# A Continuous Signal

An Essay of Excerpts and Quotations

1

The photograph isn't what was photographed. It's something else. It's a new fact.

Although we know that the buildings, sidewalks, and sky continue beyond the edges of this urban landscape, the world of the photograph is contained within the frame. It is not a fragment of a larger world.

As an object, a photograph has its own life in the world. It can be saved in a shoebox or in an album or in a museum. It can be reproduced as information or as an advertisement. It can be bought and sold. It may be regarded as a utilitarian object or as a work of art. The context in which a photograph is seen affects the meanings a viewer draws from it.

To the complaint "There are no people in these photographs," I respond, "There are always two people: the photographer and the viewer."

A documentary image should be able to be used for studies of diverse kinds, ergo the necessity of including the maximum possible detail. Any image can at any time serve scientific investigation. Nothing is to be disdained: the beauty of the photograph is secondary here, it is enough that the image be very clear, full of detail and carefully treated so as to resist for as long as possible the ravages of time.

A photograph is not a painting, a poem, a symphony, a dance. It is not just a pretty picture, not an exercise in contortionist techniques and sheer print quality. It is or should be a significant document, a penetrating statement, which can be described in a very simple term—selectivity.

More than any other medium, photography is able to express the values of the dominant social class and to interpret events from that class's point of view, for photography, although strictly linked with nature, has only an illusory objectivity.... The importance of photography does not rest primarily in its potential as an art form, but rather in its ability to shape our ideas, to influence our behavior, and to define our society.

In my opinion, you cannot say you have thoroughly seen anything until you have a photograph of it.

The camera records what is focused upon the ground glass. If we had been there, we would have seen it so. We could have touched it, counted the pebbles, noted the wrinkles, no more, no less. However, we have been shown again and again that this is pure illusion. Subjects can be misrepresented, distorted, faked. We now know it, and even delight in it occasionally, but the knowledge still cannot shake our implicit faith in the truth of a photographic record.

## 2

Home is where one starts from. As we grow older
The world becomes stranger, the pattern more complicated
Of dead and living. Not the intense moment
Isolated, with no before and after,
But a lifetime burning in every moment
And not the lifetime of one man only
But of old stones that cannot be deciphered.
There is a time for the evening under starlight,
A time for the evening under lamplight
(The evening with the photograph album).

I was born in the capital of the twentieth century. Rather, in Queens. Close enough to it to make the passage to the world's center safely. Compared to the journey my forebearers endured, it was easy. I am the last of my kin remaining in these parts. The rest have followed a southerly course continuing their Diaspora. I remain here, the last vestige of old world yearning. My grandfather hates Manhattan. For the last twenty-five years of his work life he labored in the basement of the Linden Clock Factory on Broadway and Twenty-Fifth. It's no wonder why he sought out the warmth of the sun in his retirement. For my grandfather, Manhattan was a job.

Like many young people, I'd assumed the world—the physical reality of stores, restaurant locations, apartment buildings, and movie theaters and the kinds of people who lived in this or that neighborhood—was far more stable than it was. The changes I had seen were mostly in fashion, behavior, music, and attitude, while, save for a mandala or spirit-eye hung in a window, a psychedelic poster or colorful graffiti spread on a wall, the streets through which the burgeoning counterculture roamed remained much the same. But in the midst of that spurious vision of a stable world, it first struck me that "major redevelopment" of the Times Square area would mean a priori major demolition, destruction, and devastation in what had established itself not only in the American psyche, but in the international imagination, as one of the world's most famous urban areas.

The subtlest change in New York is something people don't speak much about but that is in everyone's mind. The city, for the first time in its long history, is destructible. A single flight of planes no bigger than a wedge of geese can quickly end this island fantasy, burn the towers, crumble the bridges, turn the underground passages into lethal chambers, cremate the millions. The intimation of mortality is part of New York now: in the sound of jets overhead, in the black headlines of the latest edition…

…Along the East River, from the razed slaughterhouses of Turtle Bay, as though in a race with the spectral flight of planes, men are carving out the permanent headquarters of the United Nations—the greatest housing project of them all. In its stride, New York takes on one more interior city, to shelter, this time, all governments, and to clear the slum called war. New York is not a capital city—it is not a national capitol or a state capital. But it is by way of becoming the capital of the world. The buildings, as conceived by architects, will be cigar boxes set on end. Traffic will flow in a new tunnel under First Avenue. Forty-seventh Street will be widened.

