At the Bell Gallery, Daniel Heyman’s eloquent “I am Sorry It Is Difficult to Start,” begins with a documentary impulse subsequently crafted into something more. Heyman was on hand for the testimonies of former detainees at Abu Ghraib Prison, the hellhole from which photographs of torture by US military personnel upon Iraqi prisoners emerged in 2004.

We may remember some of the Americans who came to trial, such as Private First Class Lynndie England, featured in a photo in which she held a leashed prisoner. The prisoners themselves, though, largely remain anonymous. Giving us their faces and their words, Heyman makes the incident immediate again.

Most of Heyman’s portraits, in gouache and watercolor, expressively depict ordinary men. Text murmurs around them. “The Broomstick was Metal,” from “10 Iraqi Portraits,” shows a man whose gaze seems inward. The title begins his swirling testimony. “I was hit in the face, back, legs at Abu Ghraib,” it continues.

Heyman has also installed a dense, large-scale etching on plywood. “When Photographers are Blinded, Eagles’ Wings are Clipped” scathingly comments on military censorship of photojournalists in Iraq. Amid a blindfolded photographer and an Iraqi prisoner suspended upside down, eagles with clipped wings fly and plummet to the Earth. Others, recalling the Great Seal of the United States, appear sexually mutated. The message is clear: The American ideals those eagles represent have mutated, perhaps beyond repair.