



ARTIST

Paula Luttringer

TITLE

Untitled, from the series 'El Lamento de los Muros' (The Wailing of the Walls), Argentina

DATE

2000 – 2005

DIMENSIONS

28 in H x 28 in W

MEDIUM

Inkjet Prints

CATALOGUE NUMBER

2008.054

CURRENT LOCATION

Warehouse

PAULA LUTTRINGER

BORN

1955

BIRTHPLACE

La Plata, Argentina

GENDER

Female

CITIZENSHIP

Argentina

CULTURAL HERITAGE

Argentinean

LIGHT WORK RELATIONSHIP

Artist-in-Residence, 2008

Main Gallery, 2008

Group exhibition curated by Miriam Romais

LIGHT WORK PUBLICATIONS

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BIOGRAPHY

Paula Luttringer will prepare and print images from a variety of projects during her time at Light Work, including work from her critically acclaimed series *The Wailing of the Walls*. In addition, she plans to produce images for a new body of photographs that features locations where the mothers of missing children were abducted in Buenos Aires between 1976 and 1983. While in Syracuse, Luttringer, along with memoirist Margarita Drago, will present a lecture and performance that speak to the topics of exile and unjust political imprisonment. The event will take place on September 16 at 6:00pm in Watson Auditorium.

In 1977, Luttringer was kidnapped and held in a secret detention center in her native country, Argentina. She fled Argentina immediately after her release and did not return until 1995, when she began using photography to interpret her experience there. Luttringer was awarded a fellowship from the Guggenheim Foundation in 2001. Her work appears in the collections of the Museo Nacional de Bellas Artes, Buenos Aires; Museum of Fine Arts, Houston; and George Eastman House, Rochester, NY. She currently lives and works in Buenos Aires and Paris.

