

the village VOICE, August 17, 1972

Light is presenting a group show, "Summerlight," which includes smatterings of a diversity of visions. The range is wide.

Steven Shore is apparently still intent on proving that anyone can take photographs as well as he can, a goal which I am forced to admire (how democratic can you get?) even as its ulterior motivation bemuses me. His latest venture into the realm of nondescript imagery consists of a series of

latent image

by A. D. Coleman

color postcards, "Amarillo: Tall in Texas," and a set of random Kodacolor street scenes made in Greenwich. The former are indistinguishable from all the other postcards I've ever seen, while the latter could easily pass unnoticed at any drugstore processing concession. On their own conceptual terms, therefore, these works must be judged completely successful; and, since a set of the postcards can be purchased for two bucks, the collector's risk on the down side is equally minimal. If he pursues this line of inquiry, however, I fear that Shore may decide that the ultimate photograph is no photograph at all and, like Duchamp, devote himself to chess. So I would remind him that Stieglitz's vision of the ultimate photograph was a perfect image on a perfect glass negative — which after a few moments shattered irreparably into a million fragments. Canny (and elitist) as always, Stieglitz got the first and only peek at the little rascal. But it was there.