I came to see the buildings as fossils of a time past. These buildings were used during the civil war. The men were all dead, but the buildings were still here, left behind as the city grew around them....The passing of the buildings was for me a great event. It didn't matter so much that they were of architectural importance. What mattered to me was that they were about to be destroyed. Whole blocks would disappear. An entire neighborhood. Its few last loft occupying tenants were being evicted, and no place like it would ever be built again. The streets involved were among the oldest in New York and when sections of some were closed by the barriers of the demolition men, it meant they would never be opened again. Sections of William Street and Beekman Street were laid out before the 19th century. In 1967 over sixty acres of buildings of Lower Manhattan were demolished.

I've always had an interest in the things that make a place what it is, which means not exactly like any other place and yet related to other places.

Soon after my initial attempt to survey the whole city, I decided to limit my explorations to its poorest areas. Usually, I would begin my journey by descending into a subway entrance in Manhattan, and end it by exiting at a distant elevated platform. At that time in the early 1970's, most passengers were reading the *Daily News* and the *New York Post,* with their headlines about Mayor John Lindsay and taxes. The hairstyle of choice among young blacks was the afro, and middle-aged men wore hats. The trains were clean but badly maintained. Adjacent to the tracks were communities that had sprung up during the subway's construction at the beginning of the twentieth century. But from the mid-1970's to the early 1990's things got really bad. The city faced bankruptcy, and several hospitals, schools, and fire stations closed. Entire neighborhoods started to disappear.

The demolition proper that began along Forty-second Street in 1995 and the construction that will yield, among other things, four new office towers and several new entertainment centers along both sides of Forty-second Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenue by 2005, are a culmination of forty years' expectation and attendant real estate and business machinations, not to mention much concerted public disapproval and protest....In order to bring about this redevelopment, the city has instituted not only a violent reconfiguration of its own landscape but also a legal and moral revamping of its own discursive structures, changing laws about sex, health, and zoning, in the course of which it has been willing, and even anxious, to exploit everything from homophobia and AIDS to family values and fear of drugs.

I treated myself to a taxi. I rode home through the city streets. There wasn't a street, there wasn't a building, that wasn't connected to some memory in my mind. There, I was buying a suit with my father. There, I was having an ice cream soda after school.

Most of the people are engaged in performing commonplace duties. They are making bread, repairing automobiles, teaching school, crushing stone, repairing tracks, punching tickets, selling groceries, digging holes, running elevators, pumping gasoline, and balancing ledgers.

But regardless of whether his life is unusual or commonplace, almost every American today realizes that the small world he once lived in has vanished, and that now he has come to grips with a larger world.

Perhaps home is not a place, but simply an irrevocable condition.

3

I came to explore the wreck.
The words are purposes.
The words are maps.
I came to see the damage that was done
and the treasures that prevail.
I stroke the beam of my lamp
slowly along the flank
of something more permanent
than fish or weed

the thing I came for:
the wreck and not the story of the wreck
the thing itself and not the myth

Clusters of new houses have appeared towards the foot of the hill down which I have just come. And further along the riverbank, where a year ago there was only grass and mud, a city corporation is building apartment blocks for future employees. But these are still far from completion, and when the sun is low over the river, one might even mistake them for the bombed ruins still to be found in certain parts of this city.

But then such ruins become more and more scarce each week; indeed, one would probably have to go as far north as the Wakamiya district, or else to that badly struck area between Honcho and Kasugamachi to encounter them now in any number. But only a year ago, I am sure, bombed ruins were still a commonplace sight all over this city. For instance, that area across from the Bridge of Hesitation—that area where our pleasure district had been—was this time last year still a desert of rubble. But now, work progresses there steadily every day. Outside Mrs Kawakami's, where once throngs of pleasure-seekers had squeezed past one another, a wide concrete road is being built, and along both sides of it, the foundations for rows of large office buildings.

Archaeology, like photography, is both art and science, a journey through time that arrests history in incremental moments. Close allies, each made major contributions to the other during their formative period. Entering immediately into the service of archaeology at the very moment of its birth, the photograph presented itself as a superior tool for depicting civilizations that had been resurrected by the hands of artists and through the eyes of travelers. Ancient cities and works of art not seen for millennia came into view through a technical marvel that pledged perfect clarity of vision.

Whether drawn or photographed, the document was playing an increasingly important role in the elaboration of scientific and historical proof. It became a standard way of expressing knowledge; it became a means to knowledge; and it put together pictorial forms of knowledge, though they were not yet taken up as aesthetic forms and exploited for their own sake. That would come later.

