ROAD TO SEEING

DAN WINTERS

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New Riders


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For Brett with love and gratitude.

INTRODUCTION

MY PURPOSE IN WRITING THIS BOOK IS ROOTED IN A DESIRE TO SHARE, on a human level, some of the moments in my life that have significance to me as a photographer, and as a man. ¶ While all of life's moments are sacred, our ability to perceive their subtleties is often elusive. Perception can be achieved with a modicum of effort when we allow ourselves to stop. When we cease to do and allow ourselves to be, we can fully savor the moments as they flow over us. ¶ I have found that I'm able to see much more clearly when I'm doing the least. Being conscious is the key to seeing. By being aware of what is around us, and then noticing that awareness, we allow our vision and perception to grow. It's very difficult to do this on a regular basis. Stillness is a life practice. At times I will catch myself unconsciously spinning my wheels, and then consciously try to center myself and observe. ¶ A rock would seem to be the embodiment

of stillness, and yet, on an atomic level, the rock is in constant motion. Our inability to perceive this movement is irrelevant to the truth about what is occurring within the rock.

Photographs are one of mankind's most profound expressions of stillness. They allow us the ability to hold time in our hands and facilitate a merging with time that exists in no other form.

A photograph does not require any information beyond the confines of the frame. The moment the shutter is tripped, the information captured on the light-sensitive surface alone comprises the image. Viewers may want to peer beyond the edges in search of context, but it is the nature of the photograph to deprive them of this experience. If the photographer does not provide a backstory, the viewers may find themselves creating their own; however, the stories are the product of their thoughts and not related to the actual story contained within the photograph.

The first time I recall having the impulse to create context for a photograph was when, as a young photographer, I saw Cartier-Bresson's 1932 image "Behind the Gare Saint-Lazare." This remarkable photograph captures a man playfully jumping into a water puddle, mid-leap. His reflection seems almost to mock him as he hovers above the water. The more I studied the photograph, the more I began to wonder how such a moment could have existed without the collaboration of the subject. Was Bresson simply walking down the street and, as the scene unfolded before him, his instincts and agility were so precise that he was able to preserve the fleeting moment for the world to see? Or was the man in the picture a participant, collaborating with the photographer to co-author the image? If so, is the photograph no longer valid? Is it a counterfeit moment? Or worse, a lie?

The picture is so wonderful that it really needs no story. It just "is," and that should have been enough for me. At the time, though, I needed to know how this type of image was created. I feared, as a photographer, I would never see anything so wonderful. If the scene, with no premeditation, materialized out of the ether, would I be granted the same opportunity to capture it? Would the photo gods smile on me one day and drench the surroundings in beautiful light and allow my exposure and focus to be set just as a man dressed head to toe in dark clothes scurried across a crystal-clear puddle? Furthermore, presented with this opportunity, whether real or manufactured, would I have the ability to see the potential of the situation and trip the shutter at the precise moment that would result in a masterpiece?

I now find peace in the realization that countless potential masterpieces happen each moment the world over and go unphotographed.

The world owes a great debt to all those who have, from a state of exceptional awareness, preserved stillness for us to hold.

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"ART IS THE
OBJECTIFICATION
OF FEELING."

Herman Melville

PERSONAL WORK

WHILE I HAVE A DEEP EMOTIONAL CONNECTION TO ALL OF MY WORK, the subtext of each production varies greatly. The work I do day in and day out is principally commissioned by publishers, advertising agencies, and record companies. ¶ In a sense, I'm paid to bring my perception, technical skills, and knowledge to an interpretation of a particular subject. The subject is sometimes irrelevant, as I feel my sensibility can be applied to a range of source material, and thus I'm not tied to a singular working method. ¶ This is a greatly simplified overview, but it works as a basic framework. The reality of my work is that it ranges from complex problem-solving that requires scores of collaborators, to very simple, individual endeavors for which the only complexity is quietly aligning myself with my own voice. While I do find the solitary practice incredibly rewarding, the other extreme can be

deeply fulfilling, as well. I try to approach each project with the same level of creative discipline, regardless of the intended results.

I was recently reading Bill Jay's wonderful book, *Occam's Razor,* in which he describes the corrosive nature of differentiating between academic "fine art" photography and commercial photography. He makes the case that the very photographers whose work is often being studied and analyzed by students in art schools would, in many cases, not be allowed to teach the very class in which they are being studied, merely because they lack a certain pedigree. Ansel Adams, Edward Weston, Alfred Stieglitz, and Henri Cartier-Bresson, for example, were all working commercial photographers who lacked the credentials to teach at the college level. I've shot thousands of assignments and, as of this writing, have published five books, and yet I still ponder this disconnect. I've witnessed how aggressively the "fine art" crowd angle to keep "art" in the hands of academia. David Fahey of the Fahey/Klein Gallery in Los Angeles was one of the first gallerists I know of who didn't acknowledge the glass ceiling. He has very successfully been showcasing working photographers for over 30 years.

I have not struggled with my works being acknowledged in the art world, so I insist this is not being aired as sour grapes. More than anything, I think it speaks to an emperor's-new-clothes syndrome, in which photographers' work has to be explained ad infinitum in order to safeguard its success within the so-called fine art world, and how that creates a closed cycle. Photographs should not need to be explained. I don't want to know how many steps were involved when I'm looking at a picture. I may find it interesting that the artist labored intensely to make an image, but process alone is weak footing on which to stand. The photographic image should stand on its own. Perhaps this is due to digital technology and the ubiquity of mobile devices and apps—the photographic process has been demystified to the layman. The public perception that anyone can take a picture has, for many, marginalized the medium.

I was speaking with Jeff Wall about his wonderful photograph of day laborers waiting on a corner to be picked up for work. I had barely looked at the picture when he said, "This took me two weeks to make." I wondered if he thought I would value the photograph more if I viewed it with that piece of information. He went on to tell me that he'd paid all of the laborers their daily rate to stand there. He waited every day for two weeks until he'd made the "right" picture.

This phenomenon is not a new one. Speaking about his masterpiece, "Winter, Fifth Avenue," Alfred Stieglitz said, "The photograph is the result of a three-hour stand during a fierce snowstorm on February 22, 1893, awaiting the proper moment." As if the sublime image needed any qualification (though I doubt, in this case, that Stieglitz would have made his brief explanation as a preamble to its viewing).

I admit I have done the same thing on numerous occasions. My shuttle photographs were, at times, so difficult to capture, as were my images of honeybees, that I will often explain their difficulty as someone is viewing them for the first time. It is an easy habit to fall into. Perhaps it's because many of the most truly beautiful photographs contain such a deceptive simplicity that, as photographers, we feel the need to validate them by arguing their significance or explaining how difficult they were to make.

On the other hand, I've found that many photographers often compartmentalize their work, as though they merely flip a switch from one discipline to the next. "This is my commercial work," they'll say, as if to dismiss its relevance, before getting excited to unveil their "fine art" work. If the commissioned work is subpar, the onus falls on the photographer, not the subject. It goes back to Scott Harrison's statement that there is always a good picture to be found. And by "commercial," are we referring to monetization? If so, do artists selling in galleries and those making commissioned images differ all that much? We've been led to believe they do. I believe it comes down to the skill and conviction the artist gives to his or her work. The nature and quality of the photographs may vary, and some images may be perceived as "better" than others, but the form is photography, and thus follows a long tradition of the use of light and optics to make images.

Why can't the same spiritual connection be made to our body of work as a whole? John Gray once told me that a byline either provided the viewer with "photo credit or photo blame." I'm fully aware that some of the images I make are specifically intended for a singular use and will most likely never be seen outside of that context. This does not diminish their significance as a step on my path. I'm a craftsman as well as an artist, and I take great pride that I possess a skill set that allows me to make a living doing what I love. There have been many occasions where the greatest personal satisfaction after a day of shooting is simply a job well done.

I've been fortunate to have clients that rely on me to work in the method I deem best for the particular problem at hand, thus allowing me the opportunity to explore a subject thoroughly. I favor simplistic approaches when making photographs. I do, however, take great pride in my ability to solve complex photographic problems, should the need arise.

The word "style" is often applied to photography. More often than not, this categorization is erroneously applied to the materials in the frame, and not to the inner sensibility of the photographer. As I discussed earlier, materials play an important role in our

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mission. We are bound to them, and we remain reliant on corporations to provide us with the tools we need to practice our craft. However, these tools merely facilitate our communication; they cannot speak for us, but rather we must speak through them.

If I were to create a list of my photographic heroes, Harry Callahan, along with Alfred Stieglitz, Ray K. Metzker, and Frederick Sommer, would top the list. Callahan, for one, was able to produce a large body of work with a powerful, singular voice. He fluidly moved from subject to subject, tailoring his sensibility to each challenge; as a result, he left a legacy that is universal. Frederick Sommer, Ansel Adams, and Edward Weston all used the same equipment, yet their work differs greatly. Once again, the piano is not the sonata.

I have a deep connection to the work in the sections that follow. Of the many thousands of photographs I've made in my lifetime, this is the work I find closest to my heart.

Callahan said of his photographs, "I make the kinds of pictures that I like to look at." Regardless of where we are on our photographic journey, if we can adopt this simple approach, it may help to comfort our creative souls.

AEROSPACE

FASCINATION WITH THE SCIENCES HAS BEEN A PART OF MY LIFE for as long as I can remember. Having grown up in the ’60s and ’70s, my dreams were filled with the optimism and naiveté of the US space program. Back then, one could walk down the street and ask a passerby to name an astronaut; chances are that with even a vestigial knowledge of the space program and its goals, that individual could name one of our space heroes. Despite the overwhelming availability to access information today, and the general consensus that the unknown is now known, a litany of distractions has moved the public away from the dreams of exploration, and the current NASA roster remains largely unknown. The public has become more engaged in the drollery of reality television than with the mysteries of the deep and the wonders of the heavens. ¶ I was recently studying a wonderful photograph of the Large Hadron Collider (LHC) at CERN, and

I remember feeling a sense of solace and affirmation that the large questions are still being asked. It is my opinion that the pursuit of pure science represents humanity at its best, and remains the most optimistic expression of mankind's true passion.

One remarkable aspect of my profession is that the photographic process can be applied to virtually any subject. It acts, then, as a diverse calling card, one that has allowed me to access places and things that would not be available to me otherwise. I'm at home working with scientists and engineers, and many of my most memorable projects relate to the topics of aerospace and space exploration. I have photographed everything from the Mars rover Curiosity and her test area in the Mojave, to Neil Armstrong's lunar suit, to portraits of luminaries like Buzz Aldrin and visionaries like Elon Musk.

There is considerable civic apathy toward space exploration that I believe stems from mankind's having successfully achieved an initial exploration of the moon, and the waning support from the erroneous belief that the mission had been completed, when in fact it had only just begun. The final lunar landings were the product of nearly two decades of milestones, which furthered our knowledge of the physical limitations of spaceflight. Each of these small victories brought the reality of a lunar mission one step closer.

These challenges began with a high-altitude balloon program in the mid-'50s, in which data was gathered on the biophysical effects of sustaining life in rarified environments. The program, codenamed MISS (Man In Space Soonest), was carried out with little pomp and circumstance. The pinnacle moment was Project Excelsior, in which 32-year-old test pilot Joseph Kittinger sat in a cramped gondola for 90 minutes while ascending to an altitude of 102,000′ before jumping into the void. He fell back to Earth for over four minutes before opening his parachute. The feat would go unchallenged until 2012, when Austrian skydiver Felix Baumgartner trumped Kittinger's record with a jump from a staggering 127,852′, an altitude of over 24 miles. Baumgartner became the first human being to travel faster than the speed of sound while outside of a vehicle. From their seat of honor, both Kittinger and Baumgartner saw the Earth's horizon spherically, rather than as a flat plane.

While the public knowledge of NASA's exploits with balloons was scant, the first manned space project, Project Mercury, became a public spectacle. Astronauts graced magazine covers and appeared on talk shows and game shows with such frequency that they became celebrities. The country had "space fever" and Congress kept writing checks. Each Mission was intended to collect data and provide astronauts with real situation training. Project Gemini followed Project Mercury, and then came Apollo.

Apollo represented the "Big Game," and the eyes of the world were upon it. I can vividly recall the launch of Apollo 11, the first manned mission to land on the moon.

On July 26, 1972, as the Apollo program was coming to a close, NASA awarded aerospace giant Rockwell International the coveted contract to build the Space Transportation System. Thus, the space shuttle program was born.

After a heralded start, the program seemed to flounder, and failed to capture the spirit of the public. Two catastrophic failures, as well as NASA's inability to establish a clear vision, was taking its toll. One of the program's low points, in my opinion, was when the crew of Space Shuttle Flight 19 (STS-51F) conducted the "Pepsi Challenge" in space. This test, a Madison Avenue ploy, pitted Coca-Cola against Pepsi in a dead heat. Coke won.

With launches costing up to $450 million each, Congress began viewing this enterprise as a bottomless pit. When I was working at Cape Canaveral, I spoke with an accountant who was employed by NASA during the Apollo era. He recounted that money was being spent so feverishly at that time that they were rounding up to the nearest million. Whether an embellishment or not, it illustrates the urgency of that era.

Many of the early shuttle missions involved the deployment of commercial communications satellites, as well as top-secret DOD missions. The steep cost of each launch made it clear to clients that, as a commercial venture, the shuttle was not economically viable. Businesses soon favored conventional launches aboard Russian and ESA launch vehicles, which were considerably more affordable.

The saving grace for the shuttle program came in the form of the International Space Station (ISS). The shuttle had found a home with the ISS, and a mission in which she could shine. She fulfilled her destiny as she transported the lion's share of the station's components, one at a time, into orbit. Like some orbital erector set, shuttle and ISS crewmembers assembled the station, piece by piece. After completion in 2012, the shuttle was, for the most part, relegated to crew and resupply missions to the ISS, which are better suited to Russian Soyuz craft, and much less expensive. After 30 years and over 500 million miles traveled in space, collectively, NASA announced, in mid-2010, that the remaining three orbiters were to be retired. Each of the three was to make one final flight before becoming relics of a more optimistic era. Once the NASA press office released the information to the public, I immediately felt that a cohesive photographic record should be made of each of the final three launches.

I had photographed John Glenn's return to space aboard STS-95 in October of 1998. My father-in-law Ken Fouts, a legendary television director, was covering the event for PBS, NASA and Harris Corporation, using Hi-Definition equipment that was yet to become

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the industry standard in the US. Through his connections at NASA he was able to provide me with ringside seats. The spectacle had a profound and lasting effect on me, and I was eager to document the program to a greater extent.

As a journalist I have spent a significant amount of time discussing potential story ideas with many insightful art directors and photo editors in the magazine field. When the shuttle program was nearing its end, it became evident that many of the people employed by NASA, as well as private contractors involved with the program, would soon be out of work.

While the launch facilities are at Kennedy Space Center in Florida, NASA is headquartered in Houston, Texas. Knowing that the Texas economy would be affected by such widespread housecleaning, I called TJ Tucker at *Texas Monthly* and we discussed the visual possibilities and landed on a specific approach: I would photograph the shuttle as though it were a portrait. I wanted to honor this vehicle as the sacred vessel that it was. I hoped I could capture the intensity of the launch in a way no individual could experience it outside of the photographic realm. Certain events are imperceptible as we are moving fluidly through our lives. This is truly a beautiful aspect of photography. Photographs are a rare expression of stillness.

I felt the series should be chronological, documenting the controlled chaos of the launch from the moment the main engine started until the shuttle was no longer visible to the eye, roughly a two-minute timeframe. The reality of this project was driven by passion alone. It was inspired by a confidence born not from ego, but from years of perseverance in the face of daunting and challenging obstacles, both technically and emotionally.

Any government agency can be tough to deal with, and NASA is no exception. Finding allies within NASA, like Candrea Thomas and Ken Thornsley, along with Ivette Rivera-Aponte at Kennedy Space Center, relieved much of the stress. I presented my proposal and they agreed to help me execute it. I also contacted veteran launch photographer Ben Cooper to pick his brain regarding the technical aspects of the project.

