

The Capilano Review
Eye to Eye



Eye to Eye

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Cover image:
Xavier Miserachs,
El Piropo a la Via Laietana, Barcelona, 1962
gelatin silver print, 20.5 x 29.8 cm
(detail)

Editors' Note

The idea for this issue of *The Capilano Review* sprang from an exhibition at Presentation House Gallery in North Vancouver that ran from June 14 – July 26, 2015. Entitled *Eye to Eye*, the exhibition featured historical and contemporary artists and material ranging from iconic vintage prints and photography books to recent photographic and moving-image works. Its many provocations cried out for a sustained response.

Chosen for the rich diversity of their approaches to the possibilities of portraiture, the works in *Eye to Eye* were selected from the personal collection of Claudia Beck and Andrew Gruft. Beck and Gruft purchased their first photographs in 1975, and the following year opened the legendary Nova Gallery, Vancouver's first commercial gallery dedicated to photography, helping to spur on many renowned Vancouver artists who had begun working with cameras. While Beck and Gruft recently donated the majority of their photographs to the Vancouver Art Gallery, they continue to acquire new works, many of which were included in the exhibition.

Eye to Eye pried open fundamental questions about the evocative power of photography that seemed at one time to have been laid to rest, proving such debates are as fresh and resistant to resolution as ever. It seemed natural for us, therefore, to engage with these questions in the pages of this magazine. Presentation House Gallery and *The Capilano Review* have collaborated in the past, and we quickly agreed to pool resources in order to share the exhibition and collection with a wider audience. In this moment of image saturation, we were interested in bringing writers, artists, historians, and critics together to reflect on current strands of cultural discourse by offering the opportunity for each author to focus on one of the individual photographs.

Writers were solicited by both organizations and asked to choose a photograph from an edited selection of the exhibition. "You are free to play the part of the dramaturge, the essayist, the poet, the historian, the critic, the jester," we told them. "We are writing to you because we believe that you'll know how to proceed." The result is in your hands: forty-six essays, poems, and texts-in-between that, in a close reading of a single image, provide an occasion to ask not only *what if* these photographs demanded we speak, but also *what if these photographs are already speaking?* Unsurprisingly, the responses reflect on how photography and its social functions have evolved since its beginnings, engaging with the troubled histories of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, which continue to cast their long shadows over the present. May we begin together to renew the potential of this often conflicted "democratic" art form as we move ever deeper into the twenty-first century.

Level Heads

Isabelle Pauwels

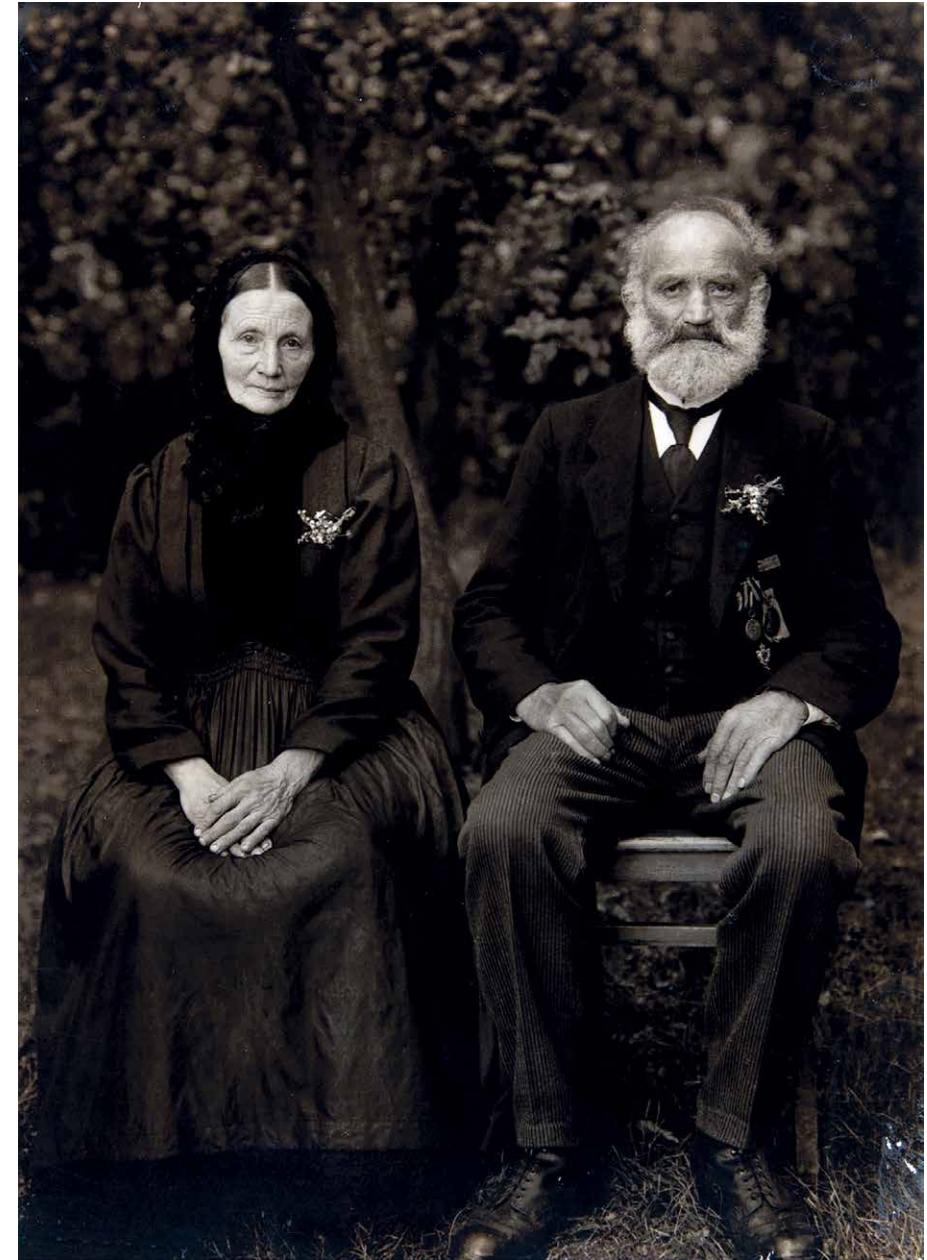
This photo is 1927, really? What does 1927 look like if it's not syncopating in the city or synching with the silver screen? Does it look a lot like 1888? If I knew photography, I'd be sure that 1927 has a different leeway with light than 1888 or even 1913. 1927 looks sharp. The couple are solid, ensconced in deep blacks, hands and faces clear as day. Significant broaches, a clutch of medals on the man. These people are landed. They have defended their position and grown into it, no apologies. I know the look. I've seen it beaming from family, straight from the source in Flanders.

In Westerwald, the man is seated, no cane at hand. His left hand looks a little tense. Is this the mental leverage it takes to convey the impact of one's discipline, the force of one's standing, while being seated, to the camera? Or maybe the ground is slightly uneven. Her head is inclined ever so slightly towards her husband. She is spoken for, and she in turn has upheld her end of the bargain. Her face and hands are beacons in an otherwise sober form. She seems more copy than person, posing after examples, after Mary (who else?).

Berlin, 1927, merry merry. Surely there are lots of bright shiny things in the night. Actors and actresses, singers grooved into wax. Acres of teeth and flesh and make-believe and shadows and light collapsed onto a screen. Very amusing, but in the country we squint up at the sunlight playing through the canopies, in glorious colour. We daydream. We don't get dizzy.

That soft thing in the background, is it a wild tree or an orchard tree? Westerwald, a civilized forest sparsely trunked, adorning yields, harvests, tonnage, and records kept in stone buildings. Commerce at a sober pace, slowed by natural cycles. It's a mutual accord. The photographer is not intruding, the camera is not threatening. This is mutually agreed-upon surveillance. We hired a reputable man for the occasion.

The tripod drops anchor, positioning the machine for a monumental time-lapse. The couple, holding on to stillness, are ballast. This is not a trick! It is a testimonial to what will continue: people like us. There is little we cannot measure, except for war. An interruption which we survived.



August Sander

Westerwald Farmers Couple, 1927
gelatin silver print, 23 x 16.9 cm

The Encounter Whose Dazzlement Remains

Phanuel Antwi

I

In 1933, in a sunlit corner of Alicante, Spain, sits a tableau of more-thans margining respectability.

In this pause, this junction of dynamism stuffed still into tableau, three figures carnivalling circumstance set thinking eyes on we who make art out of the living.

In this photographic pause, the viewfinder, touched by the clock of sun-crossed eyes, appeals to a whole sort of dance of language, to Eros: who, in the careful storm of hands doing hair, when tips of fingers matchstick possibilities, where the intonation of care is labour, mischievously reigns.

Perched between surprise and protest, listen, the movement in stillness travels light, waves into hands, into the anatomy of windows, the apron, the stool, the sash, wrinkles the flesh of the wall, and, in a conversational touch of eyes and hands and hair, labouring, hear the noisy fillers in this tableau, note a pause is choreography in stillness.



Henri Cartier-Bresson

Alicante, Spain, 1933

gelatin silver print, 24.5 x 36.7 cm

II

“Women doing hair.” This sound bite headlines a scene in a shanty salon in Alicante, Spain, in 1933, unnamed beauty queens, unmarked with poised poses pitched against the certainty of *is*, ferry noisy frequencies, unsecuring known nodes.

It is as if they say women and hair are tired gateways to culture, that that nail file is a rifle at borders they don't like.

Let the war come, as if they are saying, let the port swell with men, who sum their lives in labour.

Day shifts and the elbows snake a rhythm, refracting all that surrounds friendship, of how walls travel onto dress, of women labouring on for each other.

Beauty is a citadel, they say, gender is a labouring journey, marooning selves into tones into gestures; even a smile into a shooting eye is labour, when done with ease.

Here, ease rests its myth, curls into its own labour, embraces the rest of labour.

III

Here now on Davie, in Vancouver, steps away from 1933, a rose cross in a wardrobe alphabets a dream we can't pin down, frustrating our appetites to know more: after all, bent shapes smear lines; found greys crack a wall, unzip memory from skin; hands reject plotline, reach for *and*, instability's transit, surf curves and jawlines, jungle and fever found grace.

Let's not front and be moved by the intercorporeal transfer in this photographic pause; let's let its noisy stillness compel us to them again, and again arriving to this speckled bunch, their sculptured brows, the potbellied singledotted woman, in her riding pose, hanging on a handful of nappy hair, grow on searching; the lives in the curl sprouting from the forehead, the homes of those dimples chafing against the wall, wrinkling degradation, exposing its life force; let's let everything everywhere in this tableau arrest us into communion with the more-thans who look back.

gesture is a gender / a shining bracelet which amplifies a slim wrist

Anne Lesley Selcer

To-be-looked-at in 1933 was different than to-be-looked-at in 2016. The subjects presently holding the most financial, governmental, social, and sexual power benefit from the relatively new game of peek-a-boo that was photography circa 1933. To enable us to tolerate the hyperrationalization of the worlds of work, family, and social-spatial arrangement that make up the present, digital network technologies connect us in scopic-affective chains which depend heavily on the image of the human face.

So I sent an email to Will, Paul, Jamie, Ivy, Laura, Sami, Brandon, Crystal, Emily, Olive, Konrad, Sietske, Steve, Matt, Kevin K., Kevin L., Carrie, Margaret, Charlie Jane, and C.A., and later forwarded the message to Maggie, Brad, and Tooth, then FB-messaged Sophia and David, texted Joel, and asked Angela at coffee if they might like to recreate an Henri Cartier-Bresson photograph.

To-be-looked-at-ness in 1933 was still perhaps more in dialogue with performance, while to-be-looked-at-ness in 2016 is to be in dialogue with the internet. The latter is to imagine a community that is at once an agora, an audience, a sounding-board, an antagonist, a lover, a set of parents, and a group of friends at an after-after-party that never ends. Winding back through the genealogy of to-be-looked-at-ness locates the performative gesture somewhere near the very root that grew into the web we call communication in 2016.

Gesture makes a circle (discovered Konrad, Paul, and Valerie) through circuits of replication, going round through a garland of hands and elbows called classical (thought Lisa) or Grecian (I said), like a braid. Various weights (Ivy pointed out) press upon one another in pulls of affection or pushes of aggression. To shorthand one's relationship to the world through the particular poise of a hand....

It's from a book called *The Decisive Moment*, in French *Images à la sauvette* (Sitka pronounced it aloud but did not translate it; after all she's 6), which actually means Images on the Run, or Stolen Images. Says Eunsong Kim:

*he does this because he believes the modernist tradition of found means "TAKE" because for him FOUND means DEAD and without LIFE
Found means CONQUER
Found means MINE
Found means I ANOINT YOU AS RAW
unaffected
scientist
removed hunter*

Found means you are my objects

"I" have no connection to you—

*Of this version of a linear process, an archive driven by state power, Caswell declares:
"Instead of redeeming the archival conception of creatorship through its expansion, we should complicate creatorship's direct ties to provenance."*

Complicate, challenge, destroy their notion of ownership, their ownership to this material—the owner is not the man who paid once, a long time ago, the photographer, the scientist, the white male artist WITH NO MEMORIES WITH NO TIES NO PHANTOMS TO TEND FOR. The museum. That library. Complicate all such ties to provenance and ask: Where are your memories? Are you a witness? Who do you care for? What are you continuing? Who do you remember?¹

Several black and grey flowers on a white dress, one flat nail-file, one person looking bemused and sociable, one person looked-at and wry, one retracted ballet hand, two fingers touching, one shining bracelet, six elbows, six eyebrows, three skin tones, three kinds of hair, two earrings, one worn wall. Olympian in their gazes: a hand that is a bird, a turn that is a flower, gesture that is gender. To-be-looked-at-ness says, "Do not ascribe aesthetics to us, we ascribe it to ourselves." There is so little available about this picture except that one writer has called it a grotesque, to which I respond, "The gestures of power are never denaturalized."

To-be-looked-at in 1933 versus to-be-looked-at in 2016 is an equation with a divisor that is an amalgamation of media. It is also a biopolitical question, which then draws a relationship between the biopolitical self and reproductive media. To imagine the self in a box (as an icon, setting preferences, adding friends, sharing links, being redirected, seeking out jobs and friends and lovers and apartments), to refer communicatively (which is to say gesturally) to the stage and the audience, to extend the project of modernism during which this "Humanist photographer" snapped what Ivy, Jamie, Maggie, Valerie, Lisa, Konrad, Paul, Raheleh and I discovered is a highly arranged and physically awkward shot—is to continually frame and reframe binaries of ugliness and beauty, blackness and whiteness, the human and the less-than-human.

Here I have begun to take up Eunsong's directive to "debilitate whiteness" and will repeat her reminder: "What is made legible through the discourse of modernism is made through the discourse dependent on colonialism and chattel slavery. What is made powerful by modernism, what is made great, is made so because: whiteness as property, whiteness as abstract."² I would redirect this sentiment back upon the selfie, the Instagram, the Facebook profile, where gestures made for stage legibility encode and encase the social formulations of whiteness, patriarchy, colonialism and capitalism, keeping them visible for perpetuity. Self-ascription here can only loop back around to a poststructural performance politics of disconnected gesture which has *already been* reappropriated inside our current technologies. I'd refer back to the enactment or staging of a proletarian, racially ambiguous or mixed, agender utopia of mutual care,³ that which Cartier-Bresson "found" and I thought I saw at first, one dependent on a complicated and weighty braid of hands, arms, and elbows.

¹ Eunsong Kim, "FOUND, FOUND, FOUND: LIVED, LIVED, LIVED," *Scapegoat Journal* (Feb. 26, 2016): 53-60, 57-58.

² *Ibid.*, 54.

³ Used here in reference to José Esteban Muñoz's *Cruising Utopia: The Then and There of Queer Futurity* (New York: New York UP, 2009).



Manuel Alvarez Bravo
Caja de visiones, 1938
gelatin silver print, 19.3 x 24.2 cm

Street Sorcery

Nancy Tousley

This is photography looking at itself, acknowledging a lingering sense that the medium possesses a primitive magic, and also the smoke-and-mirrors, peepshow prehistory of film. Raising a black cloth over her head, an enigmatic woman obscured in dark shadow, but for her face and hands, stands behind an elaborate handmade rectangular box, which is decorated with sunbursts and has three stereo-view holes set into the front.

The woman and her box mirror the photographer with his large-format camera whom we can imagine facing her head-on and raising a black photographer's cloth over his own head to make the picture. Tightly cropped so that the woman and her magical box fill the frame, the shot recalls Eisenstein, for whom Bravo worked as a cameraman in 1932. Its powerful pictorial architecture emphasizes how the box functions as a street theatre, how it looms large in the imaginations of those who see it or spend a few pesos to peer inside, and how enigmatic the woman is, half obscured by deep shadow as any good sorcerer or *deus ex machina* needs to be, a wholly mysterious, slightly dangerous figure.

Like the photographer, it is she who produces visions, which the box puts before three eager pairs of eyes at once. What do they see? The eyes of this unsmiling maker of visions are cast down, turned inward, keeping her secrets. The photographer also looks down, at the image on the ground glass, but he also looks out at the world, no doubt aware that he has found an analogue for photography in the operation of a folkloric artifact on a busy Mexican street.

Doublespeak

Laura Legge

Manuel Alvarez Bravo, conjurer of this image, was lifelong friends with my favourite poet, Octavio Paz. In a MoMA catalogue, Paz described his contemporary's photos as *realities in rotation*, highlighting, too, their quality of transience. Bravo was eight when the Mexican Revolution began, and it is said he used to come across bodies on his walks as a boy. Death is waiting in most of his photographs, though transmuted into various textiles, shadows, women, objects, interactions, mythoi.

Paz wrote often about death and its twins. In India he found *Samsāra*. In Paris he found Eros. In Bravo's work, he perhaps found another twin—the metaphors and mirages he often roused by way of language, the cares of his mystical, spiritual, emotional life, made legible by another man's camera.

“To love is to undress our names.”¹ Of all the Paz lines that revisit me, this one knocks most often. And to Bravo's work it applies impeccably, because his titles are responsible in large part for his photos' alchemy. He was opposed to leaving his works untitled. Further, he maintained that an obscure title most “accurately defines the picture,” and that by emboldening his audience to grasp for the meaning of a photograph, he was insisting they look into their own bends and deeps. Put another way, the images are the *rotations*. And the titles are the *realities*. Without the *realities*, the *rotations* lose much of their bearing.

And so Bravo made a practice of naming the things he saw. And he picked multilayered names, so that we would have to undress them. Which is an attentive, otherworldly act of love.

Or, as Paz framed it: Manuel photographs / that imperceptible crack / between the image and its name.²

Optical Parable. The Good Reputation, Sleeping. Somewhat Gay and Graceful. Fable of the Dog and the Cloud. The Black Grief.

And then this photograph of an eclipsed woman covering her head in dark cloth, looking into the top of a miniature, fantastical home that we cannot enter—this he called *Caja de visiones*. Box of Visions. We cannot see inside, and so we must follow his poetic direction and build the promised visions for ourselves. We must trust that they are inside our own little vision-boxes, atop our shoulders.

And maybe this is the only way artists can create a double of death: by finding the imperceptible crack between the image and its name.

¹ Octavio Paz, *Sunstone*, trans. Eliot Weinberger (New York: New Directions, 1991), line 365.

² This is from the poem “Facing Time,” dedicated to Bravo. Also translated by Eliot Weinberger.



Miroslav Tichý
Untitled, c. 1970s
gelatin silver print, 22.7 x 15.4 cm

Rituals

Denise Oleksijczuk

Untitled is a grainy, stained, poorly processed black-and-white photograph of three adolescent girls standing by a fence in the village of Kyjov, Czechoslovakia. Born in Kyjov in 1926, Miroslav Tichý took the snapshot on a handmade camera in the years following Russia's violent crackdown on the Prague Spring of 1968. Shot from behind, the teenagers stand close to each other on sloping terrain before a wood fence that runs parallel to the picture plane. The fence acts as a foil for the curves of their slim, jean-clad hips. Hailed in some way by the photographer, the teenager at the centre of the image, with long dark bangs and smoky eyeshadow, turns to look at him.