The antiquarian sense of a man, a city, or a nation has always a very limited field. Many things are not noticed at all; the others are seen in isolation, as through a microscope. There is no measure: equal importance is given to everything, and therefore too much to anything. For the things of the past are never viewed in their true perspective or receive their just value; but value and perspective change with the individual or the nation that is looking back on its past.

History will be kind to me for I intend to write it.

Sun and rain and bush had made the site look old, like the site of a dead civilization. The ruins, spreading over so many acres, seemed to speak of a final catastrophe. But the civilization wasn't dead. It was the civilization I existed in and in fact was still working towards. And that could make for an odd feeling: to be among the ruins was to have your time-sense unsettled. You felt like a ghost, not from the past, but from the future. You felt that your life and ambition had already been lived out for you and you were looking at the relics of that life. You were in a place where the future had come and gone.

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**4**

For more than twenty years, through my own labor and individual initiative, in all the venerable streets of Old Paris, I have been making photographic negatives measuring 18x24 cm, artistic documents of beautiful civil architecture from the 16th to the 19th century: the old mansions, houses historic or curious; beautiful facades, doorways, wainscots; door knockers, old fountains, period staircases (in wood and wrought iron); the interiors of all the churches of Paris....This enormous artistic and documentary collection is today complete. I can truthfully say that I possess all of Old Paris."

The Emperor sketched out a plan, refined by Haussmann, that called for a network of broad, straight boulevards to facilitate traffic circulation both across and around central Paris. In some cases the new streets were designed to slice through the troublesome central wards and thus end their insularity, insalubrity, and civil defiance. Historic monuments, freed from the structures that encumbered them, would be isolated at the ends of long vistas. Parks would be laid out, lamps and sewers installed, water brought in from fresh sources, and new civic buildings erected. This extraordinary activity would employ the needy and, more importantly, would result in the most modern, splendid, and civilized city in the world—a reflection of the grandeur of the French Empire and the enlightenment of its Emperor.

This provoked a great deal of nostalgia for a lost past on the part of all social classes, whether directly affected or not.

Nadar, a photographer, confessed it made him feel a stranger in what should have been his own country. "They have destroyed everything, even memory," he lamented.

The Commission municipale had a special committee responsible for the "conservation of views, or aspects, with the help of both photography and the various artistic methods in such a way as to ensure the memory of those parts of the city slated for demolition or those having a picturesque quality." It ordered visual documents: "...to preserve in images: old houses at the point of demolition, the quais of the Seine during their transformation, the work beneath the public thoroughfares, the architectural ornament decorating the dwellings of the past few centuries, the old streets and crossings, in a word, everything across the city that can conjure up the memory of the past or call to mind vanished epochs." The image was part of their program for documentation, conservation, and surveillance. Collectively, these pictures were to structure memory. Yet not just any memory, only those that had been certified, formalized, and selected.

Marville's pictures cut through the urban fabric almost as ruthlessly as Haussmann's pick-ax teams. Traces of human beings are everywhere in the photographs, but most of them seem an accidental or incidental concern, as indeed they were in the scheme of transformation. In the excitement of the general renovation even the greatest accomplishments of the French civilization might be considered peripheral. This unsentimental vision, as direct as an engineer's, contrasts markedly with Eugène Atget's point of view. In many cases what Marville pushed to the edge of his frame, Atget placed in its center. The bistros, boutiques, and façades that to Atget *were* the nominal subject, are severed by Marville's frame, truncated by his preoccupation with Haussmann's plan.

More than anything, *L'Art dans le Vieux Paris* provided evidence, concrete evidence of Atget's defects, evidence of how habitually he had come to fidget within the regulation forms of the document, angling his perspectives more than necessary, not always aiming for perfect symmetry, making heavy contrast and uneven lighting his trademarks, allowing traces of later historical time to appear. Repeatedly, we see doors left open, signs posted, horse manure in the street.

It has quite justly been said of him that he photographed [Paris streets] like scenes of crime. The scene of a crime, too, is deserted; it is photographed for the purpose of establishing evidence. With Atget, photographs become standard evidence for historical occurrences, and acquire a hidden political significance.

Don't put my name on it.... These are simply documents I make.

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**5**

I suspect no landscape, vernacular or otherwise, can be comprehended unless we perceive it as an organization of space; unless we ask ourselves who owns or uses the spaces, how they were created and how they change.

