







*It are these persons who take responsibility for this Press Conference:*

NO PERMISSION NECESSARY PHOTOGRAPHER

HOLDING AN ALBUM UP TO THE SUN PHOTOGRAPHER

THIS PHOTOGRAPHER WE KNOW

PHOTOGRAPHER WHO BROUGHT THEIR CAMERA ALONG  
FOR THE TOUR

ENTRENCHED IN LINGO PHOTOGRAPHER

DEFRIENDED UPLOADER PHOTOGRAPHER

PHOTOGRAPHER WHO WEARS ALL THE CAMERAS THEY OWN

PHOTOGRAPHER WHO CLAIMS TO SPEAK FOR THE HORRIFIC  
AND THE MUNDANE

JUST ME MY FRIENDS AND FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHER

NOT A REAL NAME PLUS NUMBERS WED GALLERY  
PHOTOGRAPHER

PHOTOGRAPHER SURROUNDED BY NATURAL AND MANMADE  
BEAUTY

PAID PER PHOTO PHOTOGRAPHER

MORE CELEBRATED DEAD PHOTOGRAPHER

OFFICIAL & UNOFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

PHOTOGRAPHER WHO BRINGS CURRENT MILITARY IMAGES

TO OBSOLETE MILITARY STRUCTURES

LOOKS AT MORE PICTURES THAN THEY TAKE  
PHOTOGRAPHER

ART PHOTOGRAPHER

PHOTOGRAPHER WHO HAS REQUESTED TO REMAIN  
ANONYMOUS

PHOTOGRAPHER WHO WONDERS WHERE ALL THE PICTURES  
ARE GOING

PHOTOGRAPHER WHO HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO EMBED

SHOPPER PHOTOGRAPHER

THIS PHOTOGRAPHER WE DON'T KNOW

PRACTICING MOTIONS OF WITNESS PHOTOGRAPHER

ON VACATION (SOMETIMES UNDERWATER) PHOTOGRAPHER

MEMOIR PUBLISHING WAR PHOTOGRAPHER

PHOTOGRAPHER LESS CONCERNED WITH FACTS AND  
REALITY

MEMORY KEEPER PHOTOGRAPHER

PHOTOGRAPHER WHO HIRES A DRIVER BUT DOESN'T NEED  
A TRANSLATOR

PHOTOGRAPHER CARING FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHED

A PHOTOGRAPHER WHO HAS REQUESTED TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS RECOUNTS THEIR PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AS FOLLOWS.

I locked eyes with the cameras under a hundred dollars. They were piled in soft walls, mini cities, thinning our passageway, as if they wanted you to knock them over, in order to do some free but messy advertising. This passageway was outside the slab reading "Cameras Camcorders Cameras Camcorders" that hung as a mobile with plastic clear string. The installers used the same construction technique theaters do for puppets ready to fall from above and remain dancing in the illusion of flying. The sign was hanging like the corrupt glitz of royalty meets a paper crown. The type of crown with size adjustments for kids who come to a birthday party at a zoo or fast food restaurant. I continued my approach by reading the words on boxes in the mini city, not lost at all in talking to myself. I adjusted my volume to that of being on cell phone in public, discussing either an intimate relationship or medical problems. I began to repeat the full and partial names of items they wanted to get rid of.

THE FOLLOWING EVENTS ARE ALL TRUE STORIES, TAKING PLACE IN AND AROUND THE PAST FEW MONTHS, LEADING AS CLEAR EVIDENCE TO PLAYERS OF CAUTION, AMIDST THE FLUX, BARRIERS, AND EXCITEMENT OVER THE OMINOUS SHAPE OF OUR FUTURE.

THE PAID PER PHOTO PHOTOGRAPHER spots a weekly magazine claiming to retell, in snippets, not only the year in ideas, pictures, and people but the decade. Immediately the photographer goes to a place to be alone with the magazine, as they have longed for one from the pharmacy shelves but refused to pay for it. The fun for the photographer is seeing if they agree with these pictures being *the best*. The lack of recall of singular pictures leads to replacing them with other associated ones because the photographer looking at the magazine doesn't have the agency databases in front of them like the editors who make the decisions do.

