



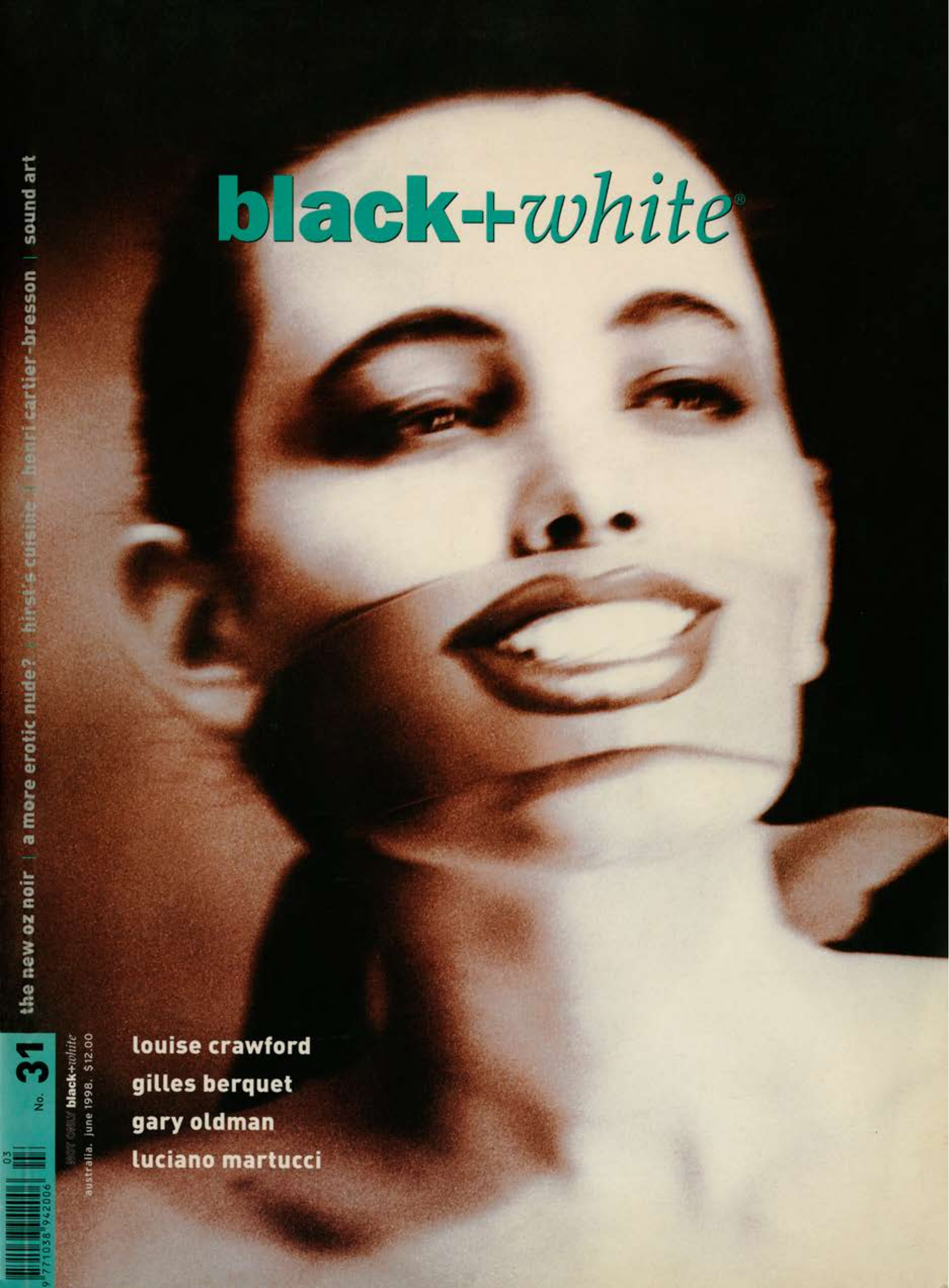
No. **31**

the new oz noir | a more erotic nude? | *l'histoire*'s cuisine | henri cartier-bresson | sound art

black+white®

louise crawford
gilles berquet
gary oldman
luciano martucci

australia, june 1998, \$12.00



There has been a lot of talk lately in London about how the art of fine black-and-white printing is suffering a slow death by neglect from manufacturers far more interested in the mass market for colour, and of how the schools are losing sight of craftsmanship for the sake of turning out yet more fashion photographers.

