

LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Self-Portrait, Dorm, Syracuse University, 1973



My Leica M-3 was my constant companion along with a Weston hand held light meter. My coat was from the flea market in Amsterdam and the hat had a 1920's Bloomingdale's, New York label. Some of my first images were portraits of women wearing Victorian blouses. One weekend I

arrived home from college in a green taffeta bathroom attendant's dress with a lace collar. My mother commanded me to take the dress off. She thought that was not an identity I would want to be seen in. She didn't understand that I was seeking clues into a history of women's lineage -- chasing a scent and fabric of what women of many backgrounds had experienced. The 1970's were a period of unrest, women's liberation, women's groups, burning bras - - finding a new place for ourselves. We wanted to expunge some of the rules of marriage, of the art world pecking order, of class. We started asking how much more can we own of our bodies?

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Self-Portrait Bearing Flowers, 1973



A sudden decision to peer into myself. I chose an organdy dress. I put the tripod in front of the mirror on the wall and aimed the lens into it and held a planter in my hands. Light from another window caught my eyes and they danced. One eye seemed to scream. Snapped the shutter. Rita Hammond, an older photographer in Cazenovia, a nearby town, had also begun questioning her identity with the camera. She often visited my attic studio. When she heard that I was chosen as an assistant at the Ansel Adams workshop, she offered a mentoring investment with a check for the 'yet to be taken' image I would make in his midst, and present to her on my return.

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Self-Portrait, Organdy Dress, 1973



I was getting to know myself and started bringing women subjects with antique clothes, objects and my camera to greenhouses. I wanted to work in this fecund, warm space where there was some protection and freshly tended growth. My personal fantasies seemed to spur on the other's women's unconscious sensibilities. They acted out archetypal situations, death wishes, phallic symbols, escape, and communion with nature. I gave one woman a cut off wedding dress at the waist. She responded by jumping up onto a plant shelf and lifted her naked leg and vagina over a giant prickly cactus. I learned to respond when a photographic situation goes on fire and the energy has been transformed to the film. The photograph was published in the Village Voice, a radical vehicle for ideas at the time, and part of my portfolio, Greenhouse and Beyond, was exhibited at the Everson Museum.

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Self-Portrait, Indian Mound, Syracuse, NY 1975



I presented myself as if I were going to be in a fashion magazine spread. As a child, I wanted to be like my cousin Joan, model, stand-in for Elizabeth Taylor in "Father of the Bride," wife of the original Marlboro man model. She had presence, a free-spirited laugh and a beckoning, sexy posture. I

wanted to live in that energetic world of 'being seen.' However, at twenty, my direction veered away from commercial modeling. I saw Alfred Stieglitz's "Equivalents" on the wall at Georgia O'Keefe's ranch. I was attending the luncheon she hosted for the Ghost Ranch Conference Center summer drama students, where I had lost my part in a play due to a sore throat. The director gave me his 2 1/4 Rollei to take pictures of the cast to console me, but I was lost without the part. I told Georgia and she sent me to wander through the arroyos to get closer to the rawness of the mesas and "let the powers out there guide me." The experience influenced me to go back to West Virginia University and sign up for a photo class. There was only one course on campus, and the only way to enroll was to switch my major from drama to the School of Journalism, which I did.

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Self-Portrait with David, San Francisco, CA 1974



In a letter dated October 10, 1974, David wrote to me, "It all came on very suddenly last evening --around 7 PM. I decided to go and do my laundry and after stepping outside and starting to walk - I noticed the quality of light that existed. Bordering on Darkness -- with a clear sky above - The light was very much in the ultraviolet range thus making all black objects go extremely black and all white or shiny objects very luminous - white objects seem to float amidst a sea of black and very softly indeed - I became aware of the relationship set up between shadow and light and vice versa... The air also seemed electrified by some sort of radiation that I can't be sure of... Phil [Block] first made me aware of this time of day and the quality of light that exists. I remember he always wanted to photograph during those hours before darkness... Anyway - I didn't get to do my laundry as I was overcome by some very intense form of ener... I raced back into the house and got out the Polaroid and began to photograph very intensely..."

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**Self-Portrait, Crab, Ansel Adams Workshops, Yosemite,
California, 1974**



Norman Locks, the director, realized they needed more models for the "Nude in the Landscape Workshop." Since I was an assistant in the Bookmaking Workshop, he asked me. I wasn't sure if it was a good idea for a photographer to be a nude model and wrote my MFA professor,

Michael Recht, and my parents. I didn't hear back in time, so I said, yes. David Broda, a Syracuse student, visited me there and I took this self-portrait with a fresh water crab (my birth symbol) we found in the river and David standing beside me. I saw how images could reconnect people to 'oneness,' to a 'source.' We perceive photographs in the frontal lobe of the brain, which controls our heartbeat, blood flow, and hormones. Images, therefore, can provoke a physical effect on well-being. I taught "Photography and Healing" at Stockton College of New Jersey in 1999 and 2000 and "Healing Images", at Parsons School of Design in 2001. Parsons' dorms were damaged in 9/11 and the class postponed a month. They had been assigned to experiment with 'transformational' images. I'll always remember one student's series of her dusty teddy bear thrown into the sky, flying freely above Union Square Park, tattered but alive. The project, they said, overwhelmingly connected them to coping and solidified my belief in the power of images.

