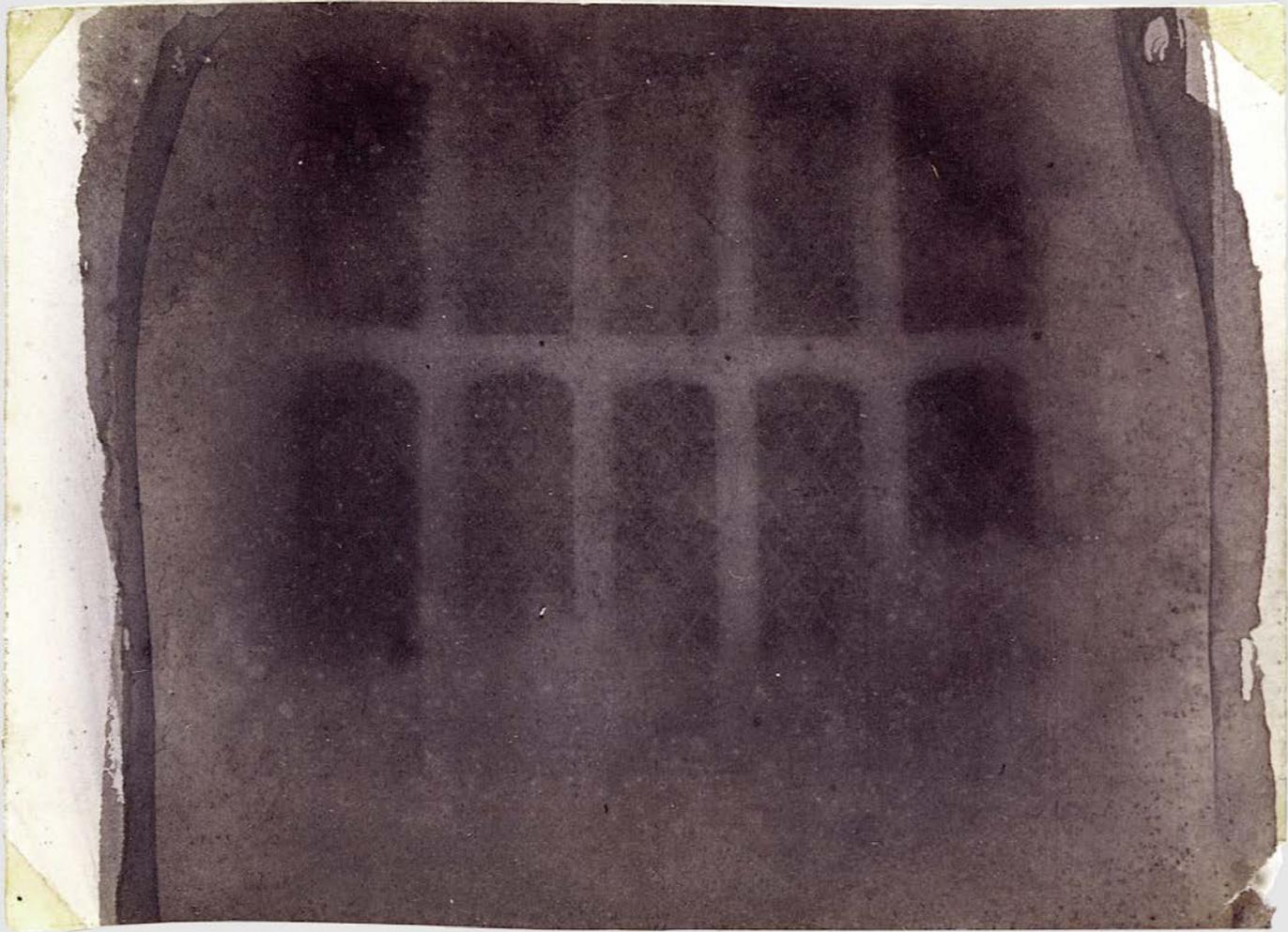


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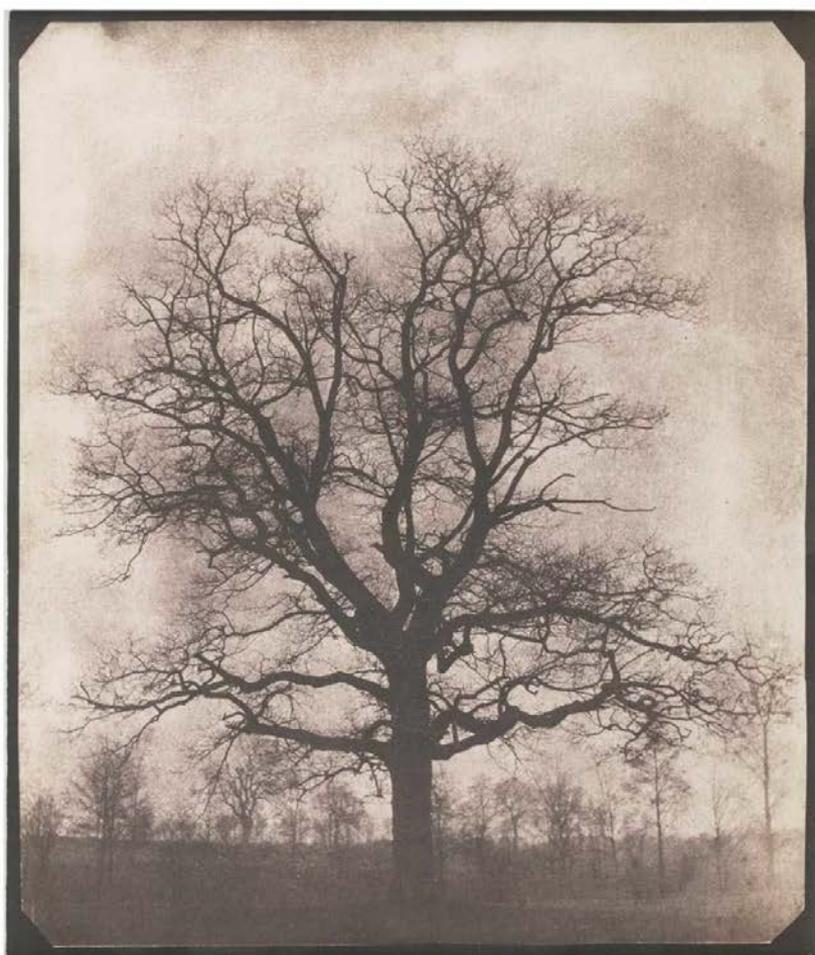
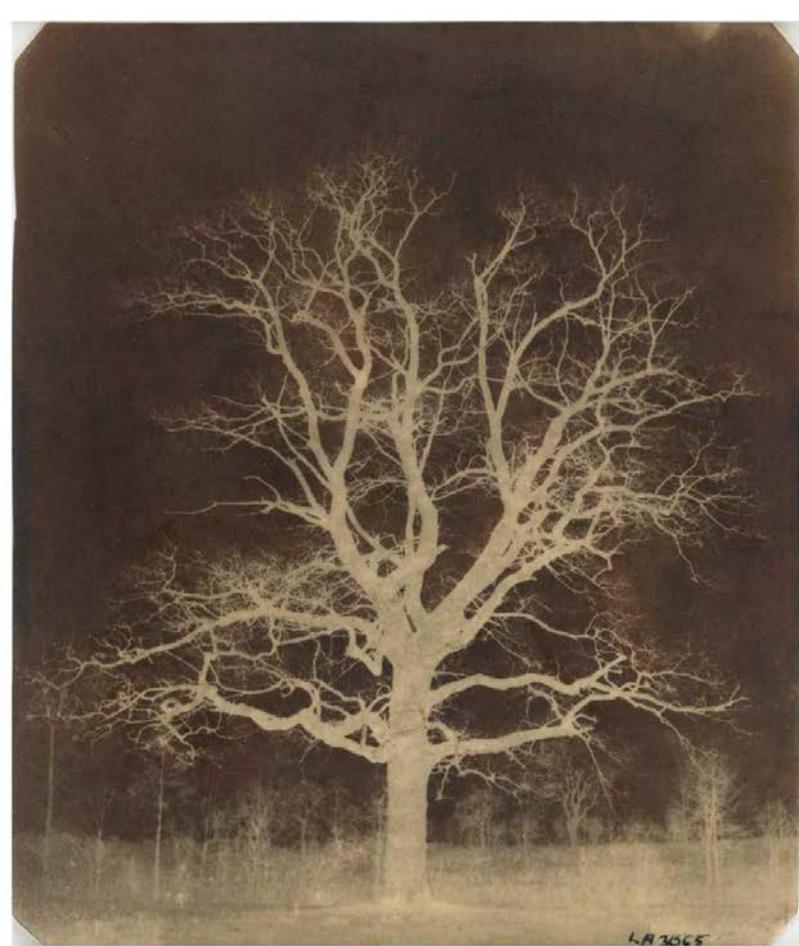
SHORT