PHOTOGRAPHER LESS CONCERNED WITH FACTS AND REALITY ASSERTS THIS RECOLLECTION.

When we drove up it looked like a island of dangerous trash with a potential nugget lodged in the middle. Actually it has a cylinder of barbed wire, a wide enough spiral you could crawl through it in a resistant suit. All the surfaces from the top view droop in green sandbags. I don't understand camouflage techniques. To me this place is all vulnerability, all the time. I caught him sneaking out of the hut. I got the surveillance plane just leaving his hands so it hovers above his head, behind where he thrust it, to show a little bit of wind. You know I didn't ask about the return flight or how it sends the images back. I try not to get too involved. The airplane looks like such a toy, projected outwards with no machine other than arm strength. Something with such high technology, you'd think there would need to be a launch pad, a rudimentary spring like the missiles get.

IT IS THE TELLING OF THESE STORIES THAT MAKES OUR  
CHANGES REAL AND POSSIBLE. I AM HERE TO TELL THESE  
STORIES NOT TO STOP ANY CHANGE BUT TO MAKE US  
THINK ABOUT WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE MIDST OF  
PROLIFERATION AND PLENITUDE.

NOT A REAL NAME PLUS NUMBERS WEB GALLERY PHOTOGRAPHER  
sits on a couch too close to a photography album. They get nervous  
about having no relationship to the page-turner and narrator of the  
subjects inside the album. The pictures get more and more boring.  
The people in the album exist in mostly black and white studio  
portraits, put together as a replicated gift. The house where the  
family grew up is featured as a person. There is no recognition of  
the album page-turner's brother who is, at an earlier date to the  
album viewing, said to be gay. While the stories are told an idle  
photographer wants to share photographs of his grandchildren who  
come up in conversation so he removes a wallet size color school  
portrait from a lazy susan that holds remote controls. The people  
in the room are interested in this picture for considerably less time  
than it takes for him to replace it in its slot.

THE FOLLOWING REPORTS THE CUSTOMARY, THE  
INTERACTIVE, AND THE IMPULSES TO BE RECITED  
AS VERIFICATION OF VISITING ONE OF THE MOST  
PHOTOGRAPHED PLACES IN THE WORLD.

Go ahead.

Here we go.

Did that take it?

Keep your arms around each other.

You have the support of the strap.

Should I go this way?

Would you mind taking our picture?

The wind is ruining the calm of my pictures.

The flash went off.

My hands rose up in a loose wave.

We kissed.

Ready?

You don't ask for help.

I'll hide the camera in my hand.

I think the last one turned out a little cock-eyed.

Can I take another?

The sunset is on its way.

I think I got enough over there.

How about your picture?

I don't understand.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHO BRINGS CURRENT MILITARY IMAGES TO OBSOLETE MILITARY STRUCTURES PRACTICES DISTANCE AND PROXIMITY BY PROVIDING THESE DESCRIPTIONS AS INFORMANTS.

It wasn't intentional to take a hand, palm side, clammy looking. Enough for a fortune-teller to get some future out of. It looks more exciting than my original idea of a street scene. You can still see the palm trees, cop car, cement overhang bus stop, streetlights and a few buildings off to the top right. Trained to stop pictures probably. What, they don't want to show off their convoy? I thought I was doing them a favor. Actually I knew I wasn't supposed to be there. The sideways of this hand makes it clear it was a blocking technique and not a wave. He got too close to the lens to wave.

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While driving, THE JUST ME MY FRIENDS AND FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHER points out the supermarket that has a photo store within it, where she went to get her happy holiday cards made. Just before getting in the car she calls the guy who owns the place and asks about his machine making a mistake because she is two picture cards short. She isn't still in the system. It isn't his fault. She hangs up on him. The car of photographers pass a circle driveway shaped cemetery and pull in. The HOLDING AN ALBUM TO THE SUN PHOTOGRAPHER waits by the car, back curling uncomfortably against the paint job. The others are just standing there, looking at graves. No picture is taken of this. The photographer stands within an area designated as the town's historic district and starts walking to find the bounds of this sign. The photographer sees pictures printed on to gravestones as though a locket has expanded through a telescope, the latch and cover not in the selected enlargement. In the fresh stone is an elliptical shape, poking out as a multicolor excitement. The proportion of an egg but flattened by no shadow. A team of hand workers and paper workers insert the print job onto weatherproof plastic with weatherproof inks. The photographer thinks the family must find it difficult to choose which picture--old, middle, or young, if there is a choice.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHO HIRES A DRIVER BUT DOESN'T NEED REVEALS THEIR PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

