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IN YOUR WORDS

🗨 **U.S. fights for rights of gay envoys**
Other countries must accept our marriages, at least for diplomatic considerations. I appreciate very much the State Department’s attempts to secure these visas quietly, but we need to do more. If a state will not grant diplomatic passports for spouses, as they are expected to do, we should expel a diplomat from their country.
EDWARD ALLEN, SPOKANE VALLEY, WASH.

Even in our country, the freest country in the world, the 20th century brought upheaval and change, from allowing a woman to vote to ending Jim Crow only 50 years ago. And we still have a long way to go here; so before we push for change abroad, we might want to put our own house in order.
DAMON WALTON, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

I deplore the discrimination that is still ensconced in the laws of many nations regarding gay relationships, but I hope this will wake the State Department and the I.N.S. up to the discrimination and humiliation we inflict on hundreds of thousands of persons seeking visas to the United States.
WILLIAM O. BEEMAN, MINNEAPOLIS

🗨 **Competition still rules at work**
This is why we need unions and federal workplace laws. . . . The libertarian philosophy of “let the market decide” is inane, because markets are human creations, run by humans.
C., N.Y.C.

Because they choose to work so hard, employees in the top tiers of income develop a vast sense of entitlement. . . . When anyone complains, they accuse us of “wealth envy.” I don’t envy them. I feel sad for them, and angry at their lack of regard for their own mental and physical health — and ours.
M. L. CHADWICK, MAINE

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IN OUR PAGES

International Herald Tribune

1915 German Corruption Fund Bared
LONDON The enormous corruption fund which Germany has been using for her underhand campaign against the Allies in America is the subject of disclosure in the New York edition of the Herald. The Washington correspondent of the “Morning Post” quotes the Herald as stating that Germany has raised \$20,000,000 in the United States since March. Five thousand dollars, the Herald says, was spent in promoting the Bryanite meeting held in New York, a couple of months ago, and \$100,000 in getting up the so-called “peace conference” meeting in Chicago.

1965 Okinawa Visit Prompts Riot
NAHA, OKINAWA Nightlong leftist demonstrations tore this Pacific Island capital today and forced visiting Japanese Prime Minister Eisaku Sato to take refuge in a U.S. military camp. Mr. Sato came to emphasize Japanese ties with the Ryukyu Islands. Two thousand rioters fought with sticks and bottles against club-wielding, steel-helmeted police. Police said 17 demonstrators, mostly students and unionists, were hurt. The leftist mobs oppose Mr. Sato’s support of U.S. Vietnam policy, and his lukewarm position on reversion of Okinawa and the Ryukyu islands to Japan.

🔗 Find a retrospective of news from 1887 to 2013 at [iht-retrospective.blogs.nytimes.com](#)

Tony Gleaton dies at 67; photographed Africans in Americas

BY BRUCE WEBER

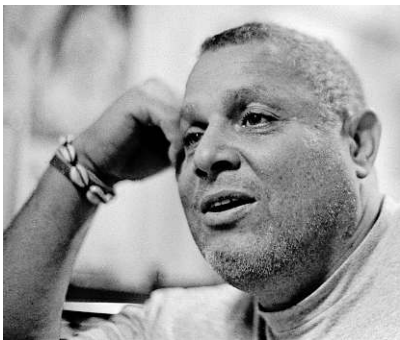
Tony Gleaton, a photographer who turned his back on a career in New York fashion and embarked on an itinerant artistic quest, documenting the lives of black cowboys and creating images of the African diaspora in Latin America,