TERM PROJECTS

Content warnings: Nudity, brief discussion of suicide.



William Henry Fox Talbot
1835



William Henry Fox Talbot
1842-43



(c) Glenn Randall, www.glenrandall.com



(c) Glenn Randall, www.glenrandall.com

Glenn
Randall
2010's

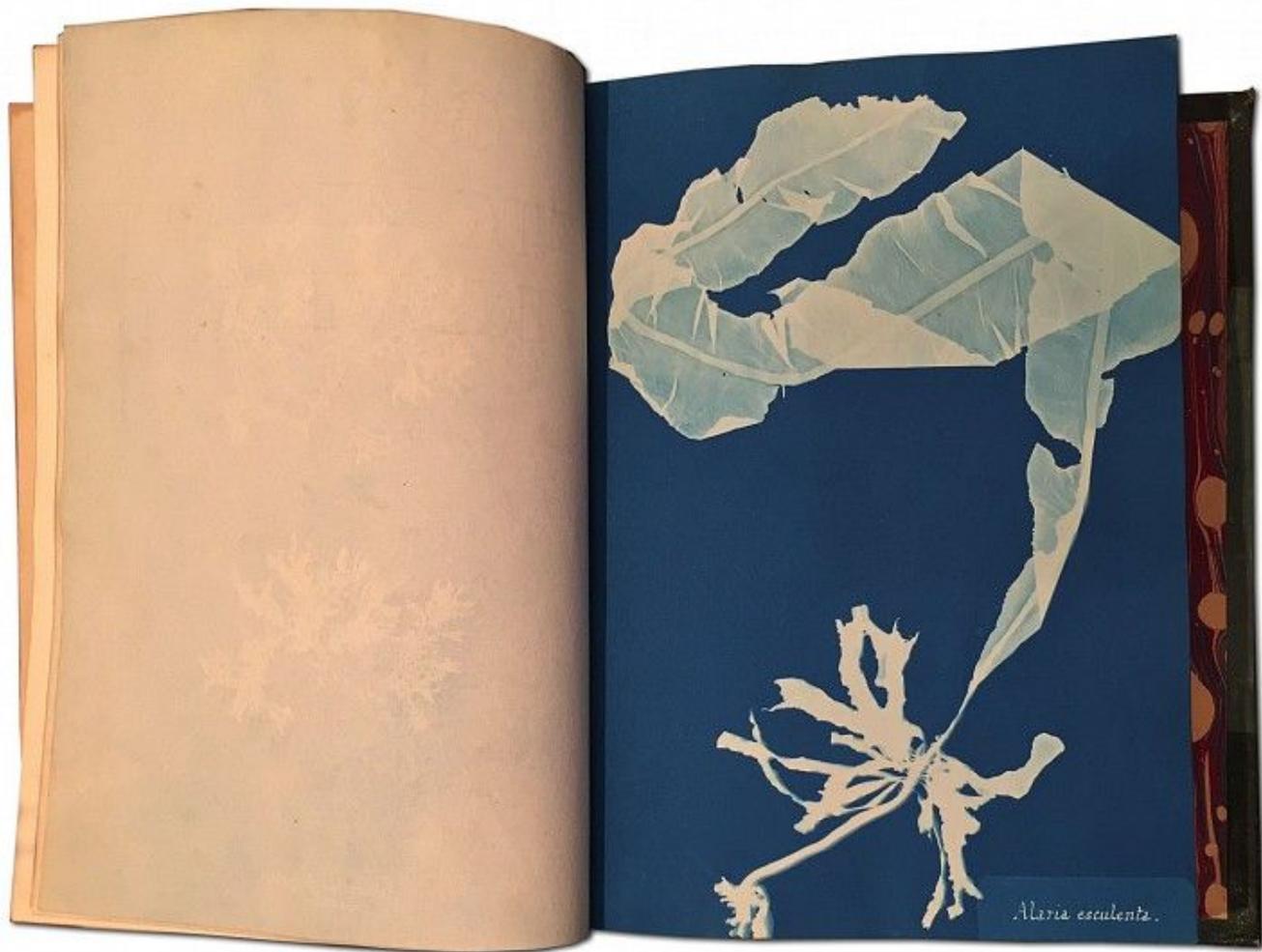


Ian Ruther
Half Dome
2013



Dictyota dichotoma
in the young state, &
in fruit.

