

DAVID GOLDBLATT





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Front cover *Farmer's sign for Gate (Hek). Near Rammetjieskraal, between Lainsburg and Prince Albert. Western Cape.*
28 May 2004 Digital print in pigment inks on cotton rag paper Edition 3 of 10 98.5 x 124 cm
DG 115

Fronticepiece *Self portrait* by David Goldblatt

P50 Photo of David Goldblatt by Lily Goldblatt

Back cover *Woman dressed for an occasion. Joubert Park, Johannesburg 1975* Silver gelatin print on fibre-based
paper Edition 5 of 10 50.5 x 49.5 cm
DG 100

DAVID GOLDBLATT

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Chief Curator, Museum of Contemporary Art Australia

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JOHN MCDONALD

David Goldblatt: Photography & Truth

David Goldblatt will always be known as the photographer who exposed the evils of Apartheid to the world, but to characterise him as a 'political' artist is to diminish the breadth of his achievements. This is something Goldblatt has in common with all great photographers who have found their subjects in war, poverty, hatred and injustice. Think of figures such as Walker Evans, Don McCullin or Sebastiao Salgado, and it's the artistry of their work that makes it so memorable – the ability to choose the right moment, the right angle, the precise degree of distance that confers maximum power on an image.

A photographer's vision of the world develops during many years of staring into a viewfinder and examining prints in a developing tray – or as is more common nowadays, on a computer screen. If one happens to be living and working in a country where rank injustices are being perpetrated, the subject matter chooses itself.

In the digital age the complacent old cliché which assured us the camera never lied has been supplanted by a paranoid suspicion that every image has been manipulated in some way. In the past the only defense was to say a photo had been staged, but this only worked when none of the participants in a scene might be identified. Today people routinely claim to be victims of deliberate deceptions generated by Photoshop.

A side-effect of this process has been a devaluation of truth itself. When a pathological liar such as Donald Trump can call every negative story "fake news", it's clear we are in a world where "truth" has taken on a much more subjective complexion. What was once seen as an absolute has become a preference, as people choose to believe only those stories and images that support their existing worldviews.

One way to get around this epistemological impasse is to produce images of such power that they remain lodged in the mind regardless of any attempt to deny the evidence of the eyes. This is what happened with Nilüfer Demir's image of a dead child washed ashore in Syria, after his family's failed attempt to cross the Mediterranean. Or Julia Le Duc's photo of a father and daughter drowned while trying to cross the Rio Grande into the United States. Such photos have cut through the inflammatory rhetoric associated with the world's refugee crises, and revealed the human consequences.

Neither of these well known photos have much of an aesthetic dimension, although it would be obscene to venture this as a criticism. It is the subject matter alone that strikes us with such force. They are not 'classic' images but bombs thrown into a news cycle that treats tragedy and suffering as passing events competing with tennis and football for space in a TV broadcast.

When we look back on the many iconic images Goldblatt produced during his long career, one sees a very different approach. Goldblatt was a servant of history – a witness to events that needed to be recorded if he were to document the true story of Apartheid, and the ecstasy and disenchantment that followed the upheavals of 1995.

One thinks of images such as that of fifteen-year-old Lawrence Matjee, with white plaster casts on both black arms, after a visit from the Security Police; the painful ordeal of the daily bus ride from Marabastad to Waterval, as black workers commuted from their distant townships to work in the city; the children of Soweto playing in a graveyard of burnt-out automobiles. In an instant we have a chilling sense of what it meant to live and work in such a society. The 'truth' of these photos impresses itself upon the viewer in the most effortless fashion. Lawrence Matjee's two broken arms sit awkwardly with his serene expression, as if there were nothing so unusual about being brutalised.

The directness of such images must be put alongside Goldblatt's many photo-portraits of people simply living their lives: in poor black townships such as Soweto, or the middle-class white suburb of Boksburg. There is no pretence, no drama or editorialising. We get a complete picture from the mere details of a room, the clothes and expressions worn by those who posed in front of Goldblatt's lens. Over time what once seemed the acme of ordinariness becomes extraordinary. We wonder how people could tolerate such conditions, or be blind to their own bigotry and hypocrisy. The big truth in this instance, is that everything becomes normalised by virtue of duration and repetition until it seems part of the natural order of things.

