







here/still/now

Paul D'Amato

with contributions by
Dawoud Bey
Camara Dia Holloway
Amy M. Mooney

KEHRER



here

Crossing the Line: Picturing the Black Urban Subject

The representation of the urban black subject in photographs is often fraught with the problematics of both race and class, since both are social constructs that can be easily essentialized, becoming reduced to little more than visual clichés... or worse. And because photographs—even in this age of digital imagery—are still presumed by most people to be invested with some aspect of “truth,” their power to provoke and shape perception remains intact. Anyone seeking to represent the black body or personage is thus entering a field of serious contestation, since, historically, the ways in which blacks were to be regarded by the larger society—whether through continued subjugation or otherwise diminished mutual human respect—were telegraphed through their public visual corollaries.

Thus, the stereotypical and often subservient images of blacks that pervaded the public arena for centuries—and were meant to justify first slavery and later still racist intransigence and the dismissal of black autonomy—were created. These images were contradicted, of course, by the actual lived experiences of black people as they knew themselves to be. That these images of a truer likeness seldom found their way into the broader social culture was a direct result of the need to reinforce those notions of black inferiority that supported and reinforced institutional racism. The photographs in question were made largely by non-black photographers, often by white photographers with varying agendas and dispositions.

At the time that I entered the field as a photographer, Bruce Davidson had recently completed and published his project *East 100th Street* (1970). The project, begun in 1967 and made over two years of photographing on one block in East Harlem, New York, consisted mainly of portraits of the black and brown residents of that block. While the work contained a number of deeply empathetic portraits, which suggested a genuine human exchange between subject and photographer, other photographs in the project were fraught with the kinds of problematics one would perhaps not find too surprising from a young white male photographer gaining access to a previously off-limits experience: a photograph of a nude black woman and child posed on a bed with their gazes conspicuously averted from the camera and the photographer, thus allowing themselves to be looked at without the attendant agency of their reciprocal gazes. This, along with the entrenched history of the white male fantasy of ready and available black female sexuality, reveals a side of Davidson kept in check in other photographs of a more empathetic nature. In another photograph, a young child lays splayed on a bed in a forlorn and empty room, a room bereft of any sign of human presence or tendency to express oneself through the decoration of personal space. The heavy hand of the stranger/photographer lays heavily on this and other photographs.

I knew about Davidson’s work initially because the emerging community of New York black photographers whom I was beginning to meet—some of whom lived in Harlem themselves—had let their objection to this work by an outsider be known publicly. Aside from the fact that none of them—although they also had been both living and photographing in Harlem—had been afforded the opportunity to exhibit those photographs at The Museum of Modern Art, or have a major publication of that work, there was also strong objection to those photographs that reinforced prevailing stereotypes about black and brown urban communities. That the work was critically lauded in the larger photography community that had also excluded them must have been doubly insulting to those black photographers. Davidson, of course, was not the only white photographer not from the black urban milieu to venture into that social space to make an extended group of photographs, but his success, and the ensuing controversy, marked a conspicuous moment of initiation for me as a young black photographer.

All of which is to say that the question regarding the representation of the black urban community and who is able to visually speak for it, or not, has been present for me and a part of an ongoing and important conversation since I began my own quest to make photographs seriously within the Harlem, New York community—a community in which my parents had once resided, but I myself had not. It remains an issue of consideration each time I begin yet another project making photographs in a community not my own.

Paul D’Amato’s photographs made in Chicago continue that conversation and propose a response to the ongoing question: “What would it take for a non-black photographer to make work in an urban black community—and one under economic duress—that does not reinforce prevailing or stereotypical notions about those subjects and communities?” How might a sense of black self-possession result by someone presumably not from the culture or race entering that arena and seeking to extract something that resonates as complexity, if not the “truth,” since complexity—not absolutes of character—is what defines and binds the human community.

One answer can be found in the shape of the relationships that are forged, a result of a commitment to return over a protracted period of time in order for a relationship to develop, and for that collaborative relationship to be translated into photographs. This relationship is clearly not one that is based on or legitimated by race alone, since it is quite possible that a photographer of the same race can go into a situation with a pre-conceived idea about that population and simply make work that confirms this, either positively or negatively, through the lens of re-inscribing black pathology. So, race alone is not the sole determinant at work here.

A photographer working in the kinds of communities that have been subjected to a litany of stereotypical representation—if he or she is working with meaningful intention—soon learns to cast all preconceived notions aside, and to instead respond to the complexity of what the subjects actually give you. This is usually more nuanced and complex than any simplistic idea one might bring to these communities—and far more complex than the oft invoked binary of a “negative or positive image” of the community might suggest.

Paul D’Amato’s photographs have this level of complexity. There are portraits and scenes in which a kind of performative celebration of the self appears to be unfolding in front of the photographer’s camera, and others in which all hope seems to have been sucked out of the situation and person. Others are exceedingly mundane in their ordinariness, but for the fact that blacks of a certain socioeconomic status are seldom deemed “normal” by the larger society. All these modalities are true to the reality of black urban communities that have experienced economic disinvestment and the resulting invisibility that often accompany those circumstances that no one in power wants to claim responsibility for. That silence is usually only broken in moments of crisis or mayhem, and then we read yet again in the media about the pathology of black urban existence. And yet, quite a few people in those circumstances do indeed make their way, while others do not. D’Amato bears witness to all of them and, in so doing, reminds us that our own lives do not often unfold in an entirely undisrupted manner.