Anna Atkins
1849



Anna Atkins
1843

SEEING CALIFORNIA WITH EDWARD WESTON



BAREEN RICHES. The alkaline salts that sickened the stomachs of the Indians, '49ers, and which help make Death Valley's soil so barren, are the main source of the valley's wealth. The modern industrial history of the region began in 1880 when Asson Winans, an impoverished squatter, found borax there.

SEEING CALIFORNIA WITH EDWARD WESTON

Death Valley

We took off our hats, and then overlooking the scene of so much trial, suffering and death spoke the thought uppermost saying "Good-bye, Death Valley."
So wrote William Lewis Manly, telling the story of the first Americans to cross Death Valley. Manly's is a tragic history of hunger, bewilderment, despair and death in a region where not only men and animals, but Nature herself seemed to have died.
Death Valley today is an excellent example of the taming of a wilderness by means of good roads and rapid transportation. The fearful deathliness of the country itself is still to be seen, unchanged since Manly's time. But modern travelers enjoy in comfort and safety the natural beauties that were lot on the suffering pioneers of 1849.
In these pictures Edward Weston ably mirrors the crushing might of Death Valley's overpowering ranges, and the sterile barrenness of its bitter, flat depths.

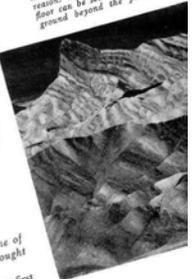


WIND SCULPTURE. Cooling lava formed a strangely-shaped mass of black rock. Upon this cooled black, wind-blown sand have rimmed and gnawed out a still more weird pattern of peaks and vents. The out-cropping is located near the road on the valley's eastern side.

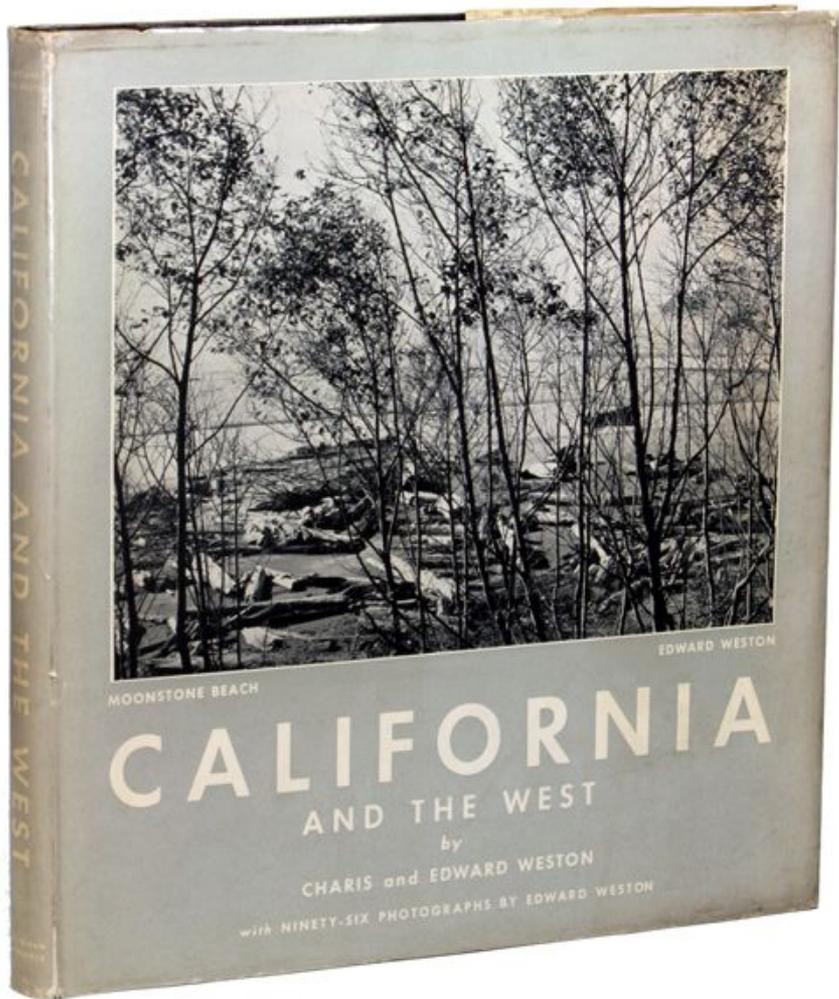
UNEARTHLY. Like a scene on some remote and long-dead planet is the panorama of baked volcanic mud that extends from California Point to the left foreground a waterless and desolate creek winds between the ghostly walls of a black canyon and crumbles into a dried, cracked and smaller than a puddle basin no bigger than a puddle.



COLOR GONE WILD. Ridge upon ridge of hard mud stretches away from California Point. It is a mad pattern of color and design, a crazy pattern of sharp, insane lines and mottled hues without scheme or reason. A corner of the flat valley floor can be seen in the left background beyond the pointed peak.



Westways
Magazine
1937-1939



Edward Weston
1940



Beau Ranch

ORANGE COUNTY



Riverside County

I *Death Valley*

INITIATION

JOHN SIMON GUGGENHEIM MEMORIAL FOUNDATION

551 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

March 18, 1937

Dear Mr. Weston:

I am delighted to write you that today the Trustees, on the nomination of the Committee of Selection, appointed you to a Fellowship of the Foundation in the following terms:

Project: The Making of a Series of Photographs of the West

Period: Twelve months from April 1st, 1937

Stipend: Two Thousand Dollars

AFTER five months of cross-fingered suspense, there it was. Now we could drop the capital *I*f that had prefaced our plotting and planning all winter. We pinched ourselves and each other, executed calisthenics appropriate to the occasion, and set about translating the plans into fact.

For the next three weeks we lived in bedlam. The two-room house that was to be our Los Angeles base was already stacked to the roof with our furniture and sundry possessions. Now, as newly bought items of equipment were brought home, the living space in the center of the rooms diminished to a narrow lane between bed, bath, and kitchen sink. We were doubly grateful to friends who, nearly every night, asked us out to farewell dinners; eating at home would have meant stand-up supper.

Concerning what to take, where to go, and what to go in, we received abundant advice. Our friends argued the advantages of station wagon over trailer, or vice versa; told us about their pet Kollapsible Kamp Kots, and where there were restaurants off the beaten track that served good chicken dinners. One man wrote to Edward saying he was naming one of his new race horses after him and if Edward wanted to risk a

MOJAVE AND COLORADO DESERTS

stretched our feet to the fire, and lolled in indolent ease. We had learned on the first trip that cigarettes were a waste of effort in the desert wind which burned them to the butt before you could get two puffs, that is, if you succeeded in lighting them at all. This trip we equipped ourselves with pipes. I had been presented with a fine curved-stem affair and a small can of imported tobacco. The latter now being exhausted, I dipped for the first time into the common hoard of Sontag Mixture. I almost decided smoking was a bad habit that should be given up.