I had a group of sound triggers handmade for each of the cameras that I was positioning around the pad. The triggers are wired to the cameras and programmed to power them up shortly before the launch window opens. The cameras begin their firing sequence as the deafening main engines ignite. The rigs nearest to the pad, a mere 700 feet in some cases, must be very low to the ground. Sandbags exceeding 100 pounds are placed on the tripod legs to prevent vibration. Screw augers are set and tie-down straps

are required to add further stability. Cameras set further back still require the same anti-vibration setup as those closest to the pad. The massive pressure wave generated by the shuttle's eight million pounds of thrust, not to mention the ear-splitting sound, would kill a person if they were in the same proximity as the cameras. This brings us back to the thought presented earlier, about photography's inherent ability to show us what we alone can't see.

In addition to the cameras on the pad, I manually operated two cameras from the press site, three miles away. The cameras around the pad are set the day before launch. For the *Discovery* (STS-133) launch, I set 11 cameras—all 35mm DSLRs with varying focal length lenses—at predetermined positions in the pad area. I drew a detailed set of storyboards depicting the specific image each camera would capture in order to create a unique photograph for each page of the layout.

Because the shuttle's launch trajectory is a given, I was able to determine where to place the cameras to document each stage of the launch. The reality of such an enterprise is that I get an average of five or six images of the shuttle itself as it passes through the frame, and then several hundred shots of smoke.

At 4:53 p.m. on February 24, 2011, *Discovery* lifted off her pad, thus beginning her final voyage into space. The anticipation and energy prior to a launch is electric. My son Dylan helped me set cameras on STS-133 and was by my side as the spectacle unfolded before us. It was a textbook launch on a beautiful day. The shuttle was visible for a full two minutes, at which point the solid rocket boosters burn out and the exhaust trail fades into the sky. It's difficult to describe the beauty of the event, and as I looked at my son's gaze skyward, I was brought to tears. Once the shuttle was out of sight, he turned to me and told me that his life was forever changed. He is now a sophomore studying aerospace engineering at UT Austin.

NASA technicians usually require several hours immediately following a launch to issue the "all clear" on the pad. Launch complex 39A is the same complex that was used for most Apollo missions, including the Apollo 11 mission to the moon. As we approached the pad to retrieve our equipment, I became overwhelmed by the profound sense of connection I felt to the physical space I inhabited in that moment. Never as a boy would I have dreamt that I would not only occupy this hallowed place, but that I would be there in an official capacity. I was further moved by the fact that I was now sharing a deep love of mine with my son.

Using digital equipment has, in many cases, been a true gift. The image quality and instant results are extremely helpful when doing this type of work. The equipment functioned flawlessly, and I was able to capture the moments I had envisioned.

Mia Diehl, director of photography at *Fortune*, worked with me on the *Endeavour* (STS-134) launch. As things moved forward, I got clearance from NASA to shoot inside the orbiter. It was such a rare honor to gain access to the *Discovery* flight deck and payload bay. I was touched while listening to the stories of Bill Powers, who had for years been in charge of the shuttle's flight deck. Once again, my allies at NASA, along with my calling card from *Fortune*, had paved the way. I also witnessed *Atlantis* being prepped for her final journey inside of the massive Vehicle Assembly Building.

The *Endeavour* launch was originally scheduled for April 29, 2011, but was scrubbed with just over two minutes left on the clock, due to a problem with the orbiter's auxiliary power unit. Each shuttle launch that involves a rendezvous with the ISS has a specific window of time within which to launch. If there are any technical problems that delay the launch and that 10-minute window passes, the launch is rescheduled. For the *Endeavour* shoot, Dylan and I had set cameras in unbearable heat and humidity. It was disheartening to have to go back out to the pad the following day to retrieve equipment after having spent an entire day setting it up.

The launch was rescheduled and I flew down to the Cape and repeated the process, setting up nine remote cameras and two at the press site. Once again, the humidity was so oppressive and severe that I had extreme difficulty seeing not only through my glasses, but also through the cameras' optics. To add insult to injury, the pad is situated in a swamp infested with mosquitos. In spite of the difficulties, there was no other place on Earth I would have rather been in that moment.

There is an omnipresent calm and serenity as the impending ferocity of the launch approaches. As *Endeavour*'s engines came to life, a shift in the wind carried the plume of smoke from her engines south, directly into the path of my cameras closest to the pad. They were smoked out seconds after engine start. I was initially disappointed, but once I was able to sit with the few frames that I was able to capture, I found a great beauty in these photographs and now count them among my favorites.

I worked with Kira Pollack, director of photography at *Time*, on the launch of *Atlantis* (STS-135), the final launch of the shuttle program. I set 11 cameras at the pad and two at the press site. In my excitement, I made the comical rookie mistake of forgetting to put a card in one of the cameras, and thus missed a shot I'd never attempted before. All went smoothly otherwise. It was a spectacular launch and a fitting end to a 30-year journey. While at the Cape, I was able to spend time photographing the processing facilities of the Space Shuttle Main Engine (SSME).

It was at this time that I realized the amount of imagery I'd collected on my four visits to Kennedy could comprise a unique book. I knew I had made more images than could ever be printed by the publications I was representing, and I was aware that the opportunity would never again present itself. But in the end, I wasn't convinced I had enough strong images to create a volume worthy of its subject.

Around this time, I was working with David Hamrick, the director of the University of Texas Press, on a book that was ultimately derailed as it was nearing completion. My wife suggested I look at the shuttle photographs and assess again whether or not I had a book. After combing through the work, I felt if I shot a few more images of subject matter related to the shuttle, I would be in good shape. Dave supported the project, so I began the task of finalizing the images.

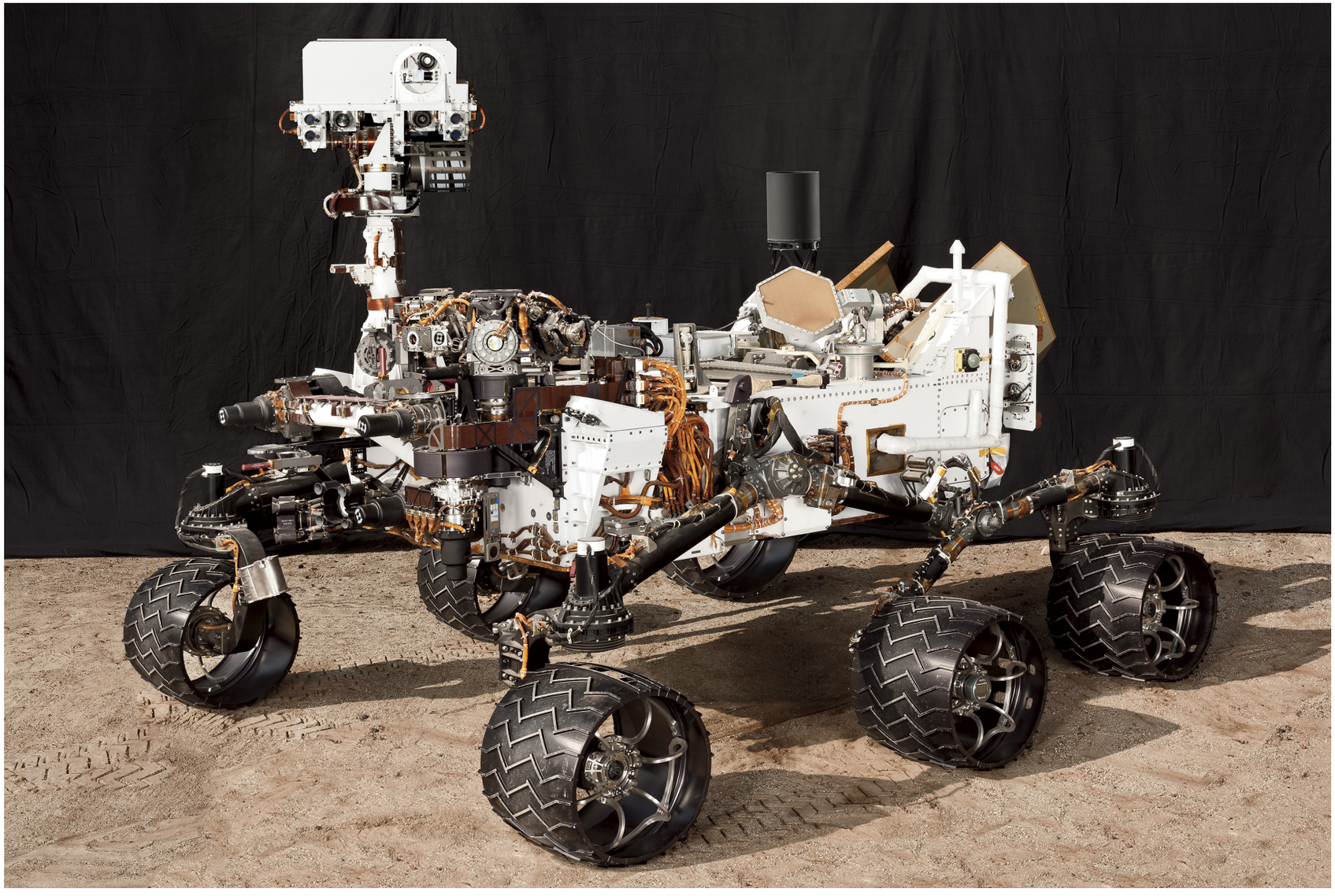
The processing facilities for spacesuits, as well as Mission Control Center, are located at NASA headquarters in Houston. I made several trips to Johnson Space Center to finish the project, focusing mainly on the spacesuit processing facility.

The Apollo mission control room housed in building 30 at JSC looks as it did on television when I was a boy. It remains frozen in time from the lunar landings, and is a National Historic Site. After some inquiries, I found that it had been used on the shuttle program until 1998. Having established a shuttle program connection, Dylan and I drove to Houston and spent three hours together photographing the holiest of holies. It was a prodigious moment and one of the full-circle experiences I've had so many times in my career.

With all of the images in hand, the book itself came together smoothly. I prefer to work with physical objects, so we printed out 4″ x 5″ chips of all of the images, and by taping them to a wall at my studio, I was able to create a sequence I was happy with. I did most of the design work myself and received excellent feedback and support from Derek George at UT Press. Derek is a talented designer, and his contribution to the project was invaluable.

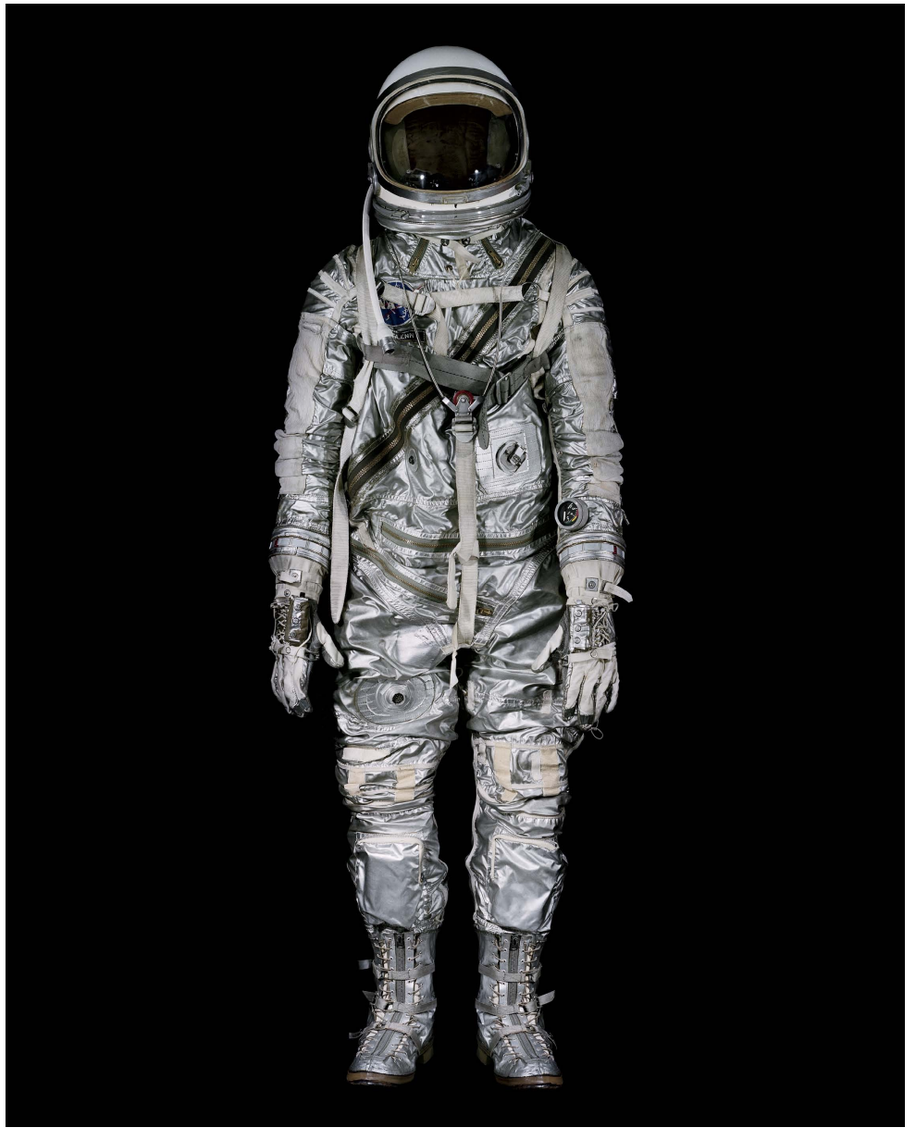
In the end, as I reflect on my time working on this project, I feel a deep sense of gratitude for all of the souls whose paths I crossed, and for the trust and support of the people who helped to make a boyhood dream a reality.