If I see a cluster of things and they lean or crumble or the light on them is interesting, I'll say in my head, good picture--like I'm talking to a house pet, comforted by their companionship in this world. But then something has a supermarket name on it, a specific experience linked to feelings about good snacks, bad produce, wasteful packaging, and long lines. So I can either move this branded object away or just let it go, accept it as something that was almost a good picture. Or I could just take the picture anyway; it doesn't need the expectation of being good. The picture is definitely not worth photoshopping out the brand. I wouldn't sell it, post it, print it. But I would feel sorry for the picture if it just sat on a hard drive.

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THE MEMORY KEEPER PHOTOGRAPHER urgently says to THIS PHOTOGRAPHER WE KNOW move now, pulling them out of the frame of the shot of a go-go dancer at a relatively small town gay bar. In boxer briefs and new sneakers, he seems to have no interest in stopping any photographs. Pictures enhance tips. The photographers watch people look at their screens immediately after taking and in between taking and feel satisfied. The laughing and the clapping friends eagerly push the least sexualized into a special dance.

A PHOTOGRAPHY STUDENT WHO REMAINS ANONYMOUS FOR ETHICAL REASONS HAS WRITTEN THE FOLLOWING TO THEIR INSTRUCTOR.

As per your advice on finding new work and inspiration, I wrote down the name of a photographer my friend saw at a nationally recognized museum. These photos were supposedly of the veterans. I found them in a slideshow online. One marine was more severely disfigured than the others that the photographer got permission to shoot. His skin looked melted then shaken and his detachable limbs were further traces of violence.

My stomach began to hurt, my whole body felt weak. I was afraid to walk home from the Internet. I was afraid to close my eyes to go to sleep. The pictures crept up on me, still, days after I looked.

As you know, I usually use the Internet as the place to photograph and the screenshot as my camera. I couldn't even take my screenshots in the days after seeing these pictures. I even hesitated telling my girlfriend the name of the photographer; I don't remember the name of the marine. He wasn't in a portrait studio or hospital. Why do I look for the pictures that make my body feel things more than my brain can think about them?

Maybe I want to go to extremes to feel photographs because it's frustrating to see so many flat detached representative things. Am I fixated on the shocking to protect myself from being surprised by the shocking? Do I want to test if I have gotten stronger since the last set of shocking?

THE PHOTOGRAPHER SURROUNDED BY NATURAL AND MANMADE BEAUTY OFFERS THEIR ACCESS TO THE LIVE EVENT.

They are in the middle of nowhere. My nowhere. Someone else's somewhere. Wind blows. Camera recorded the time taken as something after five pm. Tired shoulders. I'm told to shoot here. But I think this picture is kind of boring. It's more of routine, less of surprise. Not much action besides waiting for transportation. So I am limited to prescribed activities. Is this a drill or is this real, to say, that to me ruins the fun.

THE FOLLOWING CONVERSATION WAS ACQUIRED THROUGH WARRANTLESS WIRETAPPING OF AN ANONYMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER'S PHONE.

Hi my name is -----. I found your ad in a Shutterbug from the early nineties. I just wanted to know what your procedure is, if it's still the same, if I can mail you a photograph or if you have some online upload system. Um. I'd like to order a photograph that I can eat. My phone number is -----. Thank you and I look forward to hearing from you.