Next morning we reached what the map, without exaggerating, called the WONDERLAND OF ROCKS. Here was desert granite to put both Deadmans Point and Rattlesnake Valley to shame: the piled-up boulders were no longer an isolated phenomenon, they were the very bones of the landscape. There were high carved walls of granite, wide smooth floors of granite, bulging hills and mountains of granite. Sensing an opportunity to show off my scanty desert lore I stated casually that granite tended to round itself off, and this explained all the big boulders balanced on top of smaller ones; that it was at heart the same stuff as the grey granite of the mountains—in fact, this was the remnant of an ancient mountain range; that its reddish yellow color—the product of sun and wind polish—was familiarly referred to as *desert glaze*. But Brett and Edward were too engrossed with the delights of the landscape to pay me heed; I am afraid if you asked them today what *desert glaze* is, they would have to shake their heads in embarrassed ignorance.

There was so much to photograph that our progress was slow. After a half-hour stop, we would meet at the car. Edward would say, "I'm all through here, how about you?" and Brett would say, "Sure. Let's move on." Cameras would be packed into the car, we would drive for perhaps three minutes, then Edward would say, "Wait a minute! I've got to take a look at this!" He would take his look, come back saying almost apologetically, "I'm afraid I'll have to do it." Out would come the cameras, one rock or Joshua would lead to another, and half an hour later the performance would be repeated. Five hours from breakfast we were not yet five miles from it.

I should explain here that I use "breakfast" to designate the first of the morning's repasts: fruit, or fruit juice, and coffee. During the day we had no regular meals. On top of the back-seat load we kept a food-box containing a variety of crackers, dried fruits, cheese, nut butters, and jam. If we had recently passed a store, there would be

CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST

air, he got up and walked around all he pleased, and anyhow sometimes his memory don't work quite so good.

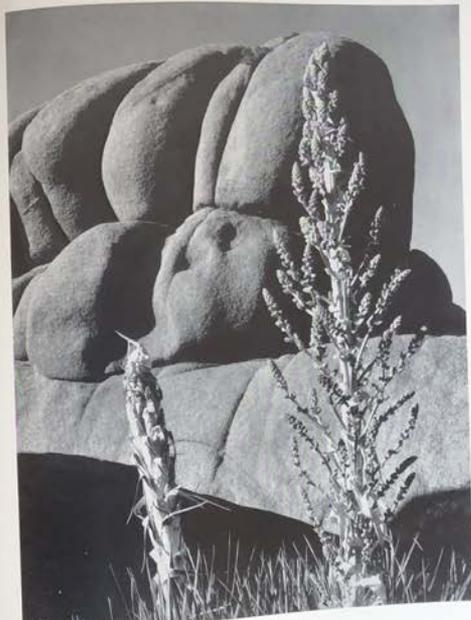
Edward had advised me to fill my pouch and offer him some tobacco but Jack turned it down, and interrupted himself every ten words to say by god he'd seen some queer ones in his time but I was the first woman he ever saw smokin' a pipe. Then, probably to warn me in good time: "Ye know a man gits to smokin' pipe tobaccab, an' he's got to have a stronger kind and a stronger kind, and purty soon he's got the strongest kind they is an' it still aint strong enough."

To lead up diplomatically to my real interest I said, "They have a nice place at Lost Home Well." This provoked a snort of derision and a storm of malicious comment on the personalities and private lives of Them People. When at last I stemmed the tide, I gave up diplomacy, and proceeded by direct question. Jack's version of the feud. They wanted him to take care of their place while they were away and he refused. Next time they drove into town they didn't stop for him and didn't bring back his mail. Next time they did stop, and he told them there was the road and to keep a-goin' and never set foot on his place again. This last, delivered with reminiscent relish, was followed by a full minute of loose chuckles and emphatic leg-slapping.

Then he got to the subject that really interested him. I was conducted through the catalogue of all the feminine visitors he had ever had, what they'd said to him, what he'd said to them, and how they drank. "So she said, Jack, she said, you know we've never seen me intoxicated, and I said, [chuckle] well, now maybe now what you'd rightly call intoxicated, I said, but I seen that look in your eye. I said . . .". When I rose to depart he ambled outside with me and bewoaned the fact that he had to climb up on the roof to fix the chimney—like as not he'd fall off like he did the last time.

Good-bye to the rocks, then. Edward has his fill and so has Brent. Pack up the camera. "No, just a moment. Let's look at this one over here, a bulging boulder, cleft through the center, cross furrowed with geometrical precision—and, yes, that one across there, with the light striking its pitted wind-scoured surface and the tidy little round bushes clinging in the cracks—and, oh yes, look! Here's a monumental one with carved columns—and here—" but as fast we did tear ourselves away to roll south between the mountains down into the Pinto Basin.

That was a road indeed! It was made of giant corduroy. The cross ridges were



Yucca Wonderland of Rocks



"Siberia"

MOJAVE DESERT



Lewis County



Yosemite



Meyer's Ranch

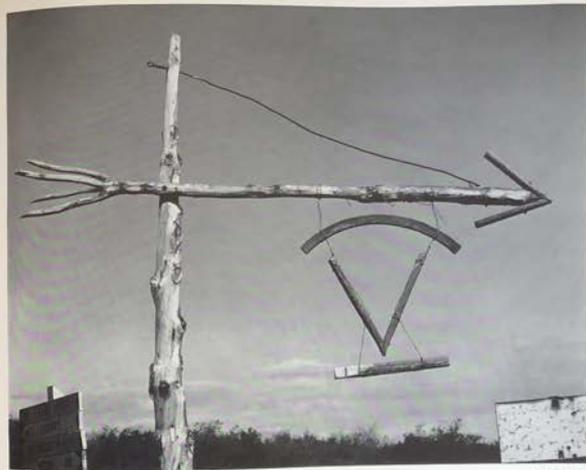
Yosemite

Art
Camp



Near Moriarty

NEW MEXICO



Sign, Cherry Creek Road

ARIZONA

Art.
Sign



Mount Shasta



Drift Stump

CRESCENT BEACH

APR
1966



Robert Frank
"The Americans"
Published 1958

“Robert Frank, Swiss, unobtrusive, nice, with that little camera that he raises and snaps with one hand he sucked a sad poem right out of America onto film, taking rank among the tragic poets of the world.

*To Robert Frank I now give this message:
You got eyes.”*

-Jack Kerouac



“Robert picks up two hitch hikers and lets them drive the car, at night, and people look at their two faces looking grimly onward into the night (‘Visionary Indian angels who were visionary Indian angels’ says Allen Ginsberg) and people say ‘Ooo how mean they look’ but all they want to do is arrow on down that road and get back to the sack - Robert’s here to tell us so.”