OBITUARY

died Friday in Palo Alto, Calif. He was 67. The cause was oral cancer, his wife, Lisa, said.
Mr. Gleaton made his photographs in the American West and Southwest, and then, most prominently, in Mexico, where he lived among little-acknowledged communities of blacks — descendants of African slaves brought to the New World centuries earlier by the Spanish — in villages on the coastal plains of Oaxaca, south of Acapulco.
An exhibition of those photos, “Africa’s Legacy in Mexico,” which appeared in galleries around the country for more than a decade beginning in the 1990s, was sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution.
Mr. Gleaton specialized in black-and-white portraits, their subjects — chil-

dren and adults, alone or in groups — almost always in direct engagement with the camera and usually in tight frames that suggest but do not explore a specific setting, like a workplace or a barroom. In an interview with The Los Angeles Times in 2007, he called his pictures “abstractions from daily life,” saying “they may look natural but they are extremely crafted, very calculated.”
“This is not journalism,” he added. “I am making art.”
The images he captured — or, better, created — cannot be called intimate so much as defiantly vivid, as if Mr. Gleaton were helping people emerge from obscurity, allowing them to announce their very existence. Indeed, this was his stated purpose.
“These are beautiful photographs of people who are not normally portrayed in a beautiful way,” he said.
Leo Antony Gleaton was born in Detroit on Aug. 4, 1948. His father, Leo, was a police officer; his mother, the former Geraldine Woodson, taught school. In the late 1950s the family moved to Los Angeles, where Tony graduated from high school.
He enlisted in the Marines and served in Vietnam; when he returned, in the

early 1970s, he enrolled at the University of California, Los Angeles, where his interest in photography was sparked. He also attended the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena and the University of California, Berkeley, though he never earned a bachelor’s degree.
He spent three years in New York, working as a photographer’s assistant in the fashion industry and taking pictures for Details and other magazines before deciding that there was more meaningful work elsewhere.
He was in his early 30s, and he began hitchhiking, ending up in Nevada, where he took pictures of Native American ranch hands and black rodeo riders.
Plumbing the culture of nonwhite cowboys, he traveled to Texas, Colorado, Idaho and Kansas; his show “Cowboys: Reconstructing an American Myth” appeared in galleries in Oklahoma, Nevada and California. His years of traveling and photographing in Mexico began with an interest in Mexican rodeo.
“One of the interesting things about Tony was that he could do more with less,” Bruce Talamon, the executor of the Tony Gleaton Photographic Trust, said in an email. “By that I mean as we live in a time of celebrity photographers



Mr. Gleaton in 1998. His career began in the fashion industry but then took a sharp turn.

with big budgets, and untold numbers of assistants and stylists, Tony would have a small bag with one medium-format camera, one lens, \$5 in his pocket, and a few rolls of Tri-X film.
“He always shot in available light. He could find beautiful light everywhere he went.”
For his trips to Mexico and Latin America, Mr. Talamon said, Mr. Gleaton “would buy a one-way ticket on a Greyhound bus.”
“These were self-financed trips. And

because he was on a budget, he had figured out that there was always a spare bed at the village church, and that was good for at least five days. He would offer to work for meals and then, based on the priest’s introductions, he would start to photograph, staying for a few weeks, and then he would return home with magic.”
A big man — he was well over 6 feet tall and weighed more than 300 pounds — Mr. Gleaton was known as a charmer, especially with his subjects and with students of photography. He was divorced three times before he married Lisa Ellerbee, a teacher, in 2005. She is his only immediate survivor. They lived in San Mateo, Calif.
Mr. Gleaton, who was light-skinned with green eyes, said he often had to explain to people that both his parents were black and that he was not biracial, and that the preconceptions people had of him found their way into his work.
He would not describe his subjects as Afro-Mexican, a label applied to them by outsiders; race, he said, is “a social construct, not a bio-empirical fact.”