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**Self-Portrait, Yosemite National Park, Nude in the Landscape
Workshop, Ca.1974**



The instructors and participants directed me, the workshop model, into the foliage, waters and forests of northern California. The experience made me feel free as an animal in the wild. We were offered clays and paints to experiment with so I put myself in these giant leaves, feeling part of

their fullness. That evening, as an assistant, I was to prepare the lecture room for Ansel Adams. I had gotten to know Mirror Lake and Half Dome, Yosemite's main attractions, but had not taken many photographs of the landscape itself. I was mostly shooting one of my fellow models whose body responded to and imitated the shape of a rock formation. Ansel arrived early and remembered me from the cocktail party at his studio. He asked to see my portfolio. All the students carried one with us for such a moment. He studied my portraits of women and told me, "People expect me to admire only a certain aesthetic, but that is not true. I am curious about many ideas. You have a prescient vision unfolding. Stay true to your direction. "

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Self-Portrait, Dad and I, Toms River, NJ, 1975



I saw how serene my face was beside his and how much he believed in me as I processed the Kodak Tri-X film and made this print on Agfa paper. It was my father who nurtured my creativity. He was often taking family photographs and bought me my first camera, a Minolta 101. A disabled veteran who

was wounded with a shot-off anklebone in WWII, my father could no longer hold a job after the war. My mother took a secretary position, put me in pre-school and started what was called then an 'upside down household', with my father raising me at home and writing poetry. There was legend around my house that my father had influenced President Kennedy's famous quote, "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country."

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Snowbird, Bloomington, Indiana, 1976



My first photography teaching position was at Indiana University. I didn't identify with the flat, unglamorous mid-west and I made this self-portrait in my backyard as a way to create a fantasy world where I was a Hollywood starlet. It was chosen for the book *Self-Portrayal*,

Friends of Photography Journal, 1978.

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Self-Portrait, Backyard, Bloomington, Indiana, 1976



Staring at these prophecy cards in the developer, I nicked the soft emulsion on the color paper and started scraping out marks around my eyes. It is sometimes that simple - a shift that comes by

accident. This was shot on color print film, which I liked better than the shiny CIBA chrome paper you had to use with slide film. I had been hired at Indiana University to replace the beloved Professor Henry Holmes Smith and teach his graduate student critique seminar. Henry's philosophy in his critiques was to encourage students to stare at their photographs for as long as it took to talk about them. To manage the challenging students who were used to his style, we created this list of talking points to help open up discussions. I still use them today.

How to Look at Photographs

1. Does the photograph resonate?
2. Does the photograph have structural integrity?
3. Does the photograph give the viewer insight?
4. Is the photograph unique?
5. Does the photograph provide reading instructions?
6. Is the technique supportive of the photograph?
7. Does the photograph give an emotional response?
8. Does the photograph invite continued interaction?
9. Does the photograph invite reflection?
10. Does the photograph have the thumbprint of the photographer?

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Self-Portrait, San Jose Purua, Mexico, 1976



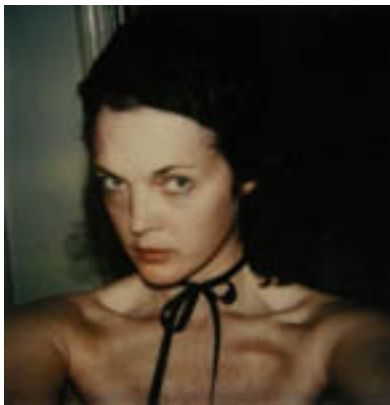
After my engagement broke off, I went to Mexico to find my way as the famous photographer Tina Modotti had years earlier. I visited Leonora Carrington, a surrealist painter, at her gracious home in Mexico City. She told me, "We know how to heal people here -- take

the mushrooms in Palenque or go to the mineral waters." I went to the baths and learned to let the waters penetrate my soul. The local Indians showed me how to splash the droplets on my heart. It was here that this major sadness floated away. Compelled to portray water and its uses years later, I journeyed to Aix-les-Bain, France and stayed as a guest of a famous spa doctor, Francois Forestier, whose family had administered Napoleon a water cure. From there I traveled on to Spa, Belgium, to shoot one of earliest spas. I arrived just as the Chernobyl meltdown crisis occurred and sat with the managers worrying about the contaminating winds blowing through Europe and the possible destruction of the water source. That was a defining moment in my desire to show the preciousness of water. Wolfgang Becker, curator of the Ludwig Museum of Contemporary Art, wrote in the exhibition catalogue of my experience, "Linda Troeller often searches the close-up and the flowing movement in such a manner that it marries the human being and water in a state of ecstasy. Colors and shapes in the photographs assume the expression of oceanic drunkenness. She has discovered a picture of human experience, which is organic, blurred, warm, comfortable, mysterious, and holistic."