-Jack Kerouac



“...the sweet little white baby in the black nurse’s arms both of them bemused in Heaven, a picture that should have been blown up and hung in the street of Little Rock showing love under the sky and in the womb of our universe the Mother.”



“And the loneliest picture ever made, the urinals that women never see, the shoeshine going on in sad eternity.”



Robert Frank
"The Americans"
Published 1958



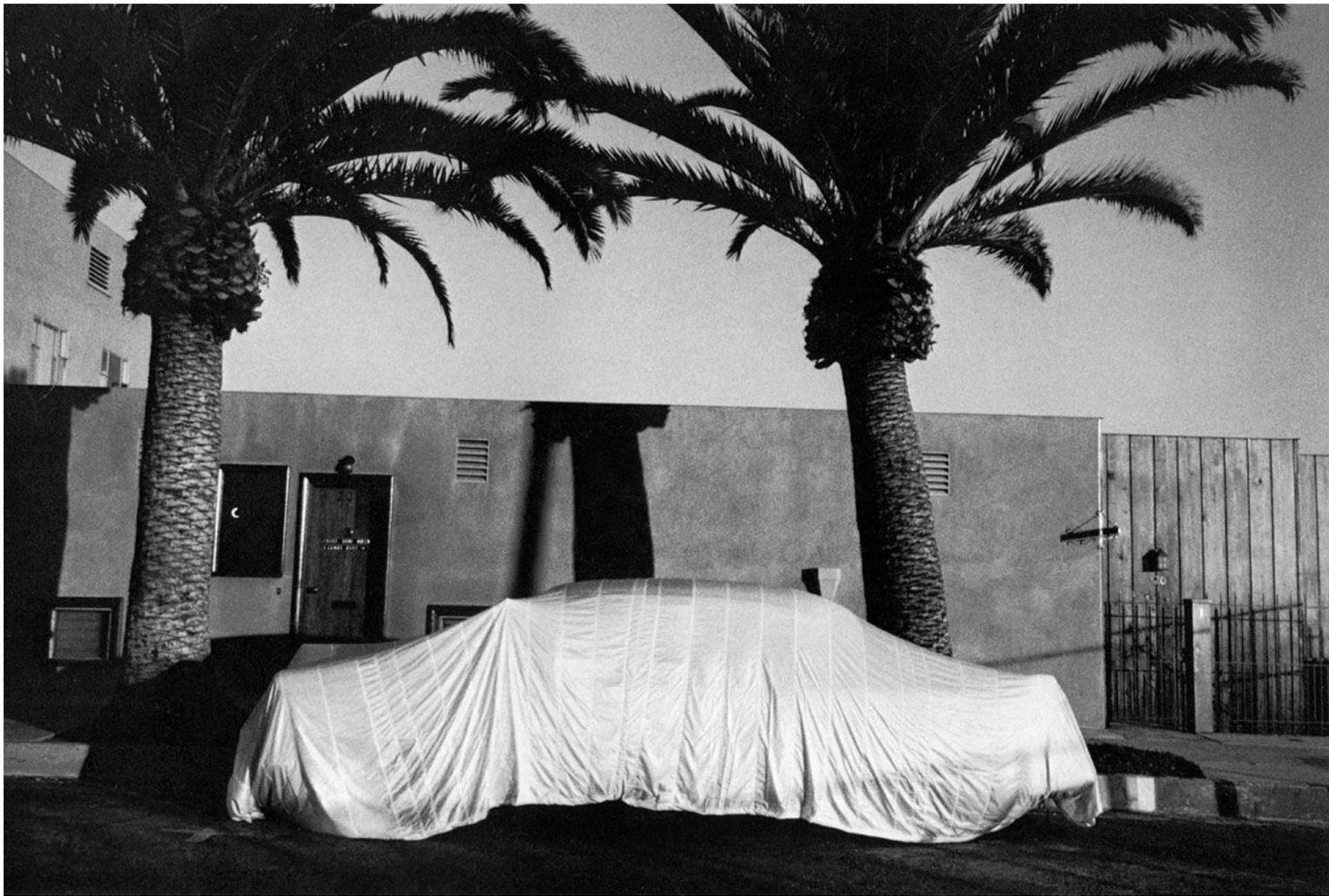
“Lying on his satin pillow in the tremendous fame of death, Man, black, mad mourners filing by to take a peek at Holy Face to see what death is like and death is like life, what else?”



Robert Frank
"The Americans"
Published 1958



Robert Frank
"The Americans"
Published 1958



Robert Frank
"The Americans"
Published 1958



Robert Frank
"The Americans"
Published 1958



Robert Frank
"The Americans"
Published 1958



Robert Frank
"The Americans"
Published 1958



A ROAD DIVIDED Todd Hido

Todd Hido says that *A Road Divided*, published in 2010, ‘snuck up’ on him. **‘I had been photographing landscapes for a couple of years, but had no intention of making anything of them ...** I had no other purpose of making them other than responding to the beauty that I saw.’ The result is this book, which Hido thinks of as a ‘more mature’ collection of landscapes, propelled by the obsessive need to create, and untethered from the need to ‘prove’ anything, such as ‘I’m not just that guy who photographs houses at night,’ he laughs.

...

Hido says he’s the type of photographer who works on **multiple projects at once**, most often taking photographs to satisfy some sort of magnetism toward a specific image rather than to ‘storyboard’ a future collection. ‘I don’t just work for my projects,’ he says, ‘I work because I need to take a picture when I see it in front of me.’

...

A book or show often comes together much later in his process, sometimes years later, as Hido sifts through various photographs on his desk or dash and finds the startling connections between them. This course of editing and combing through his works is one way that Hido ‘constructs maps from large bodies of photographs.’

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A Road Divided expresses that unconventional ‘natural’ beauty, particular to Hido’s work: the open road on a rainy day, seductive in its promise of freedom, but reigned in by fences and traffic signs. Order and containment despite a perceived desire for breaking out. Persistent in Hido’s work is the idea of coming back (to an emotion, if not a place) despite leaving, but this time with the weight of experience, maybe even a sort of resignation to the cyclical nature of the mind.

When he’s on the road for a show or a lecture, Hido can’t stay in his hotel room at night. ‘I want to be out in the world,’ he says, and so he goes out driving in the late hours of the night, parks somewhere and, using his dashboard as a desk, works on a new book, or reviews his photographs, turns up the music, and immerses himself in the questions of a still night in a small town. Whereas Hido’s photographs may work as a hypothetical look into the lives of others, they are necessarily a reflection of the artist, as well.