Neil Armstrong, Lunar Suit | Washington, D.C., 2012

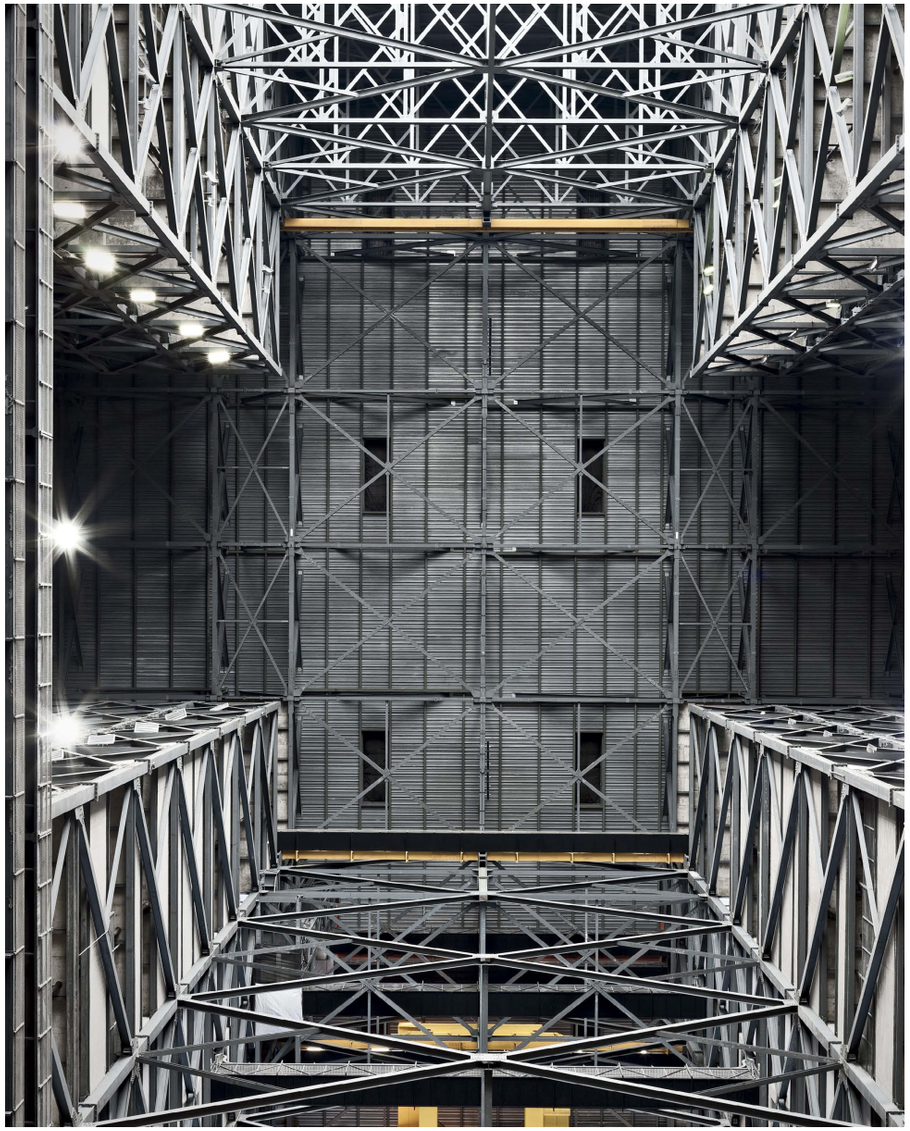


Mars Rover Curiosity | *Jet Propulsion Laboratory, Pasadena, California, 2012*

Mars Rover Testing Area | *Mojave Desert, 2012*



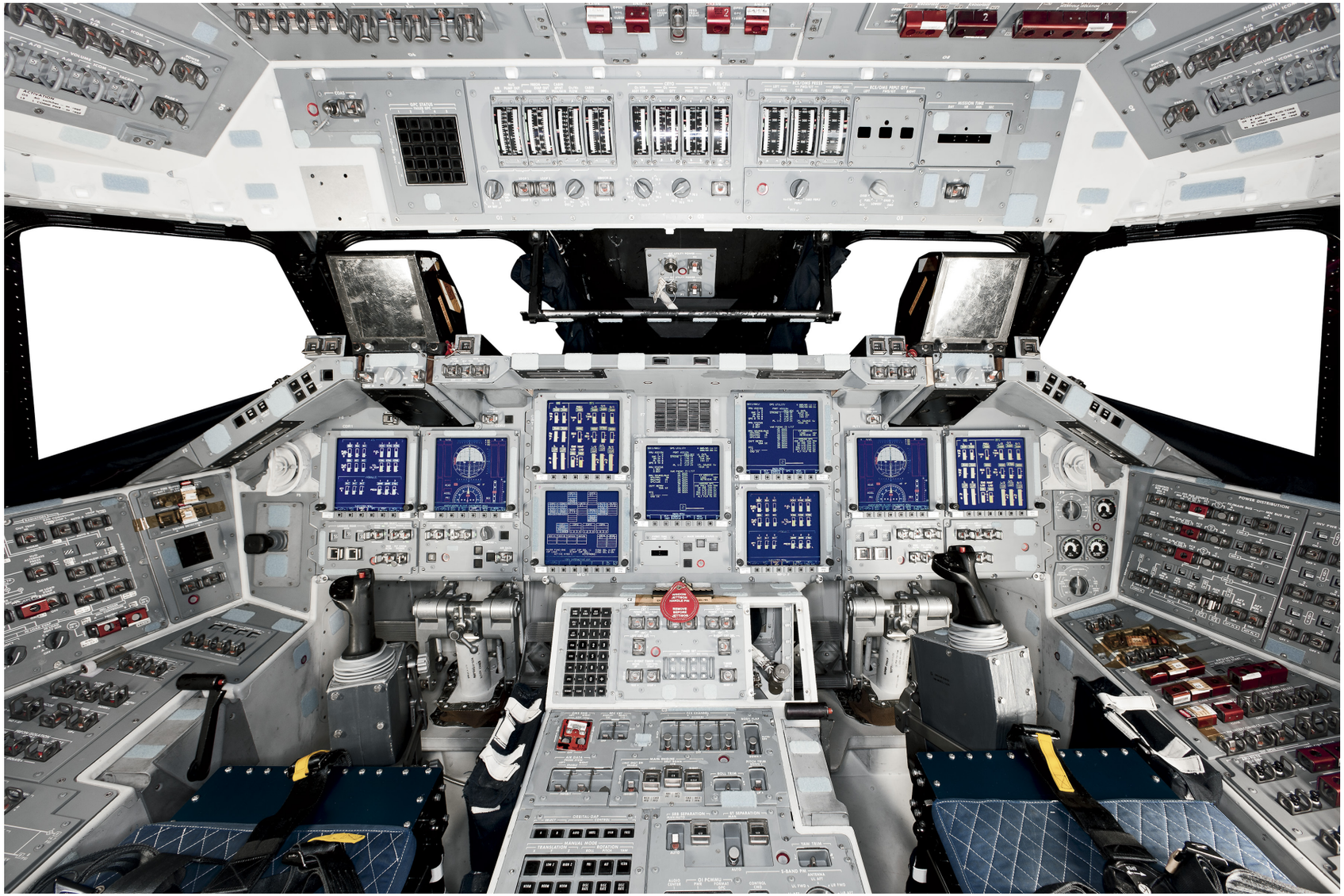
John Glenn's Mercury *Suit* | *Washington, D.C., 2001*



Vehicle Assembly Building (VAB) Interior | *Cape Canaveral, 2011*

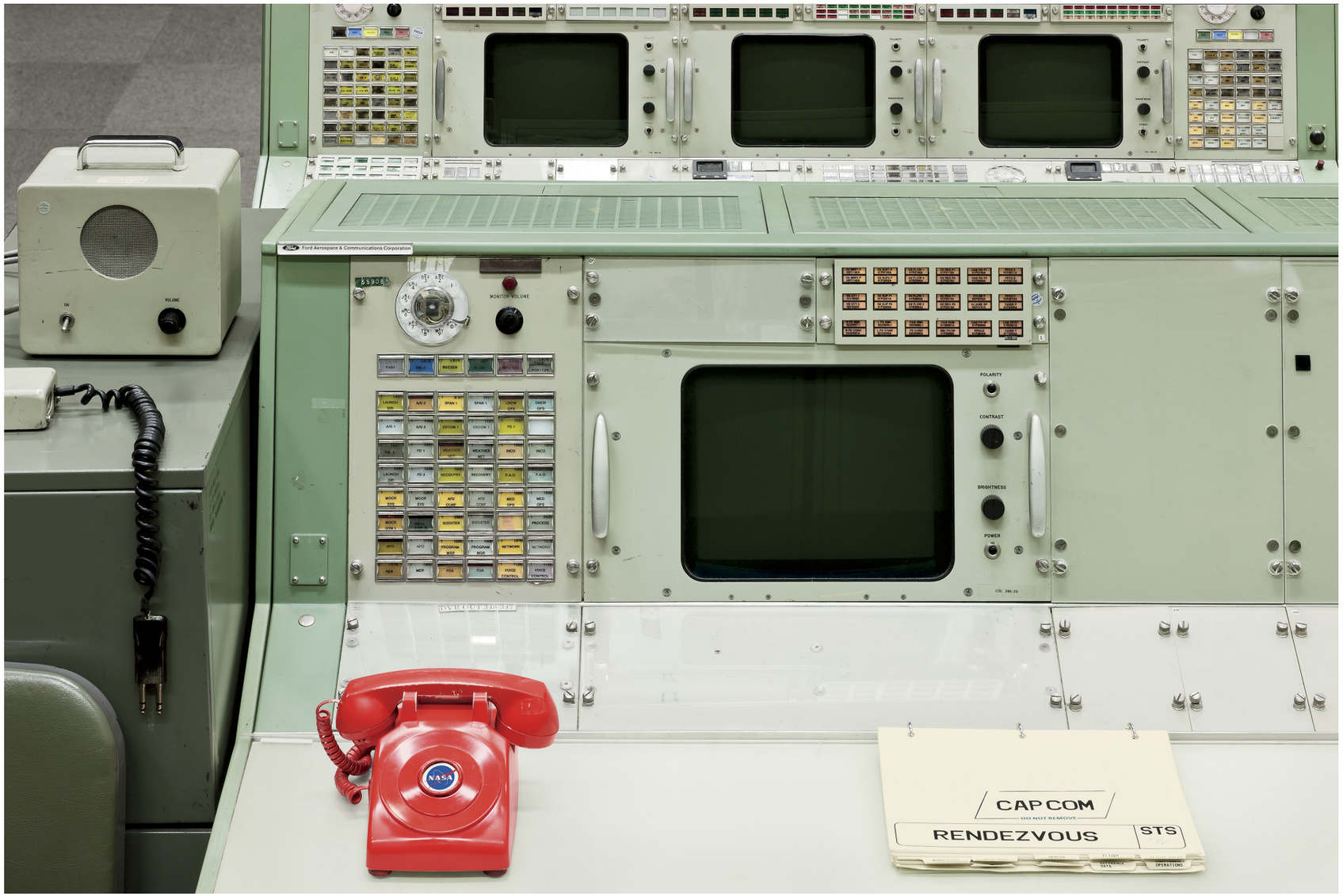
SR-71 Cockpit | *Oakland, 2010*

Neil Armstrong's Lunar Glove | Washington, D.C., 2012



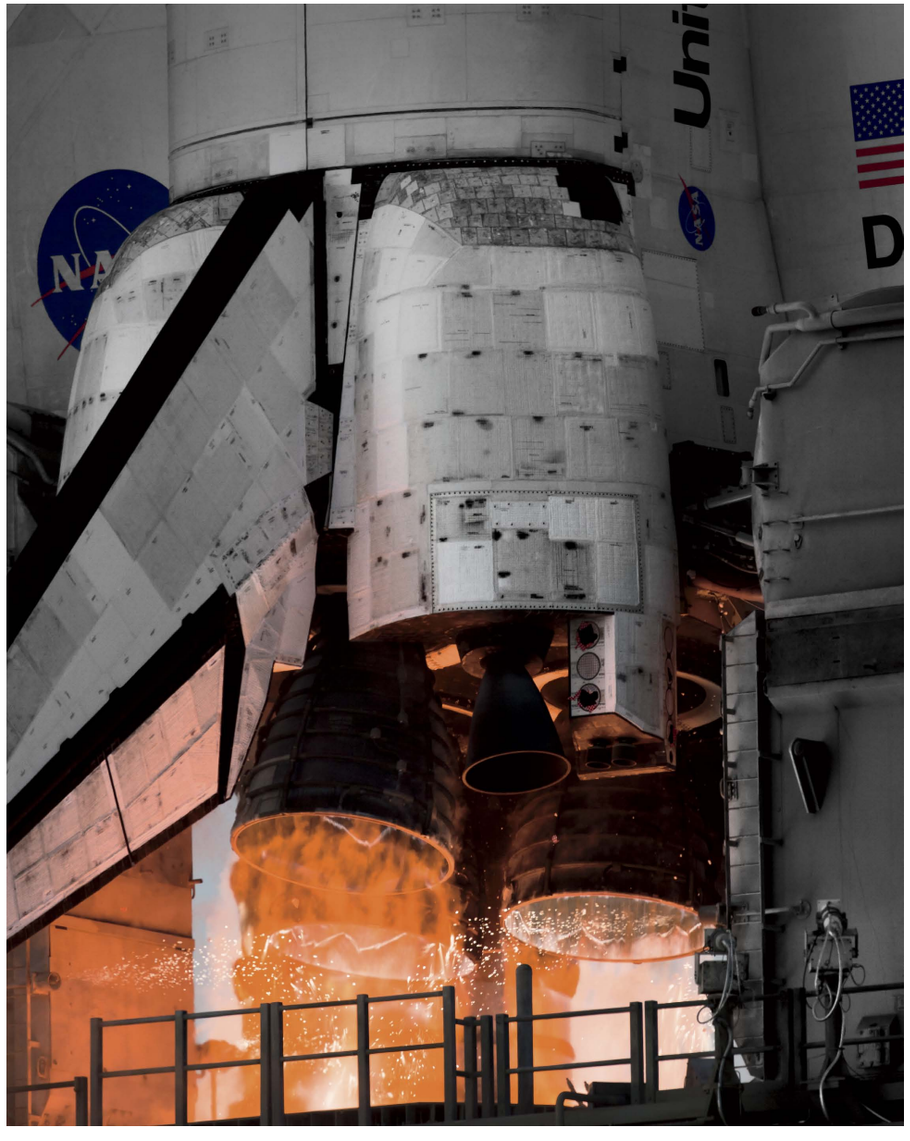
Discovery *Flight Deck* | *Cape Canaveral, 2011*

Rubber Stamps | *Johnson Space Center, Houston, 2012*



Control Console, Mission Control | *Johnson Space Center, Houston, 2012*

Solid Rocket Booster (SRB) Ignition | *Cape Canaveral, 2011*



Discovery *Main Engine Start* | *Cape Canaveral, 2011*

Endeavour *Passes Through the Clouds* | *Cape Canaveral, 2011*

HONEYBEES

MY LOVE OF INSECTS WAS, FOR A TIME, LEADING ME TOWARD A CAREER in entomology. While I'm grateful my artistic pursuits won out, insects are still one of my great passions, and I will often pause and watch them with childlike excitement whenever we cross paths. ¶ I began practicing as a beekeeper at the age of nine. I had the good fortune of living near a commercial beekeeper who was generous enough to devote time teaching me about these fascinating creatures and serving as an advisor. I also shared time beekeeping with my father. Together we would periodically open our hive boxes and make a visual inspection of the condition of the hives. This practice is essential to monitor the overall health of the colony, and to determine when the honey should be harvested. We checked the brood levels and looked for signs of intruders, such as mites, wax moths, and hive beetles. It was always thrilling to

locate the queen bee, who was easily distinguishable by her long abdomen and the frenzy of workers surrounding her, tending to her every need. Spotting her among the many thousands of workers was the most exciting part of the process, and I still feel that thrill today.

While a worker bee's lifespan ranges from four weeks to six months, a queen can live for up to seven years. She can lay as many as 2,000 eggs per day, totaling more than two million in her lifetime. A healthy hive has a population of approximately 60,000 bees, which are all female, save for a few hundred males, also known as drones. The drones are much larger than the workers, and their sole purpose is to fertilize the queen. The virgin queen leaves the hive on her nuptial flights when she is only a couple days old, usually mating with 12–15 drones over a period of a few days. Once this mating ritual is completed, she will never leave the hive again.

Agriculture was the chief industry in Ventura County during my youth, and citrus was central to its economy. Every acre of citrus requires roughly 2.5 hives of bees to sufficiently pollinate for optimal fruit yield. The taste of orange blossom honey is distinct, and remains my personal favorite. Its scent permeated those endless hours I spent in the orchards with my bees.

In my senior year of high school, when making Super 8 movies and building models pulled my attention from beekeeping, I sold my hives. In 2011, I came to know a beekeeper here in Austin named Konrad Bouffard, and through that friendship I was inspired to set up an apiary at my studio, about 20 miles from Austin in Driftwood, Texas. I've realized once again that there are few pursuits that affect me on a spiritual level like witnessing the ballet unfolding before me inside a hive.

