



# WORLD PHOTOBOOK DAY 2015

BRISBANE: 14 October, 2015



MAUD | GALLERY



ILFORD



I DON'T HAVE A FAVOURITE BOOK, but I do have books in my collection I often return to. One of these books is *On the Sixth Day* by Alessandra Sanguinette. On face value it's a story about a farm in Argentina. Sanguinette doesn't romanticise the farm, nor does she judge the family rearing animals for slaughter. Instead she images the moral complexity of living in the world. A dog guards her territory. A cow mourns her stillborn calf. A chick collapses momentarily, after a struggle with a fence. Each of these intimate, epic, and often-violent images are remarkably fragile. The crafting of the story doesn't ever allow the viewer to sit comfortably with the content, but importantly it doesn't push the reader away. The farm animals are not imaged as commodities, but as equals, also struggling in life. This tension becomes the narrator.

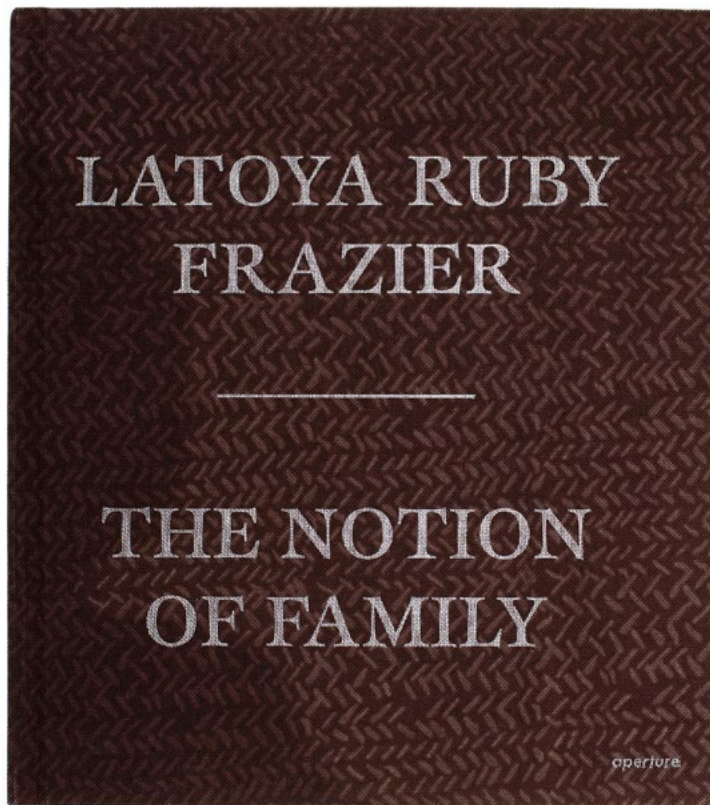
My photobook 'portrait' includes my son. I wasn't sure whether to show him this book. I'm not sure there are adequate words to describe the complexity of human and animal interactions in the world he was born into. At some stage this book will likely become a shared experience for us. A way to talk about life. I guess this is why I keep returning to the book. As the title indicates, it's an epic tale of our time.

**Kelly Hussey-Smith**





Kelly Hussey-Smith reading *On the Sixth Day* with her son



I 'DISCOVERED' LA TOYA RUBY FRAZIER A FEW YEARS AGO, while hunting around for a more contemporary introduction to Martha Rosler's *In Around and Afterthoughts On Documentary Photography* (1981) for a studio project course I was teaching. Frazier was then a student panellist on the Aperture Foundation's discussion titled, "Confounding Expectations: Revisiting 'In, Around and Afterthoughts on Documentary Photography,'" moderated by Susan Bright. I found Frazier's project, at that point still in the works, painfully expressive and genuine. It's her raw expression of identity in the margins – her exploration of self, space and belonging, that resonated with me. I saw in her portraiture an agency and defiance – an "oppositional gaze," as bell hooks would put it.