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A Road Divided is a strong example of this process: the book is a collection of magnetic images that form a relationship when they meet each other. Individually, these images might point in various directions, but together, they form a narrative and a path forward. ‘Without the book-making process,’ says Hido. ‘I wouldn’t know where to start.’

*7552





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7 5114-b



LEE FRIEDLANDER

BY ARTIST

- [Robert Adams](#)
- [Elisheva Biernoff](#)
- [Lee Friedlander](#)
 - [The Street](#)
 - [Portraits](#)
 - [Landscapes](#)
 - [The Little Screens](#)
 - [American Musicians](#)
 - [At Work](#)
 - [The American Monument](#)
 - [America by Car](#)
 - [Self-Portraits](#)
 - [Sticks & Stones](#)
 - [Gatherings](#)
 - [Nudes](#)
- [Katy Grannan](#)
- [Peter Hujar](#)
- [Idris Khan](#)
- [Richard Learoyd](#)
- [Christian Marclay](#)
- [Ralph Eugene Meatyard](#)
- [Richard Misrach](#)
- [Nicholas Nixon](#)
- [Alec Soth](#)
- [Hiroshi Sugimoto](#)
- [Garry Winogrand](#)



The Street



Portraits



Landscapes



The Little Screens



American Musicians



At Work



The American Monument



America by Car



Self-Portraits



Sticks & Stones



Gatherings



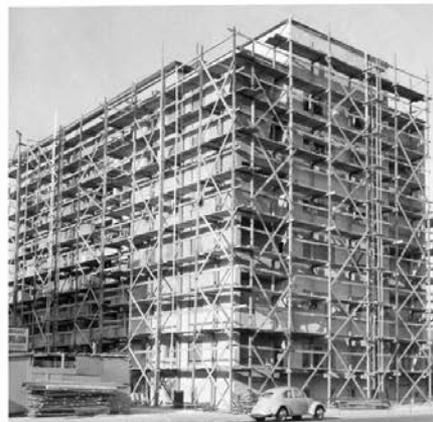
Nudes



Mad Hatters



Corn Fields



Structures



Peter J. Cohen Collection



Three Graces



Dangerous Women



People on Ladders, Poles and Trees

Projects

The Gulf ▶

Another Eternity

Between Realities



Statement



OVERVIEW

GALLERIES

• ADVENTURE

 PORTRAIT

 SURF

 LANDSCAPE

 TRAVEL

 ENERGY

COMMERCIAL

• RED BULL

 ELINCHROM

 LIGHTING THE SPIRIT

 NEW BALANCE

 NIKON

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Vivian Maier

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STREET 3

STREET 4

STREET 5

COLOR

SELF-PORTRAITS

SELF-PORTRAITS COLOR

CONTACT SHEETS



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ARNORAFAELEMINKKINEN

INTRO | PHOTOGRAPHS

2013 - *Halfway Up Mt. Mitchell* - Burnsville, North Carolina





Arno Rafael Minkkinen
~1970



Arno Rafael Minkkinen
~1970



Arno Rafael Minkkinen
1974



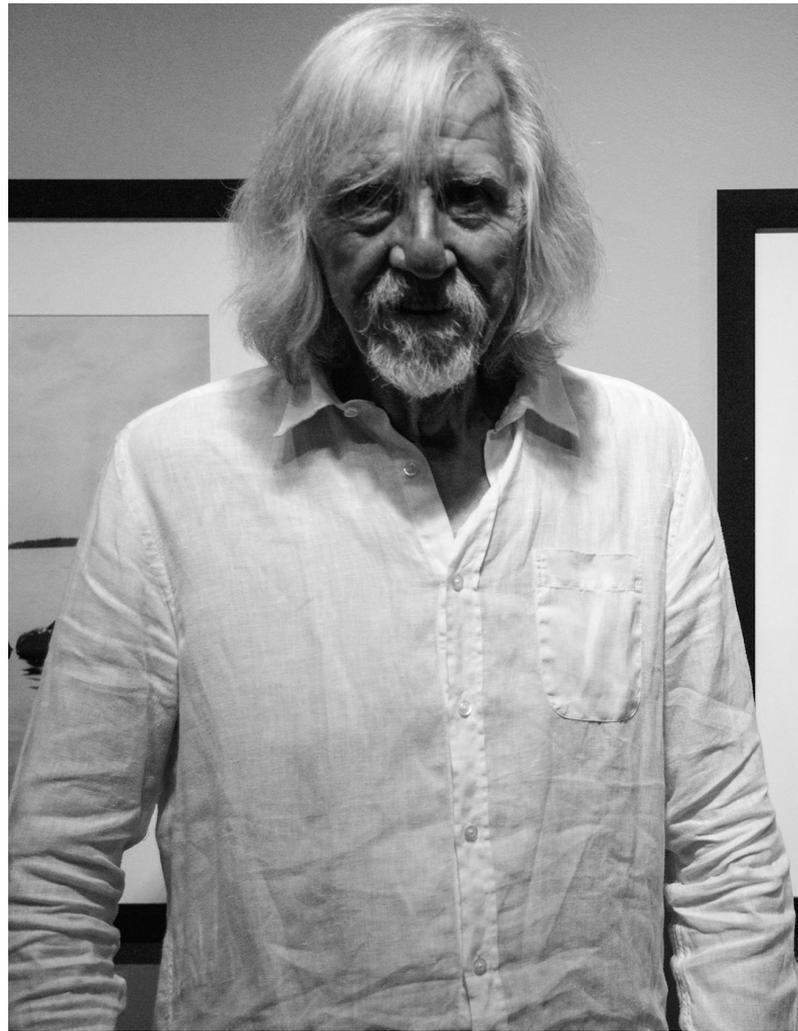
Arno Rafael Minkkinen
~1970



Arno Rafael Minkkinen
1974



Arno Rafael Minkkinen
1990





“While in the lavatory on a domestic flight in January 2011, I spontaneously put a tissue paper toilet cover seat cover over my head and took a picture in the mirror using my cellphone. The image evoked 15th-century Flemish portraiture.”

Nina Katchadourian
2010-present



Nina Katchadourian
2010-present



Nina Katchadourian
2010-present



Nina Katchadourian
2010-present



Endia Beal
2013-present

Can I Touch it?

Endia Beal

Almost every woman has toiled before the mirror, trying desperately to look “professional.” Photographer Endia Beal explored this frustration that occurs so often in the corporate sphere, this feeling of otherness that asks women, quite simply, to change. For minority women this change is often far more difficult, as the ideal corporate appearance remains, in most cases, the white male.

For a photo series entitled “Can I Touch it?” beal approached white women in their forties — some colleagues, others strangers — and gave them a hairstyle typically seen on black women. After the makeover, the revamped women posed in corporate portraits, suits and all, donning their corn rows, braids and finger curls. The resulting images offer a striking juxtaposition of the women’s demure button-ups and pearls and their intricate, seemingly out-of-place coifs.