It is true that British-based photographers working in monochrome have seldom basked in the visibility their American cousins are used to. No Brit equivalents spring to mind when you think of such well-known figures as Ansel Adams or Edward Weston, but they had the benefit of luminous west-coast skies and the savvy for self-promotion. The English are far more reticent, and that comes from the combination of their weather and their culture. Malcolm Pasley is a photographer who learned from both traditions: he came to his artistic awakening in the United States and recently returned to Britain to make it a reality.

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RENDERED IN PLATINUM,
MALCOLM PASLEY'S NUDES SHIMMER WITH
THE LUMINOSITY OF PRECIOUS METAL.

"I have a great deal of respect for printing as a creative process," he says, referring to his passion for platinum printing, his chosen finish for his nude photography. "The process as a whole, of starting out with the equivalent of a blank canvas and then the idea evolving by intuition is what made me excited by photography in the first place. With what I am doing now, I begin with just the vaguest idea and then the photograph emerges almost by happy accident."

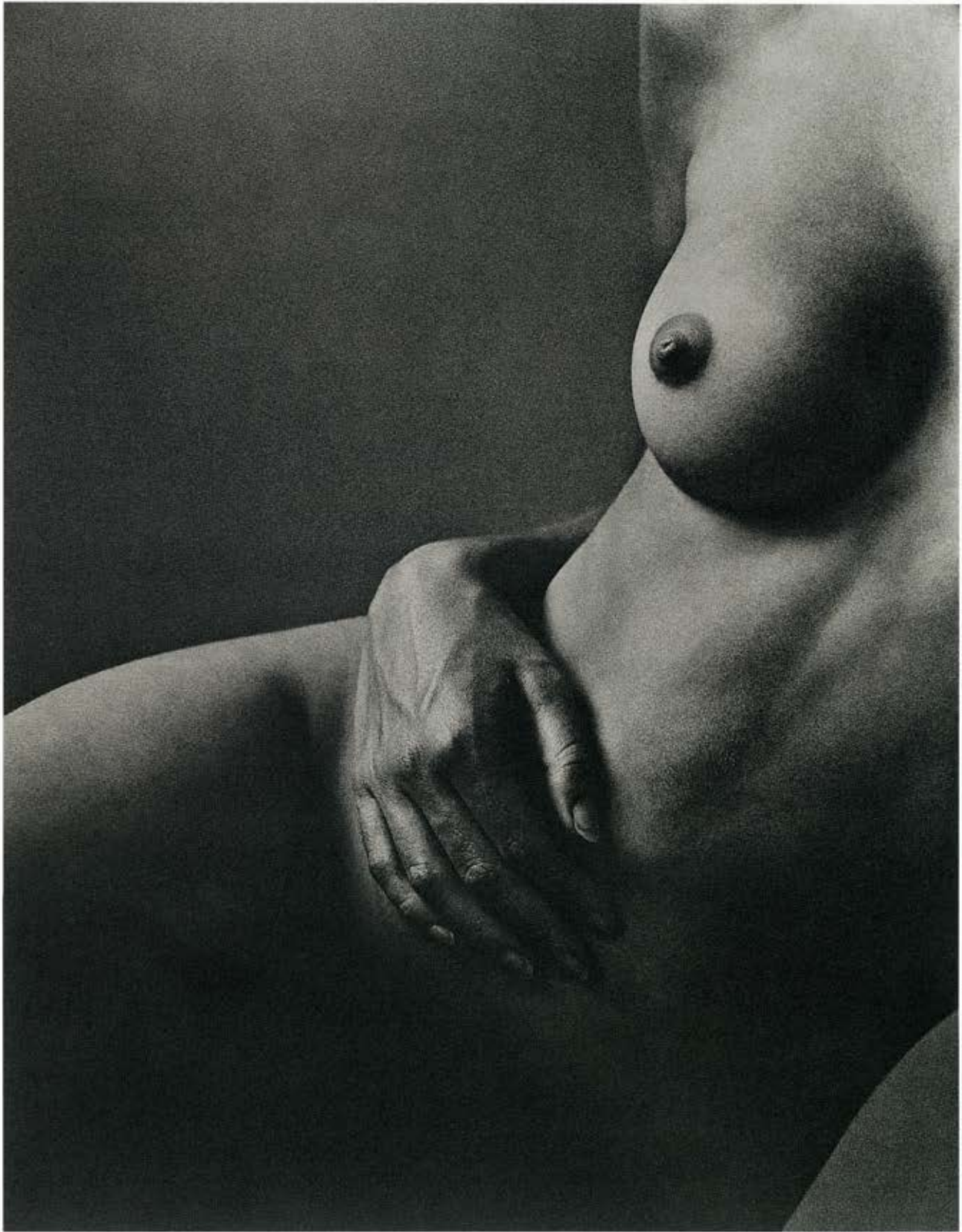
Pasley went through a long period in the '80s of pursuing another route through photography when he set aside what drew him to the medium in the first place. "I was a fashion photographer throughout the decade, and had developed a reputation for advertising beauty photography, 'clean beauty', and that was not unpleasant, but it wasn't highly satisfying," he relates. He followed his American actress wife to Los Angeles when she was offered work there, and did quite well among the California palms and golden smog-filtered sun, but he was even further away from his creative roots.