Frazier grew up in the suburb of Braddock, in the county of Allegheny, Pennsylvania. She traces her lineage back to the town's founding father, British general Edward Braddock. Frazier is from the black side of Braddock, a town falling derelict after the big industry boom of the post-WW2 era went bust. In a strange twist, my friend, the poet and musician Rodney DeCroo, came from Harmarville, some 20 miles upstream – only Rod was poor and white, and lived a vagrant life, criss-crossing America and then settling in Canada. His critically acclaimed folk album, *Allegheny* (2012), is something I listen to from time to time. It cuts deep, rusty swaths that take time to heal. I visit Frazier just as sparingly, and always with reverence.

**Heather Faulkner**







I LOVE LARRY! THE *KATHERINE AVENUE* BOOK I have images taken by Larry that describe the area he grew up in. These include film sets from the porn industry, pictures of his parents and re-enacted scenes from his youth, in the suburban American dream. Why do I like *Katherine Ave* so much, firstly because Larry employs day labourers to act in his shots, resulting scenes that are unexpected. Where men play all the roles. His parent's house features along with his parents. Interestingly, he's quite humorous when he describes how he spent hours weeding his father's garden in exchange for a few minutes with him sitting for his camera. The porn scenes are brilliant in their strangeness, showing the downtime between shooting with appropriately placed vases of flowers or chairs, when required. It is the American dream with all its faded edges, inequality and brash realities...

**Julie Ann Sutton**



**Julie Ann Sutton** reading ***Katherine Avenue***

# Sequences Duane Michals



I AM DRAWN TO THE PHOTO BOOK THAT MAKES ME STOP, reflect and pause. Visual narratives with thoughtful text and creative images stay with me long after I have seen them. It is the diverse range and styles of the Photo Book that draws me in and fuels my imagination.

It is the challenge of how photographers can diverge from their traditional roles into creating artistic visual narratives. The excitement of discovering new artists at different events or venues, artist's talks, opening nights and the social interaction of the viewers are all part of the charm.

How I do you choose one? And why I like this book has been echoing through my thoughts since Vicky and Doug first asked the question. It was only when I delved back in time, to the beginning of my photographic journey that the answer came to me.



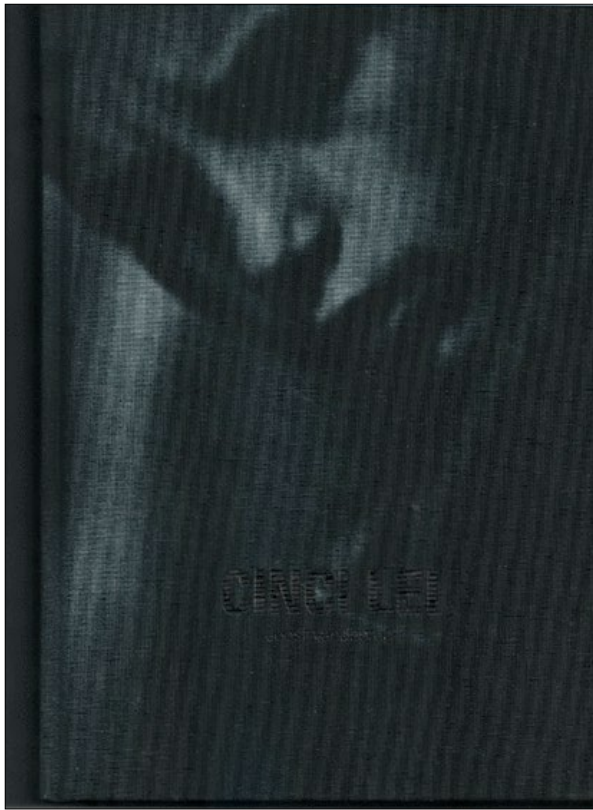
35 years ago in the old library at Queensland College at Art, Seven Hills, I stumbled across the photograph ***The Fallen Angel*** by Duane Michals. As a young photography student, I was transfixed. I was holding my first visual narrative book by a photographer that transcended the limitations of photography that I had known.