Hi, Hi. Well, you don't have to do it through the US mail. I can give you a website address and then you can order it that way, then you go back to your email and you send us the picture. It's like a two-step thing that's pretty self-explanatory. It's www and the way you spell that is tasty T-A-S-T-Y photo with an F as in frank and art dot com. Can you still order individual photos? They're 11.95 apiece, it doesn't matter what size they are but we just can't make like larger than 8x10. So if you want to 5x7s side by size you have to put them together, you see what I mean, or else we'll charge you for two photos. You kind of get what I'm saying? And what resolution do you suggest? Hold on, let me check. It's a hundred and fifty dpi. If that's not what it is, we usually change it at this end. We can work with most anything. I guess a cake picture doesn't have to be very high resolution. Do you want to talk to the tech guy? Yes. How long has cake photo art been around? We started officially in 1987. Has the taste of the picture changed? No. It just tastes like sugar, right? No, it's actually made from potatoes. We also have another media that we print on. It's frosting sheet, not icing sheets. You can put it on the comments area if you want that instead, same price.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHO CLAIMS TO SPEAK FOR THE HORRIFIC AND THE MUNDANE RECOUNTS THEIR CHanneled VOICES IN SOLO AND IN CHORUS.

I got deleted; the camera was stolen at a party.

I got deleted; the eyes were closed.

I got deleted; not everyone was ready.

I got deleted; it was an accident.

I got deleted; a funny face turned out scary.

I got moved to an uncategorized clump.

I got deleted; it was too bright.

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THE OFFICIAL & UNOFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER stands in clear view, ready to shoot, when THIS PHOTOGRAPHER WE KNOW charges forward with a hand up, as if stopping a car-crash that would kill a pregnant woman. THE OFFICIAL & UNOFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER gets nervous and defensive in response to the questions, what are you taking this for, who are you? They post these pictures on a website. They will have a logo at the bottom corner and people can buy them. The friend of THIS PHOTOGRAPHER WE KNOW pulls on their shirt to move them away from the photographer's face. You'll have to excuse them; they're a performance artist. Still, the picture gets taken and one person in the photograph emails it to another person in the photograph who emails it to the last person in the photograph. The tallest is in the middle and hangs their arms over the other two in a horizontal half-hug. Arms jam torsos or grab onto lower and upper backs. Fingertips maybe rub onto biceps to get through the pause.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHO BRINGS CURRENT MILITARY IMAGES TO OBSOLETE MILITARY STRUCTURES PRACTICES DISTANCE AND PROXIMITY BY PROVIDING THESE DESCRIPTIONS AS INFORMANTS.

I'd like it to look unknown, how long the leader kept the silence going for. Everyone looks down, folding the front of their necks to be as hidden as possible. Some close their eyes. They're in the room used for hanging out and storing audio-visual equipment. I interrupted the silence somewhat by taking one, I assume they're used to it. This I knew would be good. One person gets cut off at the arm muscles. We can't see the person leading the prayer silence moment. Almost all of them hold their body in self-hugs. Never mind. One holds just his shoulder, more flailing. This one looks the most hit but he's also the closest one to me. No daylight or no windows at the time I took this, but I wanted to keep that orange green. They all kind of sag like they went to school on drugs and the teachers are ready to see right through it. One holds an open soda, and doesn't drink it.

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THE ART PHOTOGRAPHER goes to a dark room where the people  
inside talk to each other anytime they move. Walking to paper  
cutter, walking to processor, left side loaded, walking to exit.  
Stenciled numbers glow in the dark above stations. The stations  
are divided by two deep walls that prevent light from spreading.  
Solar system stars, the kind a child might decorate their bedroom  
ceiling with, guide you towards the revolving door. Belongings are  
left for brief periods unattended in a room where you hang prints  
on the wall to see how finished they are. The photographers act  
like they are in a locker room, where you wouldn't stare rudely  
at a stranger's private parts, but just glance through perimeters.  
The glance is enough to allow them to see the contents of each  
other's photographs. THE ART PHOTOGRAPHER blinks and  
feels the weakness in their eye muscle to recognize the correct  
color on their prints. They don't want to make anything perfect  
anyway. To get rid of dust, the photographers take turns with the  
air machine, shaped like a video game gun, attached to the wall  
through a coil, activated through a trigger and loud engine. Hours  
go by. Which is when one Photographer points to the wall to say,  
I like that one. The other photographer says thanks. They each  
remark genuinely, not out of compulsion, and yet no depth. After  
this exchange, THE ART PHOTOGRAPHER takes the paper that  
has a curious neon red splotch on it to the personal space of THIS  
PHOTOGRAPHER WE DON'T KNOW and asks, do you think that's  
a leak? The photographer offers the advice of trial and error. The  
cell phone, even though it was in your back pocket? The picture has  
a dildo in it but that is not discussed. THE ART PHOTOGRAPHER,  
two days later, is in a gallery to see a Robert Blanchon show. The  
photographer and their friends are sitting on the floor watching a  
video of male porn clips that splice brief narratives before sex. THE  
THE ART PHOTOGRAPHER pulls out the envelope of prints. The