Yet the most compelling aspect of the photos is not necessarily the physical discrepancy between a white woman and her black hair, but all of the complex histories, assumptions, silences and transformations that make such a discrepancy so apparent to the viewer.

PIGMENT PRINTS, 20" X 30"



Endia Beal
2013-present



Endia Beal
2013-present



Am I What You're Looking For?

Endia Beal
2016

“Am I What You're Looking For?” focuses on young women of color who are transitioning from the academic world to the corporate setting, capturing their struggles and uncertainties on how to best present themselves in the professional workspace. As the young women pose in front of an office backdrop in the home, they recall conversations during interviews. The women explained how employers would tell that their natural hair was unprofessional or their name was too difficult to pronounce, suggesting they alter themselves for the job. This project provides an in-depth investigation into the experiences and fears of being a woman of color in corporate America.



Endia Beal
2016



Endia Beal
2016

Hiroshi Sugimoto

Napoleon Bonaparte
1999



Hiroshi Sugimoto
Anne of Cleves
1999





Hiroshi Sugimoto
1976

Hiroshi Sugimoto
1994





I set out to trace the beginnings of our age via architecture. Pushing out my old large-format camera's focal length to twice-infinity—with no stops on the bellows rail, the view through the lens was an utter blur—I discovered that superlative architecture survives the onslaught of blurred photography. Thus I began erosion-testing architecture for durability, completely melting away many of the buildings in the process.

Hiroshi Sugimoto

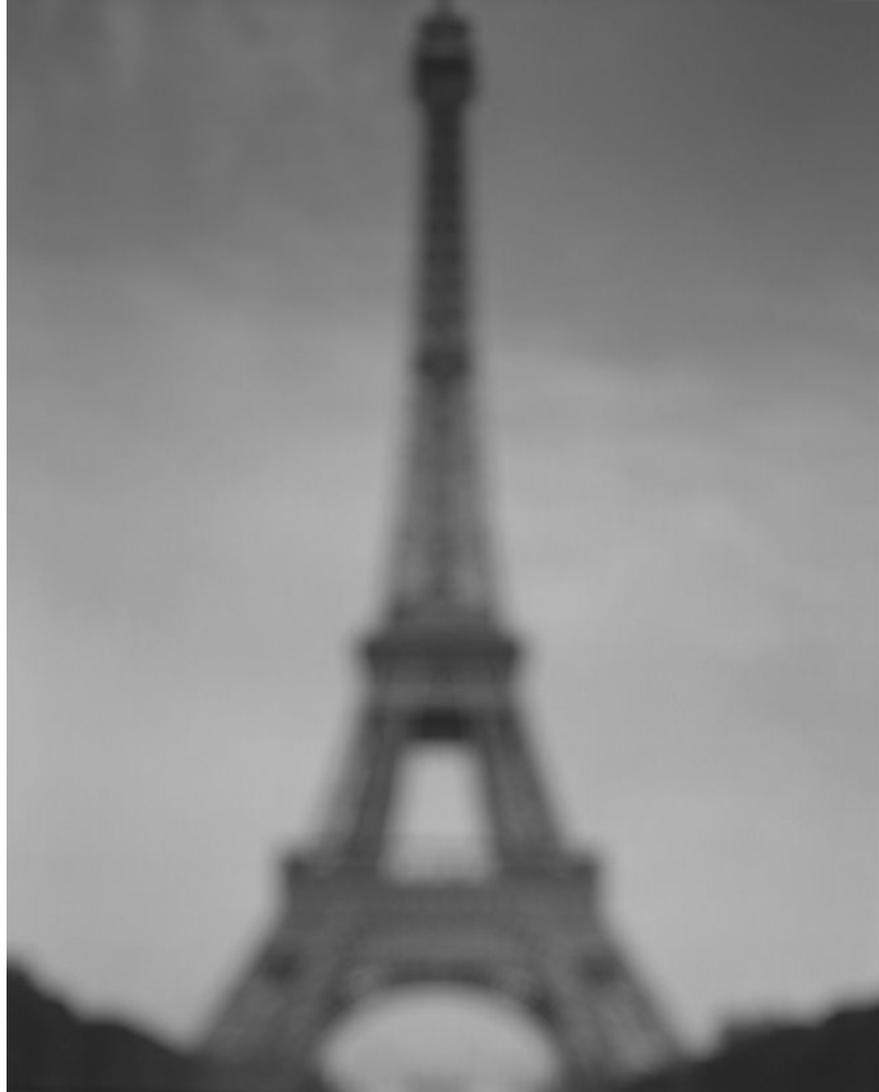
World Trade Center
1997



Hiroshi Sugimoto
Church of the Light
1997

Hiroshi Sugimoto

Eiffel Tower
1998





“I decided to collect Fox Talbot’s earliest negatives, from a time in photographic history very likely before positive images existed, and print the photographs that not even he saw. Most early Fox Talbot negatives languish in dark museum collection vaults, hidden from public view. Negatives predating any reliable method of fixing the image are always in danger of changing if exposed to the slightest light. I, however, had to take that risk to return to the very origins of photography and see those first positive images for myself. With fear and trepidation, I set about this task like an archaeological explorer excavating an ancient dynastic tomb.”

