

PORTFOLIO

ONE

n p f 5 4 8 fall term

1998

Images and excerpts from artist statements produced by the students in
NPF 548 Media Studies: Modern Movements/Issues in Photography
School of Image Arts, Ryerson Polytechnic University December 1998

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assisted by Nick Tyrovolas & Matthew Miller
Silkscreen Production by Rob Pottton
Concept & Faculty Supervision by Don Snyder

Introduction:

What we knew when the course began was that photography was changing. The medium had not evolved according to any set of predictions made for it and most existing histories seem somehow restrictive or self-limiting. Contemporary theory had intertwined itself with practice in ways that galvanized some image-makers, but baffled others. And it was no longer a given that a photograph represented, in any direct manner, the world we think we see.

Narrative and document, equivalent and sequence had yielded much ground; new agendas could be found in every aspect of picture making, except the pictures we get on our way to the passport office. Many photographers, realizing what had now become possible, either went in new directions or began a reinvestigation of personal, rather than public concerns.

As we looked into all this, it seemed like a good idea to see who we were as photographers, how we saw, how we thought, how we made pictures, and what we had to say about them. As part of the course work in NPF 548, we planned this portfolio, created images for it, wrote about the work, presented it and shared it with each other. Once it became clear that we had the necessary critical mass, the project came together quite rapidly.

The portfolio, produced in a limited edition of fifty copies, displays the original work of the students in the course. Prints were made by hand; each person contributed to the project both artistically and financially. Four individuals, named on the first page, worked on the design, editing, typesetting and screenprinting; particular thanks are due to them for their effort on behalf of the entire class.