Above the heads of the teenagers are atmospheric dapples of light and dark. If you look calmly in the upper left hand corner, out of the background haze, on the other side of the barrier, an image of a little girl will appear before your eyes. The photograph is a palimpsest of specks of dirt, overexposure, blached edges, abrasions, and oxidation: we work to make out the figures, drawing them out of their original states as atoms of light. Like the earliest photographs, the print captures the way the light struggles out of darkness into visibility. The work's alchemy is intimately tied to its subjects' transition from girls to women.

Tichý's focus on the teenagers' backsides in this image recalls an ancient Pagan fertility ritual still practiced in the Czech Republic. On Easter Monday, boys and men across the country fashion a switch, called a *pomlázka*, made of a braid of a few thin, newly grown twigs of weeping willow trees, with which to whip girls and women. As they hit them, they sing an Easter carol asking for an egg (*kraslice*). Because it is believed that the ritual brings fertility and youth, the girls reward the boys with a painted egg and tie a ribbon around their *pomlázky*. A rude initiation into womanhood, rooted in men's fear of women's reproductive power, the whipping instructs girls on their place in the family. The photograph is not only an index of the light striking the surfaces of their bodies but also serves as a metaphor of this other kind of strike—the whipping of the buttocks with the *pomlázka*. The prominence of the three backsides in this picture, like notes on a staff of music, allows for the imaginative reenactment of the Pagan ritual.

But the young woman in the middle of the picture, turning around to look at who is doing the hailing, whipping, spying, or photographing, has her own preoccupations. Raising her shoulder and arm, she recognizes his patriarchal interpellation. Her face and twisting gesture suggest fear. In the totalitarian communist state, with its secret police force and informers on the hunt for any activity that could possibly be considered anti-communist, the fear of being spied on and harassed, or worse, by the police was constant. A dissident, reclusive, DIY artist, Tichý managed his fear of persecution by creating his own ritual of taking one hundred photographs of adolescent girls and women a day. Street photographers rarely ask for permission to photograph their subjects, treating the world as their common. Hence their ability to materialize in visual form psychological and physical states rarely seen in conventional portraits. Looking at the print forty years on, if we meet the young woman's eyes attentively—watching as she catches Tichý sneaking up behind her and her friends like some creep on an Easter Monday—we may well prehend the dim glow of defiance.



Helen Levitt
New York City, c. 1980
dye transfer print, 23 x 33 cm

Uninsistent Manifesto

David Company

Making street photographs is both a formal photographic game and a test for anyone keen to discover what they really think about the world around them. Of all the genres, it is the most reactive, the camera equivalent to the psychoanalyst's couch. In turn, the viewer can only ever respond to the work of a street photographer in the same way: looking at their photograph is a formal game and a test of what we might think about the world depicted. Second-guessing the photographer's intentions may be tempting but it's rarely satisfying, and when it is satisfying we've no way of knowing if our guesses are even remotely correct.

I feel these paradoxes acutely when I'm looking at Helen Levitt's photographs. To spend time contemplating the apparent ease she had with her camera and with her surroundings is to become disarmed. Am I looking at what she was looking at? In the literal sense, of course not. She was looking at the world through a camera; I am looking at the image she made. But is what I find significant the same as what she found significant, or hoped her viewer might find significant? I cannot know. Photography makes a mystery of intention, for both photographer and viewer. I'm guessing Levitt felt this to be so. But I might be wrong.

Look at all those arms, and the cut-off hand. Look at all the legs, and the cut-off feet. Look at the heads, and the cut-off head. The bright flesh against the oily shadow. The flat space given depth at either side. The two sets of bars. The formal geometry and the unpredictable micro-movements. Is the empathy Levitt appears to have with her world at odds with her formal daring and surgical timing? Or are they part of the same act of recognition?

Sometime in the late 1940s James Agee wrote: "In their general quality and coherence [Levitt's] photographs seem to me to combine a unified view of the world, an uninsistent but irrefutable manifesto of a way of seeing, and, in a gentle and unpretentious way, a major poetic work."¹ An uninsistent manifesto. Well, there's the paradox again. Maybe this was why Levitt was so often drawn to photographing children. Not because they were photogenic or stimulating, and not because they were unpretentious, but because they were *uninsistent* manifestos—for humanity. Out of the almost nothing of us, out of the almost nothing of daily life, something will emerge. A child into an adult. A photograph into a work of art.

¹ James Agee, in *A Way of Seeing* by Helen Levitt (New York: Horizon Press, 1960), n.p.

There are eyes everywhere

Brian Dillon

"A woman's city, New York." Thus Elizabeth Hardwick in her novel *Sleepless Nights* (1979), on solitary women seen dragging their baggage—"parasitic growth heavy with suffering"—along city streets or picking their way, black-shawled, back to formerly grand apartments, now decayed. New York at the end of the 1970s is a museum of remnants from mid-century, where certain emblematic figures recall ways of being in public that are now definitively old-fashioned. Helen Levitt had her eye on these women too. Here is one of them, installed with placid dog on the steps of her building, in the shade. It is 1980, and she still has no air-conditioning up there in the dark behind her. In a black dress, stockings to the knee, and her black strapped pumps, she might have been sitting out here since the 1940s.

Levitt's New York photographs are full of tired, vigilant women on steps or stoops. Children too, famously: bursting out of doorways, swinging on railings, shinning up drainpipes to mock-fight like classical friezes atop crumbling lintels. She began photographing these kids in the 1930s, becoming a lyric witness of the working-class streets of Spanish Harlem and the Lower East Side. In 1948 she made a short film, *In the Street*, with James Agee and Janice Loeb; among sidewalk games and hydrant fountains, floral sundresses and playful kittens, there are numerous dogs and the laughing women who love them. In 1980, only the dog looks at us. All three human subjects—or is it four? A mother's outline behind that woman on the right?—have turned aside and stretched out their arms. Toward what?

The averted gaze is a recurring motif in Levitt's work: a woman's head plunged deep in her little boy's pram; a street full of men all looking in the wrong direction, only a child watching the photographer from a window. Some of this is attributable to the *Winkelsucher*, a right-angle viewfinder Levitt stuck on her Leica, allowing her partly to disguise what she was photographing. But the views from behind, the heads lopped off by framing or cropping: they persist over decades, so that one wants them to mean more. Is it too easy to say that in the 1940s they might be looking toward the future? And three or four decades later—a spidery girl almost tucked under a green car, a guy in shorts and not much else at a street crossing—they seem to stare at the dirty, spalled ruins of postwar New York. Even this tiny boy, whose outfit is the only thing attaching us to 1980, seems more curious about the old railings than the street behind him.

Soon, as Levitt lamented in one of her last interviews, there would be hardly any children on the sidewalks of New York for her to photograph. The little boy cannot tell he is almost antique. But the woman in black knows what is passing away, and she's determined to summon the spirit of city streets still, in the sunshine.



Xavier Miserachs

El Piropo a la Via Laietana, Barcelona, 1962

gelatin silver print, 20.5 x 29.8 cm

Hey, lady

Steffanie Ling

The only woman in the frame
The practicing woman
The fussing with locks woman
The standing at the gates woman
The contrapposto woman
The travels in packs woman
The tumbleweed woman
The touching her face a lot woman
The sneeze and shake woman
The late to the meeting woman
The always forgets her umbrella woman
The woman behind a laptop
The making a list of women woman
The reading photocopies woman
The woman with a slightly older, wiser woman
The undercover woman
The covered-up woman
The backwards cap woman
The in charge of traffic woman
The thank you woman
The you're welcome woman
The in high heels balancing act woman
The look at me but don't look at me woman
The wet socks woman
The local celebrity woman
The woman with bag that says woman
The searching for a pen woman
The ten plastic bags woman
The woman who wrote a list of things "like a woman"
The talking about a man who said something about women woman
The smoking woman
The secondhand smoke woman
The coughed once in line woman
The half blow-dried woman
The half wet woman
The poses with beer woman
The connected woman
The eyes on the prize woman
The cardboard woman
The camerawoman
The microphone woman
The always dirty glasses woman
The low-rise woman
The busy woman
The SUV woman
The woman beneath the arm of a shorter man

The links arms woman
The low in arms woman
The underpaid woman
The overheard woman
The repeated woman
The flâneur woman
The not amused woman
The you don't know me woman
The annoyed woman
The seething woman
The never heard of you woman
The talks to no one to and from work woman
The woman you'd like to talk to
The woman you see, the woman you think you don't see
The woman you see, the woman you don't know
The woman who doesn't see you, kid
The she just happened to be looking that way woman

May you end up...

Rosalía de Castro (trans. Erin Moure)

—Premita Dios que te vexas
Cal as cóbregas arrastro,
Qu'a yaugua que á beber vayas
Che se volva xaramagos.
Que pidas e non atopas
Pousada, acougo, n'amparo,
E qu'inda morto de fame,
Quedes ô pé d'un valado.

—Praguea boca, praguea
Mentras qu'eu me vou marchando,
Pragas de malas mulleres,
Nunca lle cân os soldados.

—May you end up, by God,
writhing like a snake in sand;
may the water you go to drink
clog your mouth with weeds.
May you beg and never find
rest, peace, or protection;
and even dead with hunger,
may you end up against a wall.

—Curse, mouth, curse
while I'm heading down the road:
the curses of fallen women
never work on soldiers.

I thought of this poem when I saw the photograph. It's by Rosalía de Castro, from "Varieties," the conversational third and middle book of her monumental Follas Novas (New Leaves), first published in Galician by La Propaganda Literaria in Havana, Cuba, in 1880. De Castro's poem and book speak of precarity and migration, and their effects, above all, on women. They are as pertinent today as when they were written. Funny how we tend to first see romance in relation to images of women and soldiers when, in the real world, conflict seldom bodes well for women. And the presence of soldiers in every zone of war or "peacekeeping" more often than not is threatening to the well-being of women. Come to think of it, soldiers are not as immune as they tend to think they are, either. In the 136 years since Rosalía published this sarcastic dialogue of a poem, has much changed? —EM



Eugène Atget

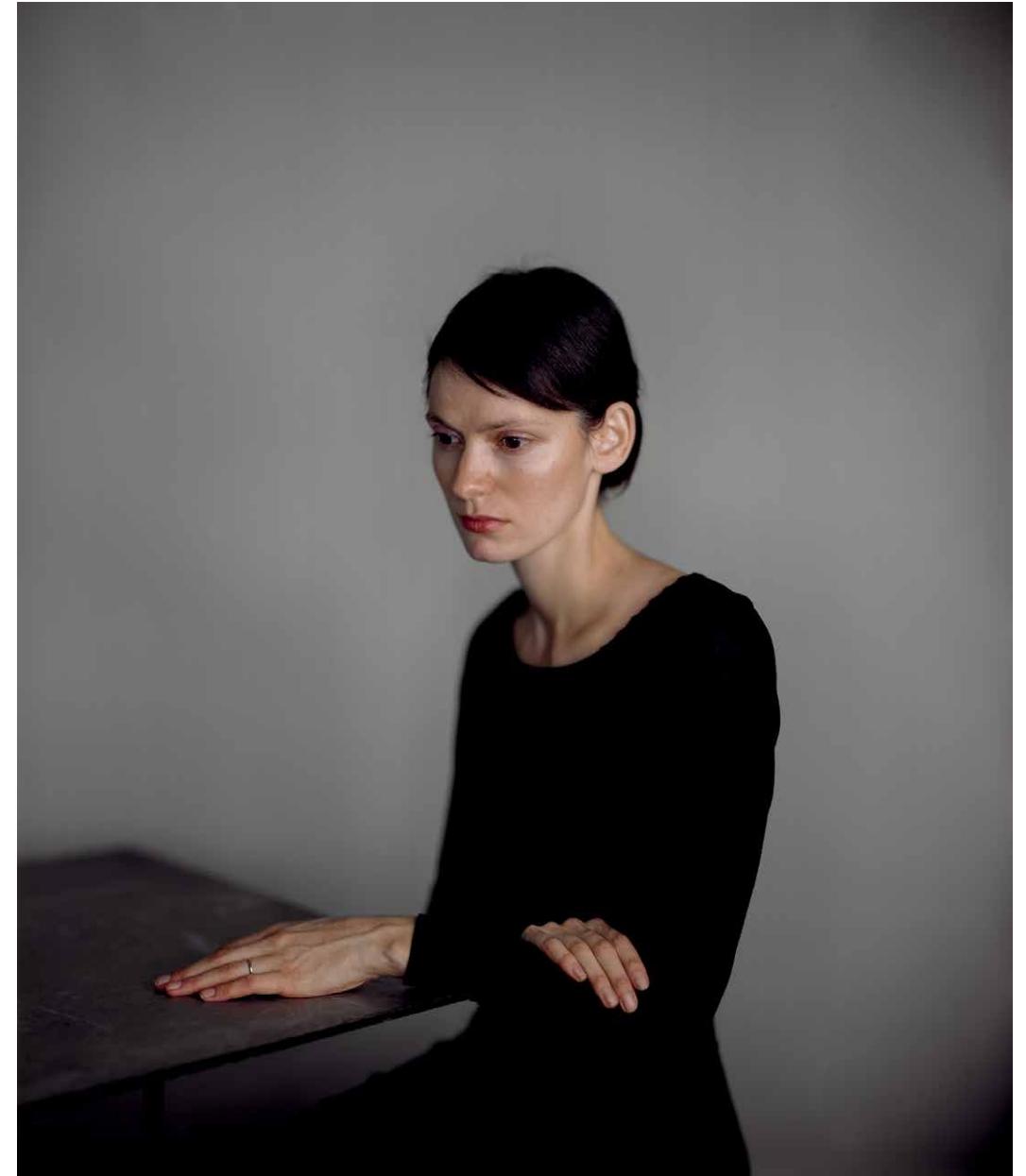
Versailles, femme et soldat, Maison Close, c. 1921
gelatin silver print, 25 x 20 cm

The Extimate Gaze

Deanna Fong

The large-format photograph depicts a young woman in black. Her arms are folded into herself, as if reinforcing the collapsing structure of her own body. Her gaze falls softly somewhere outside the photograph's frame. Her left hand rests on the dark, polished surface of an antique mirror, which yields no reflection—only texture, grain, particles of light. There is a hyperreal focus on the subject's hands and face; a shallow depth-of-field makes the periphery blur, such that the image reports a kind of visual convexity. The emphasis on the subject's hands and the distorted background evoke Parmigianino's 16th-century *Self-portrait in a Convex Mirror*; however, the photographer, unlike the painter, does not make self-contained worlds through artistic representation. Rather, he interrogates whether intersubjectivity and self-knowledge are even possible, given the volatility of being at the subject's core.

Learoyd's room-sized camera obscura produces one-off positive images directly on photosensitive Ilfachrome paper, such that there is no negative or transparency. Each photograph is a unique print. Because this technique resists mechanical reproduction (images, when reproduced, are high-resolution photographs of the originals), it is tempting to ascribe an aura of authenticity to the images, as direct indexes of a non-returning time and place. However, precisely because there is no mediating step between exposure and print, Learoyd's photographs are, in fact, laterally reversed: what we see is not a replica of the live scene, but rather its mirror image. For Jacques Lacan, the mirror is the extimate site *par excellence*, where the interior self is projected as exterior, as other, as illusory whole. This coherent self-image, however, is always thwarted by what it leaves out—in this case, the impossible act of seeing ourselves as *ourselves*, without the mediation and distortion of fantasy. This extimacy is the pleasure—and frustration—of Learoyd's photography, especially in encountering it at one-to-one scale in the space of the gallery. His carefully posed subjects, as well as the medium itself, invite us to believe in intimacy and authenticity, to fantasize that we might access the interior psychological landscape of another, or of ourselves. Yet, in gazing at the photograph, we hit a wall: any insight into the photographic subject's thoughts is purely speculative, sounding only the contours of our own desire: What is she looking at? What is she thinking? What does she feel? The mirror—both as thematic content within the photograph and as the correlative photographic process that produces it—resists the idea of unmediated sight and, by figurative proxy, knowledge and mastery. *Olya* suggests that all acts of seeing are lacking, partial, and distorted; like the unreflecting surface of the mirror in the photograph, there is an unyielding kernel at the subject's core—the photographic subject as much as the observing subject—that cannot be read, interpreted, or otherwise possessed.



Richard Learoyd

Olya Square Mirror, 2010

camera obscura Ilfochrome photograph, 147.3 x 121.9 cm

A Moment in Wales

Christopher Brayshaw

Bruce Davidson's 1968 photographs of Wales show living things marked or scarred by labour. Grubby coal miners emerge from the earth; an exhausted horse sprawls in a field; a woman scrubs a public sidewalk with a wet rag. Then there's this picture, untitled like the rest, but subtly different. An elevated perspective, looking down a narrow street into a village nestled along a valley. Two-storey homes in the middle distance, their sloping back gardens divided by low stonewalls. Beyond them, the slanted roofs of industrial buildings, and smokestacks whose emissions swathe the sky in grey chemical fog. In the foreground, a little girl (an androgynous child whose sex I only know from reading a 1990s interview with Davidson) pushes a pram containing a white-faced doll and a floppy toy bear. The girl meets the camera's gaze directly. Her hands rest lightly on the pram's push bar, holding it still. Her right leg is cocked in place as if readied for flight.

What to make of this picture? Best to think of it first as a snapshot, an example of Davidson's ability to recognize and record a group of incidental details that cohere, however briefly, as a "tableau," its illusion of unity and self-sufficiency the result of the photographer's skill at perceiving correspondences between simultaneously present but physically unrelated things.

Start with the "v" of the girl's shirt that points to the pram's toy occupants. This triangular white patch echoes the flat white shapes of the sheets and dresses pinned to the clothesline that descends from behind her right shoulder to the house at the left edge of the frame. The straight line of the house's black roof contrasts with the softer white organic shapes of the drying clothes, and is mirrored by the horizontals of the factories' roof sills that carry across the background until they reach the pole in the front. The verticality of the pole pulls the eye back from the valley's depths and is repeated by the four smokestacks at the picture's right edge. Below the smokestacks, another white triangle, on the side of an industrial building, is an inverted copy of the "v" of the girl's shirt, which set the whole composition in motion. The same shape appears again, tone-reversed, on the dark side of the building in the mid-distance, just right of the bend in the road, a chunk of negative space reminiscent of the contour of the girl's black sweater, the abrupt zigzag of the roofline above the laundry, and the crook of her leg.

Here, in this deceptively simple image, is a rich cascade of mirrorings, reversals of tone, and symmetrical balancings of visually congruent shapes that yields to micro-examination, a scaffolding of form that the picture's "meaning" is built around.

The lesson Davidson took from Wales is of endless work, exhaustion, and physical and psychic breakdown. This picture of a girl and her toy friends offers an alternative to his depictions of individuals and animals worn down by labour or engaged in brutally repetitive tasks: an acceptance of the entire world as worthy of care. There are other options, too, and Davidson's picture shows us where they might be found—in overlooked details, in what some might call empathy, others humanness, shining in unexpected quarters, illuminated by the photographer's modest and careful eye.



Bruce Davidson

Wales, 1965

gelatin silver print, approx. 21 x 32 cm

Lost Relations

Ashar Foley

Though I never met my mother's mother, it was strange to me that my mother's brother, Lee, made a mistake when choosing a photo of her to display at my grandfather's wake. The family intervened: "That's not really Bertha, is it?" No one could say whose image it was—least of all Lee, newly bereaved by his inability to distinguish between his long-dead mother's likeness and a stranger's.

Obscurity lurks in the family photograph. Though we entrust it to preserve memory in image, the photograph does not produce a "memory-image"—the image contextualized, the image beloved. The photograph preserves the likeness, but not the occasion or desire behind doing so.

The photograph can certainly invoke a memory-image, but human memory holds it, *ex machine*; the photograph merely invites its recall from the intangible archive of experience.

Live minds make fragile archives, however; our memories fail with us. We read this failure in the photograph's ersatz designation—"Unknown, hand-coloured tintype, late 1800s"—which allows us to infer that there was hand, pigment, camera, tin, emulsion, and sitter, all of which convened after the invention of photography to produce the image. Like photography itself, the designation offers no *raison* and no *être*—it offers only the *de*.

Raison and *être* are instead the affairs of the clan: the power of proper recall can't be outsourced or extended beyond clan lore. When society at large learns a cherished face, memory-image is reduced to symbol, life to association, rune to rebus. In this way do cause, nation, decade, and fast-food hamburger each acquire a face that lasts, that transmits, that sells.