We will all face adversity of some kind. We will all have people who love us. We will all have moments when we celebrate, mourn, and doubt ourselves, and feel moments of bodacious joy. And all of us will have those moments when the face we choose to show the world is our better one, even when circumstances might dictate otherwise. For this is, after all, what it means to be human. And if Paul D’Amato’s photographs can lead us to our common humanity, then his transgressing those lines of presumed differences of class and race have been well worth it indeed.









Red Sunday (l. to r.: Carolyn, Gladys, unknown, Lida),
New Mount Pilgrim Missionary Baptist Church / 2005

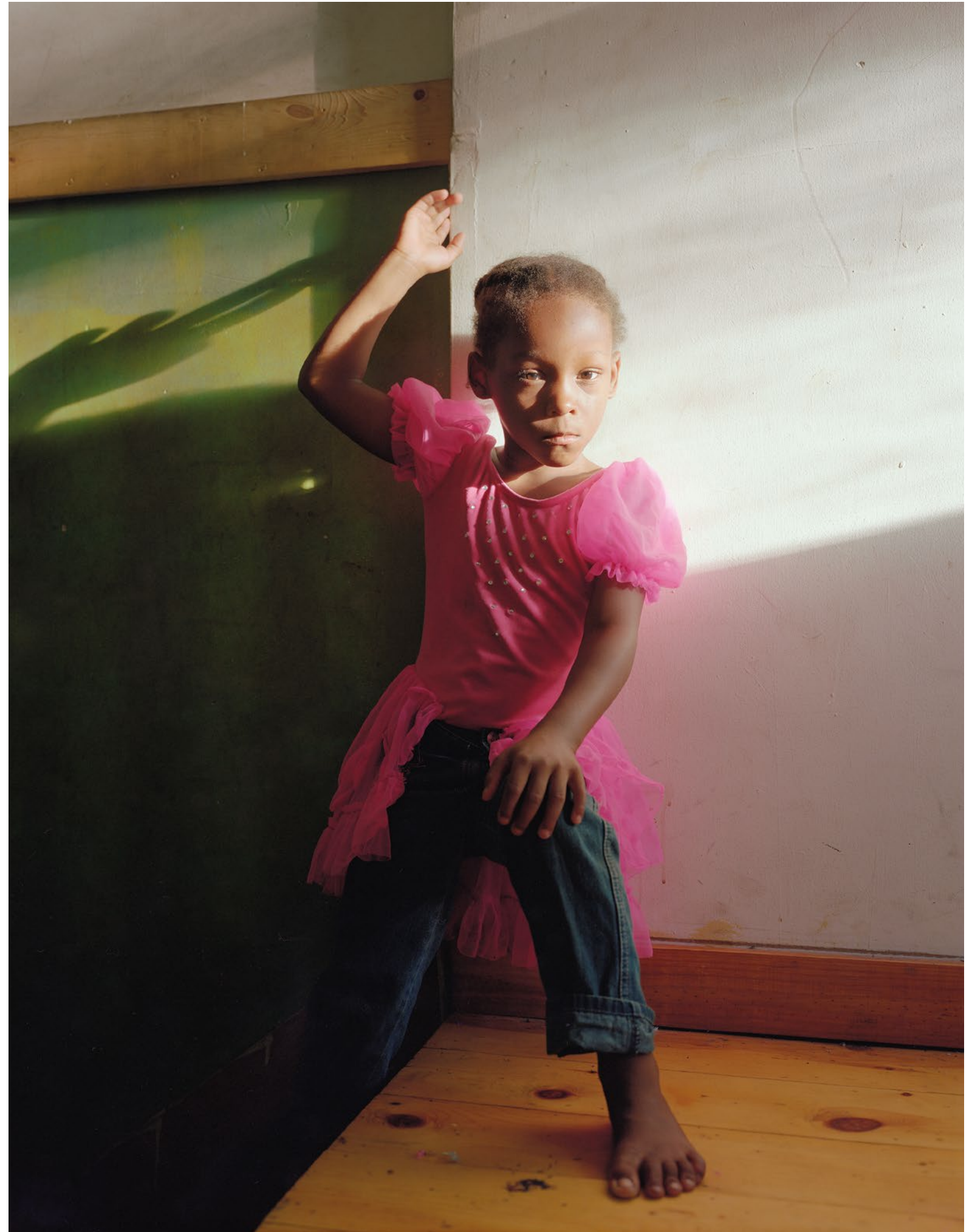


Jamora, Jasmere, Tyrese, Doreka,
Jasmine, and Javon / 2016















Dantwone and Dasia / 2012
Thin Man / 2008















624 Division Street,
Cabrini-Green / 2006





still

Blackness in Full Color

In the image-saturated world that we live in, it is given that we all consume visual information at breakneck speed, skimming along without pause, endlessly leaping to the next image and the next. As a professional trafficker in images, I especially fall prey to this habit, even though I know the value of slow, engaged viewing. Of necessity due to the sheer quantity of images that demand my attention in my career as an art historian, I am often only able to dispense the most cursory of looks. An occupational hazard, I cruise through museums and galleries, flip through books, and surf television channels and the Internet. Having been trained in the act of viewing, I am at least able to maintain an informed and critical awareness while navigating the constant onslaught of visual information that we encounter. As with my ability to read, I feel better—and grateful—for the visual literacy that I possess, because, without this cultivated faculty, images can be dangerous, since they are able to exert such compelling power over us. The social contest over power often plays out as a battle over representation—and here, the dual sense of political and visual is applicable.