ONLINE: **DEFIANTLY VIVID IMAGES**
📷 Mr. Gleaton called his work art, not journalism. [nytimes.com/obituaries](#)

Of home and nature



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CIG HARVEY/SCHILT PUBLISHING

UP CLOSE In her new book, “Gardening at Night” (Schilt Publishing), Cig Harvey, a British-born photographer, presents a surrealistic landscape of images that focus on home, family, nature and time. For Ms. Harvey, who lives on the central coast of Maine, seasons are metaphors for the phases of life. The intangible, like the lives of birds or

a barren tree, evokes the ordinary and the unusual. Images from the book include, clockwise from top left: “The Bird’s Nest,” “Spring Tree in Fog,” “The Magician’s Hat” and “Sadie & the Birdcage.” An exhibition of the same title as the book is scheduled from Sept. 10 to Oct. 24 at the Robert Mann Gallery in New York.

When killers talk and few seem to care



Manu Joseph

LETTER FROM INDIA

NEW DELHI In the film, a man explains why he beheaded five fishermen instead of shooting them. He did not want to waste his bullets, which cost 100 rupees, or \$1.50, each.
Some journalists in the darkened room at the Press Club of India here gasped, but they knew they were witnessing a piece of investigative journalism that was unlikely to stir the nation. Maybe it was irrelevant, or too rustic? Their news organizations would largely ignore the story. Do you still wish to read about it? Maybe what a nation considers unimportant illuminates its very core.
The documentary, “Operation Black Rain,” is about six of a series of planned massacres that occurred in the 1990s in the northern state of Bihar. The slaughters were organized by Ranveer Sena, a militia of upper-caste landowners, and the 144 victims were, apart from children, farmworkers who were demanding better pay and appeared to be a part of one of the many fringe movements that claim to be the Communist Party of India, with Marx and Lenin invoked in parentheses.
Years after the crimes, dozens of the accused were sentenced to death or life in prison, but they were eventually acquitted on appeal for lack of evidence.
A reporter with the online magazine Cobrapost.com tracked down six of the accused, who, unaware that they were being filmed, explained in great detail how they had shot or carved up scores of people.
The editor of Cobrapost, Aniruddha Bahal, is known as the father of India’s sting journalism. Over the years, with the help of hidden cameras, he has exposed the nexus between bookies and cricket administrators, and how easily politicians can be bribed. He also showed thugs claiming that they had butchered Muslims in 2002 with the approval of Narendra Modi, the current prime minister, who was then chief minister of the state of Gujarat — an investigation that a court permitted as supplementary evidence in a case concerning the riots.
Inspired by his success, several television channels took to sting operations, which were sometimes sponsored by political parties or businessmen who wished to harm their foes. As a result, Indians have grown wary of stings.
In Mr. Bahal’s glory days, when he would announce a news conference to release the details of a sting, the entire news media would be in a flurry. Now, he told me, “It’s hard to get attention.”
“Operation Black Rain” offers many startling insights. Ranveer Sena was better armed than most of India’s police force. Its members had AK-47s, and light machine guns, most of which were illegally procured from the Indian Army through a politician.
The militants also said that they were trained by retired and serving soldiers of the Indian Army.
The film included a conversation with a former judge who had been investigating the massacres. He said he ended the inquiry after being threatened by Murli Manohar Joshi, a senior leader of the governing Bharatiya Janata Party. Mr. Joshi did not respond to a request for comment from Cobrapost.
After the film’s screening, India’s best-known public interest litigant, Prashant Bhushan, who was part of a panel discussion, said that all the accused in the massacres were acquitted because the judicial system was rigged.
Mr. Bhushan is the originator of some of Indian journalism’s great exposés. But more recently, he realized, the news media was nervous about antagonizing Mr. Modi and large corporations with big exclusives. So he took to revealing information in news conferences instead of in leaks to journalists.
But it is hard to startle India. Some journalists who watched “Operation Black Rain” listed the reasons why the story would not catch fire: The English-language news media does not care about the slaughter of the poor, most Hindi channels are run by upper-caste editors, and no organization would promote a documentary that shows B.J.P. leaders as complicit in massacres.
Whatever the reason, they were right.

Follow Manu Joseph, author of the novel “The Illicit Happiness of Other People,” at [@manujosephsan](#).
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