The power of lore, however, extends beyond the clan, as narrative and even as fiction.

Attend again to the photograph. From its meagre catalogue—hand, pigment, camera, tin, emulsion, sitter, date—I might suggest a memory-image through a simple equivalence: sitter and hand are the same. Now we are looking at a self-portrait. Not a very good one, perhaps, considering that, when artists attempt self-portraits, they tend to exhibit more interest in expression or compositional flare than we see here. The woman's eyes have no flash, her body no pose. *No, it wasn't a great success, but I take so many portraits of society ladies that I needed a change. I dress plainly—in mourning for my husband—and my expression is humble but not drab. To amuse myself I used a bit of colour to retrieve some of the life in my face from the gray of the tin. Not an impressive portrait, but good enough, I think, to send to my sister, who complains of her bare parlour walls.*

I may overreach in my bid to save this figure from obscurity: women of her time, if not actively discouraged from taking up photography, were rare practitioners in the field. But I am anxious: Do all photographs, and not just the found ones, find the same fate?



Unknown

hand-coloured tintype, late 1800s

15.24 x 21 cm oval

What is not visible

Colin Browne

The photographer was Richard Maynard, a forty-one-year-old British immigrant hired to create a record of the inaugural visit to coastal Indigenous communities by Israel Wood Powell, British Columbia's first Superintendent of Indian Affairs. In May and June 1873, they travelled to villages between Victoria and Bella Coola aboard *HMS Boxer*, a Royal Naval gun vessel armed with a 16-calibre 7-inch gun that could penetrate seven inches of armour. On June 8, 1873, the *Boxer* rounded Cape Caution into Smith Sound and anchored within view of what Powell called "Gwa-sil-lah camp."¹

Prior to the ship's departure for Tsaxis the following day, Maynard assembled the residents on the beach and made this wet-plate photograph and ten others, mostly individual portraits. Powell wrote down the names of two chiefs, Mantzie and Iolthkin. The man standing on a rock or a piece of wood may be one of them.² Anthropologist George MacDonald identifies the site as the Gwa'sala winter village of Tak'us, also in Smith Inlet, although, considering the structures, I'd hazard a guess that this is their nearby summer camp.

In the photograph, thirteen people are lined up in front of what looks like a large canoe, the youngest wriggling in the arms of the person second from the right, not far from the prow of a smaller, narrower canoe. Another delicate craft can be seen on the bank. Three small dogs are visible—two on the beach and one on the bank above. From the doorway of one of the split-cedar houses, a small human face looks on. It's possible that within this group there are Christians—perhaps the woman in the dress with her hair severely pulled back. The man beside her wears a ring around his neck, a sign of his status. The woman to her left has no shirt on at all. What is not visible is that each of the adults in this photograph has survived the epidemics that ravaged the coastal villages from 1862 onward.

Everyone, with the exception of the young woman in the dress, is clutching or wearing a Hudson's Bay blanket. They may have received these blankets as gifts from Powell, and they may have been asked to display them for the camera. Was posing for this photograph an obligation on the part of the subjects in return for the blankets? Is the photograph a record of the exchange—and a document of capitulation? Did they realize that as the light rushed in something would be taken away from them that would never be returned?

It's possible that a pair of hands on this beach shaped a cedar trunk into an image of defiance and nurturing love for the perpetuation of the Gwa'sala nation. Visiting Tak'us in 1905, Charles Newcombe acquired a monumental house post from Chief Walas Penquit, a radical re-conception of the child-devouring giantess Dzunuḱ'wa as a maternal figure of love and renewal.³ It was later owned by the artist Max Ernst and is today installed in the Louvre, the implication being that it is one of the treasures of the world. To confront it is to become enmeshed in the haunted colonial legacy of this coast—as one is when studying this photograph, in which Maynard's camera rendered its subjects visible and invisible at the same moment.

Many thanks to Marie Mauzé and Dan Savard for their generous assistance.

¹ Israel Wood Powell, "Handwritten report to The Honorable Secretary of State for the Provinces & Indian Affairs." Ottawa: Library and Archives Canada, Indian Affairs RG 10, Volume 3602, File 1794, July 7, 1873. Entry for 8 June, 1873.

² "Gwa'sala people at Tak'us, 1873." Images from the research archive of Dr. George and Joanne MacDonald. Vancouver: Tak'us (Smith Inlet) Gallery, Bill Reid Centre, Simon Fraser University.

³ "A Dzonogwa house post from the Gwa'sala winter village Tak'us, at Takush Harbour in Smith Inlet, 1905." Images from the research archive of Dr. George and Joanne MacDonald.



Richard Maynard
Takush Harbour, 9 June 1873
albumen print, 18.3 x 23.5 cm

Picture Collection

David Garneau

I

Their ocean unheard by this photograph

What waves resound
over the shoulder of the composer of the Gwa'sala
is an audio shade summoned by the colonial desire to know
to complete, to feel we can access everything
and imagine what we cannot

Unsound memories, seeming echoes in cochlea shells

Say "salt" and nearly taste it.

My heels do not sink in the off-camera sand slope
And this humid rot?
Palimpsests of my prairie Lac La Nonne
stink of a stick poked pike corpse four decades gone
not this salty shore a hundred and forty three years ago
Knowing this, my mind stirs table salt into fresh water

Say "water" and what comes to mind is never theirs.

Out of sight sepia rollers perhaps see-able
if only I could pull my gaze from this picturing
avert my lens, adjust my depth perception
but I, too, am fixed by collodion
Used on photographic plates and small wounds

Say "know" and hear yes.

Taken internally, images look for like
attract transpositions that feel as real as shadows
mental filaments stitched into this counterfeit screen
an effort to make it sensible, mine

Say "mine" and think resource extraction.

Photographic memory
makes sense without non-visual senses
Affective error always feels right
Aesthetic empathy works best in isolation

Say "art" and draw a blank stare.

II

A gold rusher before a light writer
He sought fresh resources when the gilt faded
mined people for their images
More money in copy, right?

Surveying the empire's edge with Israel Wood Powell
the first federal Superintendent of Indian Affairs for BC
Richard Maynard documented Natives for the official report

Trained in the craft by Hannah, an artist and much better half
he had an almost innocent eye, at least an unblinking stare

A tone-deaf composer incapable of Curtising his subjects
even if he wanted to
Lined them up like books, spines parallel to the picture plane
volumes pressed into classical arrangement despite all that space
Even the dogs are in order

Conducted with his voice, his device, for the record, the archive
Camera
A generation of illness
People on the verge, dying of exposure, documents filed for the grave

At once hunting party and salvage operation
they rescued what they endeavored to destroy

[Insert lines about Indigenous resistance, even if you feel uncertain.]

Oculus scans shores for the familiar unfamiliar
rather than meaning, or beauty, or friends, or relations
Become an instrument implacable unshuttered
lens collects light sensitive subjects
is directed by creative imaginations beyond him
Wet plate, dry eye



Omar Victor Diop
Aminata, Le Studio des vanités, 2013
inkjet print, 18.2 x 18.2 cm

Double Negatives

Gabrielle Moser

Pattern, doubled. The same textures, contours, and details repeated, but not identical. Background and foreground intermingle and collapse as my eye zips around the small square of saturated ink. The razzle-dazzle of red frond-like forms swimming upstream in an ochre sea. A pair of calm but bemused eyes above cool magenta lips. Three almond-shaped fingernails placed like descending stairs along the guard of a fan, their hues a near-perfect match. The colours fascinate me in this image, seemingly surpassing both the intensity and nuance I thought possible in colour film. After more than a century of colour photography balanced to make white skin legible, and racialized bodies literally disappear,¹ Omar Victor Diop's image pulses with a spectrum of tones.

But it is more than just colour that I see in this image. In Diop's portrait of the model, Aminata Faye, I see a miniature allegory of photography's doubled promise: that in its mirroring of the world, it conceals as much as it reveals. "I wanted to produce an effect similar to what you get when you examine a photograph beside its negative," writes the poet Jon Sands of his work. "I am struck by how much of what I see in life contains—or is a direct result of—what I don't (or won't) see."² Sands' observation seems simple, but it contains within it the knowledge of this discrepancy between the visible and invisible in photography. However much we might want to see them as identical, a negative and its print are not the same thing merely inverted. A negative contains more information than a single (contingent) print can ever show us, enriching and sometimes even contradicting the photograph it produces.

This double operation of revealing and concealing is more than metaphorical in Senegal, where Diop works. For much of the twentieth century, the art historian Elizabeth Harney writes, *sous verre* painted portraits surpassed the popularity (and affordability) of photographic portraits in Senegal, and they remain popular there today. In *sous verre*, a scene or subject is painted onto a piece of glass in reverse order from a conventional canvas painting: the signature and fine details are applied first, then the volume and contours, and finally the colour blocks of the landscape and background.³ Like a photographic negative, the hierarchy of details is inverted. Significance is built up slowly, in reverse, and hidden from the viewer in the finished product.

The undeveloped negative—the hidden, inaccessible meaning—behind Diop's photograph of Faye is a history of colour studio portraiture in Senegal that I will never have access to—or that never existed. As my eyes skim across its surface, I find myself longing to lay its negative alongside it, and imagine other histories of photographic bodies than the ones we have inherited. A different pattern, doubled.

¹ Lorna Roth, "Looking at Shirley, the Ultimate Norm: Colour Balance, Image Technologies, and Cognitive Equity," *Canadian Journal of Communication* 34 (2009): 111-136.

² Jon Sands, "Decoded," *The Best New American Poetry*, ed. David Lehman and Sherman Alexie (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2015): 184. I am grateful to Vanessa Fleet for sharing this excerpt with me.

³ Elizabeth Harney, *In Senghor's Shadow: Art, Politics, and the Avant-Garde in Senegal, 1960–1995* (Durham: Duke UP, 2004), 182.

Into an Image

cheyanne turions

A seated woman, squarely framed. A dress drapes around her, covering nearly all her body except, noticeably, a bare shoulder, which is lit so that the exposed collarbone draws horizontally across the image. This line resonates with the gesture of her palm and curled fingers as she extends a folded fan just beyond her face. She poses to be looked at, yet the image is conditioned by camouflage: the patterning of what cloaks her and the patterning that she is set against repeat through coloured difference. Diffuse lighting compounds this textural flatness. The boundaries of the clothed body become soft. Her indifferent stare cuts a hard line out of the frame.

There are many words to describe being caught up in the gravity of something—pulled, compelled, impressed—but what these words skirt are their politics. This is the photograph I chose to bring language to, and confronting whiteness means to question the role that exoticism, for instance, has played in my decision.

There's always the problem of describing colour, but this is a problem larger than that. To not centre whiteness means to acknowledge what I see and to then detect the structures that make that seeing so. And then to be there, to steep in the uncomfortable truth that I see a black woman as difference, that the arrangement of shapes in the textiles makes me uncomfortable when I imagine myself wearing these clothes as my own, but that they speak powerfully belonging to another. This photograph materializes for me my whiteness.

Aminata is part of a photographic series documenting Africa's contemporary urban cultures. None of these images, however, is a straightforward snapshot of life; they are entirely staged, co-authored by Diop and the sitters. Each image draws its form from Diop's work as a fashion photographer and its substance from the sitter's cultural profession. It is easy to observe and nonetheless important to note that this photograph is an act of self-determination.

Diop's image takes inheritance (in the form of studio photography and the tradition of textiles) and gives it new life in the present tense. In its individual voice, it proclaims a woman rooted in history yet ambivalent about the contemporary gaze cast at her, seemingly curious about what fruit this mix of attention and disregard can bear. Attending to this photograph means to follow this temperament of concern through, burnishing the image's propositions and my own preconceptions against each other.

Time Tunnel

Urs Stahel

Large-format photographs grab our attention quickly. They often demand that we “enter” them and experience them physically. Scott McFarland’s panoramas impose no such demand. Instead, they seem to invite us to lean back and get comfortable, to gaze at his “screens,” his photo “tableaux,” almost as if we were sitting in a cinema or theatre.

In this one, the boy and girl standing like sentinels in front of the large granite bowl in Berlin’s Lustgarten seem to be on the lookout. For acquaintances, friends, relatives? Posing for pictures? In any case, they are hardly waiting for opponents or aggressors; their attitudes are too relaxed. The granite bowl, showing considerable signs of wear and tear, underscores the youth of the two figures, who have landed somehow in this garden from another era.

It could be a snapshot. But then we notice the young mother, to the left, busy with her baby, and the old man with a dog on a leash, to the right, walking offstage. The longer we look, the more this supposed snapshot morphs into a carefully orchestrated construct, a treatise on genesis and demise, symbolizing different life energies. Perhaps the Roma girl with the accordion, in the middle ground, is providing musical accompaniment to the performance.

The scene is a complex configuration assembled from different elements and merged into a whole. We are looking at the work of an image builder, an image narrator. Scott McFarland takes many, sometimes hundreds of shots from the same vantage point, in rapid succession or weeks apart. People appear and disappear; plants sprout, grow, and bloom; trees lose their leaves; objects are inserted into the scene and then removed. Like a magician, like a demiurge, the artist connects different timelines, bringing some forward and letting others recede; omitting a figure, a couple, or a whole group, introducing new ones, and positioning them all within an envisioned arrangement. He condenses time into one space, and simultaneously expands the space across time, creating a much larger dimension.

To understand the process, imagine wafer-thin sheets of transparent film stacked to form a box. Peering down into the see-through stack, we discern presences and actions occurring in the same place across different timelines. At his computer, the photographer moves digital data from different shots onto the same plane, where they are synchronized, shifted, accentuated, and brought into new configurations that he has previously imagined or which occur to him during—and as a result of—the process. Finally, the image fragments are “incorporated,” rendered to fit into a whole: a single but complex condensed composite of times and views.

Thus, people who have never met, not even as passersby on the street, encounter one another in an image, bounded by the same frame, under a scorching sun and dark clouds simultaneously.



Scott McFarland

The Granite Bowl in the Berlin Lust Garten (after Johann Erdmann Hummel), 2006
inkjet print, 109.2 x 157.5 cm

A Dialectical Image

Esther Leslie

Robert Capa's photograph is a retort to Stalin. Trotsky's image, with the former leader of the Red Army caught in full flow and documented before an audience of two thousand, appeared within days in *Der Welt-Spiegel*, on December 11, 1932. It is documentary proof: Trotsky lives and Trotsky agitates. Against Stalin's policy of building Socialism in one country, Trotsky, the internationalist stranded in exile, lives to explain the revolution that has been—and of which he was a part—and to argue for the revolution yet to come. Monitoring developments in the Soviet Union, Trotsky was sensitized to how control of archives, including photographic ones, underprops those who rule. In October 1927, he wrote about the susceptibility of documentation to manipulation, for he personally had been too often airbrushed out. He reflected too on how awareness of the stream of events plays through images. In some notebooks written between 1933 and 1934, in France, Trotsky wrestles with how a photograph might provide a model for understanding consciousness and how it might reveal the direction of history, a hope mobilized when scrutinizing snapshots of Lenin, which he carried with him and wanted to use as prompts for a biography.

Dialectical interplays suffuse Trotsky's writings: subject cleaves to object, conscious to unconscious, theory to practice. In 1930, his autobiography, *My Life*, reflected on his selfhood formed within history. Just after, in 1931 and 1932, he published an historical account of the Russian Revolution, in which he refers to himself in the third person as "Trotsky." The single-page photo story that used Capa's image is captioned with quotes from Trotsky's *My Life*. The one next to this photograph concerns the relationship of Marxism's conscious expression to the unconscious historical process. It evokes "inspiration" in which subject and object, conscious and unconscious, collapse into each other and the Revolution is the inspired frenzy of history:

[E]very real orator experiences moments when some one stronger than the self of his every-day existence speaks through him. This is "inspiration." It derives from the highest creative effort of all one's forces. The unconscious rises from its deep well and bends the conscious mind to its will, merging it with itself in some greater synthesis.¹

Here in the photograph is Trotsky, his arms elevated, frozen photographically into the stance of one who experiences a powerful force shooting through him and speaking out of him. In the speech he is delivering here, he talks about future humans.

Psycho-analysis, with the inspired hand of Sigmund Freud, has lifted the cover of the well which is poetically called the "soul." And what has been revealed? Our conscious thought is only a small part of the work of the dark psychic forces. Learned divers descend to the bottom of the ocean and there take photographs of mysterious fishes. Human thought, descending to the bottom of its own psychic sources, must shed light on the most mysterious driving forces of the soul and subject them to reason and to will.²

The innermost recesses of the subject need bringing to light, made object for us. We are our own object. We can be better than what we are. Trotsky saw worse and something else came to light. He likely did not see the assassin who used an ice pick to make a cocktail of his brain in 1940.

¹ Leon Trotsky, *My Life: An Attempt at an Autobiography* (New York: Dover, 2007), 334-35.

² Leon Trotsky, "The Future of Man," concluding remarks of the Speech on the Russian Revolution delivered in Copenhagen, November 1932, reprinted in *Fourth International* 8.7 (July-Aug. 1947), 223.



Robert Capa

Leon Trotsky lecturing, Copenhagen, November 27th, 1932
gelatin silver print, 20.32 x 25.4 cm

In the Disturbance

Joshua Clover

Consider the relation of the figures. The man in his worker's cap, the three policemen. Why are the latter besieging the former? Are they representatives of the newly declared state disciplining a dissenter? Attached still to Spain, literally cracking down on a secessionist?

The tumultuous reversals of the Spanish Thirties make these matters elusive, perhaps one reason this picture has been on occasion misidentified. It shows "Disturbances at the Pza. de Sant Jaume," with the 1936 date of the Popular Front's victory and a true if temporary autonomy for Catalunya. The social temperature is rising. The Church of Sant Jaume would be burned, reputedly by anarchists, sometime after the Civil War burst forth months later. Violence in the plaza seems more likely. What kind of violence? A "disturbance." It can refer to an unruly drunk or a wholesale riot. Do we now know the positions here, officers truncheoning some guy while others exit the plaza, hurriedly it seems, and a man looks on in coat and hat, standing by his car?

Not really. That perhaps is the picture's force. As with much documentary photography, this promises some concrete history, some specificity. A true instance. Contrarily the content here is electrically generic. Are the cops not always beating a poor person? Do their coats not always mark them as adjutants of the mediating class the French call *robins*, those entitled to wear robes—doctors, judges, professors, priests? Must there not in fact always be a bourgeois gent pausing to witness this?

He is the secret. Not a punctum; we would have to force Barthes' categories. He does not leap out of the picture, does not hail us. His internalization is what matters, entirely in the picture, of the picture, perhaps more than anyone else. In a strange way the incident is happening to him, a fact concealed by his apparently minor role as onlooker. I erred when I said *always, always, always*. The *robins* are medieval, but the police are not, the bourgeois is not. They come into being late, one invented to serve the other. In the United States, police begin as slave catchers, in Europe to beat workers, to beat the poor. They exist to make property stay property such that it can issue further property, the sole compulsion of the bourgeois.

In this regard we are seeing the simplest possible scene. It looks like "violence" but it could just be titled "capital." This is its instance, never more generic. Context gives it its inner illumination: the Civil War which will be remembered for its parties and shifting alliances and betrayals and the victory of fascism, but which must also be recalled as a war to make such instances no longer generic, make them unfamiliar—not by making war on the cops of the bourgeois or on the poor but on the relationship that still holds them in place, still in the plaza, still in the disturbance.



Agustí Centelles

Barcelona, February 17, 1936

gelatin silver print, 23.9 x 29.9 cm

The Dance of Violence

Joan Fontcuberta

The place

The *Plaça Sant Jaume* (Saint James Square) is the heart of Barcelona, a symbolic arena where crowds congregate for political struggles or sporting victories. Situated on opposite sides of the square are the headquarters of the main local political authorities, the *Generalitat* (the Catalan Autonomous Government) and the City Council.