The image that has the capacity to stop you in your tracks is therefore no small feat and warrants reflection and analysis. Paul D’Amato’s photographs are arresting. They make me pause and linger in my memory long after they have disappeared from view. It is the eyes of his sitters that stay with me. These gazes seem to exemplify Roland Barthes’ punctum—that detail of the photograph that pierces the consciousness and forcibly ejects the viewer from the complacency of passive and surface reception of information into active engagement with what is apprehended. The subjects who posed for D’Amato look at their viewers. Their gazes are not hostile or confrontational, but they demand that we see. And acknowledge. These sitters insist on mutual recognition in a direct and matter-of-fact fashion. This is important, because these subjects are black people. And we, who are darker than blue, have historically been mistreated and misrepresented by images. In the history of visual culture, the representation of black folk has been deployed with devastating effect to assert and sustain oppressive social power over them. So, when D’Amato’s sitters look back at us and require that we see them in the full complexity of their humanity, they deserve our attention and understanding that black lives matter.

This is not about protest, rage, vitriol, and hyperbole, but rather basic humanity. D’Amato’s photographs are not loud. They are not clamoring and raging against the machine. They are, in fact, very calm and quiet. Still. His camera necessitates this result. To obtain these photographs, his sitters must assume and hold their poses for an extended series of moments. The photographs are deliberately composed, and the light limns and gilds the figures with all the expressive power of any lighting rig devised by a studio photographer of Hollywood’s golden era. These photographs are not meant to impart the artificial glamour of the film still, but they do confer the same sense of time and care devoted to the capturing and rendering of the resulting image. And the sitters are imbued with the same aura of specialness and noteworthiness that we attribute to stars. We are presented with the beauty of these black people, who are the descendants of those folks who left the Black Belt at the beginning of the 20th century and went north seeking agency and opportunity, but found Up South and dreams ever deferred instead.

Perhaps the most poignant of these photographs is that of the little girl whose face is covered with the plastic mask of some white-skinned Disney princess. Her own face is shrouded in utter blackness, all detail obliterated, so that the tangible presence and vital, insistent humanity that we witness in our encounters with the other sitters is not there. She evokes Pecola Breedlove, whose psychic disintegration under the weight of society’s images is so painfully and evocatively chronicled in Toni Morrison’s *The Bluest Eye*. She calls to mind then, all the more forcefully, the earlier portrait of the young girl, also in a pink top and blue jeans, bathed so gorgeously in the slanting cascade of light, who looks at her viewer with such command and self-possession. These two portraits speak thus to me as a former little black girl, now grown, and aware of what life can bring and how the camera can be wielded to represent black lives.

D’Amato presents to us portraits of individuals in a world unknown to me for all that we share as human beings and as black people. And these are portraits, not sociological studies. The images are not meant to convey any real insight into the lived reality of these people. Any sense I have of the course of their lives, their socio-economic circumstances, and what they actually think and feel stems more from the stereotypes, inferences, and biases of my cultural imagination and the legacy of the photographic representations of black Chicago as social problem rather than their truth, for all that we share as humans and as black folk. Fortunately, D’Amato has registered something in his photographs that compelled me to stop, to slow down, to engage on their terms, eschewing all that prior images have convinced me that I might know about them, allowing me to see, to recognize, and to acknowledge, at the very least, their existence and their humanity. I also see the beauty of these people. Not because we share blackness. It is instead the formal representation of these sitters by D’Amato, with his arrangement of color, light, shape, and all the other compositional elements that comprise the visual image that invite viewers to spare some of their time to look at his subjects. This matters as much as any bombastic clarion call for equality and justice, and it is why I devote my professional life to the study of images.



< Ceiling Vines, Cabrini-Green / 2011
Margaret and Marquetta Tisdell,
Original Providence Baptist Church / 2013







Sparkles, Original Providence Baptist Church / 2013
Broken Blinds, Cabrini-Green / 2008







"We Shall" Dr. King Painting / 2009
Doreka / 2012



Couples by the Lake
(Frank, Raquel, Jermeka
and Will) / 2011







Tashma (First), Cabrini-Green / 2007
Darielle and Dasia / 2012







Burnt Heart / 2005
C. J., Henry Horner / 2004



Woman in Wheel Chair, Rockwell Gardens / 2005





Coco and Lamont, Cabrini-Green / 2006
Kaelyn with Toccara / 2011













now

Duly Charged

As evident in Paul D’Amato’s photographs, portraiture is a complex, contingent, and ever-variable social exchange. We look to the portrait to extend the constraints of time, place, and mortality. Given the long-term engagement with some of his subjects, D’Amato’s pictures serve as a historic record of their family life. Their investment in his work, repeatedly participating in the creation of the portraits and subsequent critique, is central to the gravitas of his practice. Arguably, the portrait has always played a key role in society; it is the medium through which we are socialized. The portrait is the site where we learn the value and strategies of looking. Through portraiture, we register a social identity, our own as well as that of others. We seek and find sameness and difference, toggling back and forth between what we know of ourselves and what we desire and imagine within another.