Finally with Goldblatt there is another strategy at work: an attempt to avoid obvious narratives and deal with the universals of bodies and places. The 1975 series, *Particulars*, consists of close-ups of the human body – small details that say something meaningful about a person, from the rightness or smoothness of their hands, to the tension in a gesture, the stains on their clothing, glimpses of body hair or wrinkles. The compositions are formal, almost abstract, and the subjects anonymous, but we view them in a way that tears down all their defences. It's a vista onto the way personality is written on the body, be it black or white, young or old, rich or poor – and ultimately a celebration of that shared humanity all these fragments hold in common.

In the late *Intersections* series Goldblatt brings that search for truth into the landscape, in photos that reject the traditional fixations on sublime or picturesque imagery that still dominate this genre. There is an irony in this, given Goldblatt's early admiration for Ansel Adams, but it is part of his inexorable development as an artist.

It takes both courage and experience to turn one's gaze towards the raw, desolate scenes captured in this series: the dry grasslands, yards of hard-packed dirt, makeshift shacks, half-built suburbs, wire fences, slabs of dull concrete baking in the sun. After all the tragedy and hardship of the past these photos step back from the pageant of history and look at the material facts of a hard country that has helped mould an equally hard, tough, diverse group of people. If "beauty is truth, truth beauty," as the poet insists, there is a powerful attraction in these uncompromising, unclassical landscapes that make no concessions to anybody's dreams.

August 2019

John McDonald is art critic for the Sydney Morning Herald, film critic for the Australian Financial Review, and principle writer for Artist Profile magazine.

DAVID GOLDBLATT: REGARDING INTERSECTIONS

In the 1990s my anger dissipated. Apartheid was no more. There were things to probe and criticise, but the emphasis was different. Lyricism seemed not only permissible but possible. In the late '90s I became aware of colour as a particular quality of this place and its light that I wanted to explore. It seemed 'thin', yet intense. To achieve prints that would hold these qualities I would need to print in colour in a way that was similar to that which I had developed for my black and white work. I wanted high contrast, thin colour and yet nuanced gradation and colour. With the help of new colour emulsions that have remarkable latitude and a neutral palette, digital scanning and printing, rag papers and pigment inks, and the technical virtuosity and willingness to venture of Tony Meintjies, who does it for me, I am approaching prints that come close to my sense of colour, place and light in South Africa.

Over the generations the land has shaped us – I say us in the broadest sense, us South Africans. And we have shaped the land. It is almost impossible now to find a pristine landscape. The grass has been grazed to the point of being threadbare, crops come and go, roads traverse, fences divide, and mines penetrate and throw up the scabs of their detritus. These and our structures are the marks of our presence. I am drawn by the intimacies of our association with this land.

Much of the landscape is deep, bland, vast and seemingly featureless. Yet precisely in these qualities is a presence that is difficult to hold or suggest in photographs. As soon as you try to bring what is before you into some sort of visual coherence, it eludes, it seems to move away. There seems no focal point, no way of coherently containing it. Often it is what I call a "fuck all" landscape. Somehow one has to find ways of being true to what is there and yet bringing it fully to the page or print.

From an article by Michael Stevenson, *Regarding Intersections*, Steidl, 2014



Tailings dump after reclamation, Owendale Asbestos Mine, Northern Cape. 24 December 2007

Digital print in pigment inks on cotton rag paper

Edition 4 of 10

111 x 135 cm

DG 124 • 65119

Onions, Viskuil, Laingsburg, Karoo. 27 May 2010
Digital print in pigment inks on cotton rag paper
Edition 4 of 10
111 x 135 cm
DG 122 • 97378



The sports field, Merweville. 2 March 2009
Digital print in pigment inks on cotton rag paper
Edition 8 of 10
111 x 135 cm
DG 125 • 74064



Deserted farm. Holgatsfontein in the Leeukopspan area, between Britstown and Vosburg, Northern Cape. 16 March 2008

Digital print in pigment inks on cotton rag paper

Edition 7 of 10

111 x 135 cm

DG 114 • 63623



At Pearley Beach, Western Cape. He leadeth me besides the still waters, Memorial to a holiday maker, Bob O'Neil. 2004

Digital print in pigment inks on cotton rag paper

Edition 5 of 6

111 x 135 cm

DG 112 • 63301



Autumn on the Sak river, Nuweveld, Karoo, Western Cape. 2004

Digital print in pigment inks on cotton rag paper

Edition 6 of 10

111 × 135 cm

DG 113 • 63342



*Children of Pomfret at the entrance to the incline shaft and underground pool of water in which they swim.
Pomfret Blue Asbestos Mine, which closed in 1986, North West Province. 20 December 2002*