In 1840 American society had not yet become rigidly stratified, and initiative was the passport to success. Between 1840 and 1860, the period of the daguerreotype's greatest popularity, America was shifting from an agricultural to an industrial society as the result of numerous technical advances: refrigeration, the invention of the reaper, new develop-ments in mass production, the expansion of the railroads, and other products of American ingenuity. It was the period of rapid urbanization in the East and of the gold rush and the frantic development of cities in the West. Proud of its success, the new country found in photography an ideal way to preserve and promote its accomplishments. Enterprising Yankees set up photographic 'saloons' in the cities and converted covered wagons crossing the Great Plains and the Rocky Mountains into daguerreotype studios.

Within months of Lee's unconditional surrender (at Appomattox), the westward expansion of the United States opened new fields for war-trained open-air photographers. The railroad companies, rushing to complete a transcontinental line, hired some of the best photographers of the war to document construction and produce pictures of the barely explored western territories for eastern consumption.

Clarence King's Fortieth Parallel Survey was established by the United States Government, and an ambitious program of exploring, mapping, and studying the far West ensued.

The aim was not just to discover what lay beneath the surface but to describe the surface—to analyze and to map. The King survey...not only provided "the first trustworthy representation of a highly important portion of our vast territory" but its accurate maps "give some meaning to the geological results." A map is, of course, a kind of symbolic picture. It is one way of "seeing" the land, and as part of the enterprise it helps clarify the role of photographers in the "great surveys."...

...The name lays claim to the view. By the same token, a photographic view attaches a possessable image to a place name. A named view is one that has been seen, known, and thereby already possessed.

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**6**

The photograph—which originates as a product of a special relationship between the photographer and his subject—gets transformed by virttue of a special relation between the subject and the viewer. These relationships incorporate not only aesthetic considerations, but ideological ones as well. In this sense, the photograph is a tool of power and authority through which both the photographer and the viewer, through their gaze, conquer the world of the subject and assign meanings to it.

He conceived the idea of a photographic tour of Central America under tragic conditions. He was awaiting trial for murdering his wife's lover in 1874. When the jury acquitted him, Muybridge set sail at once, on February 19, 1875, for Central America.

The "sponsor" of his trip—the term Muybridge used—was the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. It once had enjoyed a prosperous passenger and freight service along the Panama-California route, a part of the transportation network linking the east and west coasts of the United States. The opening in 1869 of a transcontinental railroad spanning the United States successfully competed for much of that business. Revenues began to fall immediately. Anxious to stem that decline, the company hoped that the photographs of Muybridge might be used to awaken the interest of tourists and capitalists in Central America. Probably, then, Muybridge took photographs of scenes he felt would most attract the attention of foreigners. He doubtless wanted to convey the impression of a peaceful, orderly, and progressive region. His photographs concentrate on depicting the coffee cycle, obviously a subject of considerable interest to potential investors.

I do not know if coffee and sugar are essential to the happiness of Europe, but I know well that these two products have accounted for the unhappiness of two great regions of the world: America has been depopulated so as to have land on which to plant them; Africa has been depopulated so as to have the people to cultivate them.

I remember hearing from my grandfather that he had once shipped a boatful of slaves as a cargo of rubber. He couldn't tell me when he had done this. It was just there in his memory, floating around, without date or other association, as an unusual event in an uneventful life. He didn't tell it as a piece of wickedness or trickery or as a joke; he just told it as something unusual that he had done—not shipping the slaves, but describing them as rubber. And without my own memory of the old man's story I suppose that would have been a piece of history lost forever. I believe, from my later reading, that the idea of rubber would have occurred to my grandfather at the time, before the First World War, when rubber became big business—and later a big scandal—in central Africa. So that facts are known to me which remained hidden or uninteresting to my grandfather.

What sort of men were these, then, who had been torn away from their families, their countries, their religions, with a savagery unparalleled in history? Gentle men, polite, considerate, unquestionably superior to those who tortured them—that collection of adventurers who slashed and violated and spat on Africa to make the stripping of her the easier. The men they took away knew how to build houses, govern empires, erect cities, cultivate fields, mine for metals, weave cotton, forge steel.