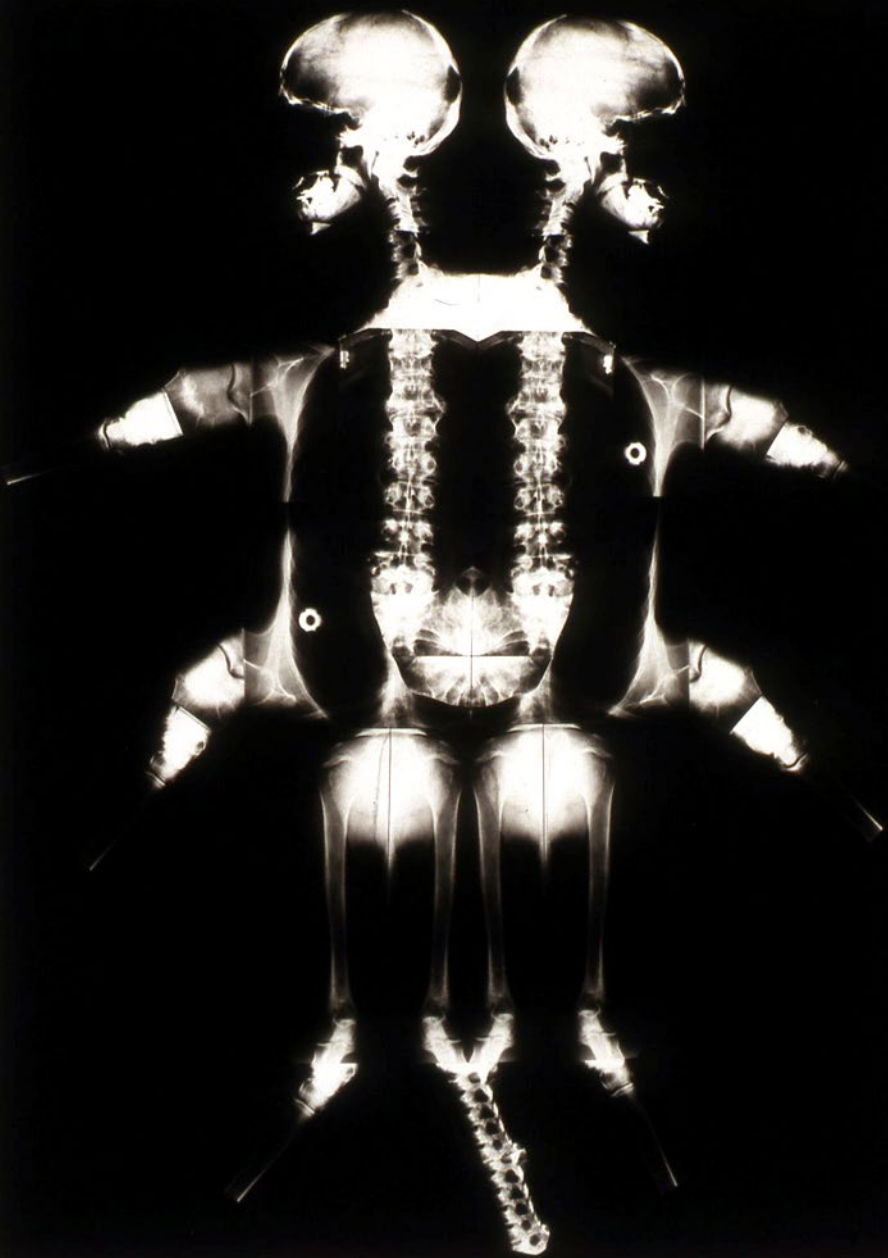
Don Snyder

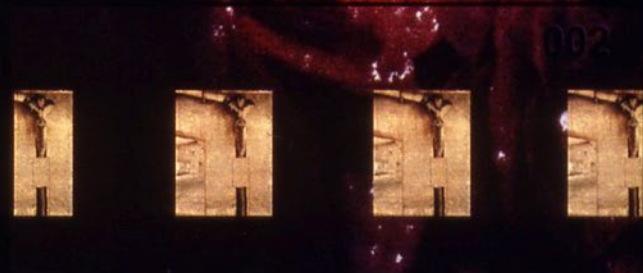
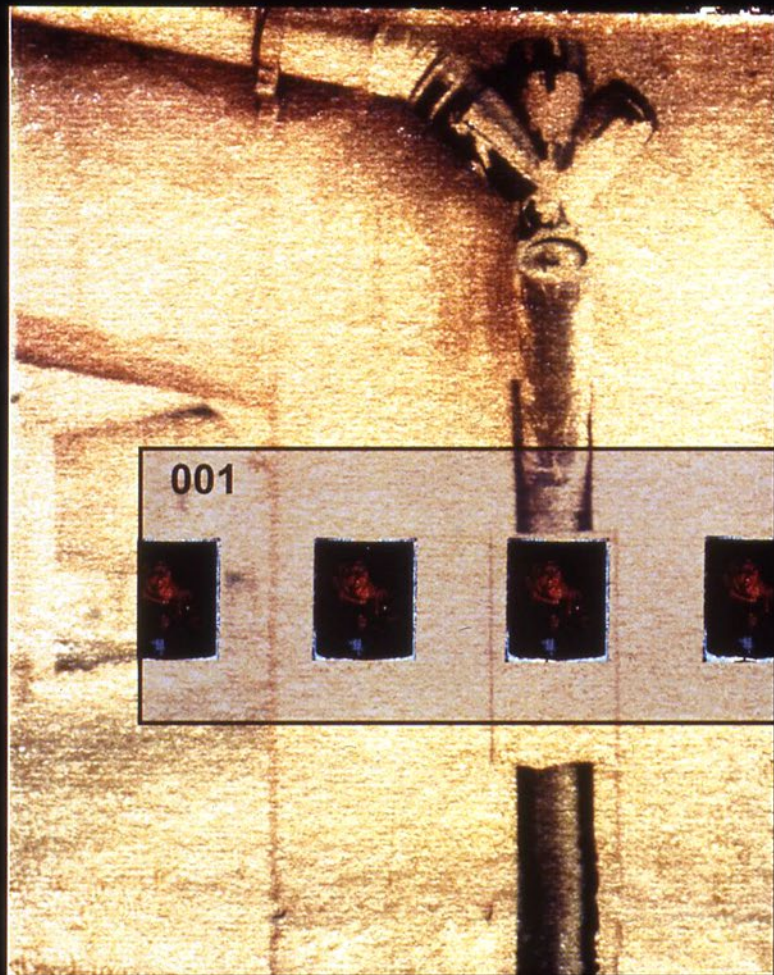
Toronto, Canada