ESSAYS

A title like *El Matadero/The Slaughterhouse* evokes predictable mental images of noise, chaos, and squalor. We expect Technicolor gore and beastly confusion—the visual equivalents of the fear, stench, and horror we know we would inevitably encounter in such a place. What, then, are we to make of these cool black-and-white photographs by Paula Luttringer that stress form over emotion and strip away the image of blood and overt violence to create a still and perhaps controllable quiet place? What is the effect of this minimalist and formal treatment of a subject that is, in actuality, anything but quiet and spare? The first surprise is a startling insistence on beauty that transforms, for example, a blood spattered wall into a garden of abstract flowers, their stems the dripping streams of life-force that here mean death. This metaphorical tension—a pull between dark and light, between the hellishness and the sublime—appears consistently throughout the series. In another image, barely recognizable satanic haunches, hung from the ceiling on chains at the hoof, create a pattern of abstract geometries in shades of black and gray from which we can discern mere traces of description in a silhouetted pelt, the repetition of shapes in varying focus implying vast numbers of dead. The photographer's creative use of depth of field also figures in a powerful image of a solitary male figure, viewed from the back as he moves into darkness in the center of the frame. The blurred and ambiguous faceless presence is made ominous by the hooks, chains, and pulleys that flank the man. It is the stuff of half-remembered nightmares but also of the beauty and implacable power of Goya's *Colossus*. I first saw the *El Matadero* series before I knew their maker's story. I was in the image-dense environment of a photo festival, among countless exhibitions and portfolios, and the work stood out with an unusual intensity that I recognized but also failed to fully understand at the time. To be sure, they were good photographs—impeccably printed, intelligently composed, strategically cropped, brilliantly lit, and powerfully sequenced. I was taken by their darkness, their beauty, and their mystery but also by an inescapable sense that something not immediately apparent was driving their creation. Somehow, these images existed in a world more imaginary than materially real. Since first seeing this work, I have learned a few details of Luttringer's biography. I cannot return to the simple photographic looking of "What is this?" with these images. The horror of this young woman's brutal imprisonment in 1977 in her native country, Argentina, and her subsequent exile colors my reading of every picture that she makes, as it must hers. It is difficult not to see Luttringer's investigation of the slaughterhouse as the creation of metaphor and, as such, a beginning of her coming to terms with the darkest aspects of the human condition and her personal knowledge of them. This early body of work presages her more direct treatment of kidnapping, incarceration, and torture in the series *El Lamento de los Muros/The Wailing of the Walls*, but it is no less powerful. Luttringer is articulate about her decision in mid-life to acquire photographic skills as a means of self expression, and even her early work reflects a poetic and deeply personal perspective. It is also a genuine effort to survive. The minimal and formalist qualities of these spare studies in gray may also be a way of imposing order on the chaos that for this artist must be always present. Once we see these images as a first effort to manifest and address her terrible trauma, the visual tension between engagement and distance that characterizes *El Matadero* is easier to understand. Alison Devine Nordström Paula Luttringer currently lives and works in Buenos Aires and Paris. She was awarded a fellowship from the Guggenheim Foundation in 2001. Luttringer participated in Light Work's Artist-in-Residence Program in September 2008. Alison Devine Nordström is the curator of photographs at George Eastman House International Museum of Photography and Film in Rochester, NY. She is the international editor of the academic journal *Photography and Culture*, and she holds a PhD in Cultural and Visual Studies. Something someone says sparks a memory. I can't quite put my finger on it, but I can feel it balanced on the edge of my consciousness. Sometimes it's a sound, or a smell, transporting me to a place I've long forgotten. Whatever the trigger, something starts us down a path to further understand or relive an experience—a memory. "As a recorder, the brain does a notoriously wretched job." (1) Although many believe that the brain's visual process works much like a camera, if given the choice most of us will trust a photograph over someone else's recollection of an event. Although images capture 'fact' quite literally, alone they are void of the nuances and context necessary to serve as a time-machine as powerful as the other senses. And yet, photographs are memory. For the four photographers in this exhibition—Angie Buckley, Pedro Isztin, Cyrus Karimipour, and Paula Luttringer—memory is fuel. Through uniquely personal approaches, each one has created imagery that deals with powerful aspects of remembrance. In the series 'Transformation', Pedro Isztin's color portraits metaphorically heal the adult, the child within the photo has become. The third part of a larger series called 'Destino (Destiny)', it resonates for its autobiographical quality—part recalling, part examining, and part surrendering. Taken during a challenging time in his life, for Isztin this series fulfilled the need to re-examine his past. With scrutiny, he was able to trace a path that integrated formative childhood memories into the person he is today. In preparation for the photo sessions, he asked family and friends to each pick a childhood photo that meant something to them. His subjects then reflected on what the images evoked, and shared those memories with Isztin. Through what became a therapeutic process for both, Isztin intuitively determined where the