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Self-Portrait, Buzz Cut, Los Angeles, 1980
Self-Portrait, Buzz Cut II, Los Angeles, 1980



Robert Frank, photographer of *The Americans*, stayed on my street when he was in Hollywood and frequented the bookstore on the corner. He may have stood with his

camera in the steaming sun near me as I waited for my boyfriend then, a writer, slinging hash and eggs at Breakfast All Day on Western Avenue. Perhaps Frank had one of the well-known Willard's donuts. Bag ladies passed. Men hauled refrigerators and laid carpet. People with take-out from the Kentucky Fried Chicken ate a fry or two and all the while, Frank's shadow hovered. I never saw him with his camera there but it seemed like he was urging me to press on. I was teaching photography at Otis-Parsons School of Art and also taking a performance art class with Rachael Rosenthal. She encouraged risk-taking. Little Miss Point Pleasant, freshman and sophomore year prom queen, Miss Ocean County Fair, 'groomed' for Miss America, dreaming to be a professional model, how could I remake my pretty surface? I took a risk and gave myself a buzz cut, leaving only a small ridge of hair. Each Polaroid I took afterward was an imprint, a fissure, and a step further inside myself. A moment of exchange. I surrendered to the photograph.

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Self-Portrait, Sea Cave, France, 1992



In high school, my mom intercepted phone calls and letters from boys. The pill and free love entered my culture but not my parents. They wanted to prevent stain befalling me. I didn't want to be under their taboos. When I had the chance to explore sexuality, I took it. I wanted to apply my own code to sex. A woman told me she had developed a system of touching herself to orgasm and then blessed herself with that vibrant energy. She imagined the sensation spreading as white light through her arms, legs, and head enhancing her aura. I too wanted to use sexual pleasure as a way to feel well about myself.

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Self-Portrait, Paris, France, 1995



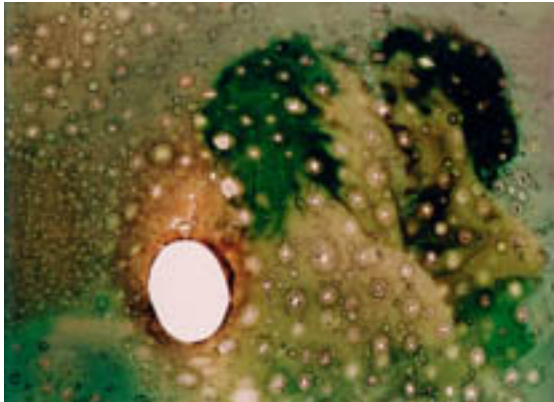
My self-portraiture can feel like an acting experience. Sometimes I cast myself in poor roles that have no substance. Then something, maybe a director, the landscape, an object, an emotion, shows me a fuller, more participatory way of seeing myself. Lucas Samaras, who

spoke on the 1978 College Art Association panel on "Autobiography", guided me through his images, which inspired me to open myself further to self-portrait. He announced, "I make self portraits to communicate body to body. Give the viewers a chance for directness, to confront emotion. Using the self is to take a risk. I'm showing, visually, an experience. I'm revealing something. As much as my images reveal, autobiographical works conceal. I want to point out that I am real. Making the images is as important as presenting them."

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Self-Portrait, Hot River, Italy, 1996



I began to photograph people reforming and reclaiming their bodies with water. Some drank mineral water to deconstruct toxins that resulted in thermal crises. In a steam bath, there is immediate awareness of moisture on the skin that stimulates consciousness.

Ancient users of water -- pagan cults, Greeks, Romans left an influence in the atmosphere and architecture providing a mood for nudity, exhibitionism, fasting, purging, touching, being touched, and confession. I'd been searching for an image of sensuality in water to add to my Healing Waters project. Every photo looked like it was from one of those love hotels in the Poconos. When I lit a match to this slide and burned it, the colors blended, the bubbles swelled and it worked for me. It had unexpected hues to awaken consciousness.

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**Self-Portrait, Maine Photography Workshops
Camden, Maine, 1989**



I was teaching a class in Social Documentary Photography and assisted Bert Glinn as a model. We went shooting one day. Late afternoon light struck the velvet interior of the old, elegant Cadillac and I expressed my vulnerability to my camera. I often think about how much it is the combination of many factors that secures us our images. I learned to be grateful for the power of happenstance when I assisted Annie Leibovitz at the 1987 Ansel Adams Workshops organized by his daughter, Anne Adams Helm. We hauled Annie's lighting equipment into the national park for her to show us portrait techniques. Annie brought Mrs. Adams Helm and her daughter to a cliff overlooking Half Dome. She used her charm and direction to encourage the mother-daughter to embrace. It was a spectacular moment. Suddenly Annie had problems with another assistant getting a light to work. The shoot stalled. When she tried again to set the photo up, the mother and daughter couldn't strike that powerful pose. Annie told us, "Your audience never saw what we didn't get. Move on. Shoot the best you can. You can't go back."