Duane Michals not only recorded the boundaries between the real world and imagination, but his intriguing narratives and revolutionary artistic vision using single images lodged deep into my psyche.

**M.e Trainor**



**M.e. Trainor** reading *Sequences*



**MY FAVOURITE PHONEBOOK IS A BEAUTIFUL PUBLICATION** entitled *Cinci Lei* by Photographer Joost vandebrug. The book is about 5 homeless kids in Bucharest and their coming of age.

The beautiful documented life is not about their struggles or extraordinary life but about the relationship and dependency on each other.

Joost is less concerned about capturing a photographic narrative as he is more interested in the wellbeing of the homeless kids. We do not see the journey of a child being taken to the hospital or his return to the group but read the story of how boost was so emotional connected that you focused on reuniting the boys.

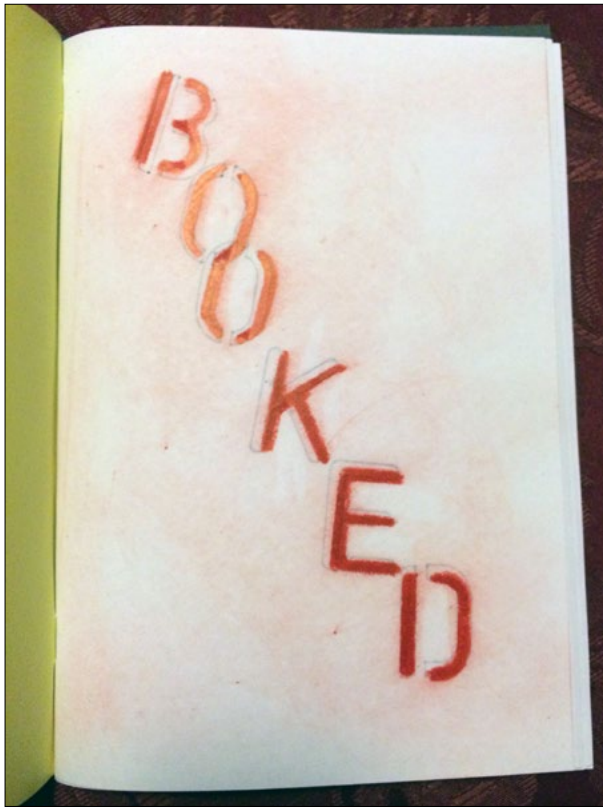
The book shows a photographic series of the youth in diverse situations and allows the viewer to become close with the subjects.

**Henri van Noordenburg**





Henri van Noordenburg reading *Cinci Lei*



MY FAVOURITE PHOTOBOOK IS **BOOKED** by Peter Lyssiotis, a book of photomontages about books. The images are potent interpretations of the power of books in our lives and the dangers of a world without them. This book is very special to me as it is a unique work that Peter made for me. It's also a very good one to read to chickens as it has no text, so you can just say "book, book" and they understand perfectly.

**Helen Cole**





Helen Cole reading *Booked*





Moisés by Mariela Sancari

I MET MARIELA IN MEXICO LAST YEAR, with her artist book and book dummy of this project. Standout photographs and sequencing makes this my favorite for 2015. Celebrate family, friends, photography, and photobooks this World Photobook Day!

**Larissa Leclair**



Larissa Leclair reading *Moises*



*EEN LIEFDESGESCHIEDENIS IN SAINT-GERMAIN-DES-PRÉS* (Love on the left bank) was published in 1956, a year after the more wholesome MoMA exhibition catalogue for "The Family of Man" alongside which it sat on my father's bookshelf. To open its pages in the 1960s was to experience the thrill of the taboo. The Dutch call this style of book a *beeldroman* ('photo novel'), and Ed van der Elsken's book is an early example. He pasted up the dummy of the book by hand, devising a tragic love story from gritty photographs he had taken in Paris of the disaffected youth of the period after the war, who were even more poverty-stricken than he. He showed it to Edward Steichen who encouraged him to get it published in a ground-breaking cinematic layout by Jurriaan Schrofer. English and European editions quickly sold out and became the quarry of collectors.