Digital print in pigment inks on cotton rag paper

Edition 6 of 10

111 x 135 cm

DG 119 • 90448



BRENDA GOLDBLATT

My father invented a word that defined his process of making photographs over his lifetime. In an interview with writer Alexandra Dodd, to be published in a book by Steidl (*David Goldblatt: The Last Interview*) he described it thus:

When I matriculated, I was 17. I was helping in my father's shop and the shop would close on a Saturday afternoon. I would then hitchhike into Joburg and I would walk around the city until the next morning, talking to night watchmen and trying to photograph. I called it poeving. People would ask me what I was doing and I would say, 'I'm poeving. I'm walking around the city; I'm learning the city, and trying to take photographs.' There was the urge to experience reality, which the camera licences – it allows this, but it also demands coherence. You can't just walk around with a camera and not take photographs if that is what you've decided you want to do. So it was an entirely crude, un-thought-through, unstructured process of becoming physically acquainted with my world. I think the way I work now directly descended from that. More sophisticated, more structured, but still fundamentally trying to find those things in reality that trigger that response in me to want to photograph them.

I once read an interview with one of the great British acting Dames – I think it was Helen Mirren - who said that she would find a key to a new character when she found the right bra to wear for the part. When David took on a new project, he would find the right vehicle to *poeg* in. For photographing the decline and destruction of Fietas, the Indian Group Area in Johannesburg, he used a bicycle; for the small East Rand town Boksburg it was a BMW motorbike, and for the *Intersections* work in this exhibition it was the great love of his life, a four wheel drive Isuzu pick-up, known in the family as The Camper. To my father, it was a thing of beauty; he bought the chassis, and then engaged a man called Pottie Potgieter to build a small house for him on the back. It had a fridge, a stove, a toilet, cupboards and enough sleeping space for him to share it with two small grandchildren and one round wife.

Pottie lived in northern Pretoria, over two hours away from home, and David and Lily, my mother, would make frequent trips there to deliver and retrieve The Camper as Pottie and David tussled over the aesthetics of the design and practicality of its use. Pottie favoured a fetching bumper around the trucks lower back and sides, which sadly would not allow David to access the spare wheel. Eventually The Camper was spending more time hospitalised than on the road, and David bought a more modestly outfitted Toyota Hi-Lux, which he used until his death.

I made a couple of *poeving* trips with David in The Camper. My co-pilot duties included maintaining a steady flow of dried fruit and rusks; driving when he needed a nap; speaking as little as possible, and never at meals, which were for reading, and selecting music – mostly Johnny Cash, Bob Dylan, Woody Guthrie and Mozart – to harmonise with the landscape and his mood. He was never happier, I think, than when driving in the Karoo, and that was always Cash: Folsom Prison Blues.

Our first journey was in winter. I was living in London and was home for a couple of weeks. Lily told me that David was depressed; he was struggling to make photographs and was feeling washed up. I gave myself an additional duty, a secret mission, to break his block, which involved asking him to stop – selectively, so he wouldn't twig what I was up to – when we passed a landscape that I had not seen in his photographs before, in the hope that he would see a photograph he wanted to make. He always refused.

We were two days into the journey, and he had not taken his camera out. I felt anxious for him. We left a cold and gloomy bed and breakfast in Calvinia before dawn, heading for Sutherland, where we would stop for breakfast. It should have been an easy two-hour drive. David chose a dirt back road that was so bad The Camper juddered over its deep ruts and we had to slow to a crawl to get over rocks where the road had disappeared. It was freezing. The heater didn't work. It would take an extra hour before we could eat. I was not happy.

We passed a beautiful, rusted metal tower advertising petrol at a long-abandoned garage. It looked like a very tall, very elegant bird had flown in from Texas in the 1950s and taken root in the scrub. I begged him to at least stop and take a look. 'I have seen it before', he said. I asked when. 'A couple of months ago', he answered. 'You mean you have driven this road before?' I asked. He had. A few times. He had never taken photographs along its length and he had no specific place he wanted to re-visit. 'So what are we doing here now?' I asked. 'Just looking,' he said. His response aroused, in me, deep pain and love. He was in his late 70s, his worn working man's hands firm on the steering wheel, yet so diminished by age I just wanted to hold him, and so driven I wouldn't dare. I ached for him and the hard, lonely roads he always chose. I felt great love for him and his compulsive need to see, and the courage he had to take the hard, lonely roads he always chose.