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Self-Portrait, Bad Sulza, Germany, 1996



Marion Schneider and I had begun our book, *Erotic Lives of Women*. We felt we should be part of it and interviewed each other. She asked me about my strongest erotic experience. At that time, it was with my lover, who encouraged me to enjoy a latex dress and wigs. It was playful role-playing -- I was allowed to be a slave for a few hours and relinquish control. My life was competitive in the art world, but with him, I was opened to a new level of pleasure and lack of inhibition.

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**My Portrait of Lothar Asleep Beneath Andres Serrano's Portrait
of Me
Chelsea Hotel, 2002**

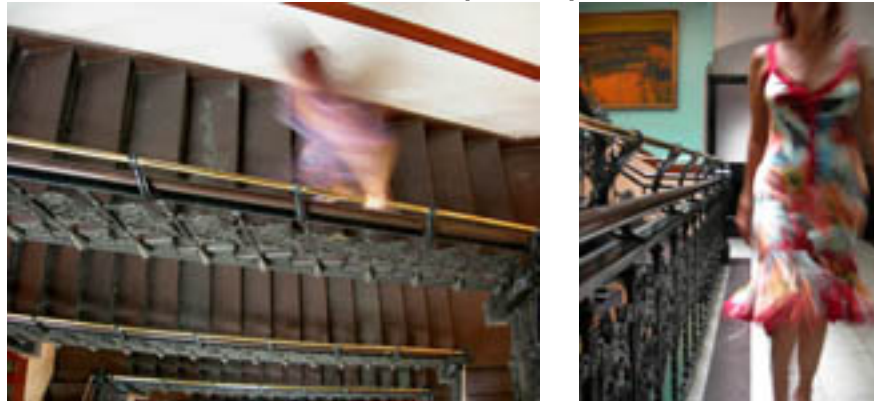


I put up a photograph of me as a 'weeping widow', one of Andres Serrano's national archetypes for his America book. It didn't make the edit, but he gave me a print. When the picture was taken, I was still mourning my mother, who had died at 89 that year. My boyfriend fell asleep on the bed at sunset and I felt an eerie overlapping of the past and present. The picture was up for a month more until a Feng Shui expert happened to visit. She told me the photo had to come down. "The negative energy will overcome you."

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

**Self-Portrait, Gothic Staircase & Zac Posen Dress
Chelsea Hotel, NYC, 2006**

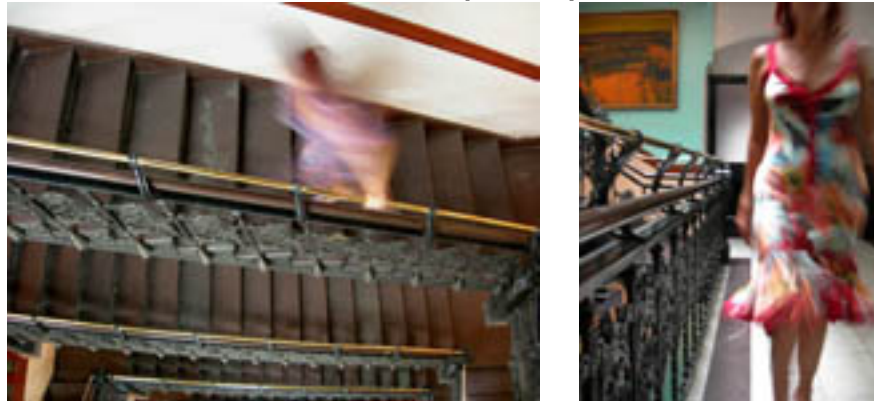


Victor Bockris, who wrote a biography of Andy Warhol and lived in the hotel, described the staircase as "the central vortex" that mysteriously links the lobby to the rooms. Alexander McQueen met me in the Chelsea Hotel lobby, came to my room to see my Healing Waters images and invited me to his first NYC fashion show. Herbert Huncke, the Beat poet living across the hall, saw me in the lobby and flirted "Are you a divorcée? It would be nice to have someone rich on the 8th floor." He got that impression because he had seen me in a Chanel suit jacket I had from my failed European love life. Herbert taught me to smile in the elevator to show when you were open for chatter or keep your eyes on the floor if you wished for 'privacy'. Eventually, he started knocking on my door for the seven-dollar cab fare to the methadone clinic. He told me over coffee at his neighborhood spot the London Diner that he felt rejuvenated because Patti Smith had chosen him to read with her at Bard College. I heard many stories like these. Christo removed his bathroom doorknob and replaced it with one from the hardware store for his 'Street Front' piece, now in the Hirshhorn Museum. Later, I moved to a light-filled front room on the third floor where Ethan Hawke visited to scout it for a scene in his film "Chelsea Walls." That led to me photographing him. Abel Ferrera filmed a scene of Janis Joplin's stay in "Chelsea on the Rocks" in my recent room on the 9th floor with Grace Jones. I shot some promotion stills for the film. There always seemed to be something to photograph. When the hotel's longtime artist friendly manager, Stanley Bard, was ousted from his position, I published a book of my images accompanied by letters about the hotel from residents.