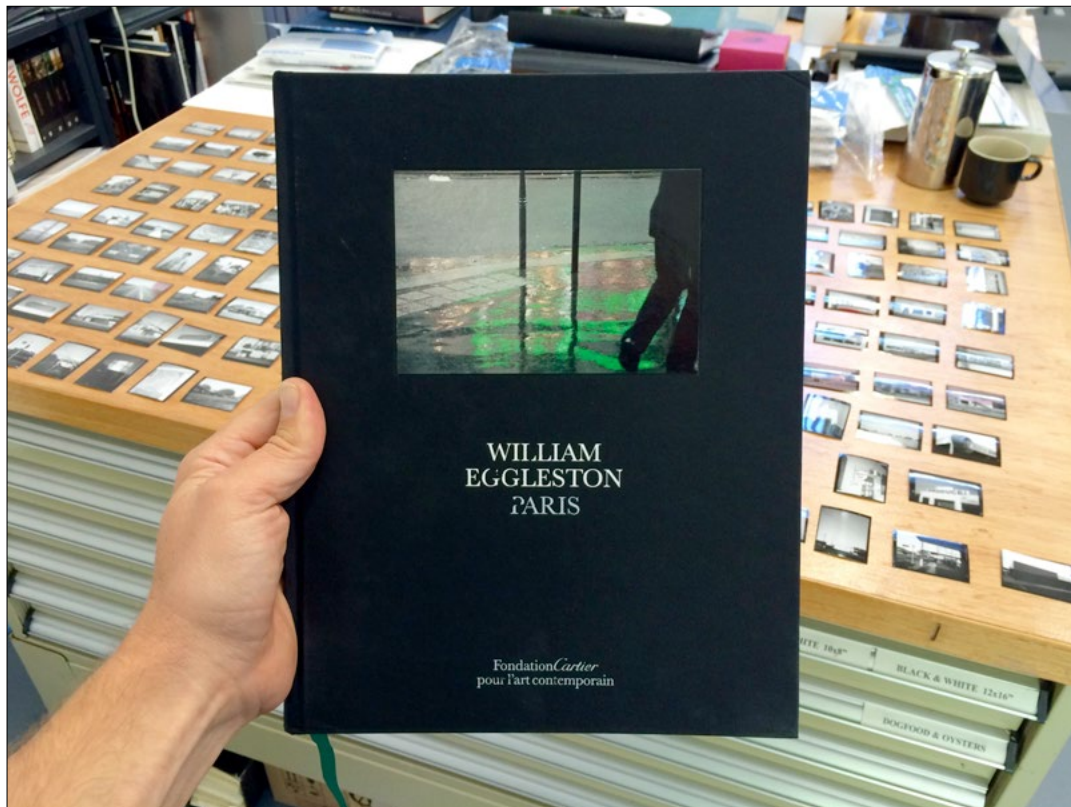


The anti-heroine of this quite existentialist story (which, being photographic, sits between fiction and biography) is 'Ann', an exotic dancer and bohemian artist. But really, she is the Australian expat Vali Myers (an exotic dancer and bohemian artist) whom I had the extraordinary good luck to meet in the 90s as she got off a tram. She invited me into her studio in the Nicholas building in Melbourne. She was by then instantly recognisable by her vivid red hair and face tattoos and had lived her life to the utmost, just as van der Elsken, my hero photographer and another extrovert redhead, had done!