The context

With the fall of General Primo de Rivera's dictatorship in 1930, and the flight of King Alfonso XIII into exile, a new democratic regime, the Second Republic, was established in Spain. The country existed in a climate of constant political tension, as power alternated between leftwing and rightwing parties; yet, in spite of this, important political and social progress was achieved. Early in 1936, a general election for the Congress of Deputies was called for February 16 and 23. Socialists, communists, as well as Republicans in Catalonia and Madrid, having agreed to put aside their differences and work together under the name Popular Front, succeeded in winning the election against the rightist coalition, the National Front. The new authorities set about implementing strong progressivist policies, thereby upsetting traditional powers such as landowners, the Church, the nobility, and the army. Among these policies was a Statute of Autonomy for Catalonia. On July 17, barely five months after the election, reactionary forces provoked a military coup d'état, igniting a civil war that ultimately led to the defeat of the Spanish Republic by General Franco and his fascist allies in 1939.

The photograph

With a Leica bought in instalments two years earlier, the 25-year-old photojournalist Agustí Centelles set out to document the historical elections of 1936. The photographs he took were published in the international press. On February 16, he focused his camera on the voting queues and on a variety of urban scenes that portrayed the people's expectations from the election. The next day, when provisional results for the first round of voting were announced, supporters of the rival coalitions reacted with street demonstrations of celebration—or of protest—both frequently ending in riot and disorder.

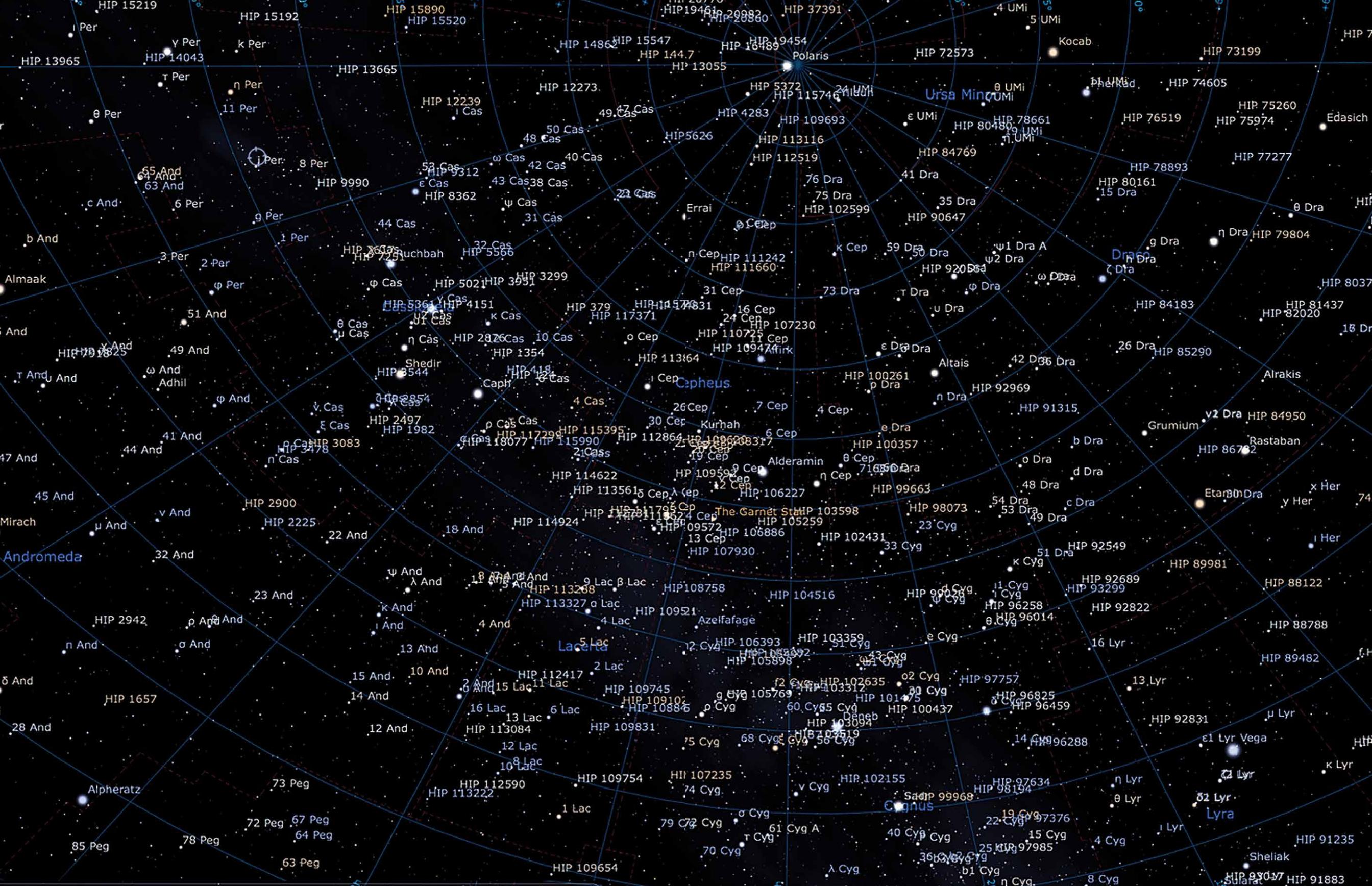
Probably the most outstanding image made that day depicts a street demonstrator about to be beaten by three *Guardias de Asalto* (Assault Guards). The contact sheet shows the entire event unfolding: the demonstrator surrounded by policemen, being threatened by them, and, finally, running away. The sequence's best shot successfully captured the tragic choreography of repression.

The present

Despite the overwhelming presence of tourist shops and fast-food restaurants, the spot hasn't changed much since the photograph was taken. Today, as Catalonians renew their claim for sovereignty, the square is once again witnessing demonstrations. Centelles' picture is a reminder of this history, and a prompt for reimagining its hopes and fears. Scrutinizing the stars has always been a way to interrogate the future. It occurred to me, therefore, that the best image to put into dialogue with Centelles' photograph would be a celestial map of Barcelona on that dramatic night: the dance of violence mirrored in the dance of planets.



Navigating space and time: an event captured by Agustí Centelles in 1936 is grafted onto a Google Street View of the exact same spot—Saint James Square, Barcelona—in 2016 (above), and is commemorated by a corresponding map of the stars (overleaf).



Eight Notes on Blankness

Sarah Osment

- 1 More often than not, as any critic will tell you, the background is as important as the foreground in looking at things.
- 2 I, for one, can only contemplate so many faces and dwell in so many pores and follow so many folds before my eyes start to travel toward the edge of the frame, toward the place that's transfixed these pilgrims where, we are told, Blackfoot, Idaho, approaches Butte, Montana, and where, we find out, buttes approach blankness.
- 3 The picture seems to offer refuge from its crowdedness in that haze: a welcome dependence on the fuzzy and the opaque. The road ahead provides a place of projection for the photograph's viewer (interpretive closure—the end of meaning) and for its subjects (the end of the road).
- 4 But whatever relief I may find in the image's negative space is fleeting, because the sclera forces us back to the fore, to the white of one eye and the thousand-yard stare behind it.
- 5 In his 1957 preface to *The Americans*, written the same year that *On the Road* recast hitchhiking as a liberatory act, Jack Kerouac considered how “[a]fter seeing these pictures you'd end up finally not knowing any more whether a jukebox is sadder than a coffin.” The disorientation Kerouac describes here has partly to do with what he calls the “intermediary mysteries” that both occasion and condition Frank's work. Indeed, looking at this photograph at times titled *The Hitchhikers*, one is confronted with a litany of unknowns: Who are these men? Where did they come from? Where are they headed? Am I, too, hitchhiking, as the photograph's title seems to imply? Suspended between purpose, vulnerability, and fear, even the expressions here are blank.
- 6 A little digging will tell you that Frank picked up the two men one evening along US Highway 91 and drove them to Butte—an event that, if true, nicely captures the contingency that is so often attributed to the medium. Roland Barthes describes photography along just these lines, noting how it remains “wholly ballasted by the contingency of which it is the weightless, transparent envelope.” But this photograph is deceptively uncomposed.
- 7 “Is it for these reasons that there is such a dumb blankness, full of meaning?” In looking at this image, I'm reminded of Ishmael's famous question about the annihilating void known as Moby Dick. The logic of this photograph's blankness—of that land, in that look—provokes a similar question in me. Frank's blankness is neither neutral nor innocent, then, but so thickly layered as to exhaust any one interpretive path. Melvillean, not Lockean.
- 8 Because its blankness is so available for projection and yet so well-worn, I find this image difficult to travel with, and through.



Robert Frank

U.S. 91 – Leaving Blackfoot, Idaho, 1956
gelatin silver print, 22 x 33.3 cm

Church of Invocation

Wayde Compton

The life expectancy of mulatto males born in Canada in the nineteen-seventies

The German international student's transhumeral arm amputation makes him know what it's like to be black, he says

One poem for every document identifying me by race during the course of my life

Seeing ships in the Strait of Georgia wears a groove in your cerebral cortex

A camera dolly through a video for a black metal cover of a Smokey Robinson composition

When the tsunami comes, downtown Vancouver will become an island, a secession, a micronation, a spacecraft

Anti-racist carbon offset

In the nineteen-nineties, Khurshid Cobain made melodic punk, but when he killed himself, no frisson, just burdened embarrassment

The blaze of one hundred thousand searchlights looking for drowning migrants in the Strait of Juan de Fuca

Everything I do, I do it for El Hedi ben Salem m'Barek Mohammed Mustafa

The tour guide's reference to her secret society as we eat the national scenery

A tunnel runs beneath the sidewalk, beneath the periwinkle glass bricks, beneath a where-are-you-from

The Soviet Union of my dreams and an ICBM of mixed DNA

My eyes change colour when I see paper boats made out of plastic actually

The gold crowns on my molars; the yellow sunset; transcendent particulates



Aaron Siskind

Church Interior Harlem, 1938

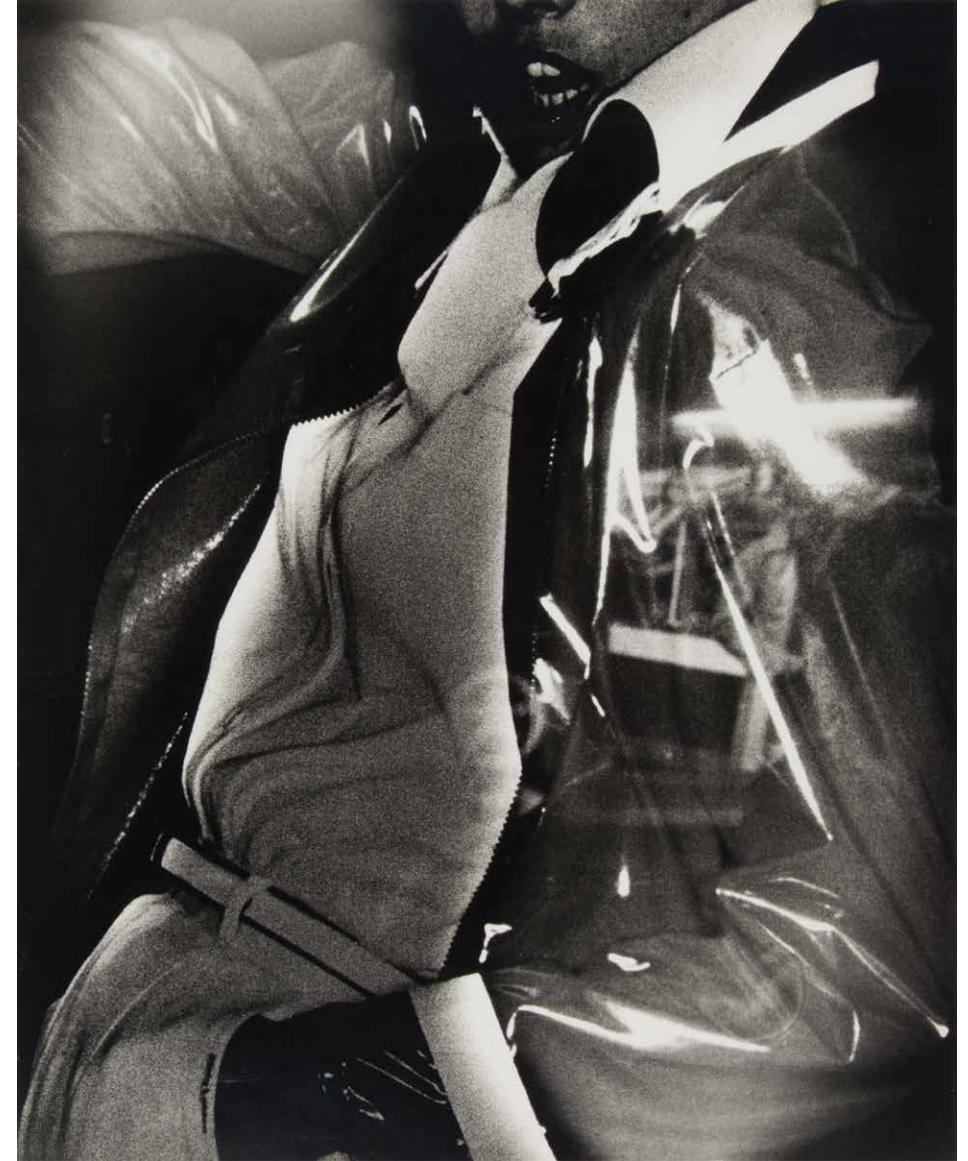
gelatin silver print, 22 x 30.6 cm

Transparent Plastic

Jaleh Mansoor

An abstracted landscape of textures until a face settles into view, Daido Moriyama's *Tokyo*, 1974, gathers the contradictions in the historicity of the medium. Does it offer depth of view (Louis Daguerre, Gustave Le Gray) or a topography of surfaces (Anna Atkins, Henry Fox Talbot)? Is it an equivalent (Alfred Stieglitz), an index of time (Étienne-Jules Marey), a pregnant moment (Henri Cartier-Bresson)? What is photographic realism? The visual field bound by the frame is shiny and chaotic, a cacophony of represented consistencies, a chaos of grain. When vision settles, a face emerges at the top of a triangular form, which already suggests composition in keeping with the genre of the portrait. But this portrait is barely operative as such, given that the only part of the face not cut off by the frame is a toothy mouth whose expression, gender, or identity is impossible to assign. Clashing codes, then, but on numerous levels: deictic, descriptive, evidentiary, abstract, representational. The dominant quality of the image is this almost blinding quality of shine, which, it turns out, is a garment, an overcoat of sorts. But it is transparent. And it reflects the light from a camera, a kind of perverse medium specificity. The dominant regime of the image is plastic. And plastic becomes a framework for vision itself. There is a formalist history, a history of form, to be written on the marriage of plastic and capitalism in the American Cycle of Accumulation, 1949-1974.

But we get ahead of ourselves. Moriyama's project, by turns commercial and relatively autonomous, began in the barricades of Tokyo, 1968, from which also issued the Provoke collective. Provoke ran three issues of its journal. Moriyama was part of the second and third (10 March and 10 August 1969). The journal understood itself to be a platform for experimental photography and emphasized the aleatory capacities of the mechanical medium, and the texture and grain of "error" in developing the latent image. Provoke published a summation of its project after the journal had ceased in 1970. Barthes' essay "The Third Meaning," in which the material and contingent elements of the medium are emphasized over connotative and denotative signification, was among the literature cited. By 1983 Moriyama was winning national awards.



Daido Moriyama

Tokyo, 1974

gelatin silver print, 40 x 32.8 cm



Al McWilliams
Head (D), 1998
beeswax on gelatin silver print, 38.1 x 30.5 cm

Terse Graffito

Rinde Eckert

The obvious: the mouth and eyes. Edvard Munch howling in a wax beard? What, then? Simply a chance encounter, as in an ordinary snapshot, the photo taken without thinking, the right assumed, the cost unmeasured? Here's this already-frozen thing (lifted from its natural repose and placed), not fleeting at all. Vegetable-cum-totem. The unprepossessing object and the trite observation (face it). A reflection of our vanity to see in this wounded wax our image?

Let me tell you the story then: It was a simple dinner, no special occasion, nothing romantic; ordinary wine, the deep and familiar pleasure of a shared life, perhaps. Then, in the extinguishing of the candle, an errant bit of beeswax stiffening as it fell to the linen tablecloth, then cooling there in the afterglow of the warmth of yet another in a thousand dinners.

What follows? Accident or art, the mouth? And who noticed first? Who said: "Look, dear, a face!" Was it that careless? Or was it posed, like Cartier-Bresson was wont to do, the moment staged, the dull colour, the shape of the wax chosen, the mouth formed with an eraser on the head of a pencil (that word "head" again)? Do we care? A bit of wax, a few depressions, a title, what could be more straightforward?

Yet, now, having asked too many questions, I mourn. I am the champion of this personified blob. Already defeated by the assumption of a photo-happy age that nothing is sacred, that all must and shall be chronicled, that we are bound to complete God's work, that all shall be named in our image.

Too much, this last? Shall I quit now? (I don't remember where I was.) Ah, nature! Ah, the timeless warp of memory! Ah, the simple beauty of the lost and nameless! Ah, the shape of the mouth in awe or mortification! Scream, poor sad friend, scream for all the gloriously unimportant and ephemeral made subject to our vanity, made to carry meaning, the eternal trudge of the tagged, the branded, HEAD, the terse graffito. No solemnity, no apology.

Image Meets Medium

Catherine M. Soussloff

Baby, a.k.a. Jean Harlow, née Harlean Harlow Carpenter (1911-1937). With cibachrome, black and white becomes red, yellow, and blue. Baby's got the blues. Photography becomes her celebrity: the process of twentieth-century genre-making where the subject-object problem dissolves from black-and-white glossies into poster repetitions of "the star." The ephemerality of fame solidifies into the image.

The ontology of the photograph insists on a layering of social resonances and temporalities. The title's reference to camp filmmaker Kenneth Anger's censored book *Hollywood/Babylon* (published in English in 1965) recalls the notoriety of the blonde bombshells illustrated there, and their (often) tragic demises. Lasting fame is ensured by the goddess-image on this poster that refuses to dissolve into the pool.

The dialectical image of modernity, simultaneously fixating and alienating. The image fixed by the photo-bath of the cibachrome process; the image distorted by the waves of celebrity-making begun when Baby was only ten. *Hollywood/Babylon* points to where the image meets the surface and the depth of the social subject. What's sadder than the distorted and fragmented face of a "great beauty"? Baby-blues upturned, lips melting: Harlow, Garbo, Dietrich, Monroe. Women immersed in the Hollywood machine.

Hollywood/Babylon makes the reveal, refracting the dearly held cultural ideal of woman as goddess and the idea of the autonomy of the photograph. Image meets medium: old-time movie poster floats in the chlorinated pool, and the original slides taken in 1966 subsequently serve the artist as "tests" for the cibachrome process in 1975. They destroy any illusions we might harbour of celebrity and any nostalgia we might have had for "the unprecedented growth in the production and use of images"¹ that has become our contemporary reality.

¹ André Gunthert, "Photography, Laboratory of a History of Modernity," *Photography: Crisis of History*, ed. Joan Fontcuberta (Barcelona: Actar, n.d.), 235.



Michael Morris

Hollywood/Babylon, 1978
cibachrome print, 31 x 20 cm

It's My Party

Vince Aletti

I've always liked party pictures, even the elaborately staged tableaux of costumed revellers Horst and Beaton made at fancy-dress balls in the thirties. But it's when the photographer is in the midst of an event—surrounded by people who are paying him no mind—that you really get the feel of a party. Garry Winogrand's photograph, titled only *New York City* and dated circa 1969, has that you-are-there quality, and makes me wonder if I was. Like Lee Friedlander and Diane Arbus, Winogrand often took pictures at museum opening nights, and he could easily have noticed this casually dressed-up young couple, drinks in hand, at the Museum of Modern Art or the Whitney. Since I never passed up an invitation to an opening uptown, it's entirely possible that I was among the shadowy crowd milling in the picture's background, imagining that I belonged there. Winogrand was famously voracious—one of photography's hungriest eyes—and it would be fascinating to see the contact sheets from this event, if only to peer deeper into the dimness here. This is hardly Brassai's charged vision of a thrillingly illicit nighttown; Winogrand's shadows are hiding men in suits, not thugs and streetwalkers. But if there's no great mystery here, the dark scrim that falls beyond the couple puts them at theatrical centre stage. Her gesture, offering him a drag on her cigarette, invites him to lean in. His hair, a long post-Beatles shag, falls in front of his eyes, redirecting our attention back to her. She's clearly the one who caught Winogrand's eye—one of the many he included in his 1975 book *Women Are Beautiful*, a number of whom he found at parties. "Whenever I've seen an attractive woman, I've done my best to photograph her," Winogrand wrote in that book. He dithers around a bit, trying to define what he means by "attractive," but in the end he writes, "I suspect that I respond to their energies, how they stand and move their bodies and faces." The energy in this picture is subtle and contained, but look at her expression—open-mouthed, intent, amused, sly—and you can see exactly what he means.