Parts of this essay appeared in David Goldblatt, edited by Baptiste Lignel (Photographers References, Paris, 2019)

Footnote: About poeging:

I asked David's friend, the esteemed writer Professor Marlene van Niekerk if she knows this word, and here is her reply: *The only Afrikaans word I can think of that might bear on this is the noun "poging", which means "attempt". The present continuous verb would be "pogend", meaning: the process of trying, reaching, endeavouring or striving. It comes from the Dutch with an etymological backwash from the verb "poken" which means "poking" as one does a fire, or "be/ stirring". One gets quite close to what David might have meant with this word if one follows through here associating "trying out" or "poking" into the world with the eyes, testing or bestirring reality to flush out something that one could capture in a photograph (like one would flush out quail or mice by poking in the reeds with a stick). The intentional wandering as a form of testing, assessing, sampling, hunting in order to capture meaningful revelations would tally with things he told me about his method of "finding" photographs. Of course the creative moment is invited by the focussed, heightened awareness of striving towards or trying out what emerges as one looks around. I think David's poging would have to do with a state of radical openness, suggestibility and attentiveness to minutiae. He once said in an interview this looking around is an almost erotic activity, two way seduction, stroking the surfaces with the eyes until they yield a catch. The point being that this attentive wandering is a kind of work, the world will yield no riches if this persistent poging/attempt is not invested in it.*

Geoff Grundlingh's fig trees, Klein Swartberg, Western Cape, 14 July 2008

Digital print in pigment inks on cotton rag paper

Edition of 10, AP 2/4

37.5 x 45 cm

DG 120 • 105140



Copper-bearing rocks, near the workings started by Simon Van Der Stel governor of the Cape, during an expedition in 1650. Carlousberg. Namaqualand, Northern Cape. 1 January 2004

Digital print in pigment inks on cotton rag paper

Edition 6 of 10

111 x 135 cm

DG 118 • 74035



Springtime on the Sak River, Nuweveld, Karoo, Western Cape. 2002

Digital print in pigment inks on cotton rag paper

Edition 6 of 6

111 x 135 cm

DG 116 • 65003



Memorial, "NICOLEEN VAN WYK 7.8. 1997", on the road to Sutherland, six kilometers from Fraserburg. 2007

Digital print in pigment inks on cotton rag paper

Edition 5 of 10

111 x 135 cm

DG 123 • 64365



Agtertuin, Kamieskroon, Northern Cape. 30 December 2003

Digital print in pigment inks on cotton paper rag

Edition 4 of 10

111 x 135 cm

DG 121 • 97365



Swerwers, nomadic sheep shearers and farmworkers, descended from the San hunter-gatherers and the Khoi pastoralists. Without work for four months they lived in the ITALIC gang, the corridor between farm fences and roads, hunting, fishing when they could and eating road-kill. Near Nuwe Rooiberg, Northern Cape. 18 September 2008

Digital print in pigment inks on cotton rag paper

Edition 6 of 10

111 x 135 cm

DG 117 • 65106



DAVID GOLDBLATT: *PARTICULARS*

My first awareness of a bodily particular that I can recall was of the bulges made by the flattened flesh of my inner thighs as I sat in shorts on a kindergarten bench. From where I saw them my bulges seemed more pronounced than anyone else's and I tried to hide them with my hands and my slate. After a time I realised that my thighs were no different from others. But the inner parts remained an area of the body of which I was especially aware and which, in time, came to have a strong attraction for me in girls.

I have never been able to decide whether my sense of people's bodies is something I share with others or whether mine is different. But I know that it has been with me for a very long time and that it is often vivid and detailed. It is fed by life experiences and is sometimes intensified by that state of acute awareness that photography enables and demands. Of my life experiences one that was crucial was that of working in my father's shop in Randfontein, where I acquired a consciousness of bodily particulars that was technical rather than subjective.

My father was a men's outfitter whose ability to intuit and remember and satisfy his customers' needs was almost legendary. The wife of a miner who had once worked on Randfontein Estates and who was now on a property in the bush hundreds of miles away, might phone him and say, Eli, our daughter's getting married and Tom needs a new suit and a shirt, tie, shoes and socks to go with it. That was all she needed to tell him. Within hours an outfit would be in the post, trousers altered to fit, sizes, colours and style unerringly right for the man, his tastes and the occasion.