**James McArdle**



**James McArdle** reading *Love on the left bank*



I HAVE HAD VARYING 'FAVOURITE' PHOTOGRAPHY BOOKS over the last 20 years, from my dad's Time/Life book of photos from the Vietnam War when I was 15, to my first 'real' PhotoBook, a book on Hungarian photographer André Kertész, that I bought in 2000. More recently I have been enamoured *Sentimental Journey/ Winter Journey* by Araki Nobuyoshi, a tender and personal set of photos (in the true essence of the word) that shows the photographer's relationship with his wife, who sadly succumbed to cancer. It is all laid out for the viewer to read. Interestingly enough, much of Araki's other work offers me little in terms of more than a passing interest. I love photography most when the sentiment of the photographer is felt, regardless of the subject matter, and this is the case with one of my favourite books, ***William Eggleston Paris***, published by Fondation Cartier pour l'Arte Contemporain, printed by Steidl (2009).



William Eggleston Paris is a prime example of honest sentiment in photography, and for this reason it is not an easy photobook to engage with. Eggleston has never had any concern for the viewer's reaction to his work, and with this series of photos from Paris, it is clear that his intention is to see for himself above all else, using photography as his guide. The book is divided into two parts, Book 1 and Book 2, both of which contain photographs and abstract text drawings done by Eggleston. Placing the photographs side by side with the drawings highlights (no pun intended) Eggleston's abstract approach to photography in his day-to-day environment. Eggleston's photos are not so much about what they show, they are not primarily documents. Rather, the act of seeing these scenes as framed compositions within the context of an artist living in the world is more to the core of the artist's oeuvre.

What moves me mostly about this book (made over three trips to Paris between 2006-8) and Eggleston's work in general, is that Eggleston's freedom of approach to the medium should be enough reason and inspiration for all photographers to do things as they see and feel them, rather than following any one particular style or popular approach. There is no right and wrong in photography, there is only honesty and dishonesty. The worst thing one could possibly do at the end of their life would be to look back and see dishonest pictures. To me, that would be a wasted life in photography.

**Sean Davey**



**Sean Davey** reading *Paris*



**MARTIN PARR HAS ALWAYS TAKEN THE PHOTOGRAPHS** I was too afraid to take and turned them into genius. In a visual arena that clings to the seriousness of documentary practices, or the (often) elitist musing of academia's social theories, Parr has been my shining bastion of humorous laconic wit.

In *Common Sense*, Parr has spotlighted what we would hardly give a second glance. I have always marveled how he can juxtapose a ladies hands clasped behind her head with pieces of white bread. His seamless flow of visual Freudian slips are encapsulated by the entirety of the book as an object. It gets straight to the 'point' with no text except the title, whilst his use of sequencing and editing are almost as powerful as the photos themselves; each pair of full bleed images reads like a stream of facetious couplets.

I think the best thing one can do after reading *Common Sense*, or any Martin Parr book, is learn to rethink how we look at and interpret the world. Perhaps we should all use the scrutiny that a ring-flashed mounted macro lens can provide to see the things that influence our everyday lives- regardless of wether we laugh or cringe as a result.