Garry Winogrand

Untitled, New York City, c. 1969

gelatin silver print, 20.4 x 25.5 cm

Sister

Sachiko Murakami

Two as a hypothesis of yes emptied out into the present.

One, always practical, springs back into category

while the other sidesteps a record of flimsy difference.

One forgets her meds again. One is constituted of buttons.

Rasps at her childhood. Splits hairs to pass time.

Are you foraging for *no* at the end of a sentence of mouths.

Are you the one who received her first kiss or

the one whose yesses spilled over.

The one who drank. The one who drinks.

Whose sibilance ladders the other's thin sheath of *no*

that unlocks the door to the room where

one stands while the other sits.

Even now, one barely breathes. Trapped

here where the eye follows drape

that repeats what one repeats

what one repeats.



Kevin Madill

Sisters (Portrait of Kristin & Marie Schopp), 1993

C-print, 173 x 216 cm

her thought, her age, her time

Jenn Jackson

Two citizens stand within a white space. A woman and a girl joined together in a representation of the stretch of a woman's life. Their features suggest the extension of a bloodline. Within the controlled composition of their bodies, there is a quality of routine connection. The woman's fingertips graze the top of the girl's head, which is tucked comfortably beneath the curve of her chin. Bare arms criss-cross in familial intimacy. There is no space between their bodies, yet a generation of time divides their moment of exchange. The girl's body relaxes into the soft influence of the woman's torso as she glances with calm introspection beyond the frame. The woman's gaze is considerably more direct. Her kohl-lined eyes both confront and demand our attention, tendering a determined defence, an unforgiving exchange, an advocacy of shelter and security.

A reaching and longing are performed within the portrait. By posing themselves the woman and the girl assert their autonomy, each with her own desires, strengths, and vulnerabilities. Their discrete display of self-image and shared psychic space tugs the viewer into a place of self-conscious looking. An entangled triumvirate surfaces—between the woman and the girl, the photographer, and the viewer. Perspectives—internal, external; theirs, ours—slowly shift the terrain. Conversations, exchanges, and lived experiences are bleached out in the setting bathed by harsh California sun. The photograph tames the woman and the girl's private and emotional lives, granting the viewer leisurely access beyond familiar lines. This lure, this narrative appeal, solicits further attention, permitting speculation and (without warning) judgment.

The sun touches their skin. The girl's face glows with smooth radiance: innocence and hope in a pink spaghetti-strap halter-top. The woman's tattooed arms are freckled with sunspots, her eyes squint against the glare, revealing slight creases, inscribed with potential responsibility, a traceable timeline. In this photograph one senses that the fate of the anonymous woman and girl are at stake. Yet the portrait is agile in its ambiguity, refusing details about their identities in exchange for emotive gesture. They stand together at the edge of an unknown future, in candid trust, anticipating a moment beyond the slipping horizon.



Katy Grannan

Anonymous, Modesto, CA, 2012

pigment print, 99 x 73.5 cm

The Prophet is a Realist of Distances

Maria Fusco

It's our
in English law from 1200 until its abolition in 1846 the legal figure of the deodand meant that an
object was just as culpable as its owner in cases of accidental death or grievous bodily injury

you see me here
the object in question a knife which had stabbed a carriage wheel which had crushed a tub filled with
boiling water which had scalded was automatically forfeit to the crown's almoner

when I was
to be sold or exchanged for the harm that had been inadvertently rendered through its materiality

plucked me from
the gains were then applied to some pious public use

softening his jaw
the deodand's insistence of the legitimate simultaneity of vastly differing conceptual forms of
the physical presence of the guilty object and the potential social distribution of sanctimony is palpable

she almost
the deodand was decidedly not a representation or a procedural tool of damage but rather a gift
bestowing the random with reason buoying the faithful



Robert Frank
Trolley – New Orleans, 1955
gelatin silver print, 31 x 49 cm

Exhibit Camouflage!

Sylvain Campeau

It's the heads that turn everything around!

Otherwise it would be an ordinary image, quite unremarkable! An image of a clinical interior. It could be a classroom, a biology workbench, some sort of pharmaceutical lab—what do we know? But stripped-down, traceless, not a single distinguishing mark to identify it beyond question. If only we were given a few more signs, a decisive clue, to dispel any doubt! But there is nothing particularly revealing in this shot. Nor is this indeterminacy sufficient to arouse our curiosity, to awaken any kind of interest. Nothing to turn one's head.

But there are the heads!

Heads, what's more, that aren't especially macabre, but which seem displaced enough for us to remain attentive, to want to examine the image in detail. They are there like the sign of a slight, oh so slight, impropriety. In fact, it's not that they are so very strange, but that they endow the setting with an aura of strangeness. For everything in this universe is so measured, so balanced that, by contrast, the most trifling disruption threatens to bring on certain chaos. And it's this meagre disorder that allows one to enter the image—to project and imagine oneself in this place that is so like a wasteland, a vacuity without pathos or anguish, a void swept by a function one knows not how to name but which one senses to be quite real. And as a result, we notice the one paper towel slightly askew of the others in the stack, shamelessly dishevelled. All is not so rigorous as it seemed at first sight. Part of a table can be seen on the right, cut by the border of the image. A pipe runs partway along the wall above the cabinets. A window has been ablated and the sign over the door displays a measly fraction of its letters. This—without a doubt—is revealing. Because, to really see these details, we had to enter the image, and now that we are there, we are barred from visually accessing the exit.

Look, it's no use! We have learned nothing about this place. Its function remains a mystery to us. We have gained nothing by immersing ourselves into it so. But, never mind, here we are. Inside, drowning in it, consulting the signs that should enable us to see it clearly.

And then we balk! This is getting ridiculous! What is this place? Why does it thwart all our efforts at identification?

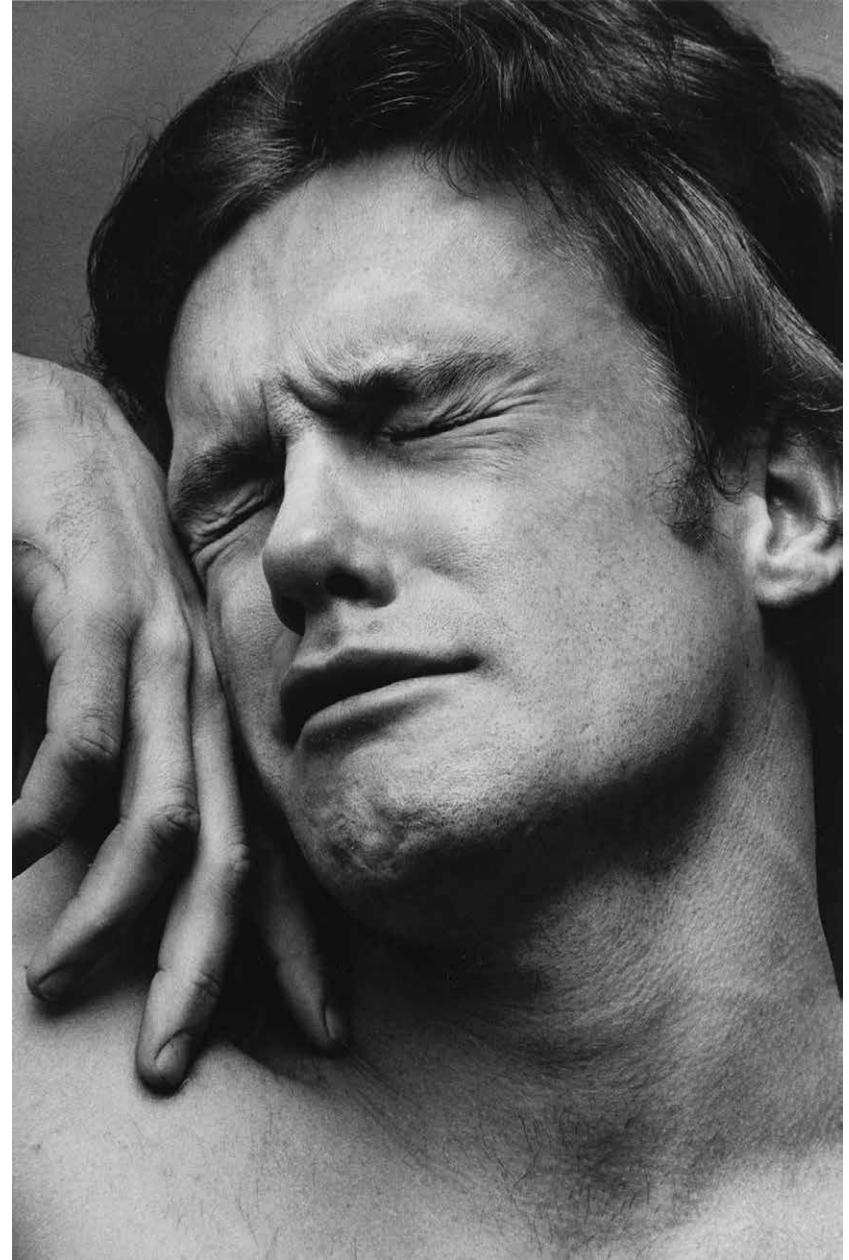
It's at this stage we understand: we are puzzled by it because everything in this place is so generic there is really no point in knowing anything else about it. The image has given rise to all our hypotheses without catching hold of a single one of them. Hidden here are plenty of possibilities and all the outward forms of a real place. Yet this elusiveness is not a matter of concealment but rather a discreet display of signs. The image gains in reality by keeping distinctive signs in check. By its very indistinctiveness.

Camouflage, then. But understood as an operation that is less about hiding than about exhibiting with deliberate restraint...the image in its reality as image.



Lynne Cohen

Untitled, from "Camouflage" series, 1990s
gelatin silver print, 46 x 51 cm



Peter Hujar
Orgasmic Man, 1969
gelatin silver print, 28.5 x 19 cm

Portrait of a body unseen

Claudia Beck

Face to face with ecstasy
A portrait beyond the everyday
This man's face in rapture

Not Bernini's *Ecstasy of Saint Teresa*
Not the homoeroticism of Robert Mapplethorpe
More inwardly driven as in Julia Margaret Cameron's *Iago*

Hujar pictures a poem

The Sappho song rings true:
"Eros the melter of limbs (now again) stirs me
sweetbitter unmanageable creative who steals in"

Is this Eros up close?
Eyes squinched shut
Whose eyes see?
Mouth with an aaah, or not
Whose ears hear?
A hand, a touch, shudder unseen
A look of pain as pleasure moves to loss

Pleasure, unhold-on-able

Look again to Hujar's *Portraits of the Dead*
In catacombs of Palermo
Skulls, clothed skeletons glass-casketed
The realm of the dead made visible

Ecstasy and death—a pair—transformers and transporters
As a photograph is

1 Anne Carson, *If Not, Winter: Fragments of Sappho* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2002), 265.

On consumption and vulnerability

Stacey Ho

Since the time of the Decadents, representations of Saint Sebastian have been infused with homoerotic desire. Within this conception, the arrows that pierce the soldier-saint's torso become cocks that penetrate and destroy him for the sake of pleasure. I imagine Roman soldiers gathered around the body of a beautiful young man, gazing upon him in death as an object of desire. Love, in this portrait, is infused with tragedy, desire with violence and possession, mirroring behaviours inherent to capitalism and harmfully constructed forms of masculinity.

In Peter Hujar's *Orgasmic Man*, I see a foil to such forms of domination. The darkness and loss linger on, as ever, but there is also the possibility of a different kind of desire. I imagine Hujar's world as one cleansed of terror, existing outside of it, as in death. Hujar photographed his friends and lovers. Accordingly, his images are suffused with intimacy and care for his subjects. His subjects were also artists, writers, and thinkers working and living within that particular moment in New York in the 1970s and '80s, just before and during the American AIDS epidemic. As we look back now, one cannot help but imbue these images with what Jalal Toufic would call *the surpassing disaster*—an event so traumatic that tradition withdraws and becomes impenetrable following that event. In this personal and cultural context, love becomes a form of community and also the framework with which to view a social history.

It is tricky to talk about photography as *truthful* and art as *beautiful*. And yet, found somewhere in the distance between subject, optics, and light, there exists in Hujar's images a faith in photography's ability to transmit a truth more real than what is tangible. In these ephemeral relations, these most frightening and vulnerable moments between love and death, Hujar shows us tenderness and dignity. Playing again with Toufic's notions, I am seeking a means of *resurrection* while looking at this picture—trying to find meaning, if possible, in this material in the present. What does this *Orgasmic Man*—a boy, really—want to reveal about love, queerness, gender, history, desire, death, beauty? As in much of Hujar's work, the impermanence and the realness of this question are communicated through flaws and flesh, reflecting off one lone and unique body to pierce through our own, penetrating our retinas, leaving its mark on our hands, feet, torsos, cells.

I watch this boy as he comes, given over to vulnerability. From this gesture, somewhere between pleasure and pain, I wonder about ways to inhabit desire that resist possession. Perhaps in this image, an arrow may be remediated so that it is not a weapon. To take up a position of defencelessness, to allow oneself to be consumed: perhaps from such acts one could begin to consider relations that reshape toxic forms of desire. In this world of possibility and from this fragile position, the body itself may open up and begin to write while embracing disaster.



Notes on *Barakei*

Ignacio Adriasola

One day, Hosoe Eikoh came over and took my flesh to a strange world... The world I was taken to by the sorcery of his lens was abnormal, twisted, ridiculous, grotesque, savage, pansexual—however, one could also hear in this world the murmur of a clear and cool stream, the undercurrent from within the invisible heart of a gutter.¹

The viewer is regaled with a most refined sort of grotesquerie. A series of nudes printed in luscious black-and-white gravure. A male figure, posing alone or with others, standing, sitting, or lying down, holding various attributes. Half-tone images on vellum showing an egg, thorny stems of roses, scattered petals bleeding into each other, and a velvet-like darkness. The photographs weave an incomprehensible narrative. Lurid epigraphs drawn from ancient texts intimate the commission of a sin for which the gods now seek revenge. Photomontage renders the protagonist into *objet*, body sutured to volutes of furniture and clocks, skin merging with canvases by Botticelli, Giorgione, and Reni, in a shadowy ritual of death—but with unequivocal signs of pleasure on his terrified face. He appears bound by the frame, rose in mouth, his brow pearly with sweat, bloodshot eyes pleading like Gabriele D’Annunzio’s martyr-hero Sébastien, “*Encore! Encore...!*” Exhausted, he lies on a carved stone bench over a bed of roses. Our hero rests at last—or does he?

Barakei is a record of novelist Mishima Yukio and photographer Hosoe Eikoh’s journey to the Underground, an unseen place that refracts the hypocritical morality of the world above. For us aboveground citizens, it is a fiction; for Hosoe, it is a subjective documentary. The photobook’s disjointed narrative, formal manipulation, and exacting depiction of the body’s crevices compel us to believe that its testimony is something better than the truth. Likewise, in his prologue, Mishima denies any connection to his life or work. (This despite the leitmotifs of cyclicity, transgression, and retribution, and the knowing deployment of a semi-autobiographical register, also present, as elsewhere in his oeuvre, in his first succès de scandale, the homosexual coming-of-age novel *Confessions of a Mask*.) *Barakei* exists somewhere between fact and fiction. By deliberately restaging his biography, Mishima overdetermines the work’s interpretation—he continues to haunt us from the grave...

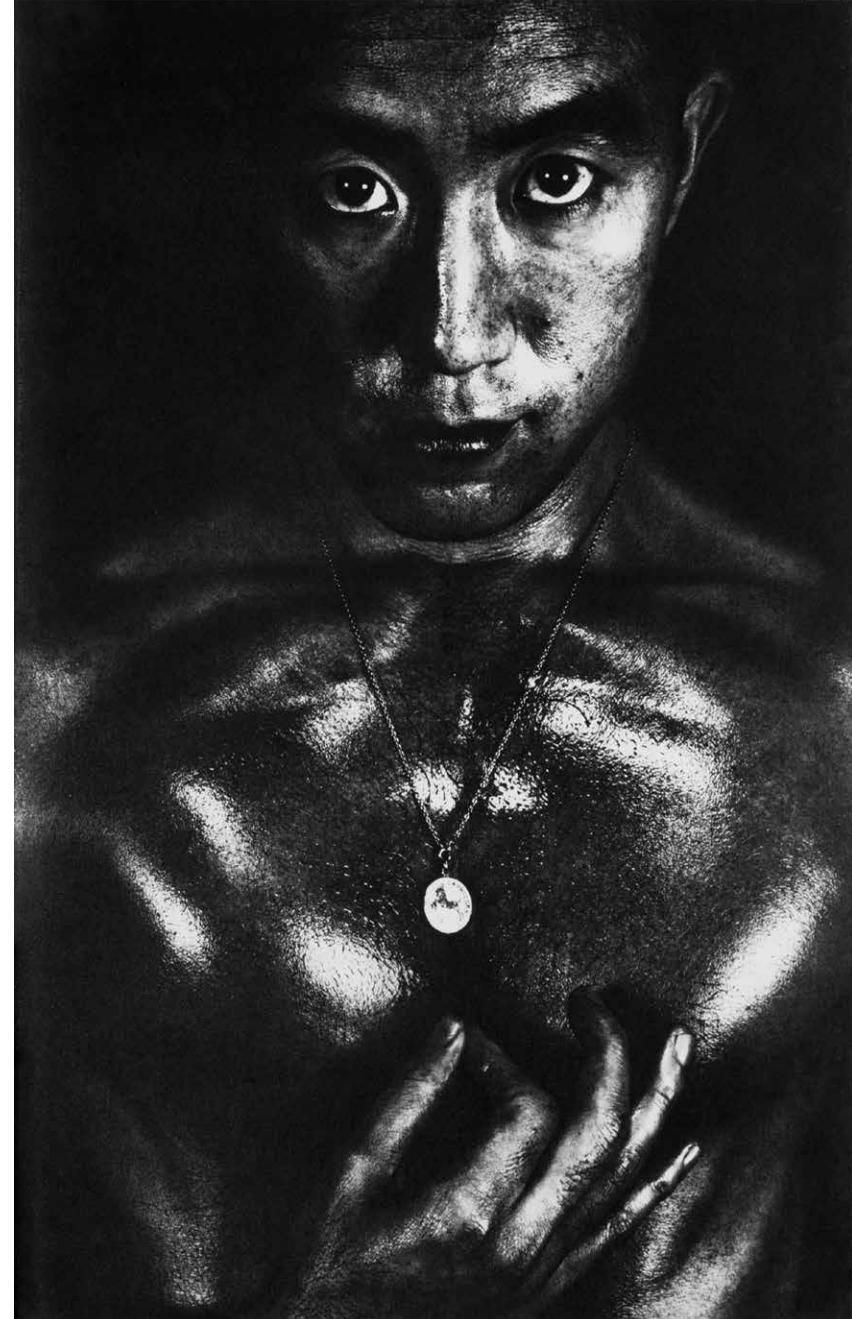
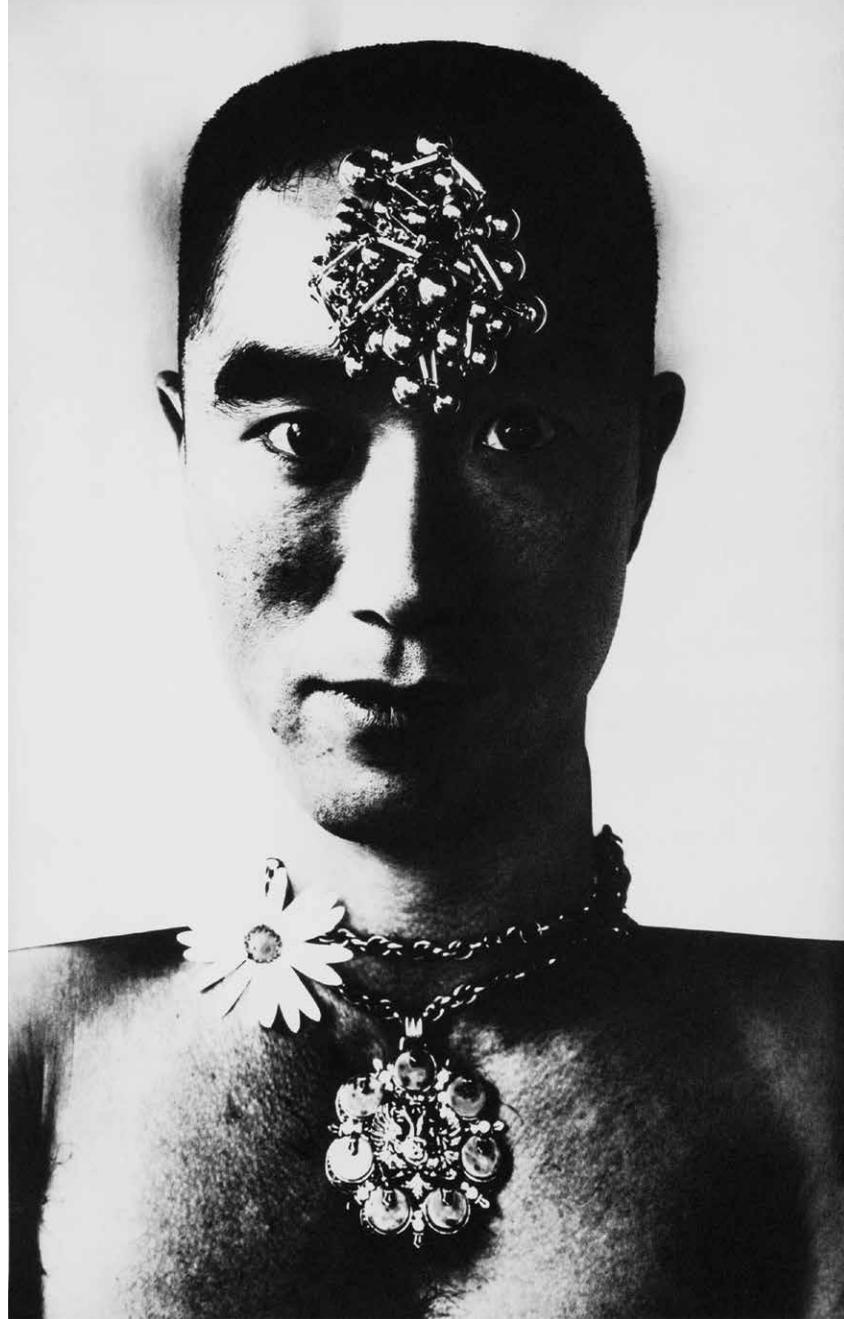
Yet *Barakei* is all surface: the tactility of its heavy pages; the absorptive quality of its large format; the intimacy, the outrageousness, the painterly ghostliness of its images; the interplay of fragment and totality—this is High Baroque. Mishima and Hosoe give us surfaces that fold into and over themselves, like the draping marble in a Bernini, elevating photography toward the Infinite.

