might be. Javier lit a cigarette and held it into the light. Mapplethorpe looked into his Hasselblad.

I wanted to beg to be allowed to stay, to dispassionately witness the observer – at once detached and intimate – in relation to the observed; to be present at the creation of a new work. But, knowing this would be an unthinkable intrusion upon the artist and his subject, I discreetly excused myself and left the studio.

In selecting the work with an Australian audience particularly in mind, I deliberately chose to cover the full range of subject matter with which Mapplethorpe has been concerned over a ten year period: the cool eroticism of the flowers, the Lisa Lyon pictures, the Lewis Carroll-like children, the transformative autoportraits, even a landscape or two – one of Lake Memphramagog, the rippling surface of which reminds one of the sensuous sculptural musculature of the marvellous black nudes. I have also selected a good number of other photographs which have been made in the past two years, including some of his fashion shots and the recent portraits.

Although the highly refined homo-erotic aesthetic of Mapplethorpe's work comes through clearly in reproduction, the extraordinary degree of technical perfection which is a vital part of that aesthetic – the depth and range of pewtery greys, velvety blacks, the lustrous sheen of skin – can only be appreciated in the presence of the prints themselves. For those who will view the Australian exhibition the prints are also the physical evidence of Mapplethorpe's genius and the reason why he is acknowledged to be amongst the first rank of contemporary international photographers.

John Buckley Curator of the exhibition

MAPPLETHORPE'S 'CHIMERA'

ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE is one of the most chimerical of recent American photographers. A champion to many of an outrageous gay sensibility, and a profound philosopher of the camera to others, here is an artist who, despite the challenges his work often presents us, can neither be glossed over nor reduced to a talent of only minority interest. Exhibited widely in America, Europe and Japan since 1976, and the subject of numerous reviews in leading art and fashion magazines, as well as more 'underground' publications, he has also captured the imagination of writers of such stature as Roland Barthes, Susan Sontag and Germano Celant. He appears to be that rare sort of creature who can attract wonder and esteem from quarters ordinarily kept quite separate, namely 'high' and 'low' culture. Reflexes of horror or intellect aside, in the end everyone is simply seduced by the sheer beauty he dispenses in his work.

Most artists defy classification, and Mapplethorpe is no exception. As soon as the attempt is made to follow any obvious lines of division in his photography, they begin to blur or fall apart as mere conventions. Side by side, in the light of comparison, his various essays in portraiture, the nudes and still lifes all seem to shade into each other as the same body of work: they become transformed into a statuary in the round, a composite whole that can be viewed from different angles and momentarily segregated into one figure on the other, but without the group ever losing a sense of unique consistency. Here one notes the highly sculptured nature of his silver gelatin prints, the abiding concern with the reconstruction of statutory forms (it is well known that Mapplethorpe began his career as a sculptor, and before moving almost exclusively to photography experimented with readymades, polaroid collages and photo albums), and most characteristically, as Celant says, his attempt to retrieve 'the whole of Hellenic art, with its cult of geometry, the majesty of breasts and muscles, the perfect volumetry of limbs and head'. The photographs, far from being matte or insubstantial, are fleshed out with a lustrous solidity that leaps out of the frame, demanding to be touched like objects in relief. Thus despite the diversity of his subject matter, whether flowers, a celebrity or gun blast, Mapplethorpe constantly attends to a way of plastically shaping and moulding ideal forms or figures along lines derived from Antiquity. The shifts in medium mean little to him; if he works in photography, it is first as a *silversmith*, as a craftsman concerned with the raw element at his disposal, with its natural 'valency', and with extending the limits it imposes on his creative urge. This elemental malleability flows into every composition Mapplethorpe attempts. Even the photographs displaying genital organs and sexual acts never allow the embarrassing



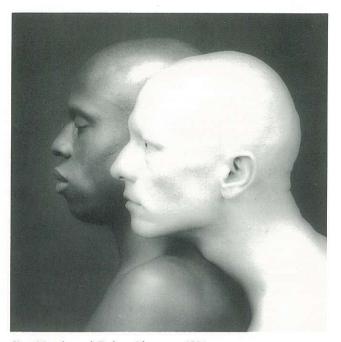


details to escape the rule of sophistication and craftsmanship, for the contrast between the gross limbs and their elegant contours transfigures any suggestion of impropriety. There is no artificiality in his work, only artifice. As Sontag remarks, the 'photographs clearly proclaim their relation to an art rather than a documentary impulse'.