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Self-Portrait, Lobby, Chelsea Hotel, 2007



Lyme arthritis had attacked my wrist joints, so my featherweight, digital Nikon Coolpix became my new companion. I was wearing the cape that my husband ordered for me for Christmas from New Orleans. It didn't arrive for a year because of Hurricane Katrina. When I taught photography at Stockton College of

NJ, I tried asking my students not to shoot the ducks in the campus pond, their roommates, or any reflections in mirrors. I wanted save them from 'clichés' but I soon learned we need these kinds of pictures in our lives. Reflections are reassurances for our psyche. French psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan coined the term "the mirror stage", which refers to the early stages of brain development in which an infant sees his own reflection, watches it move as he feels his body move, and thus realizes for the first time that he is the master of his own corporal form.

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Self-Portrait, Cornelia Spa, New York City, 2006



David Friend was the editor at Life Magazine who published my first Healing Waters picture, "Calistoga Hot Springs, Ca," in 1992. "Calistoga" ended up winning the Pictures of the Year 1st Place Pictorial. The ceremony was held at National Geographic and the Newseum with Vice President Gore presenting me

the award for Pictorial and James Natchwey winning in Documentary. For some years afterward, I was commissioned to photograph spas in Brazil or in Italy to help create their brands. At the time, spa advertisements were mainly "a woman with a towel wrapped around her head," and my atmospheric, blurry images of women floating like goddesses in water broke that stereotype. My images projected a new vision for the growing focus on alternative healing.

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Self-Portrait, Versace Mansion, Art Basel, Miami, 2007



A gallerist who had success selling expensive sculpture from Chinese artists invited me to lunch in Miami. When I arrived, he said I needed to change and sent me to an apartment with fabulous couture dresses. Other women were changing and drinking champagne. I chose an Amy Tan dress that I kept

after the party. The gallerist rented the Mansion and we got anything we wanted. An architect and Andy Warhol Foundation curator decorated my hair before drinks in the Hammam room and we went swimming in the pool.

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Self-Portrait in Bed, Atlantic City, New Jersey, 2005



I was in an erotically aware period as I entered my forties. My boyfriend, who was fifteen years my junior, told me he hoped I would remain 'hot' when I got older. I began observing women who seemed older than me and still 'hot,' thinking how I might photograph them. I saw a woman in her seventies strutting through the corridor of a train in spike heels, make-up and a gray fox fur. She projected an openness that made me think "hot woman". Then my boyfriend cheated on me with a young woman and we broke up. I wasn't sure about the project anymore, as I felt old at 45. Marion Schneider, a German writer who was also interested in erotica and orgasm, suggested we partner on a project about female sexuality. She would interview women, not just older women but all races, ages, religions, and I would photograph. We worked with these questions: What is your definition of erotic? What was your first erotic experience? What was your strongest erotic experience? Then I asked them to show it to the camera. Do you have any fantasies that influence your eroticism? Can you show it to the camera? When photographing these women, I found myself evolving a "sense" of what each person was feeling and what was swirling in their psyche. I could not have anticipated the profound experience the women had being photographed. I was aroused in a number of the sessions. Through the project, I discovered how my relationships took liberties and that I had to learn to establish 'boundaries'. The erotic impulse connects us with a desire to go deeply into bodily sensation, and one can interpret this connection as 'love' when it is really someone taking 'liberties' rather than enjoying creative erotic interplay. Women can only interpret for themselves what their healthy sexuality is. The subjects in this project offered their stories on pleasure to help free others from the fear of their own capacity for fulfillment. Florence Nightingale wrote in "Notes on Nursing: What it Is and Is Not" (1859), "Little as we know about the way we are affected by form, by color and light, we do know this, they have an actual physical effect. Variety of forms, brilliancy of color of objects, presented to patients is actually means of recovery." My photographic exploration into the erotic is my vaccine against stagnation.

LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Self-Portrait, Asheville, North Carolina, 2008



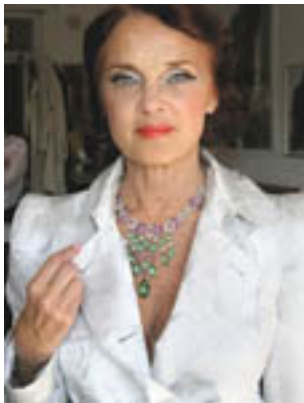
I was commissioned to make portraits of women before and after a week of diet and treatments at an Italian spa with Gina Molinari of Healing Harvests. I transitioned this into taking "goddess portraits" with the help of hairstylist and makeup artist Kat James. One day, she put her creative make-up on me and I made this image. I am still curious about what we keep inside us and what we reveal to others. I use

the camera as a tool to propel me forward. The women whose portraits I took were using the images I took of them on Facebook - so I put one from this session on Facebook, too.

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**Self-Portrait, Bvlgari Jewels and Gucci Couture
Chelsea Hotel, 2007**



I was among five artists featured in a Park Ave Magazine, Germany, story about the Chelsea Hotel. There was wonderful afternoon light in my room. As they interviewed me, I thought about how I had seen one of the World Trade towers go down from my window. My photograph won 3rd Place in the International Photography Awards, Self-Portraiture.