For some, the portrait allows for the formation of an “imaginative empathy,” where we recognize the “inner humanity of the subjects as basis for acknowledging our own.”¹ In the portrait, we recognize our forms, as diverse as they may be, and it is this moment of recognition that affords opportunity for exchange. Yet empathy can prove to be pernicious as it places the spectator at the center of the aesthetic discourse, drawing upon her or his emotional, physical, and psychological state to imagine that of another. The power dynamics of empathy can shift the conversation from “us” to “me,” refuting the distinction that is “you.” Further, the portrait can give the illusion of unmediated access to an individual. As an object, the photograph can seem stilled and mute; the reciprocal exchange that was essential to its crafting reduced to one-sided spectatorship. Or is it? With their full, complex, and distinct presence, portraits of Wardell, Lillian, or Gigi counter and prevent such reduction. In these works, we may recognize the contemplative gesture or the fierce gaze of another without seeking to make it our own.

Drawing from the history of art, D’Amato looks to infuse his pictures with the compositional drama of the Baroque. Contrast, diagonals, and torque are among the aesthetics that direct his selection of subject and site. Like the prevailing ideologies of the seventeenth century, his convictions on beauty and humanity come through the art. He subscribes to the honorific stature of the portrait, extending it to those who, despite being frequently marginalized and ignored, see themselves as worthy subjects. Looking through the photographer’s previous work, individuals come to the project aware of its potential. They see the depth and breadth of the work and see themselves as part of its trajectory, adding their presence and style to a series that challenges any preconceived notion of life on the West Side of Chicago or a monolithic black experience.

Many of the portraits are marked by a shallow depth of field, indicating the photographer’s close proximity to his subjects. Yet D’Amato works to balance the position of the camera with the surroundings, so that the intimacy does not seem intrusive. His attentive staging maintains an awareness of the other that honors their personhood. As evident in the portraits of Tim or Tashma, their agency, how they know themselves, comes across clearly, extending the privilege of knowing them beyond one point and place in time. The attention to detail conveys the photographer’s respect for his subjects, thereby engendering the respect of others. Perhaps this is among the reasons that

people are drawn to the portraits and are willing to participate in the project. Certainly, the photographs are not idealized studio constructs. There is no formulaic approach. Some happen to be in their Sunday best; others are depicted in home clothes.

Some of individuals pose as if they were participating in a haute couture fashion shot, while others are interrupted from some daily task, like getting a haircut or simply watching TV. Despite being a specific recorded moment, as art, the photographs are not fixed. Rather, as portraits of complicated beings with attachments, proclivities, and histories, they require reconsideration from multiple perspectives, again and again.

It is tempting to see the portrait as a social commentary. With the extreme violence aimed at black people in Chicago, there is a lens of urgency that informs the looking in our contemporary moment. According to UCAN, a social service organization that provides empowerment and education to youth in North Lawndale, 802 homicides were committed in Chicago in 2016, most in the West-Side neighborhoods where these images were made.² It is difficult not to imagine that many of the individuals depicted in these portraits are subjected to daily trauma and threat. Yet such generalizations are presumptive and stereotypical. Portrait scholar Marcia Pointon has written on the portrait’s capacity to destabilize and unhinge previously held beliefs. She and others have positioned the portrait as a site at which “uncomfortable and unsettling convictions are negotiated.”³

Confronted with the precarious circumstances of poverty and failed public housing, viewers of these pictures have the opportunity to consider their own preconceptions and expectations. Portraits command our attention and make evident that “implicit in the notion of respect, is the awareness not only of oneself as an object of regard, but also, by extension, of one’s potential to affect the surrounding world through self-image.”⁴ From the self-affirming sartorial celebration performed by *Jonathan, Graduation, Cabrini-Green* to the community bonds evidenced in portrait of the *Youth Choir of Original Providence Baptist Church* to the melancholia of illness as seen in the portrait of the *Woman in Wheelchair, Rockwell Gardens*, these images cut against the traditions of social documentary photography. The emotional range, reciprocal gaze, and varying environment of each portrait are unique and require their own consideration. As works of art, they are complex, compelling, and irreducible. In each, there is a dignity that engenders respect from others. To view them individually is a gesture of respect, while collectively—as a body of work—they protest racism and discrimination, calling to mind W. E. B. Du Bois’s belief that “individuals who do not protest against injustice are likely to lose their sense of dignity.”⁵ In this way, the photographer, subjects, and viewers of *HereStillNow* are duly charged.