In a sense, the photography of Mapplethorpe follows in the tradition established by Irving Penn and Richard Avedon, who by selecting so precisely the angle, the lighting and scale for their portraits tried to direct the viewer's response and evoke associations that the simple presence of the models could not. Such images were meant to manifest the marvellous in everyday life, to fix a fugitive moment, to perform alchemical metamorphoses of light and shade, the real and the imaginary. Because 'the camera can't lie', not only could it be used to prove the reality of fantasy but by its power to select and distort it offered access to the other side of the looking-glass. On the other hand, what mainly distinguishes Mapplethorpe from these photographers, and others such as George Platt-Lynes and Edward Steichen, themselves capable essayists in the scandalous and in brooding 'otherness' (see Steichen's 1933 Paul Robeson as the Emperor *Iones*), or the Surrealist photographers anthologised in Edouard Jaguer's Les Mystères de la chambre noire, is the intimacy he appears to strike up with his models, or rather puts in question by his extravagant use of ellipsis, of cropping and framing. The Surrealists, or proto-Surrealists like Willy Zielke and André Kertesz, are best exemplified in the work which makes a person into a 'thing', into the part-object of an experimental and automatic perversity. Here the eroticism lies in the distance always maintained between the everyday and a violent distortion of perspective. But Mapplethorpe seems closer to the soft focus of Baron de Meyer, and his limpid, sexualised lillies - the compulsion to 'make' the thing photographed, in both senses of the word (Mapplethorpe is no modernist). For the latter, desire does not arise from a violence of separation, from a 'bad conscience', but from an immediacy of aspect which is at once coy, innocent, sympathetic.

Celant, again, refers to the way that the images Mapplethorpe fixes 'do not seem distant; they almost draw you in, by virtue of that feeling of sympathy with situations no longer regarded forbidden or obscene, but become possible experiences to share. This is due to the sexual affinities existing between photographer and model, which are not concealed from each other but establish a relation in which the excesses of pleasure become mutually acceptable . . . The effects rest upon a personal trust overcoming the reticence of those represented and inciting them (or exciting them) into revealing the 'transfigurations' of their own life." This is undoubtedly true: but it is not a form of intimacy that remains untroubled for Mapplethorpe, given how the camera always seems to interpose itself in his photographic 'affairs' and excludes the purely human feeling of the subject in favour of those which it alone can select. In the work of Mapplethorpe, the camera operates as a third party presiding over the rituals decreed by human behaviours for which it is the excuse. By no means voyeuristic, the work contains its own voyeur, drawing all attention to this fact. Being in place, as it were 'in between', the camera alters the behaviour taking place by constantly watching the watchers watch themselves, which their studied faces betray by a look of disturbed or furtive poignancy. Mapplethorpe's own self-portraits may even be intended to represent this exacerbatory, all-embracing role of the camera...

Mapplethorpe is a portraitist in the grand Victorian manner. Contrary to Diane Arbus and her wanderings through urban spaces in search of bizarre types, or a Georges Dureau who brings sexual and morphological transgressions inside to act as erotic decoration, Mapplethorpe constructs his chaste images, with the collaboration of his models, in an environment where everything is discreet, undisturbed. His sittings do not testify to a lost or affronted vision of abnormalities (from pity or an archival impulse), but rather to their domestication, to a *simulation* of diversions carried out by votaries behind closed doors. In this Arcadia of Sacher-Masoch furs, whips and costume changes, surrounded by the bric-a-brac of pot plants, wall hangings and shimmering patches of twilight, the eventual baring of decor and bodies becomes, when we are privileged to enter, all the more closed off from the outside world.



Ken Moody and Robert Sherman, 1984 (not included in exhibition)

...Pictures such as *Amaryllis* (1977) and *Ken With Shoe* (1985) are remarkable for the suggestion they make that some improper act has either just occurred off-frame, or else won't, *can't* take place. The shoe as fetish, and the hanging phallic fronds of the plant, are lost to a reverie of their own, until the slightest interruption topples them into a castration icon. *Tulip and Knife* (1985) is the pinnacle of this whole art of suspension, forever under the threat of eyes which see emotions in 'black or white' terms. This may be why Mapplethorpe can go just so far, and then as in a movie take yells 'Cut!'; *he stops the action*, which at once seizes up, clots, in that interminable moment when the camera blinks naively at the world and instantly clicks itself shut. In the end, Mapplethorpe cannot control the abrupt recoil of his machine, which like a peephole menaces his secret joys with exposure. The shudder of its shutter is imprinted in the very grain of his film.

But what is truly striking in Mapplethorpe is how he ultimately avoids all duplicity with regard to the world and its inhabitants, by cunningly turning it back upon the *dual nature of the medium of photography itself*. Black and white, positive and negative, the filmic mirror and its 'inverted' image is thus used by him not to reflect on behaviours or external realities, but on the extent to which the photographic imaginary need only develop its own internal 'solutions' to immediately dissolve the illusion of their being any question of resemblance at all.

It is perhaps this final aspect of Mapplethorpe's work that relates him to Lewis Carroll, who as we know was an early photographer and wrote a number of short stories on the subject. But it is less well known that Carroll may have been the first to use photography for erotic purposes, at least with children. It appears that Carroll contrived to spirit away pretty little girls for elaborate tableaux vivants in gardens, on a blanket or sofa, which entailed 'dressing up his child friends as Roman girls, in Greek dress, in Indian shawls, in Danish costume, as Chinamen, in South Sea Island costume, in beach dress, and occasionally still further undressing until there was no costume at all.'...