The rising interest in the region's past, as well as in other cultures, was related to a process in which Europe sought to define itself through comparison with other cultures that were viewed as less advanced. This process, it could be argued, is connected to Darwin's theory of evolution and Spencer's theory of social evolution. Europeans were increasingly interested in representing other cultures as if they were explaining how their own ancestors once lived. In other words, other cultures were made to fit into a particular context in which Europe was seen as the highest stage in the process of historical evolution. Other civilizations' contributions to humanity were considered only inasmuch as they were of some importance to western civilization. Evolution, thus, stopped to be only a temporal relation, and was transformed into a spatial one as well. Beyond Europe was henceforth before Europe.

And so all this fuss over empire—what went wrong here, what went wrong there—always makes me quite crazy, for I can say to them what went wrong: they should never have left their home, their precious England, a place they loved so much, a place they had to leave but could never forget. And so everywhere they went they turned it into England; and everybody they met they turned English. But no place could ever really be England, and nobody who did not look exactly like them would ever be English, so you can imagine the destruction of people and land that came from that.

"Always you have that feeling that the damage can never perhaps be undone. Always there is that note, for those with the ears to hear it, of the young man grieving for the humiliations of his mother, the hotel maid. He's always remained true to that. I don't think many people know that earlier this year he and his entire government made a pilgrimage to the village of that woman of Africa. Has that been done before? Has any ruler attempted to give sanctity to the bush of Africa? This act of piety is something that brings tears to the eyes. Can you imagine the humiliations of an African hotel maid in colonial times? No amount of piety can make up for that. But piety is all we have to offer."

"Or we can forget," Indar said. "We can trample on the past."

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**7**

Nothing has really happened until it has been described.

[An] Analog [is] a representation of an object that resembles the original. Analog devices monitor conditions, such as movement, temperature and sound, and convert them into analogous electronic or mechanical patterns. For example, an analog watch represents the planet's rotation with the rotating hands on the watch face. Telephones turn voice vibrations into electrical vibrations of the same shape. Analog implies a continuous signal in contrast with digital, which breaks everything into numbers.

Memories were not motion pictures
They were singular states of novelty
Habit claimed our sensations for the past
And recollections were placed on the map

I have the television on but the sound off, a live fight from California. My tape recorder is on playing a tape recorded from the radio a month ago of rock and roll music which was originally recorded by the groups, perhaps as long as a year ago. At the same time I glance through the newspaper which was printed last night mostly about news which happened yesterday.

There is in fact no such thing as an instantaneous photograph. All photographs are time exposures, of shorter or longer duration, and each describes a discrete parcel of time. This time is always the present. Uniquely in the history of pictures, a photograph describes only that period of time in which it was made. Photography alludes to the past and the future only in so far as they exist in the present, the past through its surviving relics, the future through prophecy visible in the present.

Because I know that time is always time
And place is always and only place
And what is actual is actual only for one time
And only for one place

How paradoxical it is to seek in reality for the pictures that are stored in one's memory, which must inevitably lose the charm that comes to them from memory itself and from their not being apprehended by the senses. The reality that I had known no longer existed....The places that we have known belong now only to the little world of space on which we map them for our own convenience. None of them was ever more than a thin slice, held between the contiguous impressions that composed our life at that time; remembrance of a particular form is but regret for a particular moment; and houses, roads, avenues are as fugitive, alas, as the years.

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**8**

You don't have a home until you leave it, and then, when you have left it, you can never go back.

Yesterday morning, after standing on the Bridge of Hesitation for some moments..., I walked on to where our pleasure district used to be. The area has now been rebuilt and has become quite unrecognizable. The narrow little street that once ran through the centre of the district, crowded with people and the cloth banners of the various establishments, has now been replaced by a wide concrete road along which heavy trucks come and go all day. Where Mrs Kawakami's stood, there is now a glass-fronted office building, four storeys high. Neighbouring it are more such large buildings, and during the day, one can see office workers, delivery men, messengers, all moving busily in and out of them. There are no bars now until one reaches Furukawa, but here and there, one may recognize a piece of fencing or else a tree, left over from the old days, looking oddly incongruous in its new setting.

In critical circles, nostalgia has a negative, even decadent connotation. But the etymology of the word uncovers other meanings. It comes from the Greek *nostos*, a return home, and *algos*, pain. After "homesickness" and "melancholy regret" in the dictionary, there is a third definition of nostalgia, which is "unsatisfied desire." And that is what the word has always implied to me: unconsummated desire kept alive by forays into the cultural spaces of memory.