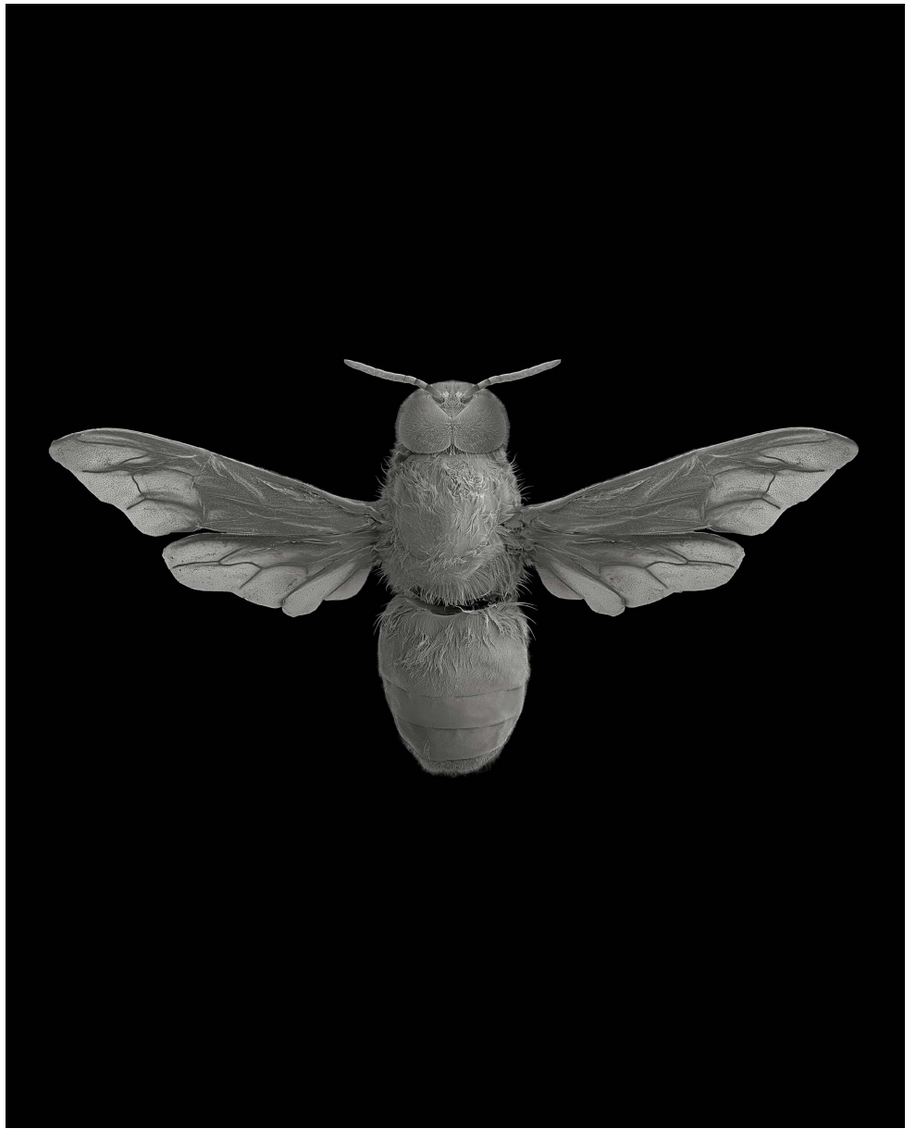
Honeybees are one of the most important pollinators on the planet. Their labor accounts for up to one-third of our nation's annual food supply. For commercial beekeepers who truck their colonies thousands of miles cross-country, it's this pollination process, more than honey sales, that constitutes their livelihood.

Recently, our agriculture and apiary industries have been hit with a true crisis: The bees are leaving. Entire colonies across the US started vanishing as early as 2006. Commercial operators in as many as 22 states have reported declines as staggering as 75 percent. The phenomenon, known as colony collapse disorder (CCD), occurs when the female worker bees of a seemingly healthy hive abruptly disappear. There are competing theories about what causes CCD: malnutrition, pesticides, genetically modified crops, mites, and modern beekeeping practices in general, such as the long-distance transportation of bees and the administering of antibiotics to the hives. The scientific community is aggressively searching for clues, but no single cause has yet to be settled upon.

It was against this dire backdrop that I began to focus my photographic energies on the honeybee. This series of photographs, which I created for *Texas Monthly*, is very special to me, as it combines two of my great passions in life. Working under the guidance of biologist Dr. Dwight Romanovicz of the Institute for Cellular and Molecular Biology at the University of Texas at Austin, I made this series of images from June through July of 2008, using a field emission scanning electron microscope (FESEM).

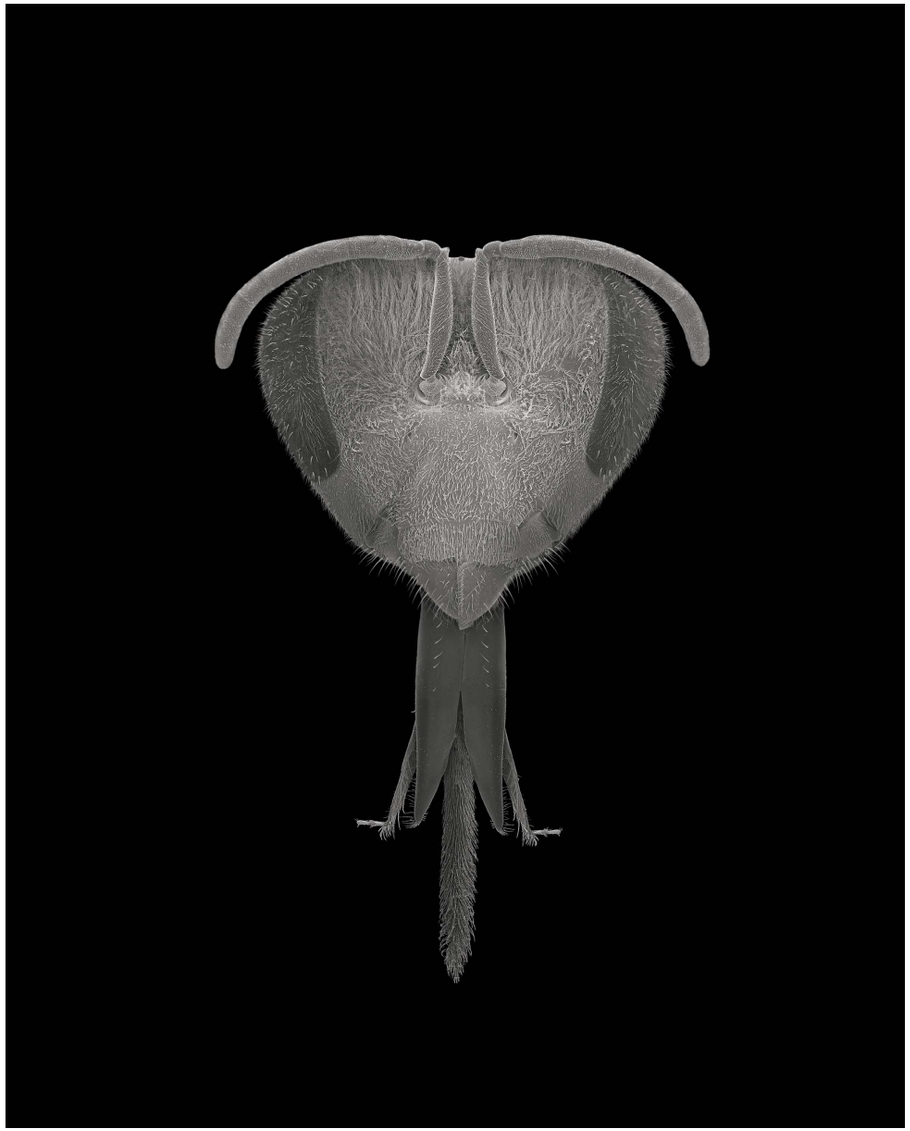
The specimen preparation process is painstaking and time-consuming. For example, it's necessary to place each specimen into ethyl alcohol in order to replace the water within the insect's cell structure. Working under 10x–20x magnification and using micromanipulators and entomological mounting pins (sometimes as many as 20 per specimen), I was able to mount the dead bees into the positions I wished to photograph them in. I then coated each specimen with a thin layer of iridium (4–8 nm), which makes the specimen conductive and allows it to withstand the microscope's powerful electron beam. This coating is what gives the bees their luminous appearance in the photographs.

These images are precious to me. They were difficult to make, and it's a subject matter I find sacred. It has been a joy to have so many opportunities in life to work on projects that combine my passion of photography with subject matter that is dear to my heart.

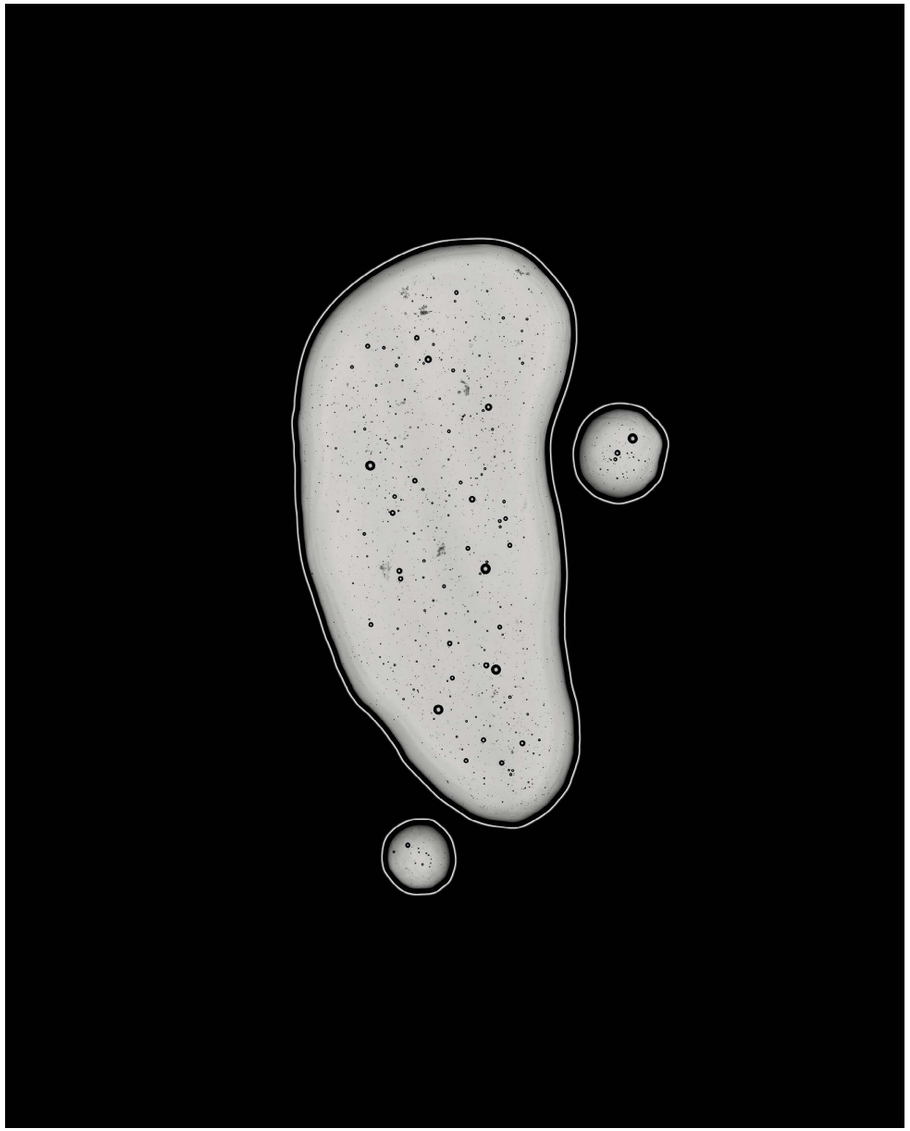


Apis Mellifera, Drone | *Austin, 2009*

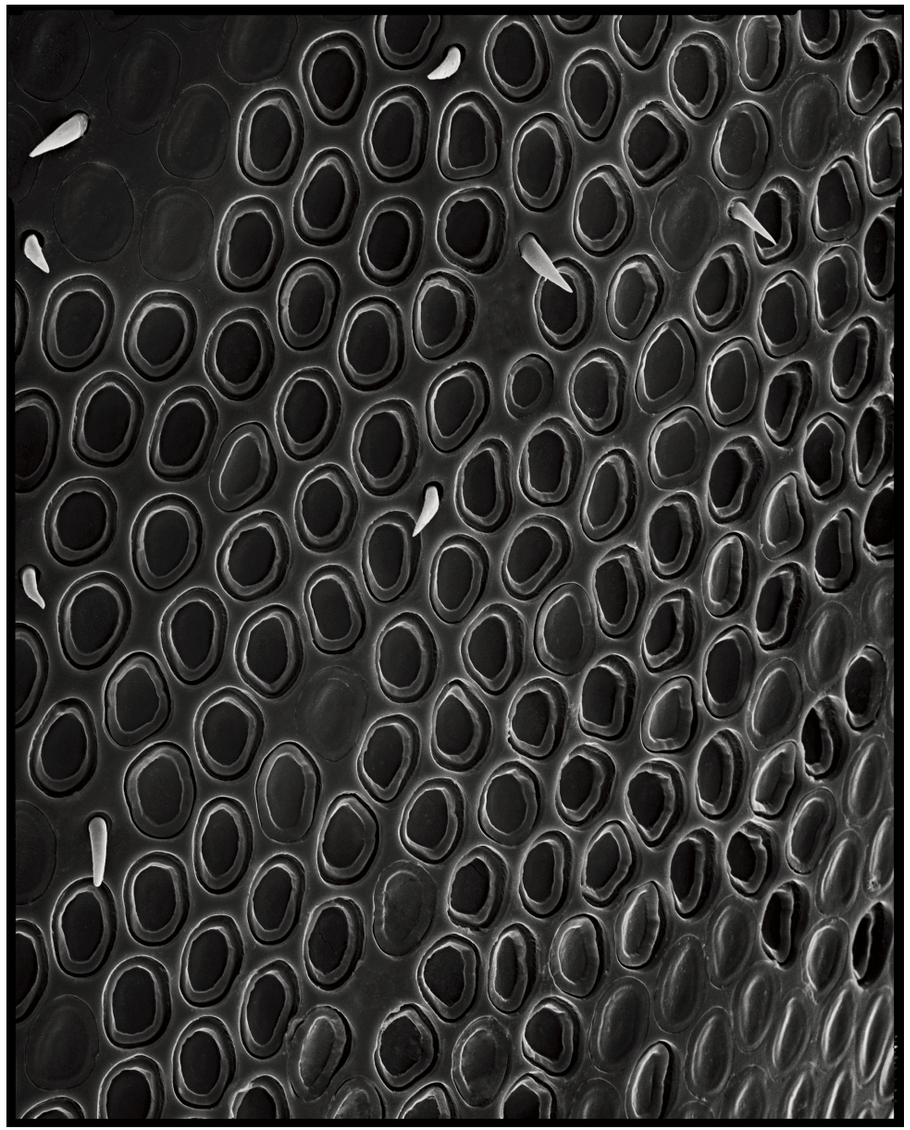
Apis Mellifera, Stinger | *Austin, 2009*



Apis Mellifera, Worker with Tongue Extended | *Austin, 2009*



Honey Photogram | *Austin, 2009*



Apis Mellifera, Drone Antenna | *Austin, 2009*

Worker in Flight | *Austin, 2009*

FATHERHOOD AND FAMILY

AS PHOTOGRAPHERS, WE ARE DEPENDENT ON A PHYSICAL SUBJECT in order to practice our craft—someone or something to train our camera on so we may, through our own perception, interpret our subject photographically. Over the years, the nature and content of my images has changed and evolved. As an artist, this is all I can ask for. I believe we die as artists if we allow ourselves to lapse into formula. The more I look, the better my understanding of that which I am looking at. When we shine our light on something, the universe reflects back and, in some sense, that reflection seems to become more prominent in our daily lives. ¶ Over time I've found myself returning to photographs in which the photographer shares the intimate and private moments of his or her own life. The clarity of truthful moments transcends technique and, in fact, utilizes the photographic process as a conduit for human connection. Harry Callahan's

EVIDENCE OF A LIFE REPLETE WITH LOVE IS, IN MY MIND, THE GREATEST GIFT A PHOTOGRAPHER CAN GIVE TO THE WORLD.

stunning photographs of his wife Eleanor; Jacques Henri Lartigue's seemingly innocent photographs of his friends and family; Emmet Gowin's intensely personal portraits of his wife Edith; Sally Mann's dreamlike chronicle of her children. These images are an affirmation of the beauty in life.

Evidence of a life replete with love is, in my mind, the greatest gift a photographer can give to the world. While I have been profoundly touched by these images of love, it was not until I became a father to my son Dylan that I began to understand the true source of their testimony.

One of my favorite quotes is from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. It speaks to absolute compassion and unconditional love for one's fellow beings. In 1857, he wrote, "If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility."

Longfellow, one of America's greatest poets, endured immense suffering in his lifetime. The tragic deaths of two wives threw him into a deep state of depression, which paralyzed his ability to write for several years, and these events remained a central theme in his life until he died in 1882. Longfellow knew suffering—tremendous suffering—and I believe this quote reflects the struggles of all humankind and offers hope that each man may provide healing for the world.