source of unresolved feelings or emotional pain lived, and that is where the childhood photo was placed. With the vein-like symbolism of the red tape, the past and present become intertwined and their healing process became his. "You can't move forward until you re-examine your past. It's how people transform from childhood to adulthood. You need to confront it, decide what to let go of, in order to keep going." (2) With a different approach to recollection, Angie Buckley explores identity and metamorphosis of family histories as they are passed down from family members; each story recalled a bit differently depending on who was asked. Throughout Buckley's childhood, little reference was made to her mother's Thai culture. In examining her own past, she discovers that her father's Appalachian family forbade her mother from speaking her native tongue to the children. Possibly, it is this unspoken severing of culture that later lead her on a quest to explore her identity through art. Buckley grew up around stories-recollections about everything from the Vietnam War and how her parents met, to elaborate stories told by her grandfather, a Baptist preacher-but few were about the part of her that is Thai. It wasn't until many years later that she began piecing together her mother's history, after finding old photographs in her mother's closet. Buckley began to use the photos she found to reconstruct her understanding of her family's past, drawing from all the different variations she had heard. In the image titled distance, she literally holds her grandfather at arms length to better examine this man who helped shape her father (good, bad, or indifferent) and subsequently, who she is. In other images, ghostly voids are created by removing the person and leaving their silhouette outline, implying the void of her cultural history as the present looks into the past, and vice versa. The hazy distortion of Buckley's pinhole images reaffirms the transitional nature of collective memories and what she calls the histories of the displaced. According to Buckley, "Subsequent generations, such as my own, find themselves in-between imagination and the real world, in order to pull the pieces together to build understanding of oneself and the culture around them." (3) By creating multiples of the figures in the original photographs, she gives them a second chance, as if to speak to her again-and us. For many, memories are more like dreams than actual recollections. Fading in and out, rearranging themselves without regard to logic or feelings-like holding water in one's hands, the details slip away upon awaking. Always wishing good dreams wouldn't end, while inevitably nightmares remain uncomfortably vivid. While most of us feel as if we are at the mercy of our dreams and memories, Cyrus Karimipour takes control and becomes their master. With a dream-like quality to his imagery, he makes a conscious choice on how he wishes to remember an experience, which no doubt must provide a feeling of freedom. With an almost clinical approach based on how the brain works, he reminds us that divergent truths aren't necessarily wrong: "Memories are not static ... they change a small amount each time we remember them, contaminated by each and every new experience we have." (4) Karimipour purposefully speeds up that process of change. No longer constrained by the stress of searching for the ultimate truth of a past experience, his invented memories merge the "real" of the photographic image with the imaginary. He literally deconstructs his film negatives and rearranges the fragments to create new narratives, which better match his feelings about a particular encounter or event. Followed is an image filled with tension. Karimipour heightens the title's implication by removing the background and replacing it with an effect of being underwater, as if his subjects are navigating a thermocline wake. One can't tell if it's a protector or a predator doing the following-but this ambiguity lends itself to how he chooses to adapt to the flexible nature of memory. Memories can also evoke fear, resurfacing after experiences we would rather not relive. Over a decade after being abducted and tortured, Paula Luttringer returned to Argentina, the land she never wanted to set foot upon again. There, she took up the task of learning photography, which has given her a gift of expressing what before she could not. It has also given other captured women a chance to talk and heal, along with the hope that a spoken history is one that does not repeat itself. The images are printed larger than life and at a glance, they might seem to merely be etched walls in abandoned buildings. Yet, they provide Luttringer with a metaphor for the marks she feels are still inscribed in her own body and on the bodies of other women who endured torture during the dictatorship's Dirty War thirty years