There's little to see, but things leave an impression. It's a matter of time and repetition. As something old wears thin or out, something new wears in. The handle on the pump, the crank on the churn, the dipper floating in the bucket, the latch on the screen, the door on the privy, the fender on the stove, the knees of the pants and the seat of the chair, the handle of the brush and the lid to the pot exist in time but outside taste; they wear in more than they wear out. It can't be helped. It's neither good nor bad. It's the nature of life.

I have had the experience which is a healthy part of every artist's growth: The more you do, the more you realize how much there is to do, what a vast subject the metropolis is and how the work of photographing it could go on forever.

We are, I am, you are
by cowardice or courage
the one who find our way
back to this scene
carrying a knife, a camera,
a book of myths
in which
our names do not appear

The art of photography is the expression of our epoch. For this reason, it is not as yet understood by most people, who are not yet able to understand the age itself.

Color negatives and ordinary color prints made in the traditional darkroom fade away to nothing—first the colors change, then almost all the color is gone. Then the image itself vanishes. This happens even if they are kept in the dark.

**The essay "A Continuous Signal" was compiled by Zoe Leonard from the sources listed below.**

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**1**

"The photograph isn't…"
Bob Nickas, Reviews: "Garry Winogrand 1964: International Center of Photography," *Artforum*, January 2003, p. 133.

"Although we know…"
Stephen Shore, *The Nature of Photographs* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1998), p. 35.

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Stephen Shore, *The Nature of Photographs* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1998), p. 10.

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Ansel Adams, *Camera and Lens, Book 1 of the Ansel Adams Basic Photo Series* (Hastings-on-Hudson, New York: Morgan and Morgan, 1970), p. 15. Quoted in John P. Schaefer, *The Ansel Adams Guide, Book 1: Basic Techniques of Photography*, revised edition (Boston: Little, Brown, and Co., 1999), p. 3.

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Berenice Abbott, "Photography at the Crossroads," *Classic Essays on Photography*, ed. Alan Trachtenberg (New Haven: Leete's Island Books, 1980), p. 183.

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Gisèle Freund, *Photography & Society* (Boston: David R. Godine, 1980), pp. 4–5.

"In my opinion,…"
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**2**

"Home is where one starts from.…"
T. S. Eliot, "East Coker," *Four Quartets* (New York: Harcourt Brace and Company, 1943), p. 31.

"I was born in the capital…"
Gregg Bordowitz, "Lonely Is the City," *The AIDS Crisis Is Ridiculous and Other Writings, 1986–2003*, ed. James Meyer (Cambridge: MIT Press, 2004), p. 156.

"Like many young people,…"
Samuel R. Delany, *Times Square Red, Times Square Blue* (New York: New York University Press, 1999), p. xiv.

"The subtlest change in New York…"
E. B. White, *Here Is New York* (New York: Harper, 1949), pp. 50–53.

"I came to see the buildings…"
Danny Lyons, *The Destruction of Lower Manhattan*, 2nd edition (New York: Powerhouse Books, 2005), pp. 1–2.

"I've always had an interest…"
Paul Strand, quoted in Calvin Tomkins, "Paul Strand: Look to the Things Around You," *The New Yorker*, September 16, 1974, reprinted in *The Camera Viewed: Writings on 20th Century Photography*, ed. Peninah R. Petruck (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1979), Volume 1, p. 77.

"Soon after my initial attempt…"
Camilo Jose Vergara, *Subway Memories* (New York: The Monacelli Press, 2004), unpaged.

"The demolition proper…"
Samuel R. Delany, *Times Square Red, Times Square Blue* (New York: New York University Press, 1999), pp. xiii–xiv.

"I treated myself to a taxi.…"
Wally Shawn narration, *My Dinner with André* (film), 1981; see *My Dinner with André: A Screenplay by Wallace Shawn and André Gregory* (New York: Grove Press, 1981), p. 113.

"Most of the people are engaged…"
Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White, *Say, Is This the U.S.A.* (New York: Duell, Sloane and Pearce, 1941), p. 4.

"Perhaps home is not a place,…"
James Baldwin, *Giovanni's Room* (New York: Dell Publishing, 1988; © 1956), p. 121.

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**3**

"I came to explore…"
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"Clusters of new houses…"
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"The antiquarian sense of a man,…"
Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Use and Abuse of History*, trans. Adrian Collins (1874; reprint, New York: Bobbs-Merrill, 1949), p. 19. Quoted in Molly Nesbit, *Atget's Seven Albums* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1992), p. 104.