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Self Portrait, Brad Pitt House, New Orleans, 2009



I was invited to PhotoNola to present "The Long Term Project" to the New Orleans Photo Alliance and speak at the "Six Shooters" panel, moderated by Dan Cameron, curator of Project 1, 1.5, 2 at the Creative Arts Center. Behind me in the photo is one of the new 9th ward 'green' homes that colleague Seth Boonchai drove me to see. Photo festivals are usually held at enriching sites. I've always had educational experiences at festivals. In 2000 at another photo festival, Douglas Kirkland, photographer of Marilyn Monroe, suggested I hang out at his "Glamour Lighting" class at Fotofusion so we could to get to know each other at the lunch break. I was early and learned to utilize his skills with multiple-colored 'light disks' -- now paramount equipment for my natural light style.

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Self-Portrait, Hippocrates Health Institute, Florida, 2009



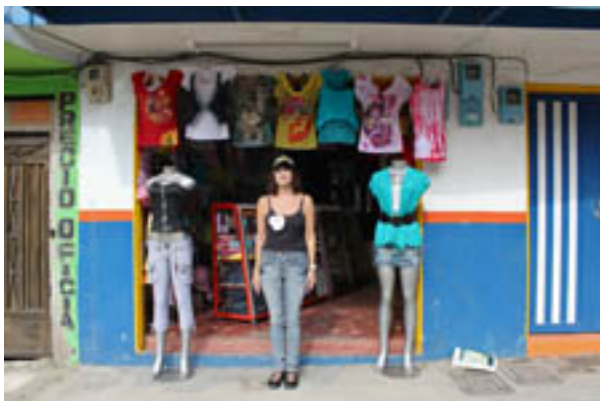
I keep coming back to the ritual of making a photograph of myself. I continue to call on private, subjective sensations to gather personal associations in an atmospheric and emotional style. Roland Barthes, the French philosopher, musing over images of his deceased mother,

came to the conclusion that photography is an inevitable meditation on death. We all know when a camera records a photograph that the moment will be gone. Somehow aware of my mortality, I am prodded on to search for meaning. By having a physical image or self-portrait in front of me, certain things I was not consciously ready to understand before suddenly become available.

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Self-Portrait, Medellin, Colombia, 2010



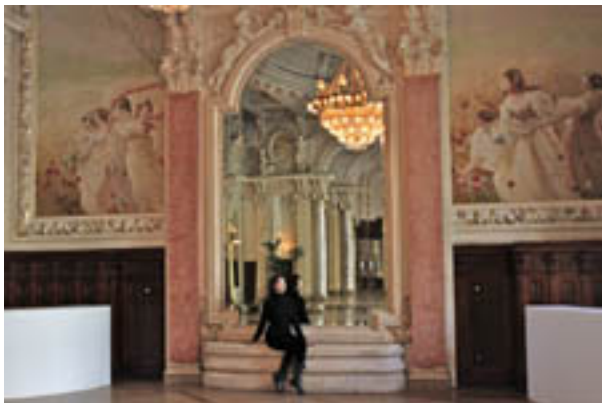
I've been choosing subjects coping with social, cultural, and sexual boundaries. Juan Alberto Gaviria, curator of Centro Colombo Gallery, had already exhibited my Apolda images and traveled my TB-AIDS Diary on to the Havana Biennial. This led to an invitation from Gabriel Mario

Velez, the Head of Visual Arts at the University of Antioquia, and Carlos Uribe, Director at the Moravia Cultural Center to teach young, poor Colombian women a Self-Portraiture Workshop. I wanted to teach them to explore the body as a means for processing issues. What is natural? What is borderline? What is down below? What is eternal? The self-portrait has importance in our daily lives and our intimacies. With iPhones, digital cameras, and Photoshop, one can edit one's own body and to some extent, social class. After lectures introducing them to technique and the history of self-portraiture, we walked around where most of them lived, a district of Medellin, a garbage dump settled by individuals who were fleeing the drug wars. Though an impoverished and decayed environment, my students looked for a lightness of being and sexuality equated with personal presentation and empowerment.

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

**Self-Portrait, Beau Rivage Palace, Lausanne
Switzerland, 2010**



The Musee de l'Elysee has collected my photographs and invited me to the opening reception for Gerhard Steidl's book exhibition. I used the trip to photograph my father's ancestral country. His people were well-bred farmers from the mountains of Ober Omen,

Germany that journeyed at the turn of the century and settled in the Swiss border town of Rheinfelden. They went there because it was a spa town with a hospital for difficult births. They stayed for the salty brine baths, fashionable "kur" (cure) parks and lofty architecture.

Close Window

LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Self-Portrait, Arnaud's Restaurant, New Orleans, 2010



It was at Nathan Lyons' lecture at the Center for the Eye in 1974 that I learned to stop looking for that 'great' photograph and see photography as a process. At the time, Lyons was the director of Visual Studies Workshop in Rochester and told us, "I am here as an antagonist. I am interested in your responses, the concerns you announce as an individual." He drew a grid on the blackboard.