Kathryn, my wife of over 20 years, has always been shy around my camera. Over the years I have made only a handful of photographs of her that I feel convey our connection. I began photographing my son Dylan from the moment of his birth, in 1993. When I look at the photographs I've made of him, I can see and feel the results of the many choices I've made in life.

Thankfully, I've had no better example than that of my own father, who, along with my mother, offered me a childhood filled with wonder and love. They are a loving couple who met in high school and have been married now for 53 years. My father was a talented welder and an incredibly hard worker. I spent my weekends helping him with

projects on our gentleman's farm in Ventura County. Whether it was working on cars, crafting in his woodshop, mending fences, or tending to our livestock, these experiences are invaluable to me today.

As a kid, I raised bees, and we killed our own livestock for food. Through these childhood experiences, I gained a connection to Mother Earth and a deep understanding of my place before her. My own mother, who excelled at whatever she put her mind to, was a master at many things, including growing fresh fruit and vegetables. It was through her that my artistic nature was derived.

It was through both my parents that I learned the value of work and the joy and satisfaction to be found through hard-earned life experience. One thing I respect most about my father is the sacrifices he made in order to provide us with a comfortable upbringing. There were several occasions where he was transferred for work, but he never moved his family. At times he was required to commute up to four hours a day by car so we could continue living a childhood of wonder on our family farm. The passage of time has provided me with a profound sense of appreciation for those sacrifices, but also for the experiences we shared together.

Initially, my role as a parent was a bit enigmatic to me. I was so caught up in work that I feel as though I missed the first few years of Dylan's life. Kathryn was much more involved with his day-to-day care; I was a servant to my work, blind to the life that was passing me by each day. It was not until Dylan began growing older that I understood the fleeting nature of parenting and came to the realization that I would have but one chance at this sacred duty.

In 1998, when Dylan was four, Kathryn and I bought a beach house on Tybee Island, just outside of Savannah, Georgia. It has been a true gift, and our bonds have strengthened through experiencing the simple wonders the island holds. Over the last 15 years we have spent our most cherished times as a family on Tybee, including most Christmases and 4th of July celebrations, replete with an arsenal of fireworks.

Fatherhood has been one of my proudest achievements. It began with the realization that this responsibility would shape Dylan as a man. When I look at my photographs of him over the years, they are as much about the photographic process as they are about the relationship I have consciously tried to build with my son. Likewise, these images say as much about me as a father as they do about myself as an artist.

While the materials and aesthetics applied to a photograph may vary, my collaboration with the sitter is the cornerstone of my working method, and this is no less the case when the subject is my son. My photographs document the physical changes he has undergone, but also reflect a conscious attempt on my part to create metaphoric images. As time passes, I've come to have a different emotional response to these photographs. They allow me to stay connected to the moments I've shared with my son on his own path in life.

I thank the pioneers in the field who have toiled in an attempt to "fix a shadow," thus allowing us to hold, in stillness, the moments that are especially dear to us.

Dylan's Feet | *Austin, 2004*

Dylan's Foot | *Hollywood, 1995*

Dylan's Stitches | *Austin, 1999*

Self-Portrait | *Hollywood, 1996*

Flashlight | *Batavia, Ohio, 1997*

The Lane at the Farm | *Batavia, Ohio, 1999*

Bird on Wire | *Driftwood, Texas, 2007*

Dylan | *Hollywood, 2000*

Scrape | *Hollywood, 1998*

Dylan and Megan | *Driftwood, Texas, 2009*

Shark | *Tybee Island, Georgia, 2012*

Dylan | *Tybee Island, Georgia, 2008*

18TH BIRTHDAY | AUSTIN, 2011

Self-Portrait | *New York, 1989*

Kathryn Winters | *Driftwood, Texas, 2009*

Larry Winters | *Apple Valley, California, 2007*

BRETT

Over the course of a lifetime, filling our lives with love must take precedence over all other pursuits. A life filled with love is all we can hope for. If we are able to form substantial, loving relationships with even a few people, we can count ourselves lucky. In my career I've had the honor of forging a handful of friendships that are truly dear to me. ¶ My friendship with Brett Kilroe has been fulfilling beyond measure. Brett is one of the most loving, kind, and gentle individuals I've ever had the honor of knowing. He and I formed a unique bond upon meeting for the first time in 1996 while working on the first of many collaborations throughout our nearly 20 years of friendship. He is a special part of our family, and the word "client" would never apply to him. ¶ A highly respected graphic designer and art director, Brett's ability to visualize and bring a concept to fruition is rare. He communicates complex ideas with precision and, as a result of our long history,

we often finish one another's thoughts. He is talented beyond measure, and the dedication he shows to the musicians with whom he works is profound. Our initial bond was established through the creative process, and our love of making art together has carried us through many adventures. Brett and I have collaborated on packaging for a number of bands and solo artists, including Kings of Leon, The Strokes, Ray LaMontagne, Foo Fighters, Eve 6, Velvet Revolver, Bobby Long, and many more.

Our collaborations have all been special, but there is one I hold particularly close to my heart. What began as a simple aside became a beautifully orchestrated ballet. In November 2012, Brett was visiting Kath and me in Austin for a bit of a respite from the chill of a Manhattan fall. His visit was social, as he has his own upstairs room in our house and will periodically stay with us for a week or more at a time. Considering we experience such joy working together, he and I have trouble not creating something during these regular visits. Brett needed a still life for the home page of his website, which was still in progress, so we talked about the approach and decided we'd just wing it on one of the days during his visit. He showed up with a suitcase full of CD packages, special-edition vinyl, and myriad ancillary objects he'd created throughout his career. What began as a display of his abilities and accomplishments ended up being one of our most satisfying collaborations to date.

We began by organizing the items on a large layout table in my studio. One by one we began to build layers, pulling items from all over my studio and combining them with his work. It felt like a dance; we spoke very little as we placed items in the set with great reverence. All the while I was documenting the process and frequently needed to airbrush items that stood out in order to bring them into a value range compatible with the overall image. After several hours of positioning, repositioning, and adding and subtracting objects, we felt as though we'd finished. When complex sets are involved, it's often the case that I experience a distinct sadness when we begin to demolish them, as so much love and care goes into the construction of these often magical worlds. The Helen Mirren set was particularly painful to dismantle, partially because I was so proud of the photograph, but also because, if the set was a permanent fixture, it would have been a wonderful space to occupy. And considering I had envisioned that particular environment for quite some time, watching it crash to the studio floor was heartbreaking.

The assemblage Brett and I made together stayed up for a few days before the pieces began to find their way back to their respective places in my studio and into Brett's suitcase. As our creation was slowly disassembled and finally ceased to be, I experienced a profound sense of loss, and it reminded me of the impermanence of our being. The relevance of this image is poignant. It's a beautiful celebration of all that Brett has accomplished throughout his career.

A pure love of creativity permeates all of Brett's actions. It is his driving force in life. I believe that every aspect of our experience is part of a divine plan, not a series of random events. It is for this reason that I have such gratitude to the universe for allowing Brett to be a part of my life.

AS OUR CREATION WAS SLOWLY DISASSEMBLED AND FINALLY CEASED TO BE, I EXPERIENCED A PROFOUND SENSE OF LOSS, AND IT REMINDED ME OF THE IMPERMANENCE OF OUR BEING.

Brett's Still Life | *Driftwood, Texas, 2011*

THE STREET

THE SOMEWHAT NOMADIC PRACTICE OF WALKING THE STREETS and photographing the places we inhabit—and responding to all that the universe has to offer—has a particularly strong hold on me. Street photography affords us opportunities to capture stolen moments, but the street also provides a context. The shared space outside our sanctuaries becomes just as much a character as those who populate it. As a practice, it's nearly impossible to have a specific plan. I find the best method is to simply start walking. I've spent hours on a city block that one could traverse in a matter of seconds, and I revel in the ability to render its frenzy into the stillness of a frozen pond. ¶ This is the most liberating form of image-making I know. I use the term "street photography" because it's an established term within the photographic vernacular, though I suppose it could be called "public photography," as well. One of the great practitioners of the field, Garry

Winogrand, had disdain for the term, insisting he was not a "street" photographer, but rather a "still" photographer. We can always rely on semantics to allow us to drift from the essence of a subject.

One aspect of the genre that appeals to me is that it's non-exclusive. Because the subject matter does not require special access, it really is a democratic enterprise. It doesn't even require a street. Any place that is inhabited by man is usually accepted within the genre. Another semantic distinction is the term "documentary photography," which is meant to imply that the images are being made for the purpose of creating a historical document. While intent may differ, I would consider these genres to be one and the same.

In his insightful 1964 short story "Blow Up," Julio Cortázar encapsulates what I believe is the essence of street photography: "When one is walking about with a camera, one has almost the duty to be attentive."

Central to this brief statement is the message of awareness, which lies at the heart of photography as a whole.

It's a fascinating experience to become a part of the street—to come to it by watching it rather than engaging in a fleeting, parochial encounter. So much energy and talent has been expended in the pursuit of capturing these moments, and our collective experience and sense of place has been so enriched by street photographers, that to create a comprehensive account of the genre would fill several volumes. I would, however, like to share just a few milestones, after which I'll present a portfolio of photographs that hold significance for me, and allow them to speak for themselves. This is but a scratch on the surface, so much so that I am, to a certain degree, reluctant to present it. Ultimately, the passion I feel for this type of photography is so near to my heart, I would be remiss in not addressing it.

Louis Daguerre made what is considered by many to be the world's earliest street photograph, "The Boulevard du Temple," in Paris in either 1838 or '39.

The image contains the first known humans to inhabit a photograph—in the lower left third of the image, there is a man being tended to by a bootblack. Because of the lengthy exposures required at the time—up to 15 minutes in daylight—it is thought by many to have been a collaborative effort between the two individuals in the photograph and the photographer himself. Had the two individuals not held still for the duration of the exposure, they would never have appeared on the plate. Because they do appear, it's a reasonable assumption that some level of coordination was involved.

The Scottish photographer John Thomson created a comprehensive document of street life in London in the early to mid-1870s. Prior to this, Thomson had traveled the world extensively, documenting various cultures in the East. Upon his return to Europe, his work was met with great fanfare. It was at this time that he began training his lens on working-class and street-dwelling Londoners. The body of work is one of the first known examples of a photographer making a concerted effort to capture daily city life. Thomson published his series in the landmark collection *Street Life in London* (1878), which consisted of essays and interviews by the radical journalist Adolphe Smith, along with Thomson's lavishly reproduced photographs. The book captures a world teeming with bootblacks, fishmongers, cabmen, and displaced persons. One of the most elegant images is of a group of women selling flowers in Covent Garden. At first glance, Thomson's photographs appear to be stills from a film set. He used a tripod-mounted, large-format camera, which gives his photographs a beautiful, impressionistic feel. Though shooting in this manner is inherently obtrusive, his images don't reflect this, which indicates that his subjects were complicit in the making of the photographs. Through their work, Thomson and Smith are generally credited with establishing "social documentary photography" and broadening the possibilities of print journalism.

French photographer Eugène Atget is often referred to as the father of documentary photography. The enigmatic flâneur viewed himself, somewhat strangely, not as a photographer, but as a provider of artistic views intended to be used as subject matter for painters. Before he took to photography, Atget's first artistic endeavor was acting, followed by painting. Later, he tirelessly walked the streets, attempting to capture on film the sections of Paris that had not succumbed to demolition under the reign of Napoleon III. The cobblestone alleys and mazes provided a rich tapestry, which Atget exploited with great élan.

Napoleon, who was elected as the first president of France in 1848, subsequently inserted himself into the role of France's emperor after a coup in 1851. The most significant legacy of his almost 20-year reign was the building of France's infrastructure. He saw to the construction of the French railway network, allowing the country's vast resources to be brought to the world market, and thus transforming its economy. Inspired by the modernization of London at the time, Napoleon sought to transform

the medieval city from a maze of cobblestone streets into one of grand, tree-lined boulevards and public parks that still inspire awe today. Entire districts were demolished en masse to make way for the mammoth reconstruction project, which lasted well past his reign and through the end of the 19th century.

It seems fitting, then, that only a handful of Atget's photographs of Paris are inhabited by people; when figures are present, they usually appear as aberrations, resulting from the long exposure times. For the most part, his images are austere studies in form and composition, but it's his reverence for the city itself that leaves the most lasting impression.

Atget provides us with a glimpse of the old city streets, though even as he was creating them, his photographs were imbued with nostalgia. Atget was attempting to preserve the last vestiges of the city before they were lost to time. When viewed comprehensively, there's a sense of urgency to the pictures, despite their stillness. He spent more than 20 years systematically documenting Paris and, in the process, became an expert on the city's architecture. The project was funded by sales of his works to various institutions in Paris, as well as to painters, who would use his pictures as fodder for their canvases. In 1906, he was commissioned by one of his early institutional supporters, the Bibliothèque Historique de la Ville de Paris, to continue with the immense project. Far from serving solely as documents, Atget's images are permeated by a visual sensibility that provides a sophistication transcending his subject matter. It is this that distinguishes Atget from many of his contemporaries.

Shortly before his death, Atget became acquainted with Man Ray and Berenice Abbott, both American expatriates living in Paris at the time. Man Ray and Abbott were champions of Atget's work, though the Frenchman never quite accepted the praise bestowed on him by the next generation of photographers. Abbott made the last known photographs of Atget in her Paris studio, just months before his death.

Atget received little recognition for his work during his lifetime, although the French government purchased over 2,500 of his glass negatives in 1920, which provided him with financial independence. He spent his remaining years photographing the vast gardens at Versailles. Upon his death in 1927, over 2,000 more negatives were sold by the executor of his estate before Abbott stepped in, along with financial help from visionary gallerist Julien Levy, and purchased the remaining negatives. Abbott and Levy became advocates of Atget, and Abbott published several volumes of his work. In 1968, an aging Abbott sold her entire collection of Atget's negatives to the Museum of Modern Art. Her staunch efforts on his behalf helped Atget gain the international recognition he justly deserved.

Every photographer owes a world of debt to Alfred Stieglitz. I've had a deep love of his images since I was first introduced to them at Moorpark High School in the late '70s. The darkroom at the school had only one enlarger, a '50s Beseler 4x5. The tiny room was situated in a passageway between the biology lab and the chemistry lab, next to the chemical storeroom. Few students had access to it. The chemistry professor, Mr. Helgeson, was a passionate and patient man. A great lover of the arts, he kept a small library in the lab, which included a handful of photography books. Most were technical in nature: standards such as *The Print* and *The Negative* by Ansel Adams, as well as Kodak darkroom guides, and so forth. There were, however, a number of volumes that featured the work of influential photographers, including Stieglitz. His work appeared in a compilation of early 20th century photography, along with Paul Strand, Alvin Langdon Coburn, Clarence H. White, and Gertrude Käsebier.

I will never forget the first time I saw Stieglitz's "Winter, Fifth Avenue" (1893). It is, in my opinion, among the most beautiful photographs ever made. I still marvel at its interminable fury. Stieglitz spoke of standing in the same spot for three hours in a blizzard, waiting and watching until the elements converged and the photograph came to be. Stieglitz was among the first serious "art" photographers to use hand-held equipment on the street. In 1892, he purchased a Folmer & Schwing 4x5 plate camera. He had previously worked with a large 8x10 plate camera, which is cumbersome and restrictive. The smaller 4x5 plate camera had the added advantage of being a single-lens reflex camera, which Stieglitz could hand-hold while shooting, thus allowing him to work quickly, without having to use a focusing cloth and tripod, as he did with the 8x10. He found this new working method liberating, and many of his well known early works, including "Winter, Fifth Avenue," "The Terminal" (1892), and "The Steerage" (1907), were made with this camera.