"History will be kind to me…"
Winston Churchill; this quotation is attributed to Churchill on numerous web sites, including *The Quotations Page <http://www.quotationspage.com/quote/299.html>* and *Quote DB: Interactive Data Base of Famous Quotations <http://www.quotedb.com/quotes/1772>* (September 22, 2006), and also in print, but without a specific source. A variant—"I consider that it will be found much better by all parties to leave the past to history, especially as I propose to write that history myself."—from remarks to the House of Commons in 1948, can be found in *The Sayings of Winston Churchill*, ed. J. A. Sutcliffe (London: Gerald Duckworth & Co. Ltd., 1992), p. 42.

"Sun and rain and bush…"
V. S. Naipaul, *A Bend in the River* (New York: Vintage, 1989), p. 27.

**4**

"For more than twenty years,..."
Eugène Atget, letter to Paul Léon, the Director of Fine Arts at Les Monuments Historiques, 1920. Reprinted in *Photography Speaks: 150 Photographers on Their Art*, ed. Brooks Johnson (New York: Aperture Foundation; Norfolk, Virginia: Chrysler Museum of Art, 2004), p. 86.

"The Emperor sketched..."
Maria Morris Hambourg, "Charles Marville's Old Paris," *Charles Marville, Photographs of Paris at the time of the Second Empire on loan from the Musée Carnavalet, Paris*, ed. Jacqueline Chambord (New York: French Institute/Alliance Française, 1981), p. 8.

"This provoked a great deal..."
David Harvey, *Paris, Capital of Modernity* (New York: Routledge, 2003), p. 236.

"The Commission municipale..."
Molly Nesbit, *Atget's Seven Albums* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1992), p. 63. Nesbit quotes from the first group of minutes published by the Commission municipale du Vieux Paris, *Procés-verbaux* (28 January 1898), p. 4, and from the Commission's "Notice rédigée par L. Lambeau destine à être remise aux visiteurs de l'exposition spéciale," *Procés-verbaux* (19 July 1900), p. 129.

"Marville's pictures cut..."
Maria Morris Hambourg, "Charles Marville's Old Paris," *Charles Marville, Photographs of Paris at the time of the Second Empire on loan from the Musée Carnavalet, Paris*, ed. Jacqueline Chambord (New York: French Institute/Alliance Française, 1981), p. 10.

"More than anything,..."
Molly Nesbit, *Atget's Seven Albums* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1992), p. 110.

"It has quite justly been said..."
Walter Benjamin, Extracts from "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," *The Photography Reader*, ed. Liz Wells (London: Routledge, 2003), p. 47.

"Don't put my name..."
Eugène Atget in conversation with Man Ray in 1926. Recounted by Man Ray in "Interview: Man Ray," *Camera* 74 (1975): 39–40. Quoted in Molly Nesbit, *Atget's Seven Albums* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1992), p. 1.

**5**

"I suspect no landscape,..."
J. B. Jackson, "Concluding With Landscapes," *Discovering the Vernacular Landscape* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1982), p. 150. Quoted in Deborah Bright, "Of Mother Nature and Marlboro Men: An Inquiry into the Cultural Meanings of Landscape Photography," *Illuminations: Women Writing on Photography from the 1850s to the Present*, ed. Liz Heron and Val Williams (Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1996), p. 333.

"In 1840 American society..."
Gisèle Freund, *Photography & Society* (Boston: David R. Godine, 1980), pp. 32–33.

"Within months of Lee's unconditional..."
Joel Snyder, "Inventing Photography," Sarah Greenough et al., *On the Art of Fixing a Shadow: One Hundred and Fifty Years of Photography*, (Washington, D.C.: National Gallery of Art; Chicago: Art Institute of Chicago, 1989), pp. 30–31.

"Clarence King's Fortieth..."
Weston J. Naef, in collaboration with James N. Wood, *Era of Exploration: The Rise of Landscape Photography in the American West, 1860–1885* (Buffalo: Albright-Knox Art Gallery; distributed by New York Graphic Society, 1975), p. 50.

"The aim was not..."
Alan Trachtenberg, *Reading American Photographs: Images as History, Mathew Brady to Walker Evans* (New York: Hill and Wang, 1989), pp. 124–125. Trachtenberg quotes from an 1871 review by Henry Adams of the King survey reports.

**6**

"The photograph—which originates..."
Issam Nassar, *Photographing Jerusalem: The Image of the City in Nineteenth Century Photography* (Boulder, Colorado: East European Monographs; distributed by Columbia University Press, 1997), p. 24.