A century or so along in time we might view Mapplethorpe's 'Chimera' through a similar optic, not only because he too takes pictures of little girls or because he is clearly indebted to the Carrollean logic of doubles, but because he attempts to exorcise the risks of photographing his passions by the magic of the camera (the text of Carroll become 'textural'). Take his *Tenant Twins* (1976): here we see two little girls playing in the backyard like any well-behaved children, yet despite the signs of innocence and familial jurisdiction (the crisp white pinafores, the clean shoes and neatly pulled-up socks, their combed hair – a secure environment with its fence, cleared path and natural vista), the photograph has a disturbing, almost evil presence. This is due in part to the effect, often favoured by Mapplethorpe, of chiaroscuro,

with the result that the contrast between the purity of the girls' dresses and the dark tangled disorder of the shrubbery behind them heightens the sense of lurking danger. And then there is the placing of one of the twin's hands between her legs, further unsettling the calm of this otherwise model scene (is it the nervousness of being photographed, or some forbidden sexual energy?). But to my mind the most disturbing aspect of the picture derives from the mirroring of the chemical development process in the stance of the twins, by a play of inversion that spills out of the frame towards us in an infinitude of doubles.

Tenant Twins is pleated both formally and in its vision. On the one hand, the twins are mirrored along a vertical fold that makes one into the reverse image of the other; but it is not a plain mirror, it is Carroll's looking-glass, a 'crazy mirror' that not only inverts right to left but every other dimension as well: this side and that side, good and evil, Same and Other. Point by point, Mapplethorpe transforms the twins into alterants of each other. The angelic touch of their shoes, or the moment of 'exposure', becomes the silver wand that casts a spell over this familiar though eerie garden. Folding away from this point of contract we are able to follow a series of opposites, in the twins as in ourselves: the hand of one open and yielding while that of the other concealed or 'involved' in itself, the inward and outward turning heads, confidence opposed to coyness, smile to smirk, virginity to sensuality, etc. Thus arises the delineation of a double portrait which is neither innocent nor corrupt, neither child nor adult, neither here nor there. We are simply aware that, in being identical, like positive and negative plates, the two are still entirely different, or else together embody pure difference. But this is not the only pleat that Mapplethorpe imagines for his composition, for the 'twinning' aspect of photography (photographer and model, the viewed and viewer) is brought to bear in the very depth of the photograph. Here occurs the full meaning of those eyes which pierce the gaze of the photographer and viewer alike: the camera. Someone is looking, being looked at, but in the process deflecting back the light rays to their source like a fatal arrow.

But it is to his black studies that Mapplethorpe has most brilliantly applied this photographic game with self-referencing. Running through virtually every combination of inverse shade and sign, he metamorphoses the black body and its white milieu in the chemistry of miscegenation, with the 'black and white' extremes literally becoming positive and negative to the socially 'coloured' fixing of their images. Untitled (1981), Lee Leigh (1981), Sita (1982) and Milton White (1983), to mention only some, all represent Mapplethorpe's increasing insight over time on the metaphor of racial colours, and how it doubtless compromises his own emotions. But the best expression of this game probably occurs in the work Ken Moody and Robert Sherman (1984), where not only are the two opposed surfaces developed in the picture itself and pared down to the starkest form of contrast possible, one shaved head on top of the other like a twin medallion, white upon black (and not the reverse, since in the development process negative must give way to positive), but where they also are made to mutually represent the two modes of the camera's shutter, in the lidded and unlidded state of their eyes, the white's alone being open. Hence we are led to the question: must the negative in our society always be effaced? However, Mapplethorpe seems to provide the glimpse of an answer. The tiny speck of black iris in the midst of that white mass is the only sign we have in the work that ultimately, in photography as in life, opposites must somehow meet.

Paul Foss

(excerpts from an essay written in 1985)

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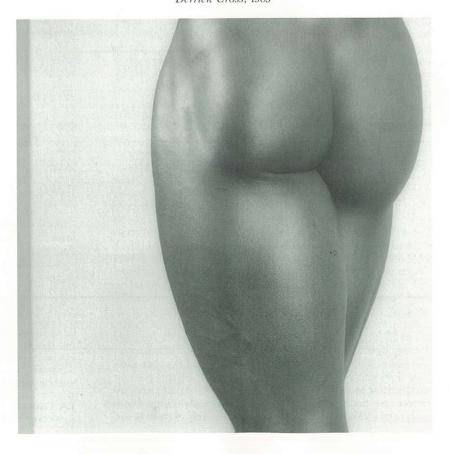
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- 1. Tenant Twins, 1976 gelatin silver photograph, 36.7 x 36.6cm Collection: Australian National Gallery, Canberra
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- 3. Chrysanthemum, N.Y.C., 1977 gelatin silver photograph, 19.5 x 19.5cm Collection: Australian National Gallery, Canberra
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All measurements are in cm. height x width and are image size.



Alba with Hat, 1985

BIOGRAPHY

Robert Mapplethorpe was born in 1946, and was educated at Pratt Institute 1963–70. He currently lives in New York. He has held numerous one man and group exhibitions since 1976 in the United States and Europe and has been the subject of a number of major publications. He is widely represented in public collections in the U.S.A., Europe, Australia, Japan and Israel.

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