**Thomas Oliver**





**Thomas Oliver** reading ***Common Sense***



*Sabine* by Jacob Aue Sobol

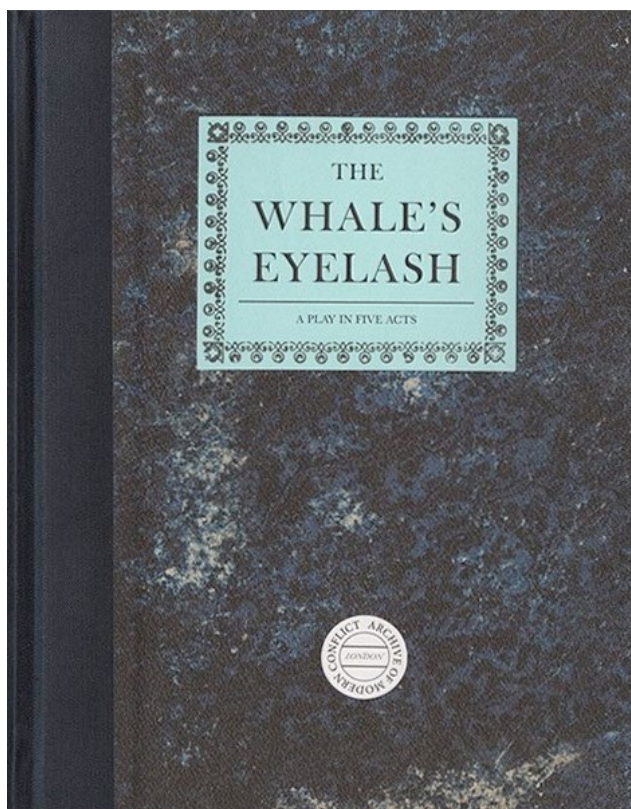
**AS A STORY TELLING VEHICLE, THE PHOTOGRAPHY BOOK BECOMES** a medium that lends itself perfectly to a personal and intimate experience. I often look at them alone and in times of contemplation. Given this, Jacob's story of Sabine in photos and text, enchanted me from the start. It is a relatively simple story of falling in love in incredibly inhospitable circumstances, but I was moved both emotionally, intellectually and creatively. I was forced to ask myself hard questions. Is it the sensitive artist that gives shape and meaning to life through his work, or is it the woman, the life and his destiny that hews the man and makes him an artist? Perhaps it is both.

**Ying Ang**



**Ying Ang** reading ***Sobol***





I AM ABSOLUTELY DELIGHTED TO ELECT *The Whale's Eyelash: A Play in five parts*, as my all time favorite photobook.

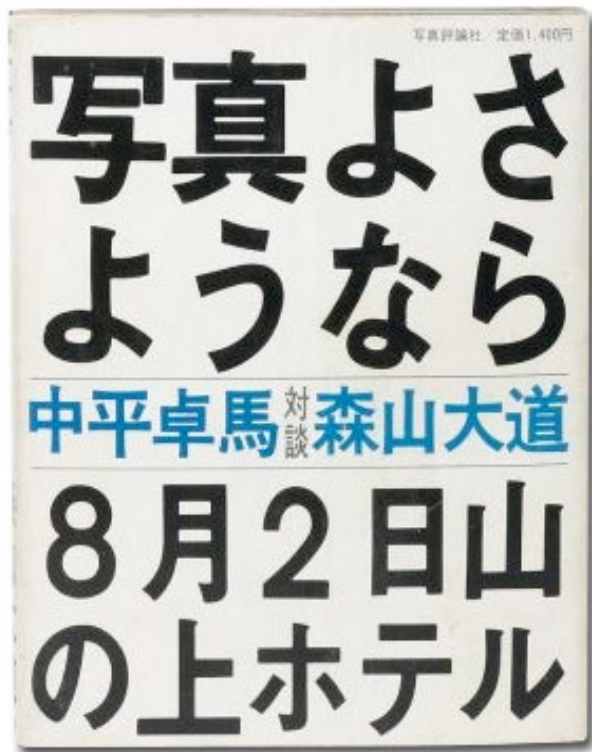
With the invention of the microscope the world was opened up. People saw and organized materials in anew. *The Whales Eyelash* is one of the first photo books I had a hand at making, so I am perhaps slightly biased. My father and I spent hours going through chests and boxes of 19th century micro slides. We saw over 7,000 altogether. We selected the ones with the most curious titles, and that under the scope were spell binding. We got the list down to around one hundred, and from this we composed the titles of the slides into a poem format. When reading it over we realized that it would in fact be better as a play, so we separated the poem into acts. Each act is spelt out, and then the following pages show the images printed big, warped and abstracted. When printing it got really expensive, the images were so intricate and pixelated the inks kept on running together. In the end we had to use inks that contained no water. The pages are heavy with color, the pigment is mesmerizing. My father has always been my best friend, and the time we spent concocting this project was time well, well spent.