-
- 1 Alan Trachtenberg, *Reading American Photographs: Images as History, Matthew Brady to Walker Evans* (New York: Hill and Wang, 1989), pp. 203-205. As cited in: Janet Zandy, "Photography and the Work of Class and Race." in: *American Quarterly*, 60/1 (2008), pp. 188-189.
 - 2 Norman Livingston Kerr, VP of Violence Prevention panelist for "Together A BEAUTIFUL RESISTANCE: North Lawndale Voices, Art and Activism," Open Engagement Conference, University of Illinois at Chicago (4/22/17).
 - 3 Marcia Pointon, *Portrayal and the Search for Identity* (London: Reaktion Books, 2013), p. 9.
See also: Juliet Koss, "On the Limits of Empathy," in: *The Art Bulletin*, 88/1 (2006), pp. 129-157.
 - 4 Susan Kaiser, Leslie Rabine, Carol Hall, and Karyl Ketchum, "Beyond Binaries: Respecting the Improvisation in African-American Style," in *Black Style*, ed. Carol Tulloch (London: V & A Publications, 2004), p. 51.
 - 5 Carol Tulloch, "Introduction," in: *Black Style* (see previous note), p. 17.



< Ceiling Painting, Cabrini-Green / 2009
Man Looking in Revival Tent / 2004





Fluorescent Crucifix, House of Prayer / 2009
Lilliana, Cabrini-Green / 2006





Couple in Car / 2004
April / 2004









Donnie, Cabrini-Green / 2007
Malik, Nicolas, and Christian (Three Iconic Poses from African-American History), Original Providence Baptist Church / 2012



