

Unknown photographer
(American)
*Chicago during the construction of
the World's Fair, 65th Street
looking east from track number 7,*
1893
Cyanotype
Unknown photographer
Puit artésien de Sidi Amran,
1859
Albumen print
Unknown photographer
*Ensembles rythmiques et
gymnastiques a Pékin,* 1965
Silver gelatin print
Unknown Photographer,
circle of Dimitri Ivanovich
Ermakov (Georgian),
Georgian patriarch with wife,
c1880
Albumen print
Unknown artist (Indian)
Indian Prince, c1880
Painting of a photograph
Unknown photographer
(American)
*Aerial panorama, Philippines
campaign, WW2,* 1944
Silver gelatin print
Unknown photographer
(German)
*The Rotterdam-Delft
main road,* 13 May 1940
Silver gelatin print
Unknown photographer
(French)
A hat in the forest, 1890
Albumen print
Unknown photographer
(French)
*A medical doctor giving
Faradisation with a
Hertz electrostatic machine,*
c1896
Albumen print
Unknown photographer
*Forked lightning over a
house,* c1880
Albumen print
Unknown Photographer
(American)
Woman on a lonely road,
c 1900
Cyanotype
Unknown photographer
working for the Belgian
Judiciary Service
Bloodstain on carpet, 1881
Albumen Print
Unknown photographer
(Indian)
Indian man, c1950
Hand-painted silver
gelatin print
Unknown photographer
(American)
Butchers, c1900
Cyanotype

Unknown photographer
(Georgian)
Shi'ite cleric, Iran, c1895
Albumen print
Unknown photographer,
circle of Dimitri Ivanovich
Ermakov Armenian patriarch,
c1890
Albumen print
Unknown photographer
(American)
Clock, dog and carriage,
c1890
Cyanotype
Unknown photographer
(German)
*The Rotterdam-Delft
main road,* 19 May 1940
Silver gelatin print
Unknown photographer
(German)
*Vehicle depot after a bombing
raid,* 14 May 1940
Silver gelatin print
Unknown photographer
(American)
*E. Long's Solar printing
works, Quincy IL,* 1886
Cyanotype
Unknown photographer
(American)
Photographer's family portrait
c1890
Cyanotype
Unknown photographer
(American)
Church congregation, c1890
Cyanotype
Unknown photographer
(American)
Science student, c1910
Cyanotype
Unknown photographer
(American)
The art of spinning, c1890
Cyanotype
Unknown photographer
(American)
Observatory, Oxford OH, c1900
Silver gelatin print
Unknown photographer
Altocumulus floccus,
c1890
Albumen print
Unknown photographer
Cumulus humilis, 1870s
Albumen print
Unknown photographer
(Indian)
Indian woman, c1950
Hand-painted silver gelatin
print
Unknown photographer
*Cumulus mediocris in the
Campania,* c1855
Albumen print

Unknown photographer
Cumulus humilis, 1870s
Albumen print
Unknown photographer
(American)
Observatory, Oxford OH,
c1900
Silver gelatin print
Unknown photographer
*Yugoslav immigrants
arriving on a steamer
at Santos, Brazil,* c1920
Silver gelatin print
Unknown photographer
(British)
Port Said, 1907
Silver gelatin print
Unknown photographer
(British)
Pilchard fishery, Cornwall,
c1890
Printing-out paper
Unknown photographer
*Stormy sea on the coast of
Ceylon (Sri Lanka),*
c1900
Silver gelatin print
Unknown photographer
(British)
Sunken three-masted ship,
c1870
Albumen print
Unknown photographer
(British)
*Image from John Logie
Baird's first television
demonstration,*
22 January 1926
Tinted silver gelatin print
Unknown photographer
Surface of the moon,
c1895
Albumen print
Unknown photographer
(American)
Gymnast, c1890
Cyanotype
Unknown photographer
*The dimensions of Paris
displaced onto the surface
of the moon,* c1895
Chloro-bromide print
Unknown photographer
(Colombian)
*Burning vehicle at the
Panaderia El Sultan, from
El Espacio Archive,*
31 March 1977
Silver gelatin print
Unknown photographer
(British)
*British soldiers before a
burning building, Sudan,*
c1898
Silver gelatin print
Unknown photographer
(German)
WW2 German snapshots,
c1942
120 silver gelatin prints

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Landscape for a Friend •••• Zeb Zang

**‘Collected Shadows: Photographs from
the Archive of Modern Conflict’**

*Presentation House Gallery
333 Chesterfield Avenue, North Vancouver
Through November 24*

Lets try, for once, not to escape into generalities. That's too easy. To leave this as a generality is to consider it like a Tumblr wet dream of images to be disseminated en mass. It is physical. It is specific. It's a reaction to be reacted to. The colours are striking when they exist. Each colour traces itself back to a specific time. Cyan monochromes vary in shade and rich kodachrome-esque saturation comes from a point when that colour was

still possible. The colours are created with gels and chemicals and manual labours with tints. It is too predictable to say the most striking work of the show is a full spectrum nuclear blast. The presumption of photography's power to aestheticize the horrific is made manifest. No image is venerated, but all are treated like pieces of an assemblage, providing at once an overt connotation while retaining a level of obscurity. Finding their way back to what their own physical composition, their curl within the frames is enough to assert them as objects not portals. Mars sits above stacked wooden idols. Equally enigmatic, one is framed with respect as its distance makes it untouchable and its untouchable nature makes it a god. Multiple structures burn simultaneously gridded out like apocalyptic row housing, their consistency making a surface to slick to try and rest on. The question of combustion temperatures for different materials continually reappears on this wall. What's the numerical difference between wood and human flesh, and metal? Does metal really burn or does it only char? What does it smell like? The fuel makes the smell specific. Here we're prone to conflict, but in a more considered way than outside. Once we take the time to settle and care for a piece, we get caught and dragged into the surroundings. There are innumerable facsimiles to this experience laid out on purple walls, digital aggregates of marginal history. The screen makes them flat, infinite and then ultimately irrelevant.

The blemishes of the image become an image themselves. The representation of decay decaying is made beautiful. Physicality is all the more important when it no longer exists. Does having the object of depiction present allow a move beyond just starring? How can we manage to be perceptive and sensitive in so many fields and in so many places? The stare we have is free from judgment. There is never a mention of a problem with what is depicted. In place of discussing cultural exploitation we talk of concerns of the medium at large. Maybe the only problem though is our own construction of an oppressive finger releasing the shutter in each one of these images. Memory here is somehow public and so refrains from solipsism, despite treading out well-worn discussions of photography as an appendage to hippocampus. These are non-specific and vague memories, akin to recalling a story but not the event. The show's curator Timothy Prus flippant response when questioned about the ownership of the work was that "Photography belongs to humanity". More telling than flippant, the response illuminates the archive's ability for abstraction, as it implores us to generalize the individuals behind the work it but never what they saw.

Zeb Zang