Under my father's kindly yet firm guidance I became reasonably skilled at applying some of his precepts. One of which was never, ever to ask a customer his size. It was our job to know or to discover the right size and to sell him clothing that fitted, that appealed to his tastes and that was right for his purposes. Thus it was that I learnt to be conscious of how a man's body 'was': of how he stood and was proportioned; to estimate and measure the girth and length of trunk, arms and legs so that they could be brought into a proper congruity with jackets and trousers; and as well to understand likings and needs and how these might best be satisfied. I learnt to look at a man and his feet, their length, breadth and build and to judge what shoe size, fitting, make and last to try on him in order to find what would best suit and fit him. I could examine neck and arms and make a pretty good guess at collar size and sleeve length before confirming with the tape measure. After my father's death in 1962 I sold the business and became a photographer. The outfitting skills have rusted, but that awareness of the body, of its proportions, size and build and of what is declared in stance, clothing and ornamentation, has become sharper and broader - I am as conscious of these things in woman as I am in men.

In 1975 after working for about five years on a series of portraits of my compatriots in the streets and homes of Soweto and the suburbs of Johannesburg, it seemed natural, almost inevitable, that I should extend what I was doing to an exploration of their bodies, or rather, the particulars of their bodies, as affirmations and embodiments of their selves. I did this with much concentration for several months and since then have continued, from time to time, to photograph in this way.

David Goldblatt

From *Particulars*, David Goldblatt, 2014, Steidl



Woman at home. Coffee Bay, Transkei. 1975
Silver gelatin print on fibre-based paper
Edition 5 of 10
50 x 50 cm DG 105 • 104482



Woman on a bench. Joubert Park, Johannesburg. 1975
Silver gelatin on fibre-based paper
Edition 8 of 10
50 x 50 cm DG 106 • 81595



Woman at picnic. Zoo Lake, Johannesburg. 1975
Silver gelatin print on fibre-based paper
Edition 6 of 10
54 x 41.5 cm DG 104 • 1044963



Woman with pierced ear. Joubert Park, Johannesburg. August 1975.

Silver gelatin print on fibre-based paper

Edition 9 of 10

50 x 50 cm DG 110 • 81272



Man with necklaces/ Joubert Park, Johannesburg. 1975

Silver gelatin print on fibre-based paper

Edition 9 of 10

50 x 50 cm DG 101 • 81320



Woman on her bed. Yeoville, Johannesburg. December 1983

Silver gelatin on fibre-based paper

Edition 6 of 10

50 x 50 cm DG 108 • 82957



Woman sleeping, Zoo Lake, Johannesburg, 1975

Silver gelatin print on fibre-based paper

Edition 8 of 10

50 x 50 cm DG 103 • 104435



Man on bench. Joubert Park, Johannesburg. 1975
Silver gelatin on fibre-based paper
Edition 7 of 10
50 x 50 cm DG 107 • 81582



Woman sleeping, Zoo Lake, Johannesburg, 1975
Silver gelatin print on fibre-based paper
Edition 2 of 10
50.5 x 50.5 cm DG 109 • 81229



Couple on a Sunday afternoon at Zoo Lake, Johannesburg. 1975
Silver gelatin print on fibre-based paper
Edition 10 of 10
50 X 50 cm DG 102 • 81573



Man sleeping, Joubert Park, Johannesburg. August 1975

Silver gelatin on fibre-based paper

Edition 9 of 10

50 x 50 cm DG III • 81368

BILL GREGORY: *A Day on the Reef*

I met David Goldblatt in South Africa in 1995. At that point, at the early stages of what would prove to be almost fifty years of remarkable creative output, he had sold some photographs but not very happily because he had to print each one and he hated the commerce. I'm not sure he even wanted to pursue a career selling his work although he wanted the work to be seen.

His work was already a powerful calling but not yet a career as an exhibiting artist. I'd visited his study on that trip, and one photograph in particular caught my eye, of exhausted blacks on their way to work in the mines on a bus in the middle of the night. But it wasn't the traditional roles of art dealer and artist that had brought us together.

I was in South Africa for the funeral of Joe Slovo, who had been the head of the armed faction of the African National Congress. I was there to support my dear friend Shawn Slovo, Joe's daughter, who had been my house mate for a few years in New York in the late 1970s. As part of a contingent of funeral guests arriving in Johannesburg I happened to be billeted with David's son, Steven. So it wasn't chance that brought me together with David Goldblatt. But almost.