ago. The first time I saw 'Lamentos de los Muros (The Wailing of the Walls)', I felt trapped. One can feel the suffering and pain in just the few sentences that Luttringer chose to share, of the many hours of recordings by other abducted women. I imagine these walls and fixtures are still there when she closes her eyes, as if permanently etched-then thankfully I remember that the brain can be kind at times, blocking out the most traumatic of experiences so that a person can better cope. Luttringer explains that for decades she could not bring herself to speak about what happened. Her desire to protect her loved ones from the intensity of it was mixed with overwhelming gaps in memory. "Memories are moving. My own memories of what happened in my life are not the same today than they were thirty years earlier. When I am working on this project, I'm not talking about what really happened there, I'm talking about what I remember-and for me it's very interesting to contact other women and talk with them about thirty years later ... what memories last inside them." (5) Everyone thinks, feels, experiences and remembers things differently. Our senses are continuously challenged by a world that assaults the safety of how we remember or would prefer to, and the brain makes sense of the chaos in the best way it can. While Isztin uses portraits of others to represent his feelings, Luttringer incorporates their words. As Karimipour pushes back on the concept of memory itself, Buckley pulls it in. All four of these artists touch upon how the most emotionally laden experiences persist, and those left untouched most likely become memory traces-fragile and ephemeral. Their work will remain, even if memories change and fade. Miriam Romais (c) 2008 1. Joshua Foer, "Remember This: In the Archives of the Brain, Our Lives Linger or Disappear," National Geographic (November 2007): 44. 2. Pedro Isztin, phone conversation with author, August 19, 2008. 3. Angie Buckley, Nueva Luz (En Foco) 9, no. 1 (2003): 2. 4. Cyrus Karimipour, artist statement. 5. Paula Luttringer, conversation with author, September 23, 2008. BIO: MIRIAM ROMAIS Miriam Romais is the executive director of En Foco (<http://www.enfoco.org/>), a non-profit organization that supports contemporary photographers of diverse cultures, primarily US residents of Latino, African, and Asian heritage, as well as Native Peoples of the Americas and the Pacific. She received a BFA from Rutgers University, and has curated many exhibitions for En Foco and independently. As a panelist/reviewer she has served with FotoFest in Houston, TX; Center in Santa Fe, NM; Photo Lucida in Portland, OR; the Bronx Council on the Arts; the New York Foundation for the Arts; the New York State Council on the Arts; the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council; the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs; and the Center for Photography at Woodstock, where she is also on the board of advisors. As a photographer, she has been awarded a Photography Grant from the Puffin Foundation, artist residencies at Light Work and the Photographic Resource Center, and Visual Arts Travel Grants from the Mid Atlantic Arts Foundation. Romais is Brazilian-American. Her work may be viewed on her website at <http://www.romaisphotos.com/>. It is with a full heart that I convey my gratitude to all that have helped me down this path. A special thanks to Jeff and Hannah at Light Work for their exceptional dedication and vision; to Charles Biasiny-Rivera for encouraging me to apply for their residency and for giving me the opportunity to lead a great organization; to Mark Hopkins for being a true partner in love and spirit; e para minha mãe, Terry Paladini Baumgarten for showing me how to persevere and believe. BIO: ANGIE BUCKLEY Growing up with a mother from Thailand and a Caucasian American father, Angie Buckley did not know her family history for many years. She relied on the conflicting memories and stories of relatives to piece together her heritage. Buckley received her BFA in Photography from Ohio University and her MFA in Photography from Arizona State University. She teaches at University of Colorado Denver and is also a portrait photographer. Buckley has received various awards, and her work has been exhibited nationwide, including at the Art Institute of Colorado, the Southern Light Gallery in Texas, the McDuffy Arts Center in Virginia, at New York University, and En Foco at Seventh & Second Photo Gallery in New York. Her works have been published in Tricycle: The Buddhist Review, Coup Magazine, and Nueva Luz, among others. Her work may be viewed on her website at <http://www.angiebuckley.com/>. My series the in-between is dedicated to my immediate and extended family. A special thank you to Miriam Romais of En Foco for her support and to Light Work for making this possible. I want to also thank and