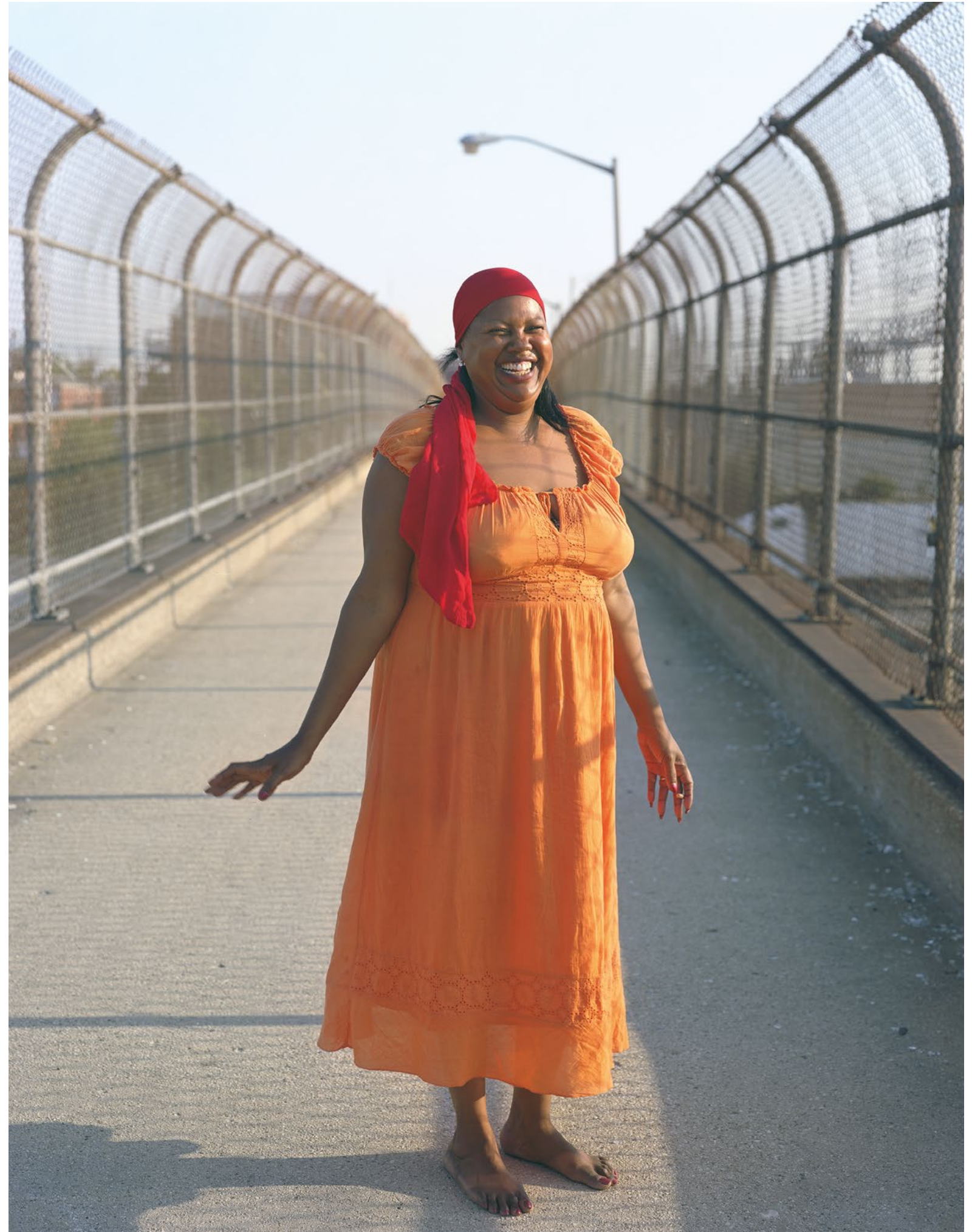






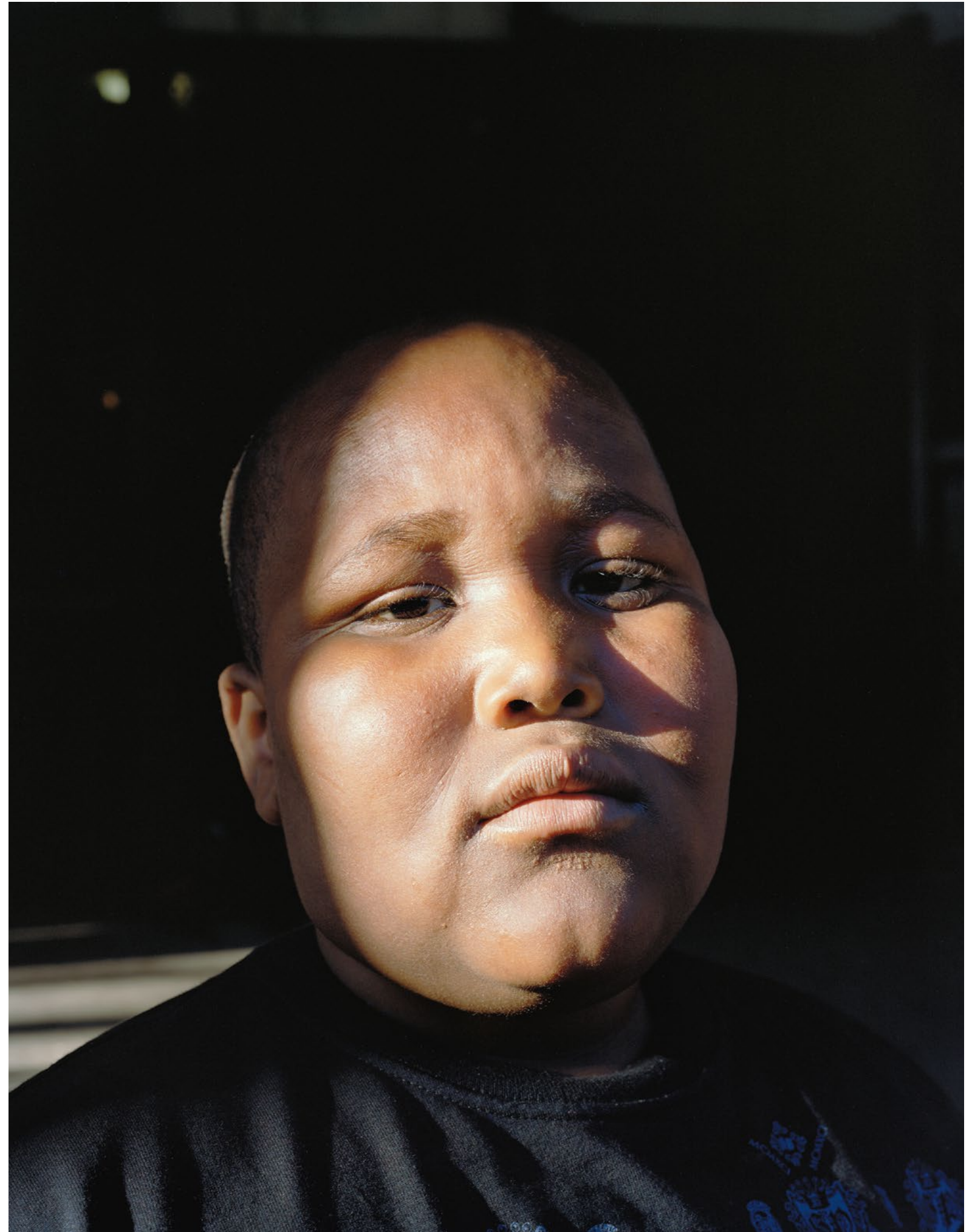


Jonathan, Graduation from Middle School / 2006
Rachel / 2009













Devon, Hudson Building,
Cabrini-Green / 2008





...

Additional Thoughts

There is nothing particularly unique, emblematic, or historic about the West Side of Chicago. The significance of this work has little to do with the fact that Dr. King, for a short time, used to reside on the West Side, or that it nearly burnt to the ground after he was assassinated, or that it was once home to the most infamous housing project in the United States. It is not the poorest, the oldest, or the largest of African-American communities in the U.S. In so many ways, the West Side is typical. We know because sociologists tell us so. They have rates and percentages for measuring places like the West Side: percentages of families living below the poverty line, rate of unemployment, rate of violent crime, percentage of teenage pregnancy, etc. And, according to these metrics, the West Side is just like every other swath of poverty in and around every single city in the U.S. We are all well aware of these neighborhoods, because we routinely drive around them every day. Whether it is the Lower 9th Ward, Roxbury, Watts, Ferguson, East Saint Louis, or Englewood, we are lulled into ignoring their existence. We are led to believe that the only time these communities are in crisis is when something occurs there that lands on a front page. The real crisis, however, is on-going, and it is one of acceptance—acceptance of the conditions, day in and day out, all year long, that eventually lead to something that journalists only occasionally pay attention to.

