

fluent cheerleaders and yet another of its casualties. A speed freak and alcoholic, he died in  
 ducted by his girlfriend Victoria Mary Clarke. It's shambolic, unprofessional and extremely  
 a rival singer who dared to include "Strange Fruit" in his own repertoire. But it wasn't  
 on the leaves and blood at the root, Black body swinging in the Southern breeze, Strange fruit  
 by a  
 you si



**Left:** a young woman and her niece in front of the crowded and dirty tent they share with four families in Neprostenko camp, Macedonia, 1999: from Melanie Friend's 'No Place Like Home'.  
**Above:** The third sex – Mona Ahmed, 61, one of the million eunuchs in India, searching for acceptance and a happier life: from Dayanita Singh's 'Myself Mona Ahmed'.  
**Right:** Bastion of liberty – the great heel of the Statue dwarfs a constant stream of tourists hoping for a view of the skyline: from 'Citiscapes'.

# International geographic

From Manhattan to Polynesia, Jan Dalley admires the work of those who make pictures speak louder

In the past few weeks, we have all seen enough pictures of New York to last us a long time, and it will also be a long time before images of the city and its skyline cease to evoke carnage and tragedy. Perhaps **Citiscapes: A History of New York in Images** (Columbia £41.50 / \$60) can bring us the consolations of the long view, with its 400-plus image-stuffed pages that torpedo us through the city's history.

From the early 17th century's prints, maps and drawings up to the millennium's sleek photography, the

impression is of a hard-grafting place where life has often been tough and always overcrowded, teeming with people and activities, races and cultures carving out their own patches of territory among the throng, the extremes of affluence and poverty always sharply marked. Even workplaces are crammed; children play on tiny squares of fire-escape; the pens at Ellis Island are a human cattle-market; a huge cluster of kids push each other aside to cool off under a fire hydrant; commuters move in shoals like mackerel. Even the washing on tenement lines looks crowded, and the cramped tenement interiors contrast vividly with exuberant street life. There are no soft edges in this place, but these images make us experience the intensity which makes New Yorkers love their city so much.

Those who feel that American nostalgia ain't what it used to be will revel in **The Tumultuous Fifties** (Yale £29.95 / \$39.95), a collection of 200 images from the archives of the New York Times that bring vividly back into focus the cold war, McCarthyism, Fidel Castro, the young Marilyn, horrors in Korea, crew cuts, hostess parties, a Klan rally, polio, Jack Kerouac in an East Village loft, segregated schools, Presley called up. News photography from when it mattered: before the spread of television. By this account, though, the 1950s seems a sad and savage decade.

Melanie Friend's **No Place Like Home: Echoes from Kosovo** (Cleis £28.99 / Midnight Editions \$39.95) brings stark and simple, bright colour portraits from the refugee camps of Macedonia, set against the testimonies of survivors – the late-night

knock from the soldiers, the precious clutched family photographs, the jewellery buried in flowerbeds against the hope of return, the mourning of exiles. This moving book documents ordinary people in extraordinary times.

One of the saddest things about the world in recent weeks is that, now, an image of a turban and a beard instantly spells threat. But Wilfred Thesiger's magnificent, sharply etched, lovingly observed images of tribal peoples – almost all turbanned and variously bearded, from Iraq, Kurdistan, Oman, Pakistan, Morocco, Ethiopia, Yemen – in **A Vanished World** (HarperCollins £25) should restore some balance to our visual perspective.

Over the decades, Thesiger has become as great a photographer as he was a traveller, and the work of the

greats never dies. **Landscape Townscape**, a handsome new volume of Henri Cartier-Bresson's work (Thames Hudson £50 / Bulfinch \$75) can hardly be bettered for that brilliant but milky light he finds where no one else can. Why is that man riding a wobbly old-fashioned bicycle along a desolate, flinty country road with a double-battered to his back? And why does the juxtaposition between the fragility of the great instrument and the unforgivingly sharp stone under the bicycle wheels fascinate us with such a piercing sense of unease, of danger?

Linda McCartney was not a great photographer, but she had energy and brio and a certain visual wit – and course some of the subject matter doesn't hurt, either. **Light from Within** (Little Brown £35 / Bulfinch \$55) was her "last complete photographic project", and

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