acknowledge Mark Klett and Bill Jenkins for their critical part in the development of these photographs. BIO: PEDRO ISZTIN Pedro Isztin was born to a Colombian mother and Hungarian father. His work explores and reflects this diverse heritage through many countries in the Americas and Europe. Isztin has exhibited and published nationally and internationally including recent exhibitions Destino I (home), II (journey), III (transformation) at Espace Odyssee in Gatineau, Canada, and Destino III (transformation) at FOTONOVEMBRE 2007 in Tenerife, Spain. The subjects of Destino III were a combination of old friends and family. Each of the models provided a childhood photo which connected to them to their past. Pedro then continued the theme and manipulated each scene to convey the subject's greater connection to the world. Isztin has received numerous awards and grants, including Photography Project grants from the Canada Council for the Arts, and the Ontario Arts Council. His work is represented in the permanent collection of the Canada Council Art Bank. Isztin lives in Ottawa, Canada. His work can be viewed at <http://www.isztinfo.com/>. I wish to kindly thank the models for this project Destino III (transformation), especially my papi Octavian, without whose trustful collaboration these works would not exist to the depth in which they have manifested. Also appreciated with many thanks are Miriam Romais, Hannah Frieser and the staff at Light Work. I believe in the power of inter-connection and thank the Glorious Creator for allowing me to recognize and share these messages, exploring life through photography. BIO: CYRUS KARIMIPOUR Cyrus Karimipour received his BA in English from Oakland University in Rochester, MI, and his MFA in Photography from Cranbrook Academy of Art in Bloomfield Hills, MI. His work has been exhibited nationwide, including the Griffin Museum of Photography in Massachusetts, The Museum of New Art in Michigan, and Three Walls in Chicago. His work has been published in Harper's Magazine, and can be found in the collections of The Center for Fine Art Photography in Colorado, and Daimler Chrysler Financial Services in Michigan. He is a founding member of Moving Walls Collective, which, through its cultural exchange program, Changing Cities, has created an international dialogue between Detroit artists and galleries in Germany, Austria, China, and Iceland. Cyrus is represented by the Robert Kidd Gallery in Birmingham, MI, and his work can be seen at www.robertkiddgallery.com, as well as on his website, <http://www.cyruskarimipour.com/>. I would like to thank Miriam Romais, Hannah Frieser, and everyone at Light Work whose hard work has made this exhibition possible. This series, Invented Memory, could not have been realized without the inspiration of Jack O. Summers, the nurturing of Carl Toth, and the love and support of my family and friends. BIO: PAULA LUTTRINGER Paula Luttringer faces her own traumatic past by infusing her imagery with the testimonials of other women about being abducted and held captive during Argentina's Dirty War. Luttringer was twenty-one years old and pregnant when she was kidnapped and interred by the Argentine militia. She was held in a secret detention center for five months before being released and forced into exile. Luttringer was awarded a fellowship by the Guggenheim Foundation in 2001. Her work is part of the collections of The National Museum of Fine Arts (MNBA) in Buenos Aires, Argentina; the Museum of Fine Arts (MFAH) in Houston, TX; the George Eastman House in Rochester, NY, as well as various private collections in Latin America, Europe, and the United States. Her work has been shown worldwide, including in the US, Argentina, Australia, Ireland, Portugal, Germany, Italy, Spain, Slovakia, Mexico, Venezuela, Perú, Brazil. She currently lives and works in Buenos Aires and Paris. I would like to thank the Light Work team for being so warm and helpful during my artist residency in September 2008. I am particularly grateful to Hannah Frieser, who has provided me with invaluable support. I would also like to thank John Mannion, who was always generous with his knowledge, and interns Jennifer Wilkey, Jaelyn Lefkowitz, and Elisabeth Gorfaine for their unending patience and support during the editing and printing process. Miriam Romais from En Foco who invited me to this show about memory. Memory has been the central theme of my work. I give her a warm thank you. Excerpt of Paula Luttringer's interview of Marta Candeloro, about what she remembers of being held at La Cueva, a Secret Detention Center in Argentina. I went down about twenty or thirty steps and I heard big iron doors being shut. I imagined that the place was underground, that it was big, because you could hear people's voices