Yet, when I am there, when I am visiting someone I know, or simply stopping someone I have never met, something besides a concern for poverty takes shape. This is what I photograph. It varies from picture to picture. It can be about a kind of grace or beauty, or perhaps it can be just about the opportunity to do something out of the ordinary—to pose for a picture—and help make something that otherwise would not have existed. When these subjects agree to be photographed, they stand for the best and only example of who they are. At that moment, they are the center of the universe; right here, holding still, right now. What follows—these photographs—will not change these neighborhoods; but each of these interactions and the pictures that are a consequence can do something that statistics and “breaking news” stories cannot. They remind us that we are all connected, that the individuals in the images are not data; they are not they or them, they are he and she; and matter as much as any one of us.

Notes on the images

A photograph is a simple thing, particularly compared to the complexity of a human being. It is flat, does not move, does not smell, and has no memory. Contained in a box with sharp corners or framed on a wall, a photograph represents the smallest fraction of time in a life. In so many ways, aside from its relentless descriptiveness, a photograph is strangely unlike the subject it represents.

On the other hand, all the subjects in these pictures—except for those who have passed away—are in the process of talking and walking around somewhere, changing daily, and constantly evolving into the person they are meant to be. What you see is the intersection of lives, of both the photographer and the person in front of the camera. What begins with the simple request—“Can I take your picture?”—leads to a negotiation that ends with a performance of the self. It is a kind of dance. Subject and photographer circle around—taking measure of one another—trying to answer a sequence of questions that are a consequence of that simple request and of that even simpler answer: “Yes.” Like a dance, it is about negotiating desire and expectation; and then, if it goes well, it is about the performance of both the photographer and the subject who, together, create an image of a person that is both fictive and true.

In the end, the images are the product of these collaborations. The photographer may have the final say over which picture to use, if any, but the subject has total control over what he or she will do in front of the camera or if a photograph is even permissible. Otherwise, none of this could have occurred.

My process is to return the pictures to as many of my subjects as possible. It is part of the bargain; but I also want to know what people think. So far, no one has objected to a single image. I suppose they all know that I did not make this of them; rather, we made this together. You do not have to read a pile of books that use words like verisimilitude, simulacra, and appropriation to be able to understand what a really good photograph does. As I said, photography is a simple thing—although difficult to do well—but a well seen, emotionally resonate image reaches across class, ethnicity, and time. The only mystery for me is why so many people say “yes.” And I am in awe of that.

Some of the best pictures come after the first try, while others can take dozens of portrait sessions over a span of years. I suppose that is another mystery, which, after photographing on the West Side for over twelve years, I still do not have an answer for. I also bring pictures back because I wanted to see how the picture might change over time. How will the formal and interpersonal dynamics be different? How might I better reimagine what is possible from what is available? There are so many things I think of after the first try, like a playwright rewriting the script during a rehearsal of the play. But then, as I say, familiarity does not always lead to better images. Often as not, the first time is best, when I cannot believe how great the person is who just said “yes,” and that my job, as the photographer, is to remember to breath and not to fuck it up.

None of this work would have been possible without the subjects in this book who agreed to have their pictures made. This book is dedicated to them and to the hundreds of others who I photographed but do not appear here. Whether I made a picture worthy of their cooperation or not, they have all made my life, and this project, richer for their involvement. I want to thank a few of my subjects in particular. At Cabrini-Green, I am grateful to Tashma Stevenson and her family, as well as to Lamont and Vanessa Dosie. Their friendship and support during my time at the Greens and beyond has been invaluable. I want to thank Maybell Hawkin's family and friends in particular. Her children, Doreka, Darielle, Antwone, Dantwone, Tasia, and Dasia; her sister Vicky, her daughter LaToya, and her daughter GeeGee, as well as their friends Robin Murphy, KaKa (Aaliyah Paige), and Wardell Rainge. I want to thank Pastor Cleophus Lee and the congregation at the New Providence Baptist Church who welcomed me into their fold, as well as Margaret Tisdell, a model of grace and charm who I sat behind for three years until she passed. I will always miss Too Tall—the mayor of the back streets—whose counsel and support sustained me for years until his passing. And Sonny White, the heart and soul of the Taylor Street community, who is sorely missed as well. I made a lot of pictures in both these areas of the West Side, and none of them would have been possible without their friendship and blessing.

It all starts with the pictures. But getting from the pictures to what you are holding here in your hands is another matter. My name may appear on the spine, but that belies the community of support that made this possible. I am grateful to my friends: Dawoud Bey, Kelli Connell, Terry Evans, Greg Foster-Rice, Bob Thall and Jay Wolke for their invaluable input along the way; particularly to Kelli, Jay, and Bob for their help with the final edit and sequence. And to Cecil McDonald: Thanks for a conversation early on that helped me adjust my moral compass in the first years of this work. I am also grateful to Greg Harris for his curation and essay for the "We Shall" iteration of this work. It laid the foundation upon which this book is built.