"What might a contact sheet reveal? Different moments in time; different experiences in time; numbers on each frame show traces in time. They evoke a sense of what the photographer was feeling. The sequences and recurring subject matter in one or a group of contact sheets becomes a visual journal to inform you and open you up to possibility."

Close Window

LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Visit from the Prom Goddess (Kay Kenny, 1974)



Kay and I got our MFA's together. She focused on gum bichromate, a historic process she learned to master and has since had major exhibitions using the method. We used to go to her house for spaghetti after a crit and talk about our photographs.

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Linda, Yosemite (David Broda, 1974)



I met David when I was getting my MS from Newhouse School at Syracuse. We were in Tom Richards' "Photography" abroad student program at the Agfa Technicum Munich. When we got back, we hung out at the Community Darkroom, now Light Work, where I taught my course "Women in Photography". When David visited me at the Ansel Adams workshops, we climbed up the back of Half-Dome, roaming throughout the park with our cameras. He made this image right after I shot mine with the crab.

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Linda, Yosemite (Eikoh Hosoe, 1974)



Eikoh's book *Killed by Roses* is my most treasured photo book. He perfected working with the writer Yukio Mishima over a period of time of shooting together. His images center on the erotic male body and Mishima's fantasies. When I modeled for Eikoh, he had

something in his own mind and molded me into it. I had the chance to meet him again at Fotofest, where he and his wife congratulated me on my *TB-AIDS Diary* exhibition curated by A.D. Coleman. She gave me a gift of a handkerchief, a custom of Japan. I saw him in NYC and at the Palm Springs Photography Festival. Galerie Suzel Burna, Paris, represented us both.

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Pt. Lobos, Ca. (Lucien Clergue, 1980)



I was having lunch with Jim Alinder, David Featherstone and Virginia "Swanie" Swanson at the Friends of Photography Gallery in Carmel. Lucien arrived and suddenly asked me to model. We

headed to Edward Weston's hallowed land. We both sighted the same rock formation, etched in black near a reflecting pool. I climbed out as far as the slippery rocks and surf would permit. Lucien was looking for the power of a visual presence in the configuration of nature, which he combined with the nude body. One cannot escape powerful presence. One cannot hide from it. To reject presence creates hostility in one's soul. Anais Nin calls this kind of searching and location a 'spirit house'. He published this photo in his book *Nude Workshop*.

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

**Linda and her Father, Stockton College of New Jersey
(Joel Sternfeld, 1976)**



Joel taught at Stockton College where I was teaching photography. The first day of classes he jumped over my desk to greet me. He had an unquenchable enthusiasm. It was during our friendship there that he refined his vision of shooting on the streets of Philadelphia

and won the Guggenheim. I got very ill and had to take a leave. He wanted to make my portrait during that time, but I didn't let him. I was sorry later that I hadn't opened myself up to his deeply structured eye.

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

The Facemaker (Collins Walker, Los Angeles, Ca. 1980)



My student used color Xerox to collage together his interpretation of my performance "The Facemaker", based on my novella. Photoshop was not even imagined.

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Linda (Larry Jasud, 1980)



Larry and I corresponded after the Ansel Adams Workshops and I was a guest lecturer where he teaches in Memphis. He wrote me on May 25, 1976, "Dear Linda, The Alchemical result of light on silver is darkness. Darkness is the differentiation of the light. It is only in darkness that we can see the light. The true work is the transformation of the photographer into a luminous being, (or should I say revelation), the esoteric technique has nothing to do with materials, although it requires the mastery of materials."

Close Window

LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Linda, Aix-les-Bains, France (A.D. Coleman, 1989)

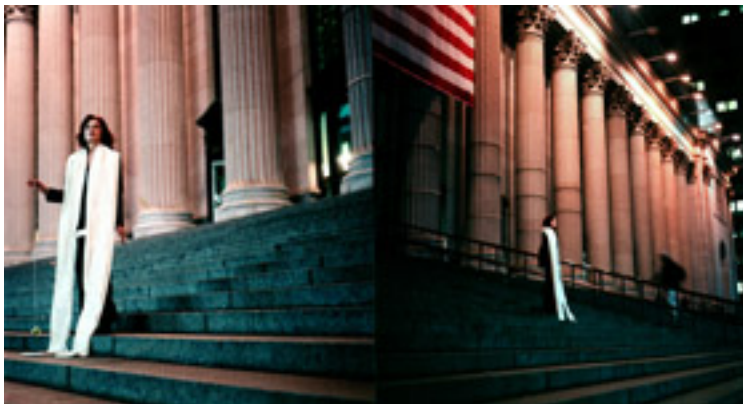


After Allan's lecture at the Arles Photography Festival we visited mineral spas where I was researching and shooting. The doctor's family put us up in the historic location. We read texts from the past and soaked in the waters and luxuriated in our relationship.

Close Window

LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Linda, NYC Post Office (Mary Mattingly, 2003)



Mary was my student when I taught "Color Portfolio: Healing Images" at Parsons. She had already begun mixing fabric sculpture with her photographic vision. She had a clear idea of what the photo would be even

before we arrived. She assisted me organizing new shoots at hot springs, gave me feedback and worked on my proposals.