echoing and the airplanes taxiing overhead or nearby. The noise drove you mad. One of the men said to me: So you're a psychologist? A bitch, like all psychologists. Here you'll find out what's good. And he began to punch me in the stomach. Marta Candeloro was abducted June 7, 1977 in Neuquen and taken to the secret detention center La Cueva. Bajé alrededor de 20 ó 30 escalones, se oyeron cerrar grandes puertas de hierro. Supuse que el lugar estaba bajo tierra, que era grande, ya que las voces retumbaban y los aviones carreteaban por encima o muy cerca. El ruido era enloquecedor. Uno de los hombres me dijo: ¿así que vos sos psicóloga? Puta, como todas las psicólogas. Acá vas a saber lo que es bueno. Y empezó a darme trompadas en el estómago. Marta Candeloro fue secuestrada en la ciudad de Neuquen el 7 de junio de 1977, y trasladada luego al Centro Clandestino de Detención La Cueva. They said we were going to a place where we'd find lots of people who had disappeared and about whom nothing more would ever be known, that we too had disappeared and no longer existed, and that even our names no longer existed. They handcuffed and blindfolded me and asked about any metal objects I might be carrying, even if I had an IUD. Later I found out that this routine foreshadowed electric shocks, to make sure that there was no other conductor on you. Hebe Cáceres was abducted in June 1978 in La Plata and taken to the secret detention center El Banco. Dijeron que íbamos a un sitio donde encontraríamos a muchas personas que habían desaparecido y de las que ya nunca se sabría nada, que nosotros también habíamos desaparecido y ya no existíamos para el mundo, que tampoco existían ya nuestros nombres. Me revisaron y preguntaron por los objetos metálicos que pudiera llevar, incluido si tenía puesto DIU. Posteriormente me enteré que esa rutina precedía a la aplicación de electricidad y que no existiera ningún otro elemento conductor. Hebe Cáceres fue secuestrada en la ciudad de La Plata en junio de 1978, y trasladada al Centro Clandestino de Detención El Banco. They put us women in a tiny cell; there was a window in the door and to the right there was a concrete seat. I remember this because when they came for us for a new session I used to grab hold of the bench like a child, so as not to go. Emilce Moler was abducted on September 17, 1976 in La Plata and taken to the secret detention center Pozo de Arana. Las mujeres estábamos en una celda muy chica, había una ventana en la puerta y a la derecha había un asiento de cemento. Recuerdo esto porque cuando nos llamaban para una nueva sesión yo me agarraba a él de una forma infantil para no ir. Emilce Moler fue secuestrada en la ciudad de La Plata, el 17 de septiembre de 1976, y trasladada al Centro Clandestino de Detención Pozo de Arana. While I was still being held at the Hospital Posadas they took me to the bathroom. I took off the blindfold and looked at myself in the mirror: I didn't recognize myself and yet I knew it was me. I looked at the face staring back at me and said 'that's not me'. There was fear in my eyes; it was the look of someone cornered, a terrible staring, as if waiting for the next blow. Gladis Cuervo was abducted on November 25, 1976 in Buenos Aires and taken to the secret detention center Hospital Posadas. Cuando estaba todavía secuestrada en el Hospital Posadas me llevaron una vez al baño. Me saqué la venda y me miré al espejo: no me reconocí y sabía que era yo. Miré esa mirada y dije: ésta no soy yo. Tenía el espanto metido en la mirada de acorralada, terrible, fija, como esperando el próximo golpe. Gladis Cuervo fue secuestrada en la ciudad de Buenos Aires el 25 de noviembre de 1976, y trasladada al Centro Clandestino de Detención Hospital Posadas. There were no cotton wads, no rags, nothing. They didn't give you anything. When we had our periods we would drip blood, and I'll never forget how they would drag us out into the corridor and beat our legs with sticks, saying: Look how they drip and lose blood, like dogs, just like bitches, leaving a trail of blood behind them. Marta Candeloro was abducted June 7, 1977 in Neuquen and taken to the secret detention center La Cueva. No había algodón, no había trapos, no había nada. No te daban nada. Cuando teníamos el período menstrual goteábamos, perdíamos sangre, goteábamos sangre y yo nunca me olvido que nos sacaban al pasillo y nos golpeaban con palos en las piernas y en el cuerpo y decían: miren como gotean y pierden como las perras, son igual que las perras, van dejando la sangre por el camino. Marta Candeloro fue secuestrada en la ciudad de Neuquen el 7 de junio de 1977, y trasladada al Centro Clandestino de Detención La Cueva. It is very hard to describe the terror of the minutes, hours, days, months spent there. At first