As we know, film has gotten expensive, and so I want to thank Columbia College for a sequence of faculty development grants and the photography department for the support that a teaching position provides. This department, one of the best in the country, is my tribe. I am grateful to all of you and the steady stream of great students who have allowed me to talk the talk as I have done my best to walk the walk.

I am truly fortunate to have been part of the Stephen Daiter Gallery for so long. Stephen Daiter and his gallery manager, Lucas Zenk, have helped sustain me professionally and have also provided significant support for this book. I also want to thank everyone at Light Work, and John Mannion in particular, who worked tirelessly to corral my wavering work flow into a set of reproducible images. And, in the end, this book would not have been possible without the support of Richard and Jeanne Press, Ralph and Nancy Segal, and Harry and Irina Brandler. Their support was instrumental in pushing this twelve-year project over the finish line.

Thanks to everyone at Kehrer Verlag: first to Klaus Kehrer, who recognized the political significance of the work; to Nanni Goebel for our many conversations about the design; to Alexa Becker, who began this process a year ago; and to Olivia Lederer, Daniel Sommer, Andreas Schubert, Silke Küpperscheeg, Erik Clewe, Patrick Horn, Martin Lutz, and Barbara Karpf, who all made it all tangible in the end.

To the writers: Dawoud Bey, Camara Dia Holloway, and Amy Mooney, I am honored. This book would not be the same without the complexity of insight and wisdom that your voices brought to it.

And finally—and most of all—to my wife Anne Harris and son Max: Anne, for your humanity, unwavering encouragement, and editing; and to Max, who knows a good picture when he sees it—love. I cannot imagine doing any of this without having the two of you to come home to.



< Painted Window Shades, Henry Horner / 2004
Accidental Camera Obscura (from boarded
window) Cabrini-Green / 2006



Biographies

Paul D'Amato grew up in Boston during the height of racial unrest, civil rights protest, and bussing. He moved to Oregon to attend Reed College and claims to have learned as much from traveling cross-country four times a year—often by hitch-hiking and hopping freight trains—as he did in class. After receiving an MFA from Yale, he moved to Chicago, where he continues to photograph until this day. He has been awarded numerous grants and fellowships, including a Guggenheim Fellowship, a Pollock-Krasner Grant, and a Rockefeller Foundation Grant to Bellagio, Italy. His work is in the collections of The Museum of Modern Art, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, and The Art Institute of Chicago, among many others. Paul is a professor at Columbia College, Chicago.

Amy M. Mooney is Associate Professor of Art History at Columbia College, Chicago. Her publications include a monograph on the Chicago painter Archibald J. Motley, Jr., volume IV of the David C. Driskell series on African American Art (2004), as well as contributions to anthologies and catalogs, including *Archibald Motley: Jazz Age Modernist* (2014), *Black Is... Black Ain't* (2013), and *Romare Bearden in the Modernist Tradition* (2009). As an ACLS fellow in 2016–17, she is working on *Portraits of Noteworthy Character: Negotiating a Collective American Identity*, a project that examines the cultural capital of African American and immigrant portraiture.

Camara Dia Holloway is an art historian with expertise in African American art, American art, and the history of photography, who earned her PhD at Yale University. Her publications include *Portraiture & the Harlem Renaissance: The Photographs of James L. Allen* (1999). The Founding Co-director of the Association for Critical Race Art History (ACRAH), she is a well-known advocate for a critical race approach to art history. Dr. Holloway has previously taught at the University of Delaware, the University of Southern California, and Swarthmore College.

Dawoud Bey holds a Master of Fine Arts degree from the Yale University School of Art, and is Professor of Photography and a former Distinguished College Artist at Columbia College, Chicago. He has received numerous fellowships over the course of his career, including the United States Artists Guthman Fellowship, the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation Fellowship, and the National Endowment for the Arts. Monographs and publications of his work include *Dawoud Bey: Seeing Deeply* (2018), *Dawoud Bey: Picturing People* (2012), *Harlem, U.S.A.* (2012), *Class Pictures* (2007), and *Dawoud Bey: Portraits, 1975–1995* (1995). His works have been exhibited and collected extensively throughout the United States and abroad.

© 2017 Kehrer Verlag Heidelberg Berlin, Paul D'Amato and the authors

Texts Paul D'Amato, Dawoud Bey, Camara Dia Holloway, Amy M. Mooney

Proofreading Gérard A. Goodrow

Design Kehrer Design Heidelberg (Nanni Goebel)

Image Processing John Mannion, Light Work

Production Kehrer Design Heidelberg (Silke Küpperscheeg)

Cover Image Margaret and Marquette Tisdell, Original Providence Baptist Church / 2013

Bibliographic information published by the Deutsche Nationalbibliothek:

The Deutsche Nationalbibliothek lists this publication in the Deutsche Nationalbibliografie; detailed bibliographic data is available on the Internet at <http://dnb.dnb.de>.

Printed and bound in Germany

ISBN 978-3-86828-782-0



Kehrer Heidelberg Berlin

www.kehrerverlag.com