Pasley had always admired Irving Penn and his massive platinum prints of flawed and tawdry objects in extreme close-up, of brittle pre-supermodels, and of female nudes for whom the term Rubenesque would be a parody of understatement. Happily for him, one of the essential ingredients for platinum printing, ferric oxalate, was only made in Los Angeles and he was already at the source.

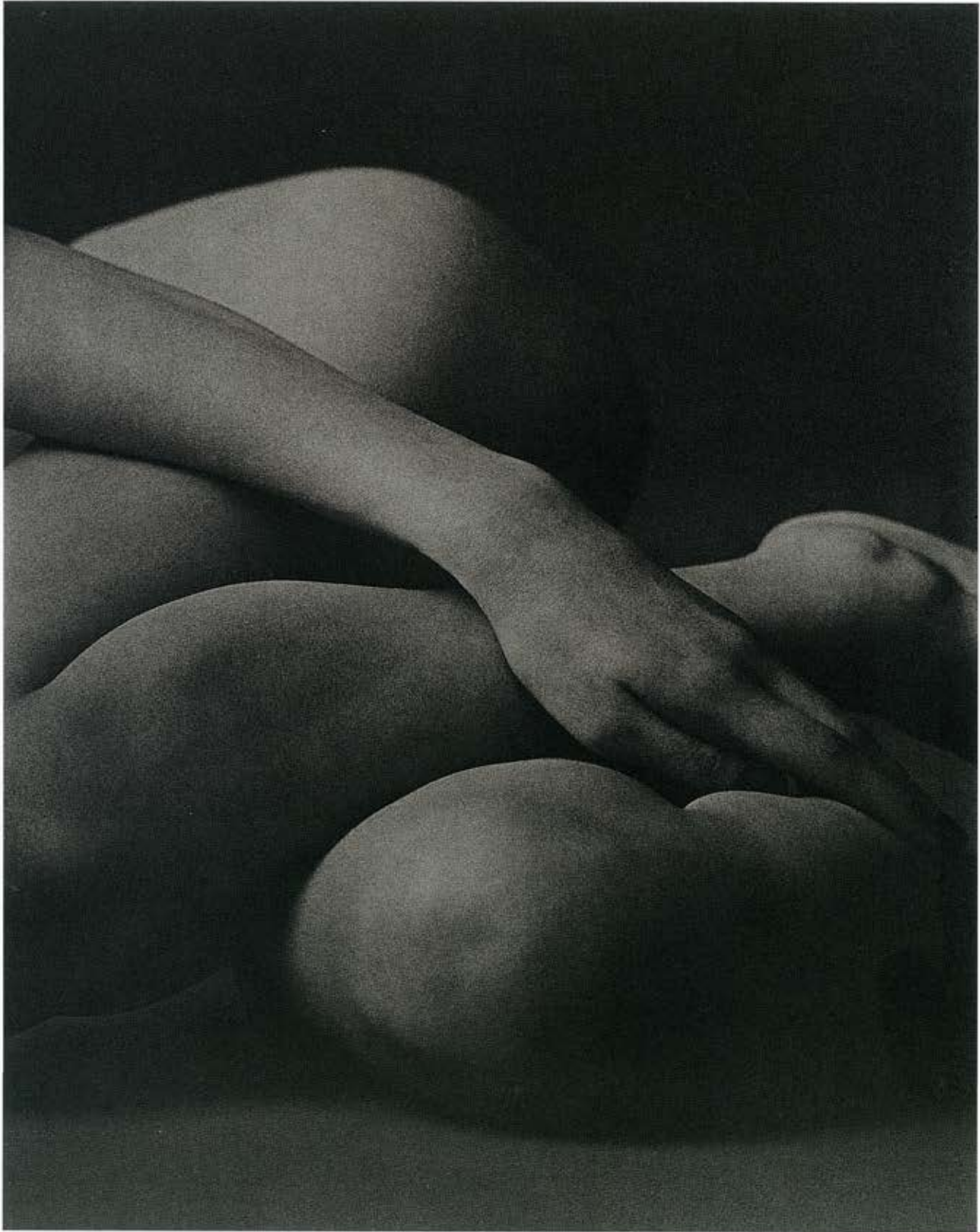
GALLERY.