when you've been kidnapped you have no idea about the place around you. Some of us imagined it to be round, others like a type of football stadium with the guards walking above us. We didn't know which direction our bodies were facing, where our head was, where our feet were pointing. I remember clinging to the mat with all my strength so as not to fall even though I knew I was on the floor. Lilita Callizo was abducted September 1, 1976 in Cordoba and taken to the secret detention center La Perla. Es muy difícil contar el terror de los minutos, horas, días, meses, vividos, ahí... En el primer tiempo el secuestrado no tiene idea del lugar que lo rodea. Unos lo habíamos imaginado redondo, otros como una especie de estadio de fútbol con la guardia girando sobre nuestras cabezas. No sabíamos en qué sentido estaban nuestros cuerpos, de qué lado estaba la cabeza y hacia dónde los pies. Recuerdo haberme aferrado a la colchoneta con todas mis fuerzas para no caerme, a pesar de que sabía que estaba en el suelo. Lilita Callizo fue secuestrada en la ciudad de Córdoba, el 1 de septiembre de 1976, y trasladada al Centro Clandestino de Detención La Perla. How could they not hear the screams if the torture rooms faced the street? Timidly at first, the neighbors began to speak: one saw cars entering and leaving; a carpenter heard the screams; and somebody else said that he noticed when they covered the front windows... Going to see those neighbors after so long was incredible. I said to them: I'm talking to you about the ghosts from the inside, and you are talking about the ghosts from the outside. Don't you realize that we were all victims, that there are no differences between you and me? I may have suffered physically, but in terms of experiences we were those on the inside and on the outside. Isabel Fernandez Blanco was abducted July 28, 1978 in Buenos Aires and taken to the secret detention center El Olimpo. ¿Cómo no iban a escuchar los gritos si la sala de tortura daba a la calle? Timidamente empezaron a hablar los vecinos: uno vio movimiento de entrada y salida de autos y un carpintero escuchaba los gritos y otro dijo que le llamaba la atención cuando tapiaron las ventanas del frente... Ir a ver a los vecinos tanto tiempo después fue una cosa increíble. Les dije: yo estoy hablándoles de los fantasmas desde adentro y ustedes están hablando de los fantasmas desde afuera. ¿Se dan cuenta que todos fuimos víctimas, que no hay diferencia entre ustedes y yo? Yo lo pude haber sufrido físicamente pero en las vivencias éramos los de adentro y los de afuera. Isabel Fernandez Blanco fue secuestrada en la ciudad de Buenos Aires, el 28 de julio de 1978, y trasladada al Centro Clandestino de Detención El Olimpo. Paula Luttringer faces her own traumatic past by infusing her imagery with the testimonials of other women about being abducted and held captive during Argentina's Dirty War. Luttringer was twenty-one years old and pregnant when she was kidnapped and interred by the Argentine militia. She was held in a secret detention center for five months before being released and forced into exile. Luttringer was awarded a fellowship by the Guggenheim Foundation in 2001. Her work is part of the collections of The National Museum of Fine Arts (MNBA) in Buenos Aires, Argentina; the Museum of Fine Arts (MFAH) in Houston, TX; the George Eastman House in Rochester, NY, as well as various private collections in Latin America, Europe, and the United States. Her work has been shown worldwide, including in the US, Argentina, Australia, Ireland, Portugal, Germany, Italy, Spain, Slovakia, Mexico, Venezuela, Perú, and Brazil. She currently lives and works in Buenos Aires and Paris. I would like to thank the Light Work team for being so warm and helpful during my artist residency in September 2008. I am particularly grateful to Hannah Frieser, who has provided me with invaluable support. I would also like to thank John Mannion, who was always generous with his knowledge, and interns Jennifer Wilkey, Jaclyn Lefkowitz, and Elisabeth Gorfaine for their unending patience and support during the editing and printing process. Miriam Romais from En Foco who invited me to this show about memory. Memory has been the central theme of my work. I give her a warm thank you