¹ Mishima Yukio, “Hosoe Eikoh Josetsu [An Introduction to Hosoe Eikoh],” *Barakei* (Tokyo: Shueisha, 1963).

Eikoh Hosoe and Yukio Mishima

Killed by Roses, 1963

photogravures in book published by Shueisha (Tokyo, Japan), each double-page spread 42 x 28 cm





Christos Dikeakos
Naikoon Park, Haida Gwaii, 2014
inkjet print, 96.52 x 114.3 cm

Forest / Memory / Swamp

Jacob Wren

I am writing longhand in a notebook. I am writing from memory. I am writing from memory because to do so is connected to the reason I chose the image in the first place: a figure in the forest, in nature, far away from computers, concrete, and financial transactions. I remember an image of getting away and I'm getting away, something romantic, but also something ugly. At least that's how I remember it now, here in the café, without the image anywhere in sight. An image of someone in the woods, trying to climb, to get higher. I of course know that when you write about an image you're not supposed to do so from memory, you're supposed to have the image in front of you, or at least nearby. But this attempt to get away is misguided. To get away from being a good responsible writer, a good professional artist, wondering what kind of woods I might be able to get sufficiently lost in, where I might climb ineffectively to nowhere and not so easily find my way back.

Now it is much later and I am writing with the image in front of me. From this more accurate vantage, the image is clearly set not in a forest but in a swamp. My memory has betrayed me almost completely, a situation that is not uncommon. The contemporary world is also clearly present in the form of a boom microphone. It is not the person but the microphone that is climbing, the person climbing through the stand-in of a technological tool. Something is being recorded, an audio recording which will likely prove to be considerably more accurate than my memory. They are recording something, and I am also recording something by writing this. Sounds versus words. They could have attempted to recreate the sounds in a recording studio, but then they might have gotten them wrong, as I first got it wrong in the first half of this text. They have a specific relationship to nature, they are recording it, perhaps out of an anxiety that much of it will soon vanish. My own anxiety that nature is currently vanishing is changing me. Where previously I might have only thought *I don't like nature*, now when I think this I also feel how such thoughts are so integral to some larger problem. I don't like nature, but I am nature, at least a part of it. We have our tools, our technologies, to record it and ourselves, and in doing so to separate ourselves from all things unable to develop such technologies. But everything, every forest and every swamp, has technologies of its own, its ways of remembering and producing. With the image in front of me I think, momentarily, that I know what I'm looking at. But what will I actually remember in the years to come?

Here / Hear

Rob Budde

contact upon
contact, zones of furtive
creatures in their being
careful over careful
listening in on the epiphytes

the belief in that verdant act
all the while old growth
wit (wiid?) asserting itself
in the wet salt air

but instead, unknowing,
recording the whisper
of licorice root,
(little people), and
strange compulsions to
catalogue, while nearly
stepping on the single delight

the forests, the roots of the people
intertwined, *yah'guudang*

or the ongoing art harvest and
epiphanies of an unsustainable psyche with
languages pooling around
ankles—

where are you standing?

(beyond—first house point where Raven
coaxed the first out and watchers wait,
honouring the ancestors)

you see this colonization and the use of beauty
held aloft, a flag, a sound boom assertion—
did you hear them sing?—
an insignia sunk into the side of the ship

a coin
left at the base
of a tree,
or sold, either
just a small part
of the larger murmur
of turtle island

The Tomato

Reid Shier

At first I didn't notice the young woman sitting outside. On the porch or a balcony...reading? The evening looks warm. Late summer, judging from the tomato. Its long stem isn't from a store. She has a garden. Or a friend does.

It feels like an apartment kitchen. Water pipes up to the next floor, budget bamboo blinds. A fresh summer bouquet on the table supersedes the vase of dying lilies and wilting anthurium on the corner cabinet. *Memento mori*. Purple snapdragons. Crazy reflections in each window: brown bowl with an apple/peach/nectarine...purple flower (honeysuckle?) above and in front of her.

Freshly painted robin's-egg blue walls...or so it seems. What looks like a roller sleeve in the bucket on the floor may just be a roll of string...a can of paint thinner in the right corner of the windowsill any number of liquids. Cleaning up. An almost empty bottle of Windex, paper towels, crumpled brown paper with putty trim paint in the dustpan. Is she moving out, or in? Are those incense burners? Does it smell of paint, or just the décor.

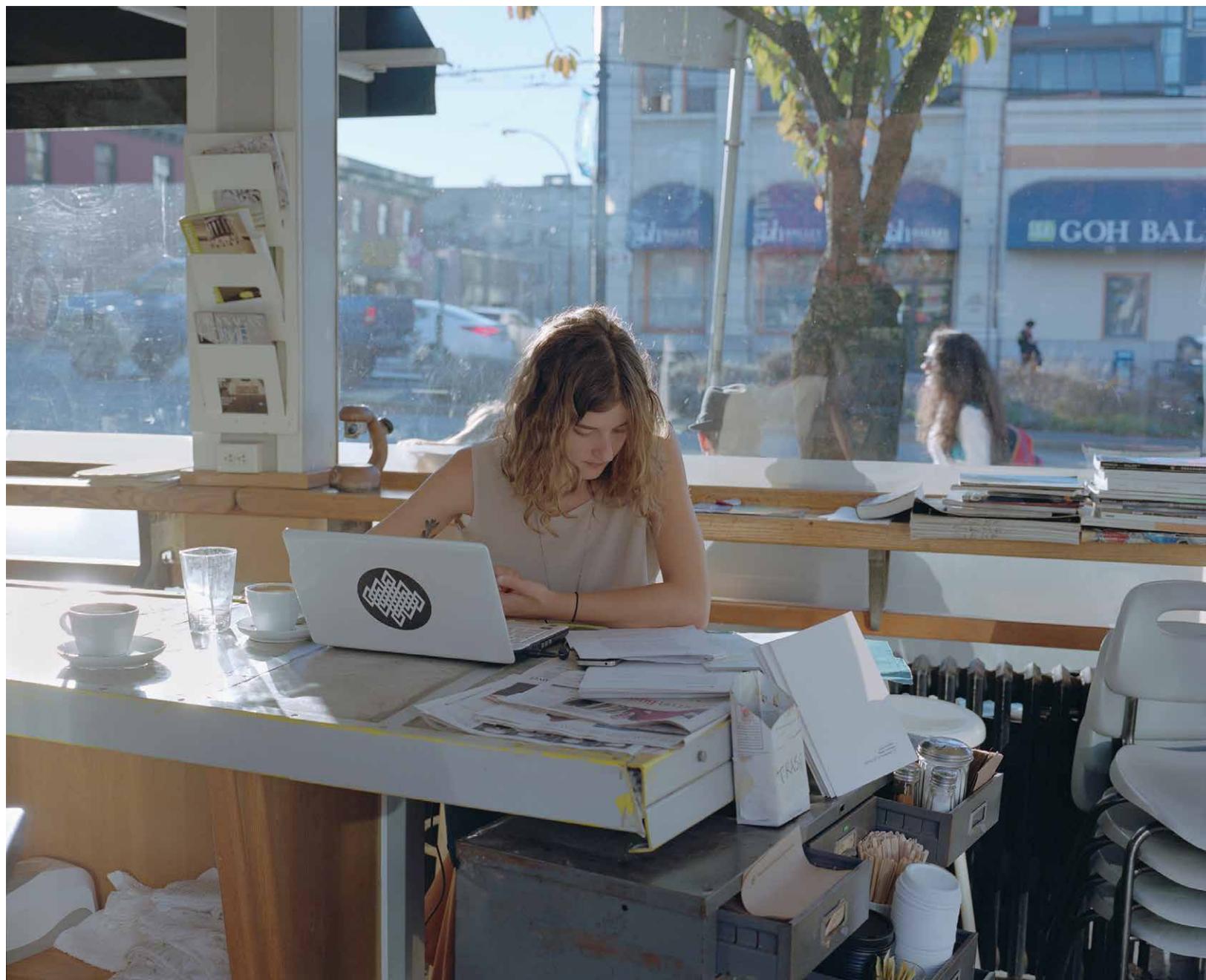
Two chairs tabled for sweeping, red fleece-jacket slung over legs...back from an errand. White linen handkerchief, old glassware in the cabinet, kitsch *Tahiti* print, surreal azure sky, ripped corner, blu-tacked to the wall. The poster was put up before the electric socket cover plate. Someone is staying. Buzzing blue light. 100 watts when it should be 40...or just a long, beautiful exposure.



Mike Grill

Tomato, 2008

inkjet print, 58.5 x 73.5 cm



Stephen Waddell

Jelena, 2014

pigment print on chalk ground on aluminum, 86.4 x 109.2 cm

Everyday Looking

Aaron Peck

I was unaware of the tattoo on the underside of her right arm. Our interactions did not and would not permit such observation. Besides, she often sat on the far side of the room. In the gallery where the image was first exhibited, I found myself studying her likeness. In order to approach something like an understanding or appreciation of a picture, a viewer needs scrutiny, time, even impartiality—a forensic ability to notice detail, which everyday looking, at least with people, rarely affords, unless the subject happens to be a friend or a loved one. I consulted the title. Jelena. I wondered why the artist had given her a fictional name. Perhaps it was an allusion I didn't know.

The photograph itself portrays a young woman at her laptop in a café. Based on the angle of light and location—looking westward from Gene Coffee Bar—I assumed that the picture had been taken in early afternoon. In the background, outside through the window, some of the foliage on the tree is turning, which suggests late summer or early autumn; unless the tree is sick. There are three minor figures in the background as well. Across the street, on the west side of Main Street, appears a figurine-like passerby near Goh Ballet, while a subtle affinity exists between the closer passerby on the east side of Main and the central figure inside the café: both have dirty-blond hair. A man in a fedora rests the back of his head against the window of the café; his form is slightly obscured by the reflection in the window of the figure inside.

The interior foreground is a near monochrome. The chairs, countertops, shelves, and walls are all white or grey; the figure wears a taupe blouse, has blonde hair and white skin; the bar has soft wooden accents. Loose-leaf paper, newsprint, magazines, and stickers overwhelm the two electronic devices depicted (iPhone and laptop). The iPhone itself is buried in a pile of paper. The artist has captured a rather unique form of absorption. Instead of being immersed in the picture's central absorptive device, the laptop, the figure looks away and is engaged with a different object: a pile of papers—notes, I assume. It is a portrait of a writer in a moment of pause, concentration, thought, or recollection, but not in the moment of composition itself.

I thought the picture was of a student, because, as I have hinted, I recognized her as one of mine. Was she, at the time of the photograph, preparing a paper for one of my classes? It might be the case that the model is a student, but sometimes what we bring to a picture blinds us to what is depicted, even to what is obvious.

It was, it turned out, not my former student, but her doppelgänger.

An hour later, after the opening, I asked the artist why he chose to photograph Kara, and what the title meant. He said: "That's not Kara; it's Jelena."

"But she looks exactly like Kara."

"No," he said, "that's Jelena."

Where the light falls, or where caffeinated bodies congregate

Bopha Chhay

This place is a fishbowl refracting energy from the confluence of traffic and pedestrians along Main and Kingsway. Glancing across the counter, I notice the light falling on an empty glass of water and the two cups of coffee adjacent to a woman at her laptop; their placement resembles an hourglass. What is she reading? Stacks of stapled papers. Course readings, articles from peer-reviewed journals, probably. She appears immersed in the material.

Unlike me: I'm so distracted! My coffee, grown tepid, has lost its appeal. I look to my list, a scrap of hastily scrawled notes transferred from yesterday's list:

- cover letter
- conference abstract
- email Granny
- Skype Laura...

I overhear someone ordering a latte with "unsweetened almond milk." The barista replies, "I'm sorry, we only have sweetened." The customer mutters something about how unnecessary it is for almond milk to be sweetened. I admire the barista's poise; she seems neither as bitter nor as jaded as you'd expect her to be.

I've tried to avoid almonds since someone told me it takes 1.1 gallons of water to cultivate a single almond in California. I haven't bothered to fact-check this. I was put off by the realization of how unsustainable our food cultivation practices can be, but my decision not to purchase almonds is really just a stand-in for how estranged I feel from the food I consume. I acknowledge that this gesture is somewhat futile.

I understand why coffee houses have been aspirationally nicknamed "innovation hubs," as places where people congregate to discuss and galvanize their ideas. But here, in this fishbowl, few people are chatting with each other; most are staring into their screens: reading, emailing, writing cover letters, messaging, more emailing. My rationale for getting work done in cafés is driven by a somewhat illusory perception that the café is an extension of public space. It is seemingly a relaxed social space that appears inviting and all-accommodating to those who have the means to partake. Perhaps this atmosphere of caffeinated distraction serves to form a pronounced space that drives a heightened need to attend to those tasks, before distraction promptly commandeers you.

The woman across the counter now appears to be consulting a book; perhaps she is checking a reference, fine-tuning an argument, or clarifying a point. Her contemplative mode and apparent productivity of writing seems so far from my distracted observations. This distraction does lead me to find familiarity in a seeming opposite, and my mind keeps turning back to how familiar the woman looks.



Hiroshi Watanabe

from *Suo Sarumawashi* portfolio (*Kojiro & Kurimatsu, Genki, Choromatsu, Aikichi with Bamboo Sieve, Aikichi 2, Fukunosuke*), 2009
pigment ink print, 20.3 x 20.3 cm each

Animal Dress-up

Donovan Schaefer

It is generally thought, although none of the philosophers I am about to examine actually mentions it, that the property unique to animals, what in the last instance distinguishes them from man, is their being naked without knowing it. Not being naked therefore, not having knowledge of their nudity, in short, without consciousness of good and evil.

—Jacques Derrida¹

The faces of animals, Derrida tells us, are forgotten faces, faces behind bars, buried faces. The history of looking at animals, the history of thinking about animals, and the history of control over animal bodies—all are extensions of this blueprint of forgetting. Part of the forgetting of the animal face is the human-animal binary. The hyphen in the binary is a vacuum that distributes the animal family into two hierarchically-arranged branches: humans with our freedom, our culture, and our reason on top, and animals with their instincts, their nature, and their predictability underneath. Animals are naked, transparent, and mechanical; humans are clothed, complicated, free.

But this metaphysical construction is a conjuring trick. It's a skillfully fabricated camouflage that makes the world look much simpler than it is. The complexity of animals and the complexity of humans both disappear behind it. "Beyond the edge of the so-called human," Derrida writes, "beyond it but by no means on a single opposing side, rather than 'The Animal' or 'Animal Life' there is already a heterogeneous multiplicity of the living."² The heterogeneous multiplicity of life means life in its abundance, its complexity, its connectivity and therefore its impurity. Human clothing is natural just as animal nudity is unnatural.

Suo Sarumawashi, meaning "monkey dancing" in Japanese, has been a custom in Japan for over a thousand years. This ancient form of the performing arts was originally a military ritual before evolving into a popular form of street entertainment in which highly-trained macaques dressed in traditional costumes perform acrobatics and comical skits.

The histories of playing with animals, living with animals, and working with animals are ways of unforgetting. When we fraternize with animals, when we find our worlds and theirs bonding, we forget the force field between us generated by the entire animal-difference industry of laboratories, libraries, and factory farms. Animal play pulls our bodies and their bodies into a dance that is more topological than the lopsided grid that separates us on the surface. "If I say 'it is a real cat' that sees me naked," Derrida writes, "this is in order to mark its unsubstitutable singularity."³ Yet "significant otherness," as Donna Haraway has insisted, "can only be put together in emergent practices; i.e., in vulnerable, on-the-ground work that cobbles together non-harmonious agencies and ways of living that are accountable both to their disparate inherited histories and to their barely possible but absolutely necessary joint futures."⁴ Animals, specific animals, are changed by us and we are changed—in ways that matter—by animals, and the differences, the specificities, and the intimacies mean something.