I marvel at his masterpiece "The Steerage," considered by many historians to be one of the most important photographs ever made. Much of its importance, I believe, is garnered by context applied to the image by academia, which was once again not necessarily true to the photograph. Many thought the image was of European immigrants arriving into the somewhat open arms of America. Though I don't want to diminish its profound beauty, the reality is that Stieglitz made the photograph while traveling with first-class accommodations aboard the ocean liner *Kaiser Wilhelm II*. The photograph depicts steerage passengers not arriving in America, but returning to Europe, en route

to Bremen. Political context was inferred by academics, and quite possibly by Stieglitz, as well. While the initial success of the image was considerable, its relevance as a milestone in the history of photography has only increased over the years. The image is divided into sections by strong angular elements, and is considered an example of early Modernism (and proto-Cubism), as well as a study in gender and social class. The image was heralded as proof that a photograph could deliver social, documentary, and artistic content. Upon the critical success of "The Steerage"—Stieglitz devoted an entire issue of his arts and literature journal *291* to the photograph in September 1915—he rejected his previous notion that photographs should resemble paintings and ceased to work in the Pictorial style. He began to concentrate on making photographs that had their own intrinsic merit, and should be treated as such. A true Modernist, Stieglitz was celebrated in 1915 by Mexican artist Marius de Zayas:

> "*Stieglitz, in America through photography, has shown us, as far as possible, the objectivity of our outer world. I speak of that photography in which the genius of man leaves to the machine its full power of expression. For it is only thus that we can reach a comprehension of pure objectivity. Objective truth takes precedence over Stieglitz in his work. By means of a machine he shows us the outer life.*"

Pablo Picasso was another admirer of Stieglitz's photographs. When referring to "The Steerage," Picasso inferred that he and Stieglitz were thinking along the same lines.

Along with fellow photographer and close friend Edward Steichen, Stieglitz set up a gallery at 291 5th Avenue in 1905 and ran it until 1917. The gallery was known as the "Little Galleries of the Photo-Secession," but later became known simply as "291." In addition to showing photography, Stieglitz began showing European Modernists, and was among the first to introduce the works of Picasso, Duchamp, Matisse, Rodin, and others to American audiences. Stieglitz continued to photograph throughout his lifetime. In addition to his photographs, Stieglitz was the driving force behind photography being acknowledged as a true art form.

Maverick photographer Paul Strand, who was a student of social reformist photographer Lewis Hine, visited "291" with Hine in 1911. It was on this visit that Strand was first introduced to the work of Stieglitz, Clarence H. White, Gertrude Käsebier, and other members of the Photo-Secession movement. Strand later went back to "291" and shared a portfolio of his photographs with Stieglitz, who immediately took him under his wing. Stieglitz, Strand, and Steichen worked tirelessly to get photography the respect it deserved. Like Stieglitz, Strand and Steichen began their photographic careers making photographs in the Pictorialist style, a technique in which photographs were made to resemble paintings, usually through soft focus and elaborate darkroom techniques. The group worked in this fashion for many years, but abandoned the practice by 1920 in favor of a more direct approach. They embraced the intrinsic ability of photography to render the world in unparalleled clarity and stillness. Known as "straight photography," this practice became the standard method used by most influential photographers of the 20th century, among them Edward Weston, Ansel Adams, and Imogen Cunningham. Strand enjoyed a long and productive career as a photographer. He worked around the world, but lived out his last 27 years in Orgeval, France. His early photographs in New York, especially "Wall Street" (1915), are among the most beautiful photographs ever made.

The poetry and whimsy of the street was evident early on in the stunning photographs of André Kertész. Kertész began photographing at a young age. Before leaving his native Hungary to avoid Nazi persecution, he'd already amassed a brilliant body of work. He moved to Paris, then New York, applying his sensibility to the streets of both world capitals. His photograph "Meudon" (1928) is, in my opinion, a perfect image. The convergence of elements in such a poetic fashion encapsulates the spirit of the genre as much as any singular image I've encountered.

Of the myriad practitioners of the form, Henri Cartier-Bresson is most decidedly the master of the street photograph. One can hardly broach the subject without his name immediately being mentioned. Bresson, who began by studying painting, experienced a profound transformation when he first viewed Martin Munkácsi's photograph "Boys Running into the Surf at Lake Tanganyika" (circa 1930). It was from this encounter that Bresson put painting aside and focused his full attention on photography. Most of the photographers I've discussed to this point used cumbersome large-format cameras, which made them easy to detect while working in public places. Bresson was among the first wave of early photographers to embrace the 35mm camera—or the "miniature camera," as it was called—and helped make it the standard tool for street photography for generations. Initially dismissed as an amateur's toy because its resolution and clarity couldn't compare to large-format cameras, the 35mm camera's strength lies in its intimate access while photographing in public.

These dismissive attitudes about the 35mm camera remind me of the sentiments many photographers today levy against the mobile device, which has, due to its resounding ubiquity, already ushered in the future of street photography. Bresson worked quickly and methodically, pre-focusing his camera so he could strike with lightning speed. He, like Stieglitz, spoke of waiting for long periods of time for the photograph to manifest

“WINTER, FIFTH AVENUE” IS AMONG THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS EVER MADE. I STILL MARVEL AT ITS INTERMINABLE FURY.

itself before him. Unlike those of Stieglitz, Bresson’s photographs are at times technically flawed, but the flaws are overshadowed by the emotion contained in his images. Stieglitz labored over his prints in the darkroom, bringing them as close to perfection as humanly possible. Bresson’s prints are by no means masterpieces of darkroom craft, yet we are drawn to them like few others. His compositions could be so precise, they feel as though the world he lived in was shaped like a rectangular frame. He spoke of realizing his images in camera, and he was among the first photographers to make it a practice to print his images “full frame,” complete with a thin black border around the image, caused by the edge of the negative not being cropped out during printing. This was Bresson’s attempt to show us that we are being given all there is on the piece of film—that the image was fully realized through the viewfinder at the moment the shutter was tripped. And yet, arguably his most famous image, “Behind the Gare Saint-Lazare” (1932), was cropped significantly whenever it was printed. I chose to include the uncropped version of the image in the portfolio of images following this chapter, as I find it to be more fleeting in its grace than the cropped version.

History has shown that it is not uncommon for artists to have a significant period of productivity before retreating into familiar formulas. As artists, it is our hope that our productivity continues over a lifetime, growing and maturing throughout. Many have intimated that American photographer Walker Evans reached his zenith in the late ’30s while working for the Farm Security Administration (FSA) under Roy Stryker. In 1932, Evans began working for the Resettlement Administration (RA), a federal agency created under the New Deal that later became the FSA. Stryker, who was manager of the FSA photo-documentary project, recruited an incredible pool of talent that included Dorothea Lange, Ben Shahn, Carl Mydans, Jack Delano, Russell Lee, John Vachon, and, of course, Evans and Stryker himself.

Evans was deeply influenced by the photographs of Atget, having been introduced to them in the volume *Atget: Photographe de Paris*, published in 1930 by Berenice Abbott. In much the same way Atget pursued the fleeting ghosts of Paris, the American locations Evans was chasing were similarly disappearing. By Stryker’s account, Evans was rogue, and only vaguely followed his assignment sheets. In 1936, while under FSA employ,

Fortune sent Evans and writer James Agee on assignment to Hale County, Alabama, to collaborate on a story focusing on sharecroppers in the remote South. The duo spent roughly eight weeks that summer wading through the red dirt of the region, chronicling families of destitute tenant farmers. The finished piece was rejected by *Fortune*, but the material was later published in 1941 in the seminal book *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*. The combination of Evans' stark photographs and Agee's meticulous writing resulted in a literary masterpiece. Instead of interspersing the images with the text, Evans' photographs are presented as a preamble to Agee's writing in the form of an uncaptioned, 62-page portfolio.

Evans' photographs have an honesty and complexity similar to those of Atget. They initially seem to be objective images, but the richness of his compositions and his ability to capture overlooked details is revealed upon closer examination. With Evans, we can truly witness the decision-making process of a photographer. His period with the FSA lasted until 1938, the same year the Museum of Modern Art devoted an exhibition to him, their first-ever for the work of a single photographer. The exhibition, titled "Walker Evans, American Photographs," was accompanied by a book of the same name, which soon became a standard in any complete photography library. Evans went on to produce many amazing photographs in his lifetime, including his 1938–41 series of candid photographs in the New York subway. Published in 1966, with a foreword by Agee, *Many Are Called* is a remarkable example of unobtrusive photography. Evans used a miniature camera hidden beneath his coat, and positioned the lens to protrude between buttonholes. The images are as truthful as they are breathtaking. I'm reminded of these images when I view Harry Callahan's candid portraits of busy pedestrians bustling through downtown Chicago. He captured these in two distinct styles, one with a wide-angle lens shooting from the hip, the other by using a long telephoto lens to create powerful close-up studies.

Evans was an editor at *Fortune* for more than two decades, and went on to chair the photography department at Yale. His ability to photograph became impaired after falling into ill health, although in the last two years of his life, he made a large number of photographs using the Polaroid SX-70 camera, the brainchild of Edwin Land. The Polaroid images have a softness that blunts the precision of much of his FSA work. In 1973, he returned to Hale County with photographer William Christenberry on a pilgrimage to revisit the skeletons of his assignment with Agee. As accomplished as Evans was throughout his lifetime, he never seemed to eclipse his work in Alabama in the summer of 1936.

When viewing the cigar-chewing Arthur Fellig's photographs of the seedy underbelly of Manhattan in the '30s and '40s, one can almost smell the urine and rotting trash in the streets. Fellig, a tabloid freelancer who used the moniker "Weegee," embodied what came to be known as an "ambulance chaser." He looked like a bulldog and photographed with the fervor of a prizefighter. Because he so often arrived at crime scenes before the police did, as if he'd used a Ouija board, the NYPD's nickname for him stuck. His images are at times terrifying, and consistently unrelenting. Known for his hubris, his studio stamp instructed publishers, "Credit Photo: Weegee the Famous." (Stanley Kubrick, who began his career as a photographer, was so enamored of Weegee's work that he hired Weegee to be the on-set photographer for *Dr. Strangelove*.)

Photography was the postmodernist's medium of choice, and few bodies of work illustrate this point better than that of Swiss photographer Robert Frank. In his 1958 masterwork *The Americans*, Frank presents us with a critical simulacrum of the American landscape. Often shooting from the hip, Frank disregarded the formal perfection that Bresson and Stieglitz brought to their images, seeking instead to capture raw emotion and grit. He began the project in 1955 after securing funding through a Guggenheim fellowship, which he procured with the help of friends Walker Evans and Edward Steichen. (Frank cited Evans as being a major influence.) Frank purchased a 1950 Ford sedan and took to the road, exposing 767 rolls of 35mm black and white film—over 27,000 frames—in a period of just a year and a half. Frank's bleak and grainy images possess the rawness of Evans' subway photographs; consequently both artists achieved an immediacy that is often associated with theft.

When one considers the state of American photography in 1955—Edward Steichen's trite and cliché exhibition "The Family of Man" opened at the Museum of Modern Art that year, breaking all attendance records—it's not surprising that Frank couldn't find a publisher in the United States. After several rejections, Frank worked with the publisher Robert Delpire in Paris. *Les Américains* was first published in May 1958 and included text from several prominent writers of the day, including William Faulkner, Henry Miller, and John Steinbeck. The book was met with criticism in the States, as many believed it to be a foreigner's cynical commentary on postwar America. One *Popular Photography* reviewer called it "a sad poem of a very sick person."

William Klein's book *New York* (1955), which is akin to *The Americans* in many ways, was received with similar negativity by the mainstream press. However, Frank's book, made up of a scant 83 photographs, was feverishly embraced by the Beat counterculture of the '50s. Though the movement is strongly associated with the writings of Ginsberg and Kerouac, both of whom Frank was acquainted with (Kerouac wrote the foreword for the US edition of *The Americans*), it was Frank's vision that gave the Beat generation a face.

The post–WW II optimism and materialism was brought to task by Frank's unflinching portrayal of pre-'60s America. While Frank has produced an enormous body of work in his lifetime, like Evans, it will be this brief period of clarity that will likely form his legacy.

One could argue that there are two periods in the practice of street photography: pre–Robert Frank and post–Robert Frank. After *The Americans*, it was as if the floodgates opened and the genre exploded exponentially. Frank was at the top of the list for most street photographers to follow. I was talking to Bill Eggleston a couple years ago on this subject, and he confirmed that the new guard of street shooters that emerged in the '60s and '70s—a loosely knit group that writer Jane Livingston referred to as the "New York School," most of whom were championed by John Szarkowski, MoMA's director of photography from 1962 through 1991—all owed a debt to Frank. Diane Arbus, Lee Friedlander, Tod Papageorge, Joel Meyerowitz, Garry Winogrand, Louis Faurer, Bruce Davidson, Paul McDonough, and Eggleston built upon what Frank had done with his pictures, with sometimes vastly different results.

The history of street photography, as we've discussed here, is deeply seated in black and white. The shift to color was initially limited to only a few serious practitioners. Stieglitz experimented with the Lumière Autochrome color process in the early years of the 20th century, but abandoned it out of frustration, as there was no suitable means with which to make high-quality prints. Autochrome images are beautiful and achieve an almost pointillistic look. I'm reminded of Georges Seurat when I look at some of Stieglitz's early color images. Several of the FSA photographers, including John Vachon, Russell Lee, and Jack Delano, produced beautiful large-format color work for the Office of War Information.

When John Szarkowski granted Eggleston a one-man show at MoMA in 1976, it was a major step toward color photography being accepted as an art form. Eggleston is considered by many to have singlehandedly ushered in the use of color on the street. His approach to color photography is a marvel; he makes something that is inherently difficult seem effortless. Eggleston, however, is not in a class of his own. There were several photographers whose use of color on the streets was recognized as much as a quarter century earlier. One of the difficulties of using color as a medium is that you're doing just that: using color. When shooting in black and white, your only concerns are form, value, and content. When working in color, a fourth variable is introduced. Harry Callahan produced a body of lesser-known color work dating back to the '40s. Callahan, who is perhaps my favorite photographer, worked in so many different ways, and with such a singular vision. Simply put, he willed pictures into being.

During the '40s and '50s, photographer and painter Saul Leiter created important and sublime color photographs on the streets of Manhattan. Leiter was a contemporary of Robert Frank, and both worked as commercial photographers during the same period. Leiter's street work, however, is particularly poetic; it has a softness to it that is painterly, contrasting Frank's gutsy and stark images. German-born photographer Fred Herzog is a color street photographer extraordinaire. His photographs of daily life, frequently focused on one district of Vancouver, are breathtaking. Herzog is truly a master of the fourth variable.

I continue to see work that inspires me. Jonathan Castillo, a young photographer in Los Angeles, mounted a camera onto the back of his car and rigged a second car with an electronic flash unit. He then placed his laptop on the passenger seat and took to the streets of LA. When he saw a driver he wanted to shoot, he would instruct his girlfriend, who was driving the "lighting" car, to pull up alongside the car so Jon could make a beautifully lit portrait of the unsuspecting operator. Likewise, I marvel at the photographs Ibarionex Perello has been making with his phone—not using the phone as a hip-shot device, but as a tool for crafting beautiful images. There is no novelty in his approach; the phone is employed with the conviction of someone actively seeking to make authentic, heartfelt images. Some of the most beautiful street photography I know can be found in the work of Matt Mahurin. Like Callahan, Matt makes pictures that are seen only by him. The richness and emotion that his images solicit is haunting. They are gifts.

The state of street photography today has changed. If the purpose of the genre was to deliver personal truths of life in public, the widespread use of the mobile device and myriad file-sharing systems has assured that this is the most widely documented time in human history. In its April 2012 issue, *National Geographic* estimated that, in 2011, Americans took 80 billion photographs, 37 percent of which were made with mobile devices. That number is estimated to grow to 105 billion by 2015, a figure equaling nearly three billion rolls of 36-exposure film per year, with 50 percent of those images made on mobile devices. The fate of photochemical capture is unknown. The manufacturing of film is a demanding enterprise, and with sales plunging worldwide, film will, in all likelihood, cease to exist. This is especially true of color film, which requires complex machinery for processing. Black and white materials will ostensibly survive long past color, as artists will continue to use the medium. However, industry projections are that, by 2020, film may be no more.