1998









I knew I probably
g red button but

I remember once, playing with my brother
by the escalators at the mall while waiting for my
mother to finish her shopping. It wasn't long before
the big red button caught my eye. I knew I probably

me. I pushed the

she pushed the big button but curiosity had won

ays been the death of me. I pushed the button

escalator stopped. The people on it grumbled as they

started to climb the stairs. My brother scolded me. I

cried. I tried pushing the button again to restart the escalator,

but to no avail. So at the cost of much anxiety

and embarrassment to myself, I solved the mystery of the

big red button

he people on it go

Now, looking back on that the worst with my matured sensibilities

I can honestly say that

pushing that button was the right thing to do

ouldn't much the big

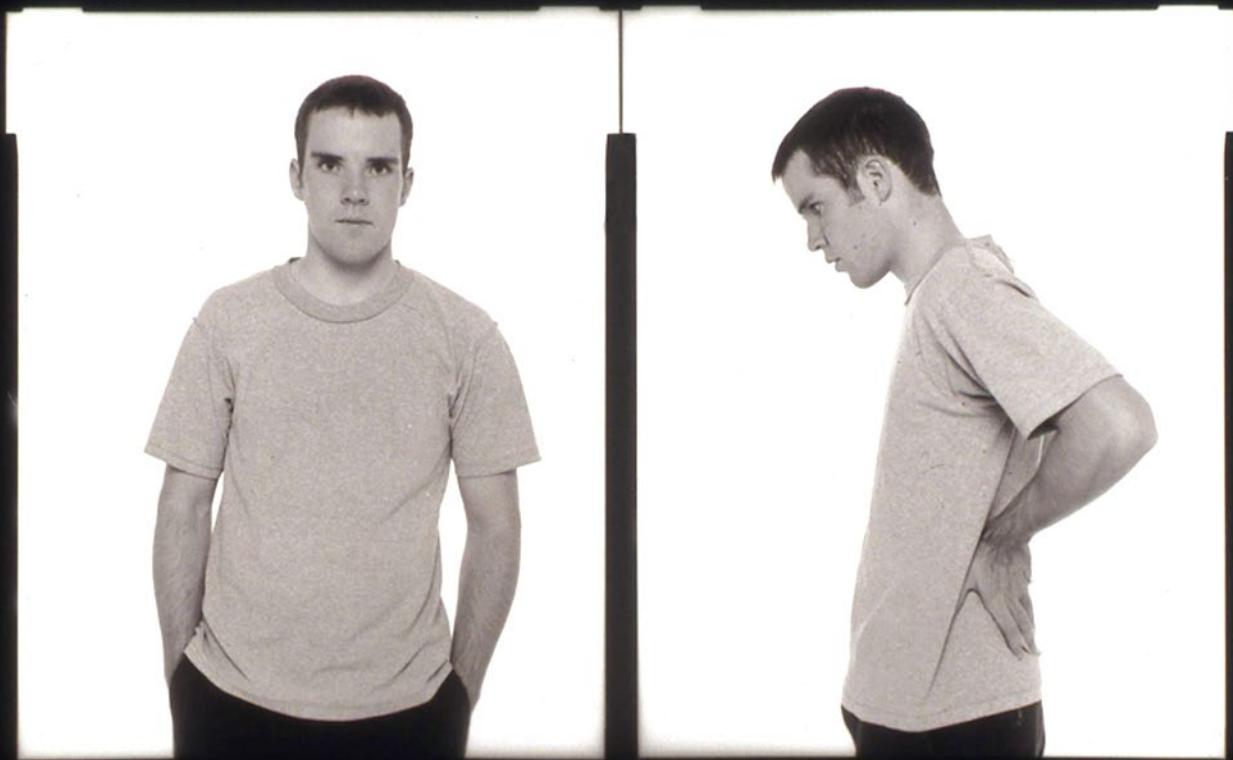
I pushed the button

I pushed the button

I pushed the button



As a filmmaker, it is my desire to create characters who live and breathe by allowing the people in my life to come through me. This is one of my favourite images that I have ever shot because it captures something about two of my friends and of our day together. I am always trying to use the two dimensional picture plane as a tool for clarification, division, definition of relationships between characters. I want only to write about what I know so that through the projections of my personal world I might begin to scratch at the arid elements of the universal. I feel that this image succeeds in this because it plays between the womb of the moment and the outer intellectualization of experience. My struggle at this point is to free myself from the dictatorial intentions of my intellect. I am at the height of my trampoline bounce, holding the camera out from my body. As Kierkegaard the art is in being there.



grown-ups never understand anything by themselves and it is tiresome for children to be always and forever explaining things to them

KODAK E 200

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