I'm never bored of this book, and I get jealous when I see other people reading it.

**Imogen Prus**



Imogen Prus reading the *The Whale's Eyelash*



I ELECT BYE, BYE PHOTOGRAPHY FROM DAIDO MORIYAMA, circa 1972.

I remember seeing this book way back in 1996 or so on my first trip to Japan, it blew me away the, and it is still a joy to leaf through now. With this book, Daido was trying to re-invent photography, by discarding the previous rules of engagement. He introduced images, with dust and scratches, out of focus, with sprocket holes, whatever, and it still is a dictionary of possibilities for photography. He then discarded the negatives, almost as a form of protest.

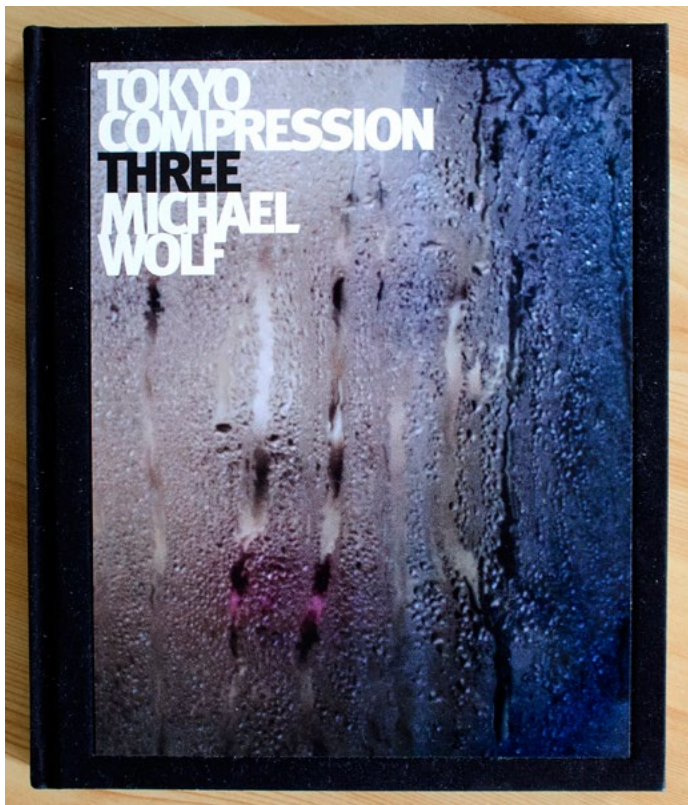
I guess when I am home, I can get a photo of me with this.