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Linda, Chelsea Hotel Room (Derek Johnson, 2004)



Derek was my assistant in NYC and I invited him to assist me at the Salzburg Summer Art Academy, where I had a show of my Erotic Lives of Women book. Of that work, Susie Bright of the New York Times Book Review wrote, "The Erotic Lives of Woman (Scalo) is different, and

should be honored as one of the most gussy and imaginative erotic books of the decade."

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Linda Troeller (Rene de Carufel, 2006)



Rene shot my portrait for his book series "The Photographer's Vision." He creates images that are stripped down to the bare essentials. The portraits, shot in extreme close-up, dispense with the particularities of clothing and background to create an unnatural intimacy with the subject. The result is "an intense expression in suspended animation."

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Linda, SPE Costa Mesa, California (Donna Ferrato, 2006)



Donna and I met when she was working on her book, *Living with the Enemy*, published by Aperture around the time my book with them, *Healing Waters*, was released. She was the guest speaker at an SPE conference 2006 and I was a session presenter on my Chelsea Hotel book project. I liked the way she shot me in direct sun, leaving traces of her stark shadow. We both had the same photo agency in Italy run by Grazia Neri, which folded in 2009 after a long run. Grazia said Donna's portraits are a "strong intrusion into the other person's state of mind."

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Linda, Caesar's Palace, Atlantic City (Lothar Troeller, 2007)



Lothar and I met at the Salzburg Summer Art Academy when he was a student in my photography workshop "Links to Photography". I said to the class, "If you ever come to NYC, I'll take you to the galleries." He visited and we started an intercontinental email correspondence that led to marriage. He admired the German photographer Wolfgang Tillmans and adopted and personalized that style.

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Linda Troeller, Village Voice (Alana Cundy, 2007)



Alana came to photograph me for a Village Voice article featuring my book, Chelsea Hotel Atmosphere - An Artist's Memoir book. She graduated from Ryerson University, Image Arts Department in Toronto, where I had lectured on my photo books. She asked if she could take a few more for herself. I was interested to see what she could do. Her clear point of view opened up my whimsical side. She has gone on to be an invitee to the Edie Adams Barnstorm Workshops.

Close Window

LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Linda, Chelsea Hotel (Shino Yanagawa, 2008)



Shino, a photographer, and Yumi, a journalist, came to interview me for a story on artists of the Chelsea Hotel for Harper's Bazaar, Japan. They were interested in Hotel lore and life under the new management. Shino was devouring me with quick movements shot from all angles with a lot of lens changing. She asked me to raise my camera. The photographer with the "camera" has been a shot made since the beginning of the medium. The camera is another hand - we cannot seem to survive without its outreach. She looked into me and I felt myself penetrating her. I felt like we were dueling. I thought, "Am I competing with this next generation seer?"

Close Window

LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Linda with "TB-AIDS Diary" (Tim Mantoani, 2009)



Traveling the country photographing with a 20x24" Polaroid camera, Tim takes portraits of photographers with one of their strongest images. I chose a photograph from my 20x24 Polaroid series shot in 1989. The project evolved when I heard that workers in a hospital would not remove the trays of their AIDS patients. As a child, I had been fascinated by my mother's sepia toned photo album and little leather-bound diary from her year in a TB Sanitarium in the 1920's. My father had been told not to marry her as she had been deemed 'weak' and might not be able to bear children. I knew I had to show the comparison of the stigma my mother faced to the stigma faced by contemporary AIDS patients. I made photo-collages of my mother's images, passages written on X-rays, and the written story and personal photographs of a mother whose son died of AIDS. I exhibited the work in many places and the text was translated into ten languages. In Finland, a writer from the Helsinki Sanomat wrote a front-page story accompanied by my large color images from my exhibition. It attracted tremendous attention and led to a dialogue with government officials that stopped the stigmatic stamping of "HIV" in infected people's passports. In 1990 Maria Hambourg, curator, The Department of Prints and Photographs, Metropolitan Museum of Art wrote, "Interesting, affecting, commendable work."

Close Window

LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Self-Portrait, After The Fall, 2011



I was often told that my mother had sexy, gypsy eyes, very dark black-brown, darting, dancing eyes. My father's brown eyes had a hint of silver - soft, forgiving, lovingly inviting. As an older woman I saw fear in their eyes from all the damage that had been done in life. My eyes

have scanned the world searching for clues as why I am here, and who am I? They've projected the green hues of peace and calm, but after falling, I see fear in mine too.

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LINDA TROELLER SELF PORTRAIT / SELF REFLECTION

Linda, Colony Hotel, Delray Beach FL (Lothar Troeller, 2005)



Lothar was a student in my "Links to Photography" workshop at the Salzburg Summer Art Academy and lived in Germany. A few months later he visited me in NYC and we started photographing aspects of each other's life's crisis -- he a divorce, me facing Lyme Disease. The experience of opening up aspects of our search for body/mind peace to each other's camera led to a relationship and marriage.

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