friends give favorites. The photographer fears the handling of their  
work up to this point has been inadequate so they start carrying  
the envelope around in their hand, not in their backpack. The  
photographer manages to leave the envelope on the 3:48 Midtown  
direct to the next state over.

A PHOTOGRAPHER WHO HAS REQUESTED TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS RECOUNTS THEIR EXPERIENCES AS FOLLOWS.

I'm going to camera heaven today. I woke up and said that with as much clarity as hunger. But I didn't get there till dark and as I looked out for the cross streets, unsure till the moment I arrived if I was even walking in the right direction, I knew I had to pretend I wasn't trying to find something. Then I found it, just where my notes said I would, just as I was about to give up. I stood in front of the black metal gate and felt restricted. Even the glass window had a blind pulled down so that all I could examine were decals sent from manufactures, which had skinny girls smiling with various electronics. I never returned during the hours listed as open.

THE FOLLOWING REPORTS THE CUSTOMARY, THE INTERACTIVE, AND THE IMPULSES TO BE RECITED AS VERIFICATION OF VISITING ONE OF THE MOST PHOTOGRAPHED PLACES IN THE WORLD.

Your mouth is moving with directives but I can't hear.

They probably won't steal your camera.

Can you lift him up and get him stable?

Oh no, where's your camera.

I sort of like you in the emptiness.

You force a smile.

I guess I'll do it alone.

We fix each other's hair.

Actually the white balance was wrong.

It's hard to see.

Okay, cheese.

It's a little blurry.

ONE. TWO. THREE.

That one's kind of okay.

Oh, you moved.

I thought you took it.

I want you in one and one with me.

Right there.

How's this background?

A PHOTOGRAPHY TEACHER WHO REMAINS ANONYMOUS FOR ETHICAL REASONS HAS WRITTEN THE FOLLOWING TO THEIR STUDENT.

Part of me doesn't understand how camera makers invented the date display function. I get that it's a quick reference to the most fundamental system of order: time. But photographs work against time, trying to override, and travel through it. Archival necessity is one thing, but must the date be combined so crudely with the picture itself?

Do you know how to turn off the date implant function? What if a significant world event happens near or on the date of your picture? I bet someone is out there setting the date on the camera to say major world events and then taking ordinary tourist pictures.

Consider the traditional lure of the photograph, the magic, the power to bring you back to the feeling of a place, to the weather, the excitement, the boredom. The date is a factual imposition perhaps robbing you of recalling the experience you really had. Whenever I see a date I start to think about birthdays or holidays, where are the presents, where is the extended family? Dates get me counting backwards, a mental distraction usually recommended for trying to fall asleep when your mind is too awake.

Perhaps you are keeping your date on for a reason. If you are beholden to it, then play with that. Predict where it will land in the frame while you pose, as if you are looking directly at it, or presenting the date with your hands like an imaginary friend.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHO CLAIMS TO SPEAK FOR THE HORRIFIC AND THE MUNDANE RECOUNTS THEIR CHanneled VOICES IN SOLO AND IN CHORUS.

I got deleted; they broke up.

I got deleted; it was as revenge.

I got deleted; they ruined the evidence.

I got saved.

I got deleted; they made more room.

I got deleted; there was another one just like me.