I remember that David was very hospitable. He offered to take me out for a day out on 'the reef' - the stretch of small hills on which Johannesburg is built. The reef was once fabulously rich in gold and is still being mined. Man-made hills dot the landscape around Johannesburg, made up of the tailings and refuse from the mines.

We visited a number of abandoned mine shafts and related sites that he wanted me to see. He explained that they were a huge part of the cultural history of South Africa, resonating with both the wealth they produced and the suffering endured by so many to produce that wealth. He appeared to be in a race against time to document the reef before it disappeared back into the land.

Late in the day we went to a small township and visited Martha - the black domestic worker who had raised him. He had not seen her in a few years although he had always supported her financially. It was a highly emotional reunion with Martha, who was very old and nearly blind.

On the way home I asked David if I could buy the photo I had admired in his study earlier. I wanted it as a reminder of my first visit to South Africa and particularly of our day together. But my request sent David into a bit of a tailspin. He wanted to share his passion for the cultural history of his country and its people but his desire had no commercial impetus. He had never had any ongoing gallery representation. He was already in his sixties. He seemed to be grappling with whether or not it was a good idea to sell his photographs at all.

David questioned me extensively about how the commerce of art worked, but he couldn't settle on giving his work a monetary value. He'd never thought of his work in those terms. I could see that my question was stressing him, and so I let it go.

Ten years later I bought the same image for \$4000. Twenty years later he had exhibited in museums worldwide and had won many of the most significant international photography prizes. His work holds pride of place in many of the most prestigious public and private collections around the world. He passed away peacefully at home June 24th 2018 in Johannesburg. By chance I happened to be in South Africa, visiting William Kentridge. But I never saw David again after our day on the reef. - Bill Gregory Owner/Director Annandale Galleries

DAVID GOLDBLATT (b. Randfontein 1930 – d. Johannesburg 2018)

Selected biography, exhibitions, publications, awards and quotes

Five biographical events:

1930 – born in Randfontein of Lithuanian Jewish parents who had fled the persecution of Lithuanian Jewish communities in the 1890's. His father owned a menswear shop.

1952 – visited Israel taking photos with his first Leica. On his return he did a part-time course for a Bachelor of Commerce at Wits (University) while continuing his interest in photography. Gradually took over the management of the menswear business, which he sold in 1963 following the passing of his father in 1962. Devoted himself full-time to photography from 1963.

1955 – Married Lily and had three children; Steven, Brenda and Ronnie.

1968 – Met Nadine Gordimer, the South African Nobel laureate whose writing had a profound effect on him.

1999 – Visited Wittenoom, Western Australia, a former mining town and now a ghost town closed down by the WA Government due to 65,000 tons of blue asbestos tailings.

Five Awards:

2001, 2008 – Honorary Doctorate in Fine Arts from The University of Cape Town, Honorary Doctorate of Literature University of Witwatersrand 2008

2006 – Hasselblad Photography Award

2009 – Henri Cartier-Bresson Award

2010 – Lucie Award Lifetime Achievement Honoree

2013 – International Centre for Photography Infinity Award

Five Publications:

1973 – *On the Mines* with Nadine Gordimer; Struik, Capetown

1989 – *The Transported of KwaNdebele* with Brenda Goldblatt and Phillip van Niekerk, Aperture and Duke University, New York (reprinted 2013)

2001 – *David Goldblatt Fifty-One Years*, Actar and Macba, Barcelona

2005 – *Intersections*, Prestel, Munich

2014 – Republication of *Particulars* (Steidel, Gottingen) originally published by Goodman Gallery Editions in 2003 and winning the Arles Book Prize for 2004.

Five Exhibitions:

1998 – Museum of Modern Art (MOMA) New York, the first South African to be given a solo exhibition at MOMA.

2001 – *David Goldblatt Fifty-One Years*, a retrospective exhibition produced by the Museu d'Art Contemporani de Barcelona (MACBA) and touring internationally.

2012 – San Francisco Museum of Art.

2018 – Retrospective at Centre Pompidou, Paris

2018-2019 – *David Goldblatt: Photographs 1948-2018*, Retrospective at Museum of Contemporary Art, Sydney, Australia

Quotes:

I've learnt with photographs that if I've done my job properly I haven't made judgments for the viewer: They've got to find their own way into the picture and, often, what they find is not what I saw – David Goldblatt

I don't need a holiday. My work is a holiday. I regard myself as being very, very fortunate. There are not many men who have had the opportunity of a second choice when they're already supposedly mature, which I did have when I was 32. There are not many men who are really happy in their work and I am. – David Goldblatt





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