**Martin Parr**

IMAGE SOURCE

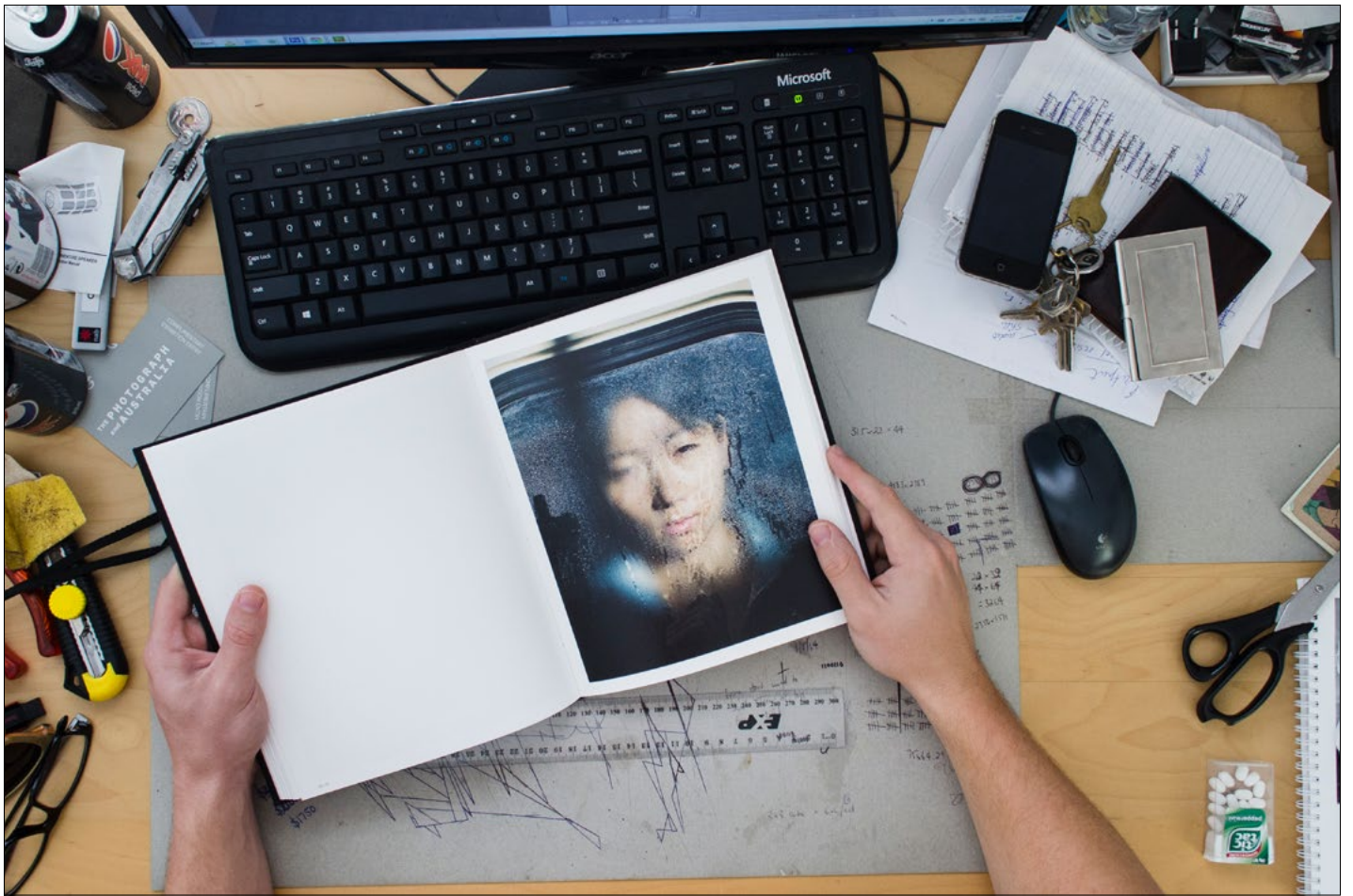
<http://www.manhattanrarebooks.com/pages/books/1449/daido-moriyama/sashin-yo-sayonara-bye-bye-photography-dear>





*TOKYO COMPRESSION* BY MICHAEL WOLF was one of the first photobooks that I bought, and the images inside expanded my view of portraiture and documentary photography. The series examines commuters on cramped Tokyo trains, where Wolf captures eerie portraits of travellers pressed against the dewy windows of carriages, most seemingly unaware of his presence. The vulnerable situation the subjects are trapped in makes it impossible for them to block Wolf from taking their photo even if they happen to notice him. There is an obvious shift of power to the photographer in this situation which creates an interesting moral dilemma that Wolf passes onto us as spectators. To stop and stare at another person in the Tokyo subway would be considered socially unacceptable, however the photograph allows these moments to be immortalised and observed at our own leisure. The voyeuristic nature of the project creates a tension for the viewer and the book works well in this respect, providing an intimate environment to peruse the work and creating a new experience between the viewer and the subject that could never have existed if we were standing on the platform and watching ourselves.

**Chris Bowes**



Chris Bowes reading *Tokyo Compression*

**END OF SUBMISSIONS**



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Designed by Doug Spowart and Victoria Cooper