TEXT. KARL-PETER GOTTSCHALK.

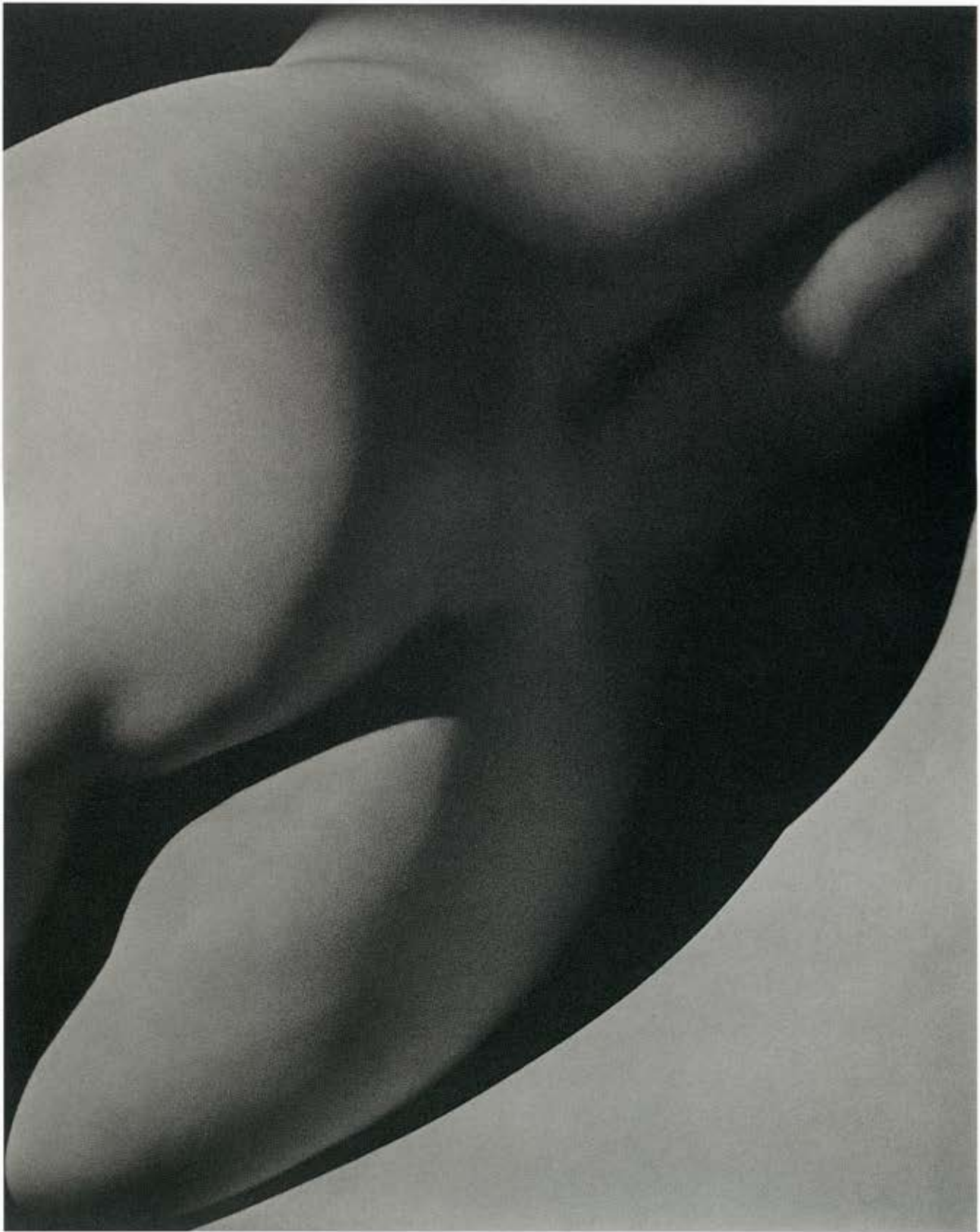
Pasley began down the slow and costly road of learning to work in platinum, "watching my life go down the sink" he says wryly. On a short return visit to London he showed the results to Hamiltons Gallery. They wanted more, and he had none so Pasley worked feverishly on his return to Tinseltown, packed and came home. He has never looked back. +



NUDE WITH HAND, MALCOLM PASLEY.



NUDE #4. MALCOLM PASLEY.



NUDE #11. MALCOLM PASLEY.



NUDE #3. MALCOLM PASLEY.



NUDE #2: MALCOLM PASLEY.