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The photographs would like to take this opportunity to apologize for any harm, any nightmares, and nausea, they may have caused you and your loved ones. It seems there is a vast potential in these photographs, from violations to validations. The photographs may reflect not only your complicity, but your lack of power in providing profitable solutions. While they may not seem real because they stand for places we cannot--or choose not--to visit, people do live very near, and in, the photographs, and they have asked you to believe they are in fact of real places. While it seems close-ups of the bodies may be used in medical schools, they do attempt non-technical information. Again, there is no reason for alarm, yet we must learn to live with these.

The photographs couldn't be here at this time because they are busy being sent around. They ask you to understand the gravity of this task and the emotional energy needed to face thousands of millions of eyes. They must track not only how long people look at them but how the photograph remains and reoccurs in the mind of the people looking shortly after they click away or place down the reproduction. And this is an infinite tracking process and it requires a lot preparation and it is not so different from a satellite sent into space that is operated from a central command station. They fracture into something different for each viewer and they sacrifice an original identity and then must exist in this multiple, which drains their potential to appear ever in their original form.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHO CLAIMS TO SPEAK FOR THE HORRIFIC AND THE MUNDANE RECOUNTS THEIR CHanneled VOICES IN SOLO AND IN CHORUS.

I'm such a long string of numbers.

I got a little warped in the process.

They forgot to look at me.

I'm still inside.

The effects are none of your business.

I went into an automatic alert announcing recent additions.

I live under a plastic sleeve.

I'm private.

I got shrunk so small you can't even tell what's going on.



PERFORMANCE SCRIPT: PRIOR TO PRESS CONFERENCES

Actions: Photographer paces art space with an unwieldy clump of microphones. Different lengths of long cords trail and get tangled together. Photographer appears to be testing microphones.

“Warning, this image contains graphic or objectionable content.”

“No picture available.”

“Images not loading.”

“Click here to view it.”

“They’re allowed to bring cameras?”

“Who oversees the release?”

“This image was removed because of copyright violation.”

PERFORMANCE SCRIPT: IN BETWEEN PRESS CONFERENCES

Actions: Photographer paces art space with their fanny pack and shopping cart overflowing with photo detritus: batteries, chargers, empty frames, albums, trade magazines, newspapers, and technical guidebooks. On top the shopping cart rests a makeshift teleprompter. Photographer looks blankly at walls, stands near people and spouts one liners, such as:

“Do you want me to take your picture?”

“Am I blocking your picture?”

“I have that picture but the other way around.”

“I found this camera on the beach.”

“I remember being attached to an email.”

“There’s an American flag in the Background is that OK?”

## PRESS CONFERENCE Q&A

**Do you speak for the photographer or the photographed?** Both. I'll see what medium hits me first. Sometimes they intertwine. **If you are speaking for these things, does that preclude you from being those things?** It's impossible to escape photographing or being inside photographs and I learn from those experiences. But more specifically, I hold the theory that we are in a time where there are so many photographs that you don't have to take a photograph, all you have to do is look at one. I don't have to go to a warzone to be a photographer of a warzone. So does that answer--NEXT?

**It sounds like I'm listening to a therapy session where the photographs get pushed around a lot. Like the photographs have no agency. Do you see photographs as victims?** The photographs are my lifeblood, so I don't see them as victims. **Do you ingest them, when you say lifeblood?** I look at them for different periods of time. The problem with the words, when I write about the photographs, is that they are often in the passive. Larger structures, contexts maybe, control or determine the original photo's existence. In a way it's like the corporate structures, the contracts for hydroelectric dams that will displace thousands of people. OTHER QUESTIONS?

**What about red-eye?** There are functions on a camera, computer, whatever--that prevent it. There might even be magic wand you press. Pre digital there used to be a pen you would dab on the photographs.

**Your microphones form a sloppy tail when you pace all over the room. We're interested in the way in which you theorize clowning as a precursor to the blundering clumsiness that denoted part of the performance?** I'm fascinated with the form of the press conference, how everything is scripted and striving for the flawless. And there's this immovable cluster of microphones in these photographs of press conferences. And in a way the live performance of the poetry about photographs speaks to the frozen nature of a photograph. Leaders get stuck behind the podiums. What are the repercussions of frozen moments, how do they shape a fantasy reality where only a split second comes to represent people and ideas? The effect of this type of image saturation we receive

of our leaders, which forces them into manufactured preventive blunders, or forces them to suffer such high consequences for their blunders, makes me curious about our point of no return from the pre-photography age when political leaders got away with more vice. The clowning works with the insistence on a nonlinear and fragmented response. I rewrite information, the news, which is full of broken systems, as is my American identity, and so the forms of it in the writing and the performance play with more visible as opposed to judgmental forms of absurdity. GO AHEAD.