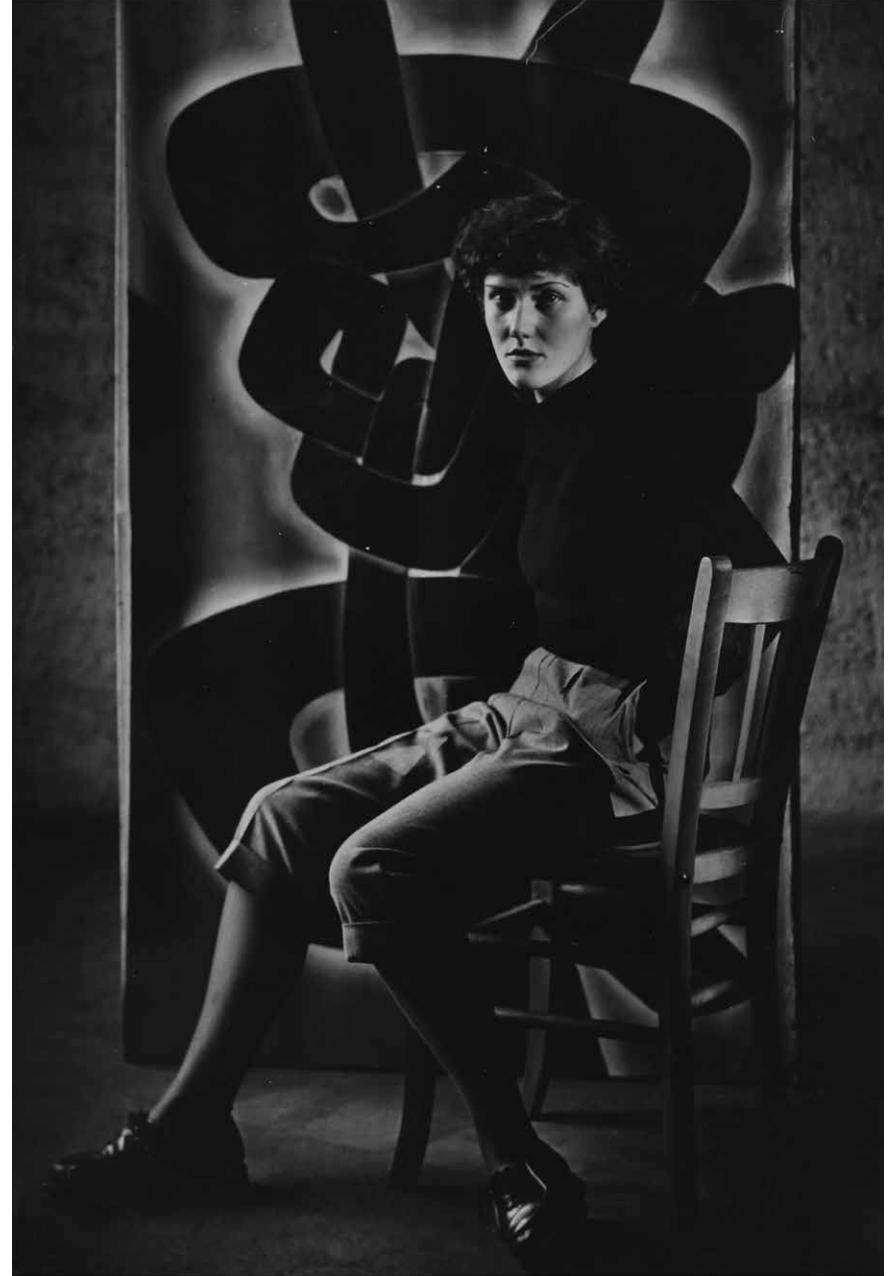


¹ Jacques Derrida, *The Animal That Therefore I Am*, trans. David Wills (New York: Fordham, 2008), 4-5.

² *Ibid.*, 31.

³ *Ibid.*, 9.

⁴ Donna Haraway, *The Companion Species Manifesto* (Chicago: Prickly Paradigm Press, 2003), 7.



Otto Steinert
Monika, 1950
gelatin silver print 23.5 x 16.3 cm

It is a yearning for a place

Andrew Berardini

A place with a boyish woman, hair-sheared over a soft face with sharp eyes. Short pants and sensible shoes, that sweater almost prim, but she wears it all with striking poise. A new New Woman returned from the shadows with all the lost abstractions. Her delicate frame shoulders an indomitable spirit, a rejection of convention. In her pose, a manifesto.

A place to experiment with life, politics, art, photography into abstraction. A place of long arguments over coffee then booze until dawn, mouths ashen with endless cigarettes. Intellectual rigor makes for physical hunger, and the arguments end with fierce and lonely fucking on cheap mattresses shifting on the worn floorboards. It is a fourth-floor walk-up to a cold-water flat, the rubble of a world war still being cleared, bodies still being counted. It is the memory of those hardships, of lost freedoms re-gained, the belief in what can be possible and the shame of what has passed, of the hard poverty of a broken nation not yet mended. The renewal of lost avant-gardes, of the way that a lens can tangle light in a photograph, to unfix it, to capture the energy of its making, the fracture of time normally only fixed in that instance.

While the rest were chasing decisive moments and fashion spreads, here there was no singular moment but moments overlaid. The long shutter of a shifting present, a material experimentation begun by Man Ray and Moholy-Nagy, dropped and temporarily forgotten in the horrors of dictatorship and air raids. A doctor, Otto Steinert, trying to find a picture, a voice, a way to heal the traumatic snap in black-and-gray shadows, in the silvery white of a silver print that makes everything look precious and ghostly.

Monika, Otto, this picture they made together. Here's a place they could be artists, make something new.

I dreamed of this place in my teenage bedroom, hemmed in by eggshell walls pinned with snapshots of punk priestesses, existentialist novelists, feminist intellectuals, snatches of poems and song lyrics scrawled with pencil on the doorpost, taped-up pages torn from art history textbooks of cubist wonders and blue Marilyns. I read about places like this one in biographies and histories, terse novels and ecstatic poetry—of gangs of artists in scenes quivering with life, of places of inclusion for weirdos and refugees, queer souls and brown bodies, for women, for identities whose names I did not then know but recognized in the wild, brave flapping of their freedom like bright flags caught in a ferocious wind.

From that teenage bedroom, I dreamed of women like Monika, of female power and desire marked by confidence, vision, and audacity. Of an artist's studio, a work hanging just so, and a student, a lover, a friend sitting still long enough for a picture to take shape, for a memory to coalesce with light, for a moment, a person, a dream of what art and life could be, burned into paper.

Pennies Not Dollars, We Are Here to Pay Our Respects

Rachelle Sawatsky

1 Tuesday, June 14, 2016

Someone in front of something else. Something in front of someone. Someone pretending to be dead on a dance floor. Someone wanting desperately, not wanting limit of body dying. Something doing something else and not thinking about that thing. Someone going to car mechanic with filthy car. Someone buying single bag of sugar at grocery store. Someone taking pet to vet. Someone doing everything but that feeling thing. That thing in front of that abstract thing. The grief over gun violence in a gay club in Orlando on Latin Night that needs to be written before I can begin.

2 Distraction

One thing in front of the other thing.

3 Abstraction

People don't understand abstraction when it is next to a fact. Are they scared that a once-precious abstract painting becomes an object when it is next to a pair of shoes or a hairbrush? Are they scared that it will only become fodder for artists like XX to play their irreverent games? I saw a piece of his at the gallery at Bard College, where he had an abstract cube placed in a row with the following objects in a row: X, X, and X. Did they cancel each other out? Yes. It was hot that summer. Cicadas and a terrible summer flu. Couldn't quite put a finger on two days up from the city. Covered myself with winter coats. Why can't abstraction be left out in the cold?

4 Delusional

She saw a photograph titled *Monika* and spent an afternoon looking for her on the internet. Found two Monika prospects but neither seemed promising. Fact: Monika Dietz would have been 18 years old in 1950 when the photograph was taken. Fact 2: Monika Von Boch would have been 35. She believes that over time your face can change to great degrees depending on what psychological upheavals you go through and how they alter you. You might hold yourself like a completely different person after a breakdown and suddenly no one recognizes you. She didn't discredit the identity of either Monika, but neither looked very similar to the Monika in the photograph. Monika Dietz was photographed by Steinert in a later photograph, next to a ladder. The photograph was titled *Portrait of Ladder and Monika Dietz*. Monika Von Boch was a photographer who worked at the same time as Steinert in Germany.

People think that abstraction, art, and women can just be interpreted, as if both can just mirror and reflect whatever you impress upon them. The other woman across the room responds. When, in fact, there is intention. Well, actually, it's a person. I mean, the painting, there was intention there; you can't just interpret it at will. Well, actually, *it is a person*, a woman missing a last name. I think it's laziness that people depict anonymous women all the time. A first name is objectifying. Her name might as well be an object noun, like Rose or Clementine.

“Before my book on New York, I was a painter”

Cecily Nicholson

I am responding to a document I have not handled. Here is a digital image, a numeric representation: pixelated, portable, networked graphics. Given a lack of contact, I consider the state of photography in 1955, when this photograph was made in New York, before silver gelatin was eclipsed by consumer colour. I contemplate how the light is determined.

The close-up as “personal” assumes that what is near is intimate. It indicates permission for the viewer to “be there” and to participate, because the photographer *is* there, *is* participating—he can “see the colour of their eyes”; he can “hear the music.” It fulfills the viewer’s desire to be intimate rather than a voyeur. Yet this assumed closeness is not with the subjects; it is more likely with the image and the photographer.

3 Black Kids and Harmonica feels familiar to me—the fearless, wide-eyed, indifferent expressions; everyday plurality at a glance. Multiple subjects, brothers somehow. The sharpest focus lights the youngest cheek, the fur-telling weather, the hands of the harmonica player, the player’s foot, their young knees, and the side-eye taking in passersby. On the rough road for the background’s tires, the children are present, sitting curbside while other things are happening.

One almost looks past the face, foregrounded left, so near as to be a blur. Lens-like, search the depth of this small close-cropped field, consider the middle’s longing, and alight on the musician’s face and hands. The harmonica player contributes a quality of refusal. Not looking at the camera, not participating, the child must have been heard nonetheless. What is outside the frame seems relevant here. See that foot planted. Kids crouch ready to run even if in a burst of joy.

There’s a kind of coldness evident. Maybe taken during a shoulder season—early autumn before the coldest month of 1955 in New York (December)—or after a trying winter, kids outside to play and hustle in a spring shot through with cold spells. Early spring, say—hats, plaids in layers, breath no longer condensing, and hands warm enough to keep warm playing.

At the time, this image of some blur and grain and incident would have been new. It would have meant something akin to *raw* and *unschooled*. The image-capture appears purposeful and direct, as though composed by Klein in the moment. Still, I read the subjects of capture to be uncomposable. The kinetic qualities are *theirs*, and of *their* time. The Sixties lay ahead.



William Klein

3 Black Kids and Harmonica, 1955
gelatin silver print, 24.8 x 32.4 cm

The Forensic Eye

Tom McDonough

Our eye is first drawn to *her* eye, which seems to stare back at us: her pupil constricted, a bright light reflected in her iris, eyelids emphasized with mascara, eyebrow shaped. We recognize this as a sort of studio photograph, but thanks to some deep evolutionary impulse of empathetic identification, we are nevertheless immediately drawn to her gaze, seeking any sign of mutual recognition. It is only secondarily that we can step back and see this photograph as a photograph—or rather see the artist's gesture to be one of re-photographing this image from a book. It is no more than an open page that she has arranged for our viewing in a careful composition, with the eye perfectly centered in her own square-format image. The blank, white facing page of the book occupies the left-hand quarter of the photograph, while an enveloping black background curls around the right. This is an old, practically obsolete technique, made not with the flatbed digital scanner but with the copy stand, which holds the camera perpendicularly above the item being photographed.

That oscillation between identifiatory pathos and cool appropriation is perhaps the characteristic manoeuvre of Anne Collier, whose photographs have for well over a decade questioned how such images—most notably of women—manipulate and mobilize their viewers. She has called her analysis of such material “forensic,” suggesting at once her studied objectivity and an undertone of menace. The photograph at the center of *Eye (Paper Gradations)* came from a book on printing techniques, a self-reflexive gesture common in her work; she has frequently drawn upon sources such as photography magazines, camera advertisements, popular photobooks and the like. She would, in fact, make several images from pages of this particular volume, including *Eye (Hot Foil Stamping)* and *Eye (Enlargement of Color Negative)*. All have an identical format, and close inspection reveals that, in each case, the photograph is identical: same model, same shot, the variations due only to the variety of printing techniques named in Collier's subtitles. Her typological concern thus becomes clear when the series is seen in its entirety. So does its derivation from conceptual precedent and its reference back to that “allegorical impulse” active in the Pictures Generation artists, who pioneered re-photography as a tool to demystify the indexical authenticity of the image, to deny its immediacy in the name of the endless deferral of signification, and to critique a range of cultural mythologies stabilized in photographic spectacle.

Collier, however, looks to photographs—most often drawn from the final triumphant decades of analogue technology in the 1970s and '80s—to explore the paradoxes peculiar to her own role as a “woman with a camera,” to recall the name of one of her best-known series. She is above all else an archivist of femininity under and behind the gaze of the photographic apparatus, and it is no coincidence that she would later reprise the theme of the *Eye* series with images depicting a photograph of her own eye, perfectly centered in the frame, resting in a darkroom developing tray. In *Eye (Paper Gradations)* we already find a similar play with the technical conventions of the photographic medium, coupled uneasily with the emotive and aesthetic draw of its theme. Appropriated from the most banal of sources, it nevertheless strangely moves us. The reversibility of subject and object, the mobilization and denial of our affective sympathies, and the contradictions—at once historical, social, and psychic—attendant on her own position are held here in the highest tension.



Anne Collier
Eye (Paper Gradations), 2008
C-print, 53.34 x 61 cm



Raymonde April
Autoportrait au rideau, 1991
gelatin silver print, 61 x 91.5 cm

photo mind *sati*

Daphne Marlatt

wind open window thoughts or no-thought open

plein-air unseen

gauze blow by trace niggles internal

having stills in the still how

inside paper wrinkles bend percept

reflects

she satiated or tired or
having pictured wall, window, birch she
all she sees in the
moving

paper reams unpictured

arms at rest
gauze thoughts

graze

still

the window's

apparent

houses what

reflect roof mind images what's there or bare
seen once a penny for quick takes you long belonged
click this ^ or this ^ wakes what's gone in the
next

mémoire an utter outer **it** le temps
the temp the wind
moirés

In a biographical statement about her Autoportrait au rideau in BlackFlash magazine, Raymonde April writes: "My photographic work could be seen as a form of writing." I saw this after I had written the above poem and was struck by how that statement spoke to my experience of reading her "autoportrait" as an inscription in light of a moment in the onrushing stream of moments that form a life.

That Which You Do Not Have Time To Regret

Joe Wenderoth

the light of the sun arrives
like food for the drowning
like black light for memories
trapped in the faceless tender
pushing you along
in order
to live



Daido Moriyama

Tokyo, 1974

gelatin silver print, 32.8 x 40 cm

Notes on Writers

IGNACIO ADRIASOLA teaches the history of Japanese art in the Department of Art History, Visual Art & Theory at the University of British Columbia. His research focuses on experimental art and visual culture in the post-war period. He is currently working on a manuscript on art in Japan in the 1960s.

VINCE ALETTI reviews photography exhibitions for the *New Yorker's* Goings on About Town section and photography books for *Photograph*, as well as being a regular contributor to *Aperture*, *Artforum*, and *W*. A show of photographs from his collection, entitled *Male*, travelled from New York's White Columns to Presentation House Gallery in 2008. Subsequent collections were published as *Rodeo* (2013) and *Untitled/Anonymous* (2015). With Carol Squiers, he co-curated *Avedon Fashion 1944-2000* at the International Center of Photography in 2009.

PHANUEL ANTWI is a son, a lucky brother of two handsome, loving sisters, Agnes and Clara, and a blessed uncle to a beautiful boy, Ezekiel, and niece, Chelsea. He works with dance, is a poet, activist, and aesthete as well as an assistant professor in the Department of English at the University of British Columbia. He spends loads of time exploring questions of desire, the poetics of identity, and the intimacies of everyday living.

CLAUDIA BECK, alongside Andrew Gruft, is a collector of photographs and other art. She works as an art historian, critic, and writer. Her latest writings are on the work of Fiona Tan, Christina Mackie, and Jochen Lempert.

ANDREW BERARDINI. Writer, occasional editor, reluctant curator. Father of Stella. Lives in Los Angeles. Regular contributor to *Artforum* and *Art Review* and an editor at *Mousse*, *Art-Agenda*, *Momus*, and the *Art Book Review*. Recent author of *Danh Vo: Relics* (Mousse, 2015) and currently finishing another book about colour. Curated shows at MOCA (Los Angeles), Castello di Rivoli (Turin), and Palais de Tokyo (Paris). Faculty at the Mountain School of Arts, in Los Angeles, since 2008, and the last three years at the Banff Centre.

CHRISTOPHER BRAYSHAW is a Vancouver-based photographer, writer, and bookseller.

COLIN BROWNE's most recent book of poetry is *The Hatch* (Talonbooks, 2015). He recently curated an

exhibition for the Vancouver Art Gallery that brought together the work of Emily Carr and Wolfgang Paalen, who met in Victoria, BC, in August 1939.

ROB BUDDÉ teaches creative writing at the University of Northern British Columbia, in Prince George. A regular columnist for *Northword Magazine*, he has also published eight books, most recently *declining america* (BookThug, 2009) and *Dreamland Theatre* (Caitlin Press, 2014).

DAVID CAMPANY is a writer, curator, and artist. His books include *A Handful of Dust* (MACK, 2015), *The Open Road: Photography and the American Road Trip* (Aperture, 2014), *Walker Evans: the magazine work* (Steidl, 2014), and *Jeff Wall: Picture for Women* (Afterall, 2011).

SYLVAIN CAMPEAU is an art critic, curator, and poet. Past president of La Maison de la poésie, in Montreal, he has published five collections of poems, two essays on photography, and an anthology of Quebec poetry. With Mona Hakim, he curated *Le cadre, la scène, le site*, a survey of Quebec photography from the past twenty years.

ROSALÍA DE CASTRO (1837–1885) is revered as Galicia's national poet. The publication date of her first collection of poetry in Galician, *Cantares Gallegos* (Galician Songs), 17 May 1863, is commemorated every year as "Galician Literature Day." Both that and her second book, *Follas Novas* (*New Leaves*), are translated into English by Erin Moure and published by Small Stations in Sofia, Bulgaria.

BOPHA CHHAY is the Director/Curator at Artspeak in Vancouver and one of the co-editors of *Charcuterie*, a new publication to be launched in October 2016. She is currently completing a manuscript for a shadow-puppet play titled *For Whom Can We Speak?*, which looks at the conditions of women workers in garment factories in Southeast Asia.

JOSHUA CLOVER is the author of three books of poetry and three of cultural history. *A Village Voice*, *SPIN*, *Film Quarterly*, and *The Nation* columnist, his most recent poetry collection is *Red Epic* (Commune Editions), whilst *Riot Strike Riot: The New Era of Uprisings* was published by Verso in 2016. He is a professor of English and Comparative Literature at UC Davis.

WAYDE COMPTON's latest book, *The Outer Harbour* (Arsenal Pulp Press, 2014), won the City of Vancouver Book Award. He also recently edited, with Renée Sarojini Saklikar, the poetry anthology *The Revolving City* (Anvil Press, 2015). Compton is the program director of Creative Writing in Continuing Studies at Simon Fraser University, where he administrates the Writer's Studio.

BRIAN DILLON's books include *The Great Explosion* (Penguin, 2015), *Objects in This Mirror: Essays* (Sternberg Press, 2014), *Tormented Hope: Nine Hypochondriac Lives* (Penguin, 2009), and *In the Dark Room* (Penguin, 2005). He is UK editor of *Cabinet* magazine, and teaches critical writing at the Royal College of Art, London.

RINDE ECKERT is a writer, musician, actor, and director. He started out in traditional opera and theatre. He found his friends and his champions elsewhere. Now he wakes up every morning unconvinced that he doesn't know a thing. One day he'll be convinced. It will be a very good day.

ASHAR FOLEY is a professor of writing and the humanities at New York City College of Technology and Fordham University. She generally avoids having her picture taken—neither she nor her mother photograph well.

DEANNA FONG is a poet and doctoral candidate in English at Simon Fraser University, where she is researching the intersections of event theory, audio archives, interpretive communities, and intellectual property. She developed and currently co-directs the audio/multimedia archives of Canadian poets Fred Wah and Roy Kiyooka.

JOAN FONTCUBERTA's artistic and theoretical practice has focused, over four decades, on the conflicts between nature, technology, and truth. His work has been collected by the Metropolitan Museum of Art (NYC), the National Gallery of Art (Ottawa), and the Centre Georges Pompidou (Paris), among other important collections. His numerous solo exhibitions include *Fauna Secreta*, curated by Sylvain Campeau, which toured to Presentation House Gallery in 2000.

MARIA FUSCO is a Belfast-born writer based in Glasgow working across fiction, criticism, and theory. Her latest work, *Master Rock*, is a repertoire for a mountain commissioned by Artangel and BBC Radio 4. She is a former Director of Art Writing at Goldsmiths, University of

London, and is currently a Reader at the University of Edinburgh.