There have been casual photographers ever since George Eastman introduced the Brownie in February 1900. The camera sold for $1, which amounts to roughly $30 today. The simple device was advertised as foolproof, and Kodak assured that everyone who

THE SOUL OF THE IMAGE IS ULTIMATELY THE ONLY RELEVANT ISSUE WHEN VIEWING A PHOTOGRAPH.

purchased a Brownie was a photographer. Serious photographers of the era looked down their noses at the "Kodakers" who ran about, snapping away. Questions of public privacy were soon addressed in the courts. I often hear people say, "Everyone thinks they're a photographer," but aren't intent and conviction the benchmarks for mastery of any medium? Is there a distinction between "I sometimes play violin" and "I'm a violinist"? From a technical standpoint, it's never been easier to make a photographic image, but what is it that makes a singular voice distill time or place in a way that people connect to it emotionally? I have a deep love of vernacular photography, which is born out of a need to connect to those who have gone before. I've been collecting black and white negatives for 30 years. Some of the photographs in the following portfolio were printed from negatives pulled from my collection. I have no knowledge of the original intent of the authors of these images, as those moments of inspiration have been lost to time. The collection is motivated by my love of photography, and I have tailored it to reflect my own sensibility.

The soul of the image is ultimately the only relevant issue when viewing a photograph. Image-making is image-making. I'm often asked about my preference: film or digital. To me, the question is irrelevant. I have no need to choose one method of capture over the other. The photograph is all that matters to me. I enjoy shooting film because I enjoy working in the darkroom. I enjoy processing film and experiencing the magic of pulling a wet roll of negatives off a development spool and holding it up to the light. I came out of this era, and for that I am grateful. I am not attached to any judgments one way or another. Each method has its own merits. I frequently shoot with digital equipment, and have come to appreciate the technology's capabilities. It's been fascinating to witness the technology evolve over the years. I can imagine the profundity of the moment in 1972 or 1973 when Dr. Michael Tompsett and his team at Bell Labs first viewed the ethereal portrait of Tompsett's wife Margaret captured on a CCD chip, using a camera of his own design. The mobile device, when viewed in the context of Tompsett's efforts, is truly miraculous.

I shoot frequently with my phone. I make photographs with it that I would not normally make, many of which I love. The phone allows me to photograph more frequently than ever before, and allows me to stay connected to that part of my process.

As I reflect on these milestones and observations, I'm reminded that this treatise could go on for hundreds of pages. I'm fully aware that I have failed to mention some of the greatest photographic talent of the last century. To all of those who have made profound contributions to the medium that I've missed, I apologize. There is simply too much great work.

Louis-Jacques-Mandé Daguerre | *Boulevard du Temple, Paris, 1838 or 1839*

Henry Fox Talbot | *Nelson's Column under Construction* | *Trafalgar Square, London, 1844*

Alexander Gardner | Richmond | Virginia, 1865

Eugène Atget | *Au Tambour* | *Paris, 1908*

Eugène Atget | *Avenue des Gobelins* | *Paris, 1925*

John Thomson | Covent Garden Flower Women | London, 1877

Alfred Stieglitz | The Steerage | En Route to Bremen, 1907

Paul Strand | Wall Street | New York, 1915

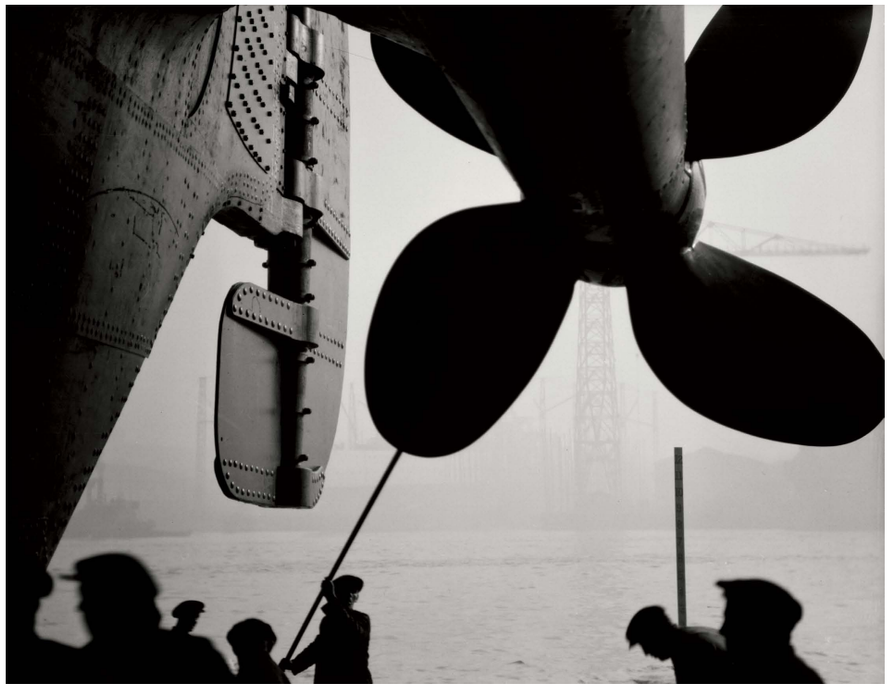
Photographer Unknown | *Dog in Snow* | *N.D.*

Martin Munkácsi | Boys Running into the Surf at Lake Tanganyika | Liberia, Circa 1930

Alfred Stieglitz | Winter, Fifth Avenue | New York, 1893

Photographer Unknown | *Cliff House* | *San Francisco, N.D.*

Ray K. Metzker | *Untitled* | *Philadelphia, 1966*



E.O. Hoppé | *Painting the Propeller* | *Swan Hunter & Wigham Richardson Shipyards, Tyneside, 1928*

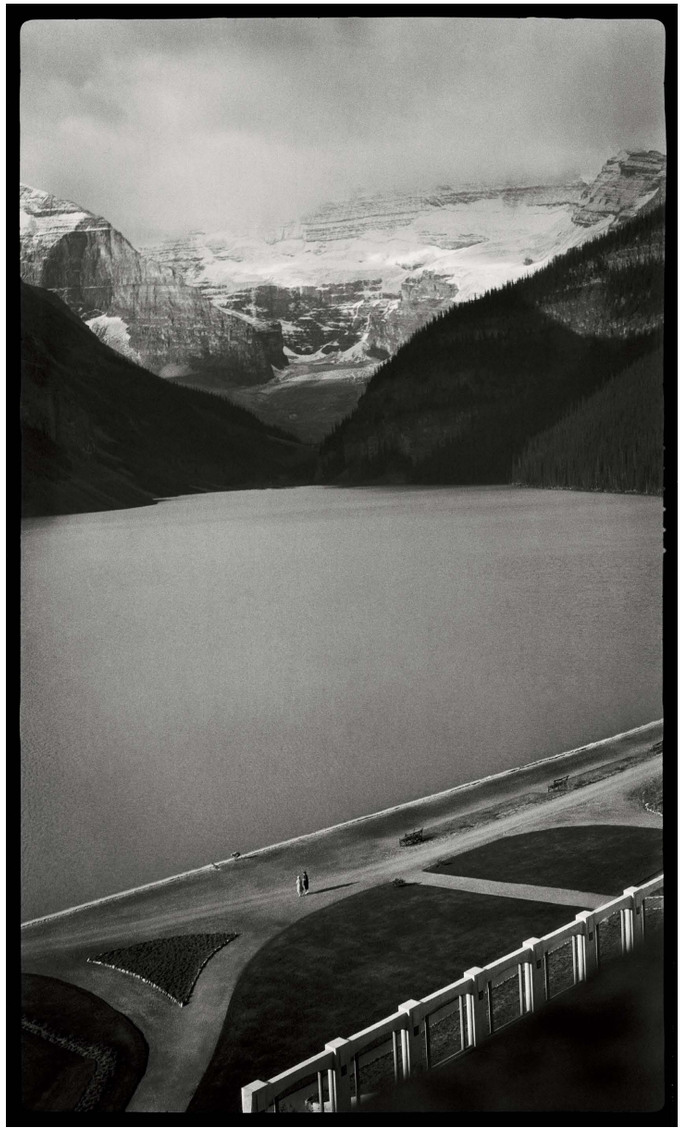
John P. Strang | Penny Millet's Sway Act | Newport, Rhode Island, 1947

André Kertész | Meudon | Paris, 1928

Photographer Unknown | *Passing Ship* | *N.D.*

Photographer Unknown | *Aerodrome* | *N.D.*

Photographer Unknown | *Harbor* | *N.D.*



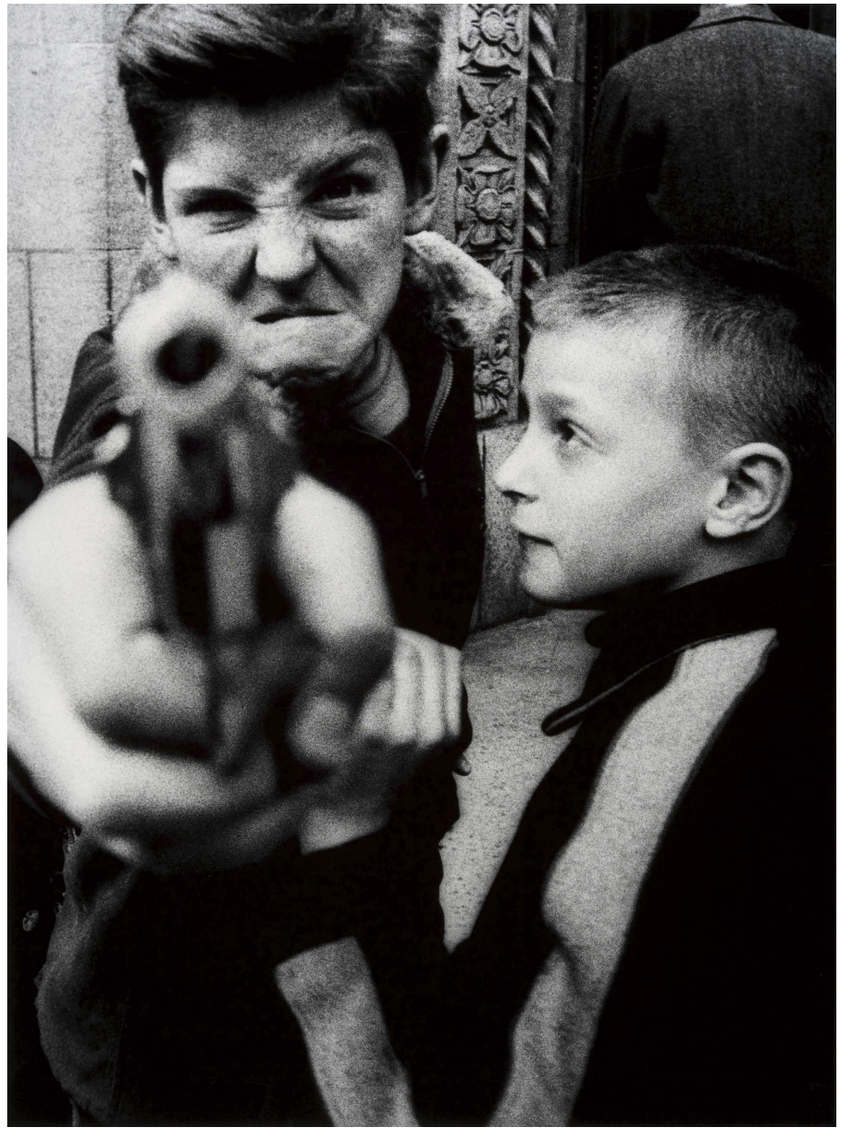
Thomas Perry Hughes | *Lake Geneva* | *N.D.*

Henri Cartier-Bresson | *Behind the Gare Saint-Lazare* | *Paris, 1932*

John Vachon | House | Houston, 1943

Photographer Unknown | *Launching of the S.S. Oregon Mail* | *San Diego, 1964*

Ray K. Metzker | *Untitled* | *Chicago, 1958*



William Klein | *Gun 1* | *New York, 1954*

Photographer Unknown | *Women at Cafe* | *Tokyo, 1947*

Photographer Unknown | *Man Drinking from Glass* | *N.D.*

Photographer Unknown | *Air Show* | *N.D.*

Larry Nocerino | *Heavy Snow* | *Detroit, 1966*

Saul Leiter | *Postmen* | *New York, 1952*

Jack Delano | *Street Corner* | *Brockton, Massachusetts, 1941*

Photographer Unknown | *Washington Monument* | *N.D.*

Photographer Unknown | *The Hiawatha* | *N.D.*

Ben Shahn | Shenandoah Valley | Virginia, 1941

Walker Evans | Untitled | Lynchburg, Tennessee, 1936

Carl Mydans | *Cigar Store Indian* | *Manchester, New Hampshire, 1936*

Walker Evans | *Movie Poster* | *Moundville, Alabama, 1936*

Henri Cartier-Bresson | *Berlin Wall* | *West Germany, 1962*

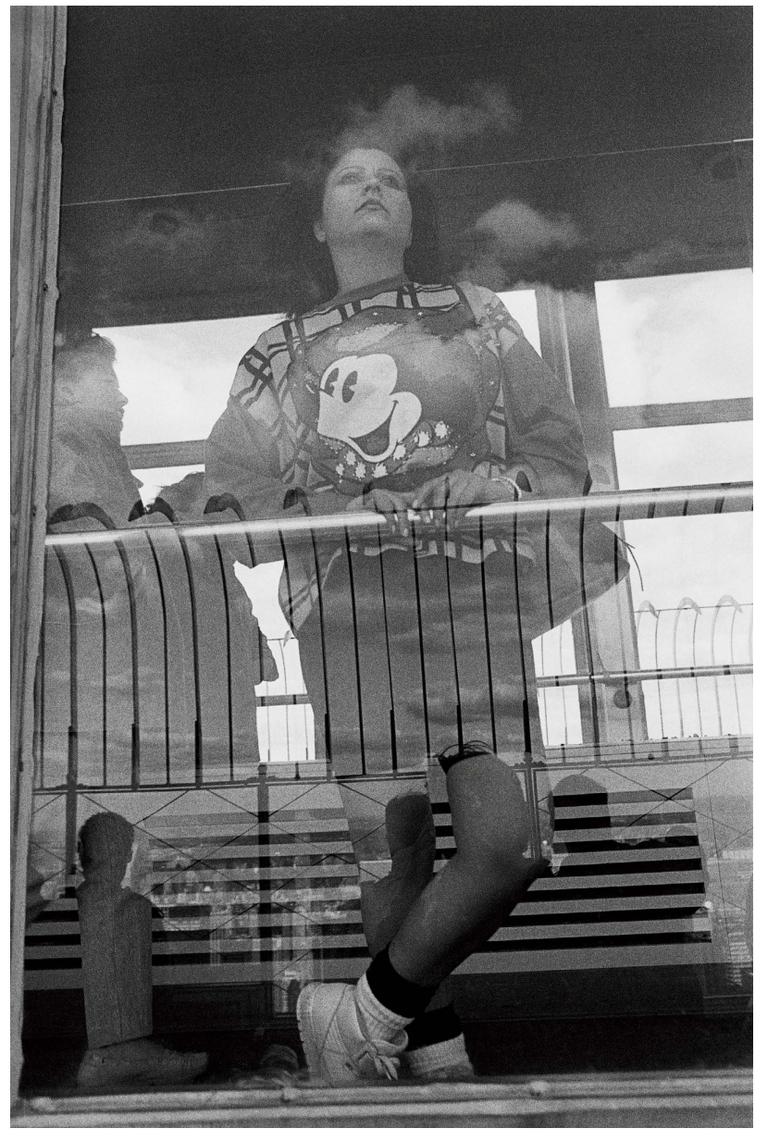
Josef Koudelka | *Nord-Pas-de-Calais* | *France, 1973*