**Given that so many photos are taken by so many different people by so many different people professionally and by the general public, what do you think in the future they'll look at as photos of our time, like 500 years from now.** I wonder how our search engines are going to change. Right now if you put Golden Gate Bridge into Google, images, what happens, it's just a mess, there's an icon from a visitor website, a family's picture, a whole variety. I think, in terms of historically, what will show up will be dependent on the search engines. There's going to be fewer photographs printed, so what if it all gets lost, hacked on a server. But that fear is not real to me, because there is so much overlap. So many people have copied the prison torture photos onto their respective servers we have that time capsule covered. If we lose one photo of something they'll be another similar one to speak for it. I can't imagine the photos to represent us; they will not change in adhering to moments of grandeur. The terrifying photos I think fall prey to the life cycle of being viral, and I fear unless we store them in our heads, will not represent our time 500 years from now. Ultimately, I think the language will be more important, into the future words and photos will be more co-dependent because in order to find photographs we'll be using search terms. We'll be more reliant on our descriptions in order to retrieve them. I don't know if I'm answering your question. OTHER QUESTIONS?

**Given that anyone can take our picture at any time, is it becoming more difficult for people to distinguish photography as an art form?** I don't think photography is being threatened as an art form at all. I think that there's more of a chance of people not using high tech things. You might take a picture of something with your camera phone, out of impulse, you don't think it's an important picture, but the context of it in the world might be

massively important and that photograph might gain incredible value. Or you may just put it up for free on flickr and it'll get used in the same place professional photographers get paid for their pictures. The art of photography is rapidly expanding as opposed to diminishing because more everyday camera users take pictures. The boundaries of what can be art are continually broken down; the mass that results from every body taking pictures is itself a photograph and a piece of art. It's important to consider that photography was not, until the late 20<sup>th</sup> century, even considered an art form, it had to fight for that, and I think it continues to do so in the avalanche of consumer photography. It's been excluded from the fine arts and with more people accidentally or intentionally becoming photographers I think it will have to keep fighting.

**Highbrow or lowbrow?** Digital can be so fancy you don't even know what hit you.

**Perez Hilton doesn't actually take pictures, he rubs his semen on celebrity's photos, do you consider him a photographer?** Yes, absolutely. ANY OTHER QUESTIONS?

**Recently, Wikileaks had the video of the American soldiers in helicopters gun down a photographer and cameraman. That video got put on YouTube and got censored, what do you think about that?** It's like whack a mole. It'll be somewhere else, of course I don't think it should have gotten censored, and I'm actually surprised because in the video itself you can't really tell what's going on, it's the text that's disturbing. I think it's really interesting they used the cameras on the journalists to claim they had weapons, in some respects, recognizing the power of photography to leak or to confuse our ideas of truth in war.

**What do you think about the replacement of really looking at things as opposed to the quick memorization of a camera?** The intermediary of a camera is slightly distracting when interacting with a space directly. It can be a little bit of an addiction. I don't want to judge people's use of cameras, it's like religion, it's personal. And of course striving to be free of judgment is not easy. Using cameras and pictures as intermediaries, is at times a coping mechanism with all that we experience as products of cameras. So using a camera against your body is like treating a new limb, and that gives us

something to think about.

**There's a lot of automated telescopes coming out, that take more pictures than anyone can look at of the solar system, can you comment on how that relates to our ideas of practicing art?** It's a little bit of a metaphor for how I assume there's all these pictures and I can't see them all. These pictures are like electromagnetic fields, like your cell phone, like your laptop on wireless: they come into us as white noise. I give it a year before someone makes a big print in a museum, framed that's a compilation of days of that telescope.