DAVID GARNEAU (Métis) is an artist, critical writer, and curator living in Regina, Treaty Four territory. He is currently working on curatorial projects in Sydney and New York, performance projects in Edmonton, and is part of a five-year SSHRC-funded curatorial research project, "Creative Conciliation."

STACEY HO is an artist, writer, and curator whose critical writings have appeared in journals such as *Modern Painters*, *West Coast Line*, *INTER art actuel*, and *ISSUE Magazine*. She is also a former associate director of the LIVE Biennale Performance Art Society.

JENN JACKSON is a curator and writer from Vancouver. Her latest project, with founder Amy Nugent, is the Sculpture Fund, a curatorial resource for commissioning and acquiring sculpture work from emerging and mid-career female artists residing in Canada.

LAURA LEGGE is the winner of PEN Canada's 2016 New Voices Award. Her work has lately appeared in *Mid-American Review*, *Witness*, *The Walrus*, *Meridian*, *North American Review*, and *Chicago Quarterly Review*.

ESTHER LESLIE is Professor of Political Aesthetics at Birkbeck, University of London. She has written books and essays on Walter Benjamin, photography and technologies of reproduction, cartoons and films, colour, Goethe's primal plants, milk, and liquid crystals.

STEFFANIE LING is the editor of *BARTLEBY REVIEW* and a curator at CSA Space. Recent initiatives include the reading series LIT LIT LIT LIT, The Somewhat Urgent Series of chapbooks, and a new journal, *Charcuterie*. She has published essays and critical writing on contemporary art, cinema, literature, professional wrestling, and smoking. Her books are *Cuts of Thin Meat* (Spare Room, 2015) and *Nascar* (Publication Studio, 2016).

JALEH MANSOOR is an assistant professor at the University of British Columbia. Her areas of teaching and research include modernism, European and American art since 1945, Marxist theory, historiography, feminism, and critical curatorial studies. She recently published her first book, *Marshall Plan Modernism: Italian Postwar Abstraction and the Beginnings of Autonomia* (Duke UP, 2016).

DAPHNE MARLATT's *Reading Sveva*, a poetic response to the remarkable paintings and thought of the Italian-Canadian artist Sveva Caetani (1917-1994) will be out from Talonbooks this October. Among her previous collections, *The Given*, a novelistic long poem, received the 2009 Dorothy Livesay Poetry Award, and *Between Brush Strokes* was shortlisted for the 2008 bpNichol Chapbook Award. Marlatt received the 2012 George Woodcock Lifetime Achievement Award.

TOM MCDONOUGH is a writer and critic based in central New York and Toronto. He has published several books on the Situationist International and is a regular contributor to journals such as *Afterall*, *Artforum*, *October*, and *Parkett*. He is currently Associate Professor and Chair of Art History at Binghamton University, State University of New York.

GABRIELLE MOSER is a writer, educator, and independent curator based in Toronto. Her writing appears in *Artforum.com*, *Art in America*, *Canadian Art*, *Fillip*, *Journal of Visual Culture*, and *Photography & Culture*. She is currently a postdoctoral fellow in art history at the University of British Columbia and will be a Fulbright Visiting Scholar in the Department of Modern Culture and Media at Brown University in 2017.

ERÍN MOURE's latest books are translations of François Turcot's *My Dinosaur* (BookThug, 2016) and Chus Pato's *Flesh of Leviathan* (Omnidawn, 2016). Her translation of Brazilian writer Wilson Bueno's *Paraguayan Sea* will appear in fall 2017 from Nightboat Books. Her own most recent book of poetry is *Kapusta* (Anansi, 2015).

SACHIKO MURAKAMI is the author of three collections of poetry, most recently *Get Me Out of Here* (Talonbooks, 2015). Her current project is *The Hardest Thing About Being a Writer*, housed at writingsohard.com. She lives in Toronto.

CECILY NICHOLSON is the author of *Triage* and *From the Poplars*, winner of the 2015 Dorothy Livesay prize for poetry. Since 2000, she has worked in the downtown eastside neighbourhood of Vancouver, Musqueam, Squamish, and Tsleil-Waututh territories, where she is the administrator of the artist-run centre Gallery Gachet. She also collaborates with the Joint Effort prison abolitionist group.

DENISE OLEKSIJCZUK is an art historian who teaches at the School for the Contemporary Arts at Simon Fraser University. Her book, *The First Panoramas: Visions of British Imperialism* (U of Minnesota P, 2011), won the Historians of British Art Book Prize in 2013. She is also an artist whose work has been exhibited in Canada and the US.

SARAH OSMENT teaches at the Rhode Island School of Design and Amherst College. She has written about James Agee, Charles Sanders Peirce, grandmotherly love, and her favourite Songs: Ohia record. She is currently writing a book tentatively called *The American Index* about the desire among certain modernist writers to abandon the written word.

ISABELLE PAUWELS lives in New Westminster, BC. She works primarily in video and installation.

AARON PECK is the author of *The Bewilderments of Bernard Willis* (Pedlar Press, 2008) and *Jeff Wall: North & West* (Figure 1 Publishing, 2016). His art criticism frequently appears in *Artforum*.

RACHELLE SAWATSKY is an artist and a writer based in Los Angeles and Vancouver. Her work has been exhibited in Canada and internationally and written about in *Artforum*, *Frieze*, *C Magazine*, and *Art Review*.

DONOVAN SCHAEFER is departmental lecturer in Science and Religion at the University of Oxford. His first book, *Religious Affects: Animality, Evolution, and Power*, was published by Duke University Press in fall 2015.

ANNE LESLEY SELCER is an art writer and poet in the expanded field. She is the author of *from A Book of Poems on Beauty*, winner of the Gazing Grain publication award, and *Banlieusard*, commissioned by Artspeak.

REID SHIER is Director/Curator of Presentation House Gallery.

CATHERINE M. SOUSSLOFF teaches in the Department of Art History, Visual Art & Theory at the University of British Columbia. She has published over sixty books and articles in the fields of art history, visual culture, performance studies, and aesthetics. Her two books on the philosopher Michel Foucault are in press: *Foucault on the Arts and Letters: Perspectives for the 21st Century*

(Rowman and Littlefield) and *Michel Foucault and the Pleasure of Painting* (U of Minnesota P).

URS STAHEL was the founding director of Fotomuseum Winterthur from 1993 to 2013. Since then he has curated independently for Paris Photo (2014), the Mannheim-Ludwigshafen-Heidelberg Photo Festival (2015), and, on a regular basis, for the new centre for industrial culture, MAST, in Bologna. He is the author of numerous books and a lecturer at the Zurich University of the Arts.

NANCY TOUSLEY is a senior art critic, arts journalist, and independent curator who received the 2011 Governor General's Award for Media and Visual Arts for outstanding contribution. She lives and works in Calgary.

CHEYANNE TURIONS is an independent curator and writer. She is the director of No Reading After the Internet (Toronto) and the Artistic Director of Trinity Square Video.

JOE WENDEROTH was cut out of porous rock in the rain while electricity surged. The result was incredible—what wonderful eyes! Then things slowly but surely got worse.

JACOB WREN's most recent novels are *Polyamorous Love Song* (BookThug, 2014) and *Rich and Poor* (BookThug, 2016). He also performs as a regular member of the Montreal-based interdisciplinary group PME-ART. He travels internationally with alarming frequency and often writes about contemporary art.

Notes on Photographers

RAYMONDE APRIL (Canadian, born 1953) is a Montreal artist and educator whose photographic and film works, focusing on themes of narrative and performativity, have been widely exhibited and published across Canada and Europe for four decades. *Autoportrait au rideau* (1991) was included in her 2005 project *Aires de migrations* at VOX centre de l'image contemporaine, Montreal.

EUGÈNE ATGET (French, 1857-1927) used a large-format camera to photograph Paris, producing an archive of over 10,000 negatives that documents the city's architecture, streets, and environs before they disappeared to modernization. Although rarely working on commission, Atget probably made *Versailles, femme et soldat, Maison Close* (1921), for *La Femme criminelle*, a book on prostitutes that was never published.

MANUEL ÁLVAREZ BRAVO (Mexican, 1902-2002) is Latin America's foremost photographer of the twentieth century. During his lifetime, Bravo had over 150 solo exhibitions, including at Presentation House Gallery, and more than 200 group exhibitions. Influenced by the aftermath of the Mexican Revolution, he explored concepts of abstraction and surrealism through allusions to Mexican myth and culture. Particularly in the 1930s, Bravo's work had a theatrical symbolism, as in *Caja de visiones* (1938).

ROBERT CAPA (Hungarian/American, 1913-1954) was a photojournalist who documented the Spanish Civil War, World War II, the 1948 Arab-Israeli War, and the First Indochina War. Shot on a small 35-mm camera at close proximity, his images are noted for their sense of immediacy, as exemplified in his first published photograph: a shot of Russian revolutionary Leon Trotsky lecturing in Copenhagen in 1932. Capa was a regular contributor to *LIFE* and *Time* magazines and co-founded Magnum Photos.

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON (French, 1908-2004), another founding member of Magnum Photos, was one of the most influential street photographers of the twentieth century. Cartier-Bresson acquired his first Leica camera in 1932 and travelled Europe with it, capturing such iconic images as *Alicante* (1933), which would launch his career. In the introduction to his landmark 1952 book *The Decisive Moment*, he describes photography as "the simultaneous recognition, in a fraction of a second, of the significance of an event as well as of a precise organization of forms which give that event its proper expression."

AGUSTÍ CENTELLES (Spanish, 1909-1985) was a Catalan photojournalist and commercial photographer who began his career documenting the Second Spanish Republic and the Spanish Civil War, often with a lightweight Leica camera. His 12,000 negatives, which lay hidden in an attic in France until after the death of Franco, were bought by Spain's Ministry of Culture, and he is now recognized as Spain's primary photojournalist, receiving his first major exhibition at the Jeu de Paume in 2009. Centelles is widely published and had a retrospective in Barcelona in 2013.

LYNNE COHEN (American/Canadian, 1944-2014) established her photographic practice in Canada in 1973 and became an influential educator. The photographs in the *Camouflage* series, compiled in a publication by *Le Point du Jour Editeur* (2005), exemplify Cohen's practice of focusing on institutional and domestic interior spaces, often devoid of human presence. She exhibited and published widely, and was the winner of the inaugural Scotia Bank Photography Award.

ANNE COLLIER (American, born 1970) is a New York artist who examines the aesthetics of appropriation, cultural nostalgia, and popular media through photography. Many of her works respond to visual culture, documenting album covers, posters and books, as with *Eye (Paper Gradations)* (2008). She recently had a touring retrospective organized by the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago.

BRUCE DAVIDSON (American, born 1933) is a documentary photographer and founding member of the World Photography Organization. In 1962, he was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship to document the Civil Rights Movement, a series later exhibited at MoMA. Subsequent projects included a study of Wales (1965) and of East Harlem (1970). A three-volume collection of Davidson's photo essays was published by Steidl in 2010.

OMAR VICTOR DIOP (Senegalese, born 1980) is a fine art and fashion photographer based in Dakar, Senegal, whose works visualize the multicultural ethos of urban Africa, incorporating elements of costume design. For his series *Le Studio des vanités*, Diop collaborated with his photographic subjects on each portrait. He has been featured in the African Biennale of Photography, in Bamako, Mali, and in Paris Photo, with recent solo exhibitions in Málaga, Spain, and Paris, France.

ROBERT FRANK (American, born 1924) is a photographer and filmmaker who divides his time between Mabou, in Nova Scotia, and New York City. Still active, his pioneering work has been widely acclaimed. In the mid-1950s, Frank travelled across the United States on a Guggenheim Fellowship, taking photographs that would culminate in his landmark book, *The Americans* (1958). As Jack Kerouac wrote in the introduction, he "sucked a sad poem out of America onto film," evident in the car scene in *Blackfoot Idaho* and the segregated streetcar in *Trolley*.

KATY GRANNAN (American, born 1969) is a photographer and filmmaker based in Berkeley, California. She has published five monographs, including *The Ninety-Nine and the Nine* (2014), a three-year project focusing on impoverished communities along California's Highway 99. She also produced a feature-length documentary, *The Nine* (2015), about South 9th Street in the California town of Modesto.

MIKE GRILL (Canadian, born 1965) is a Vancouver photographer whose practice encompasses both traditional and digital technologies. His still life and urban landscape studies reflect on the cultural and social conditions of a particular context. In addition to solo exhibitions, Grill's black-and-white and colour images have been featured in group exhibitions and critical publications, including *The Capilano Review*.

EIKOH HOSOE (Japanese, born 1933) is an artist and experimental filmmaker whose photographic series often feature his avant-garde contemporaries, such as novelist Yukio Mishima, who posed for Hosoe's 1962 series *Barakei (Killed by Roses, 1963)*, and dancer Tatsumi Hijikata, who is the model in his 1969 series *Kamaitachi*. Hosoe is regarded as a pioneer of post-war Japanese expressionist photography.

PETER HUJAR (American, 1934-1987) was a photographer active in New York's downtown art scene of the 1970s and '80s. A skilled technician, Hujar produced striking black-and-white images that ranged from studio portraiture to street photography. In 1976, he oversaw the only major monograph of his work published in his lifetime, *Portraits in Life And Death*, now long out of print, with an introduction by Susan Sontag. *Orgasmic Man* (1969) was recently included in the publication and exhibition *Love & Lust* (2014) produced by Fraenkel Gallery, San Francisco.

HELEN LEVITT (American, 1913-2009) was an influential New York photographer and filmmaker who captured lyrical moments in everyday urban interactions. She had solo exhibitions at MoMA in 1943 and 1974, and retrospectives of her work continue to be shown internationally, including at Presentation House Gallery and in a survey show of her photographs from 1938-1990 at the Fondation Henri Cartier-Bresson (2007). Levitt was a pioneer in colour photography and made dye-transfer prints from the 1960s onward.

WILLIAM KLEIN (American, born 1928) is a photographer and filmmaker based in Paris. Since the 1950s, he has produced several important books on cities, including New York, Tokyo, Rome, and Moscow, and is also renowned for his fashion photography and satirical films. He used inventive photographic techniques in a radically casual style to capture intimate moments in street life.

RICHARD LEAROYD (British, born 1966) experiments with historic photographic processes such as the camera obscura to create unique images. *Olya, Square Mirror* (2010) was first shown in his solo exhibition *Presences* (2011) at Fraenkel Gallery, San Francisco, with an accompanying publication. In 2016, Learoyd had a retrospective at the Getty Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum. *Aperture* has published a comprehensive monograph on his work, *Day for Night* (2015).

KEVIN MADILL (Pacific Northwest) is a Vancouver artist who investigates social, political, and economic questions understood through the homosexual male body. *Sisters* (1993) belongs to a portrait series that interrogates bonds within the nuclear family. His photographic work was part of the Vancouver exhibitions *Queer Citizenship*, Satellite Gallery; *Faces: Works from the Permanent Collection*, Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery; and *Acting the Part*, Vancouver Art Gallery.

RICHARD MAYNARD (British, 1832-1907) operated a commercial photography studio in Victoria, Canada, with his wife Hannah, also a photographer. From the 1870s to the 1890s, he was hired as a documentary photographer on numerous government and ethnographic expeditions along the Pacific Northwest coast. *Takush Harbour* (1873) was taken during Maynard's first major expedition, accompanying the Indian Affairs Commissioner of British Columbia. Maynard's views were sold in the commercial studio and were disseminated as lantern slides.

SCOTT MCFARLAND (Canadian, born 1975) is a photographer based in Toronto. He combines analogue and digital processes to produce dense collages presented as a single image; recently he has also produced moving pictures. In 2009, his survey exhibition and publication at the Vancouver Art Gallery featured *The Granite Bowl in the Berlin Lust Garten* (2007), an intricate composite of spatial and temporal realities.

AL MCWILLIAMS (Canadian, born 1944) is a Vancouver artist who applies a minimalist aesthetic to various media and materials, including glass, metal, and, beeswax, as in *Head (D)* (1998). This 3-D work was included in the exhibition *Heads* (1998), McWilliams' first solo show with Equinox Gallery, Vancouver. His sculptures and installations have been exhibited widely, and he has produced many commissioned public works.

XAVIER MISERACHS (Spanish, 1937-1998) was a photojournalist and street photographer based in Barcelona who by his mid teens was already a member of the Photographic Association of Catalonia. Miserachs published many monographs during his lifetime, the first and most prominent being *Barcelona, blanc i negre* (1964), which featured his photograph *El Piropo a la Via Laietana, Barcelona* (1962). Miserachs' archives are now held at MACBA, Barcelona.

DAIDO MORIYAMA (Japanese, born 1938) is renowned for his stark images of post-war Tokyo, which he shot with a handheld automatic camera. His grainy, raw photographs of everyday life in Japan express his dictum that "capturing what I feel with my body is more important than the technicalities of photography." He continues to be influential, having major international exhibitions worldwide and, since 1968, has been an important photobook innovator. He received the prestigious Lifetime Achievement Infinity Award from the International Center for Photography, New York, in 2012.

MICHAEL MORRIS (Canadian, born 1942) is a painter, photographer, video and performance artist, and curator. His experimental multimedia practice involved founding Image Bank with Vincent Trasov in 1969, an exchange network between artists. He has exhibited widely, including a solo exhibition and publication at the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery, Vancouver, in 2012. Shot as slides in 1966, the *Hollywood/Babylon* series was printed as cibachromes in 1975 and was first exhibited in 2014.

AUGUST SANDER (German, 1876-1964) is best known for *Citizens of the Twentieth Century*, his series of portraits, first exhibited in 1927, documenting Weimar society. Photographs like *Westerwald Farmers Couple* (1927), with their straightforward documentary style, evidence his affiliation with Neue Sachlichkeit (New Objectivity). A selection of photographs from the series was published in 1928 as *Antlitz der Zeit (Faces of Our Time)* to enthusiastic reviews but was banned by the Nazis in 1936. His forty-year project is considered the most important portraiture series in the history of photography.

AARON SISKIND (American, 1903-1991) was a photographer, editor, and teacher associated with the abstract expressionist movement. Early in his career, Siskind was involved with the New York Photo League, garnering attention with his socially-minded photo essays. Among his most influential series was *Harlem Document* from the 1930s, published as a small-edition book in 1981, before a major reissue and exhibition by the Smithsonian in 1990.

OTTO STEINERT (German, 1915-1978) was a photographer, curator, collector, and teacher. Trained as a doctor, Steinert was unbound by photographic conventions, founding the Fotoform group of experimental art photographers in 1949, when he abandoned medicine and took up portrait photography. In the 1950s, he curated an influential series of touring exhibitions, *Subjektive Fotografie*, examining the range of photography in post-war West Germany with an emphasis on abstraction.

MIROSLAV TICHÝ (Czech, 1926-2011) built homemade cameras from scrap material, taking thousands of surreptitious photographs of women in his hometown of Kyjov in Moravia from the 1950s until 1986. He did not receive widespread attention until 2004, when he participated in the Biennial of Contemporary Art in Seville and the documentary film *Miroslav Tichý: Tarzan Retired* was released. Presentation House Gallery had a solo exhibition of his work in 2006.

STEPHEN WADDELL (Canadian, born 1968) is a photographer from Vancouver, where he teaches at Emily Carr University of Art + Design. Initially a painter, he has exhibited widely, and in 2016 had a solo exhibition *Dark Matter Atlas*, at the Vancouver Art Gallery. His depictions of people in urban space are featured in his monograph, *Hunt and Gather*, published by Steidl in 2011. *Jelena*

(2014) was featured in his solo exhibition *During the Day* (2014) at Monte Clark Gallery, Vancouver.

HIROSHI WATANABE (Japanese/American, born 1951) is a Japanese photographer based in Los Angeles. His first monograph, *Veiled Observations and Reflections*, self-published in 2002, was followed by a series of four portfolios of portraiture entitled *FACES* (2003-2005). Since then, he has produced seven more, with a forthcoming photobook of his *Suo Sarumawashi* series (2009) to be published by Glitterati, New York, in 2017.

GARRY WINOGRAND (American, 1928-1984) was a New York photographer who documented the enigmas of American society through an impolite eye. Winogrand was one of a trio of New York photographers included in the influential MoMA exhibition *New Documents* (1967), and had three subsequent solo exhibitions at MoMA. He has several books including *Women are Beautiful* (1975), which also includes the photograph reproduced in this publication.

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