Photographer Unknown | *All-Star Game, Yankee Stadium* | *New York, 1939*

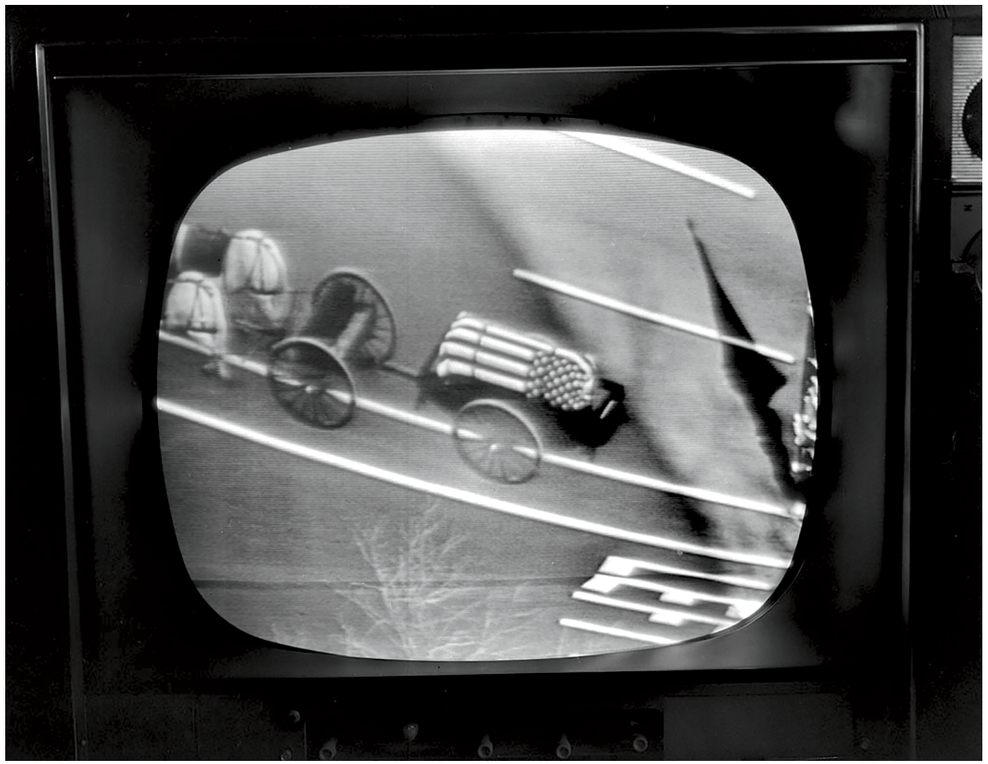
Thomas Gugler | Old Church | Arctic Village, Alaska, 2001

Washington Monument | 2010

Ken Schles | *James about to Marry* | *New York, 1987*



Kevin Amer | *Empire State Building* | *New York, 1989*



Photographer Unknown | *John F. Kennedy Funeral Procession Broadcast* | *1963*

Ibarionex Perello | The Ducker | Santa Monica, 2013

Matt Mahurin | Untitled | Paris, 1984

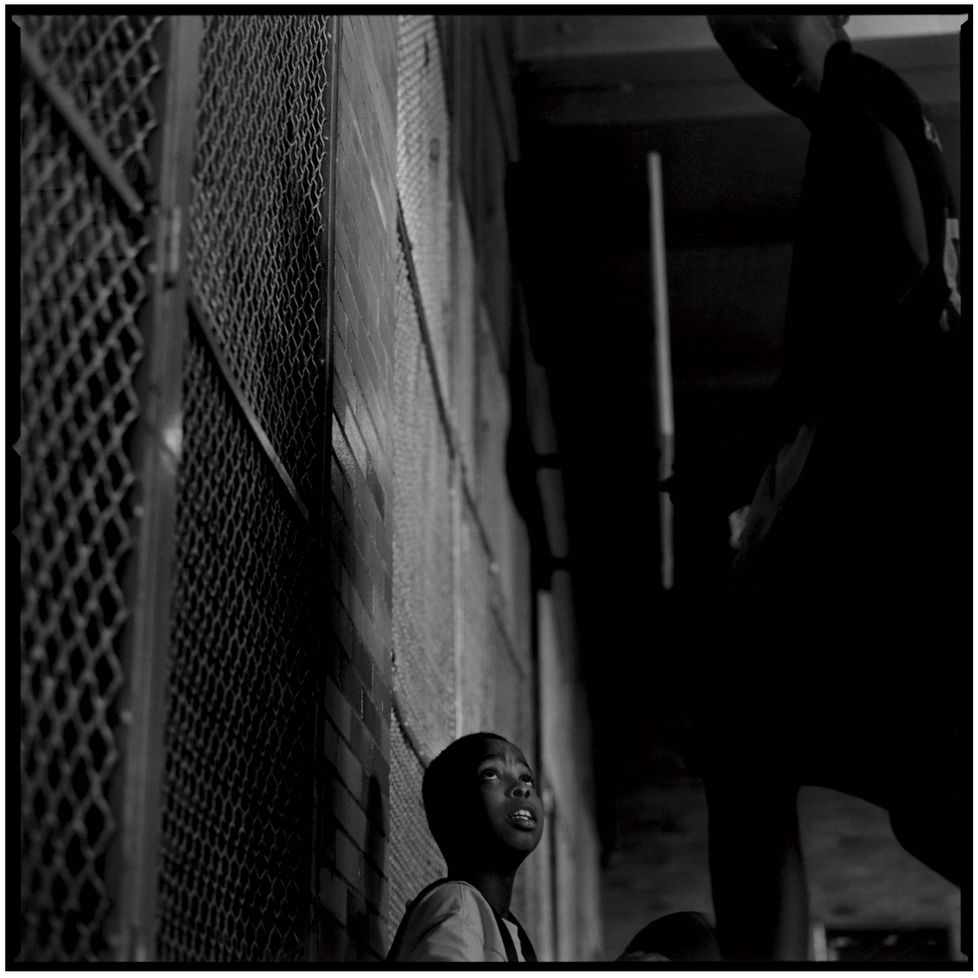
Matt Mahurin | Untitled | Paris, 1984

Photographer Unknown | *Pole Vaulter* | *New York, N.D.*

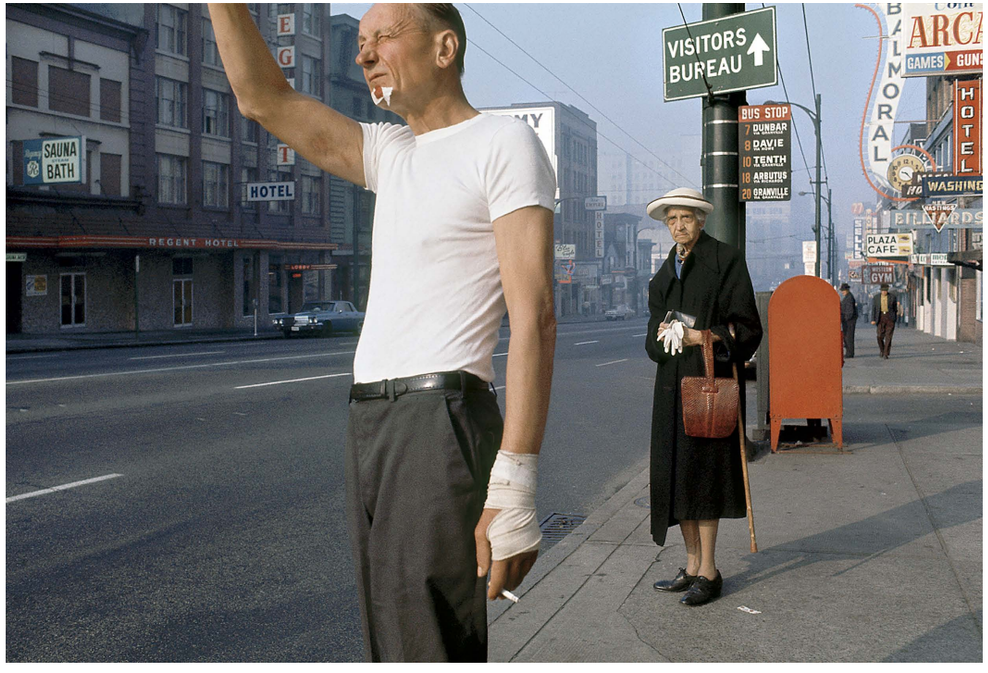
Garry Winogrand | *Untitled* | *New York, 1968*

Kevin Amer | *Untitled* | *Los Angeles, 1989*

Untitled | *Paris, 1997*

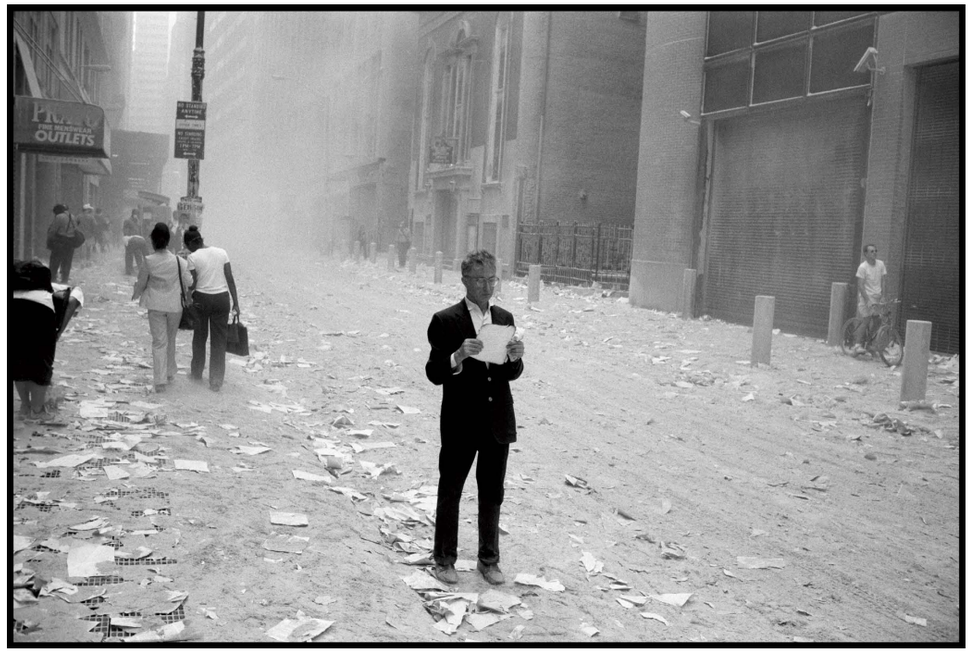


Untitled | *Harlem, 1993*



Fred Herzog | *Man with Bandage* | *Vancouver, 1968*

Paul McDonough | *Woman in Steam* | *New York, 1969*



Larry Towell | *September 11, 2001* | *New York*

Jonathan Castillo | Black Mercedes, Jewelry District | Los Angeles, 2012

Jeff Wilson | *Scenic Overlook* | *Hollywood, 2006*

Bear Guerra | *Easter Parade* | *La Paz, Bolivia, 2008*

Liberty's Arm | *New York, 1997*

Empire State Building | *New York, 1989*

Shuttle Endeavour | *Los Angeles, 2012*

BEFORE THOUGHT

I **DELIVERED THE FOLLOWING SHORT ADDRESS** on November 8, 2006, at the New School in Manhattan. The panel discussion, sponsored by the Aperture Foundation, posed the question: Can a photograph truly be original? ¶ In preparing for this talk, I did what I usually do: I piled all of my photo books around me and even bought more that I felt I had to have to formulate an "argument." My thinking was, "If I work hard enough, I will be able to really impress everyone with all that I know." ¶ But then, as I considered that I would not be the only one giving my "perspective," I realized that what I would say might just be my opinion and me being attached to my thoughts. That would only separate me from you, the audience, and the other participants on the panel. ¶ Every person has a voice and a perspective. To argue seems archaic. So I started thinking about ways I could feel connected to everyone in the room and to the matter at hand.

EVERY INDIVIDUAL INSTANCE OF LIFE IS A FUNCTION OF THE WHOLE UNIVERSE.

I decided not to entertain myself with thoughts of the hierarchy that might be created by one person's argument being better than another person's. So, if not just to ease my own nervousness and fear, I decided to take a different approach.

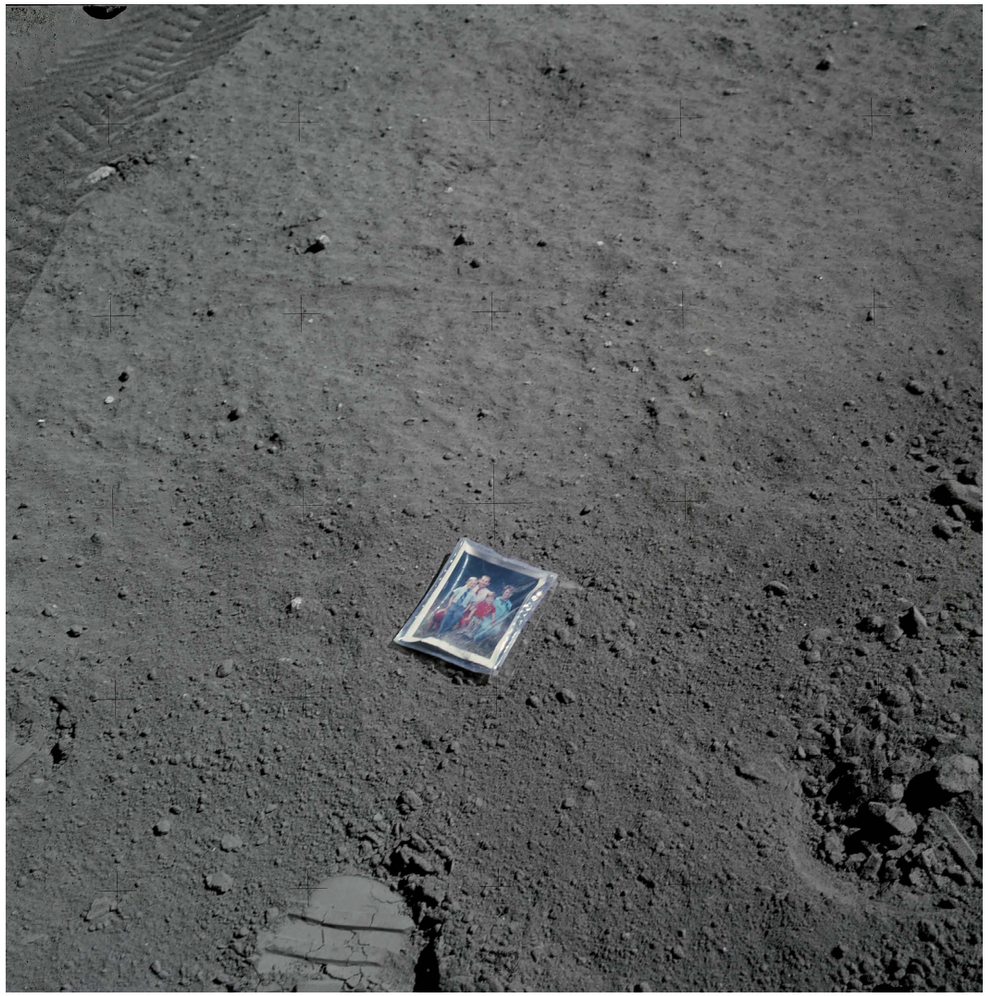
Every individual instance of life is a function of the whole universe. From a biological point of view, this is perfectly clear. But because from childhood we are conditioned to feel as though we are all separate, we don't always acknowledge this, although it is obvious and true.

In his book *What Is Zen?,* Alan Watts defines the word *mushin* as "being open to the way that the world is experienced sensuously, without distortion of concepts, so as to find the original nature before any thought is made."

Zen teaching talks about the "root mind," the original mind that existed before your mother and father conceived you. It is the way you experienced the world before thought was made. This is something within each and every one of us. We have the DNA to prove it. We are each "original." Even our experiences are our own, and no one else's. Also, since each moment has never existed, any given moment is "original." If, as photographers, we apply our unique selves, armed with our original mind to any situation and capture an instance in a photograph, then the photo is original.

I also believe no particular knowledge of artistic intent is required to be affected by a photograph. I personally think the most original photograph I have ever seen is the one of the Earth floating in darkness.

I have been and continue to be affected by many photographs. So much beauty exists in our world. And although the nature of photography is a solitary enterprise, the connectedness we can experience through a photograph can take us to a place of healing.



Charlie Duke | Duke Family Portrait | Lunar Surface, 1972