"He conceived the idea..."
E. Bradford Burns, *Eadweard Muybridge in Guatemala, 1875: The Photographer as Social Recorder* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1986), p. 3.

"I do not know..."
J. H. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, *Voyage to Isle de France, Isle de Bourbon, the Cape of Good Hope...with New Observations on Nature and Mankind by an Officer and a King* (1773). Quoted in Katherine Manthorne, "Plantation Pictures in the Americas, c. 1880: Land, Power, and Resistance," *Nepantla: Views from South*, Volume 2, Issue 2 (2001): 317.

"I remember hearing from..."
V. S. Naipaul, *A Bend in the River* (New York: Vintage, 1989), p. 11.

"What sort of men were these,..."
Aimé Césaire, "Introduction to Victor Schoelcher," *Esclavage et colonization* (Paris: Presses Universitaires de France, 1948), p. 7. Quoted in Frantz Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*, trans. Charles Lam Markmann (New York: Grove Press, 1967), p. 130.

"The rising interest..."
Issam Nassar, *Photographing Jerusalem: The Image of the City in Nineteenth Century Photography* (Boulder, Colorado: East European Monographs; distributed by Columbia University Press, 1997), p. 26. As support for this passage Nassar cites Bernard McGrane, *Beyond Anthropology: Society and the Other* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1989), p. 94.

"And so all this fuss..."
Jamaica Kincaid, *A Small Place* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1988), p. 24.

"Always you have that feeling..."
V. S. Naipaul, *A Bend in the River* (New York: Vintage, 1989), p. 136.

**7**

"Nothing has really happened until..."
Virginia Woolf in conversation with Nigel Nicolson, quoted in Nicolson, *Virginia Woolf* (Penguin Lives Series; New York: Viking, 2000), p. 2.

"[An] Analog [is] a representation..."
"analogue," *Answers.com*, Computer Desktop Encyclopedia (Computer Language Company Inc., 2005). <*http://www.answers.com/topic/analog*> (June 13, 2006).

"Memories were not motion pictures..."
Gregg Bordowitz, "Inviolate," 2006, unpublished.

"I have the television on..."
William Gedney, undated entry in *What Was True: The Photographs and Notebooks of William Gedney*, ed. Margaret Sartor and Geoff Dyer (New York: Center for Documentary Studies, 2000), p. 149.

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John Szarkowski, Introduction to *The Photographer's Eye*, *The Photography Reader*, ed. Liz Wells (London: Routledge, 2003), p. 101.

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T. S. Eliot, "Ash-Wednesday," *The Waste Land and Other Poems* (New York: Harcourt Brace and Company, 1934), p. 57.

"How paradoxical it is to seek..."
Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way*, trans. C. K. Scott Moncrieff (New York: Albert & Charles Boni, 1930), p. 550.

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8

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James Baldwin, *Giovanni's Room* (New York: Dell Publishing, 1988; © 1956), pp. 154–155.

"Yesterday morning,..."
Kazuo Ishiguro, *An Artist of the Floating World* (New York: Vintage Books, 1989), pp. 204–205.

"In critical circles, nostalgia..."
Moyra Davey, *Fifty Minutes* (video), 2006.

"There's little to see,..."
Wright Morris, *God's Country and My People* (New York, Harper & Row, 1968), unpaged.

"I have had the experience..."
Berenice Abbott, "Changing New York" (October 1936) quoted in *Berenice Abbott: Changing New York*, ed. Bonnie Yochelson (New York: New Press: and Museum of the City of New York; distributed by W. W. Norton & Co., 1997), p. 22. Abbott's text (a proposal letter) is reprinted in full in *Art for the Millions: Essays from the 1930s by Artists and Administrators of the WPA Federal Art Project*, ed. Francis V. O'Connor (Boston: New York Graphic Society, 1972), pp. 158–162.

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Adrienne Rich, "Diving Into the Wreck," *Diving Into the Wreck: Poems 1971–1972* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1973), p. 23.

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Pierre MacOrlan, announcement for Atget's 1930 exhibition at the Weyhe Gallery in New York. The announcement was included in the Philadelphia Museum of Art's 2005 exhibition *Looking at Atget*.

"Color negatives and ordinary..."
Christopher G. Mullin, "What Happened to All My Baby Pictures?" <*http://www.geocities.com/dainisjg/digital.html*> (25 July 2006).