Hiroshi Sugimoto

2008

Roofline of Lacock Abbey, Most
Likely 1835-1839



Hiroshi Sugimoto
2008

Buckler Fern, March 6, 1839 or
Earlier



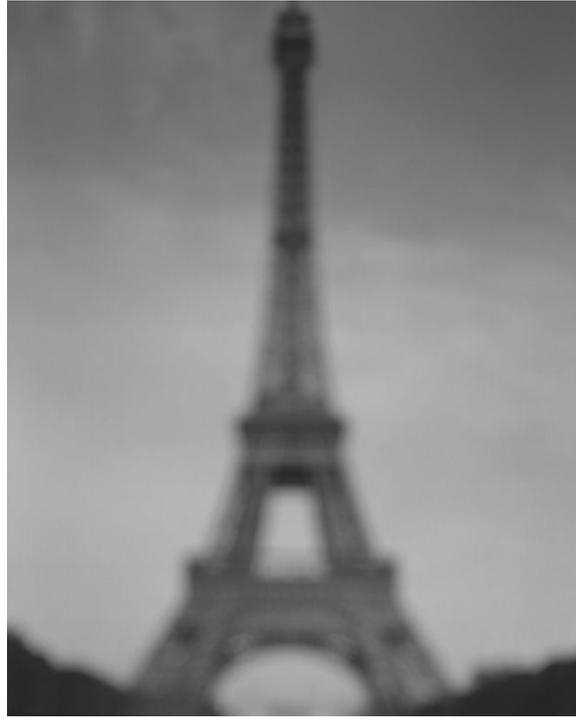
Hiroshi Sugimoto
2009

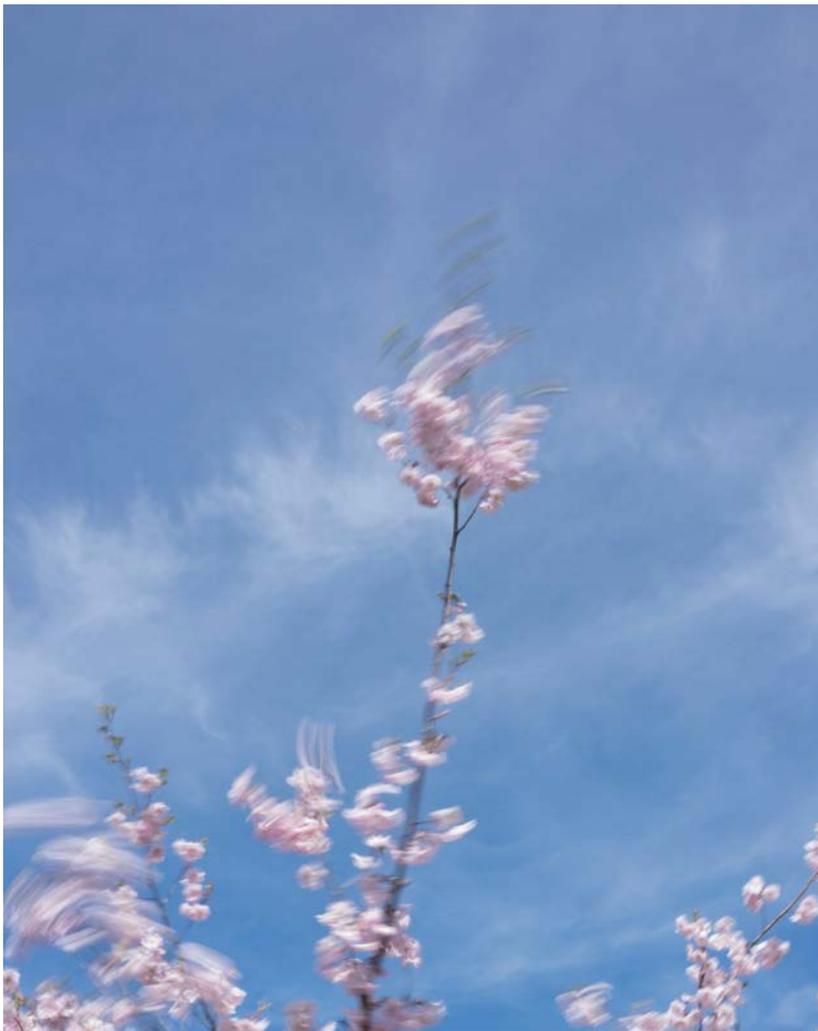
Woodshed at Lacock Abbey, 1840



Hiroshi Sugimoto
2009

Believed to be Mlle. Amélia Petit,
Talbot Family Governess, circa
1840-1841



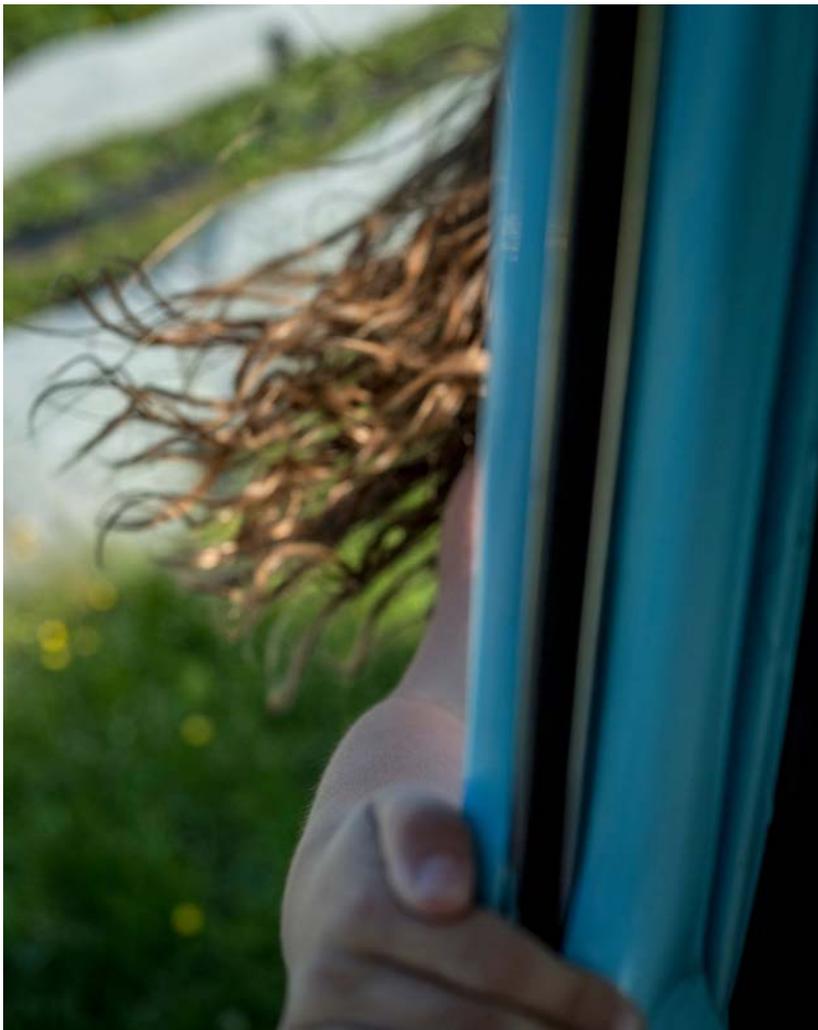


Edge

By Layli Long Soldier

This drive along the road the bend the banks behind the wheel I am called Mommy. My name is Mommy on these drives the sand and brush the end of winter we pass. You in the rearview double buckled back center my love. Your mother's mouth has a roof your mother's mouth is a church. A hut in a field lone standing. The thatched roof has caught spark what flew from walls the spark apart from rock from stable meaning. Large car steady at the curve palest light driest day a field of rocks we are not poor sealed in windows. You hum in the back. I do not know what to say how far to go the winter near dead as we drive you do not understand word for word the word for you is little. But you hear how it feels always. The music plays you swing your feet. And I see it I Mommy the edge but do not point do not say look as we pass the heads gold and blowing these dry grasses eaten in fear by man and horses.

Photographs: Cig Harvey 2018



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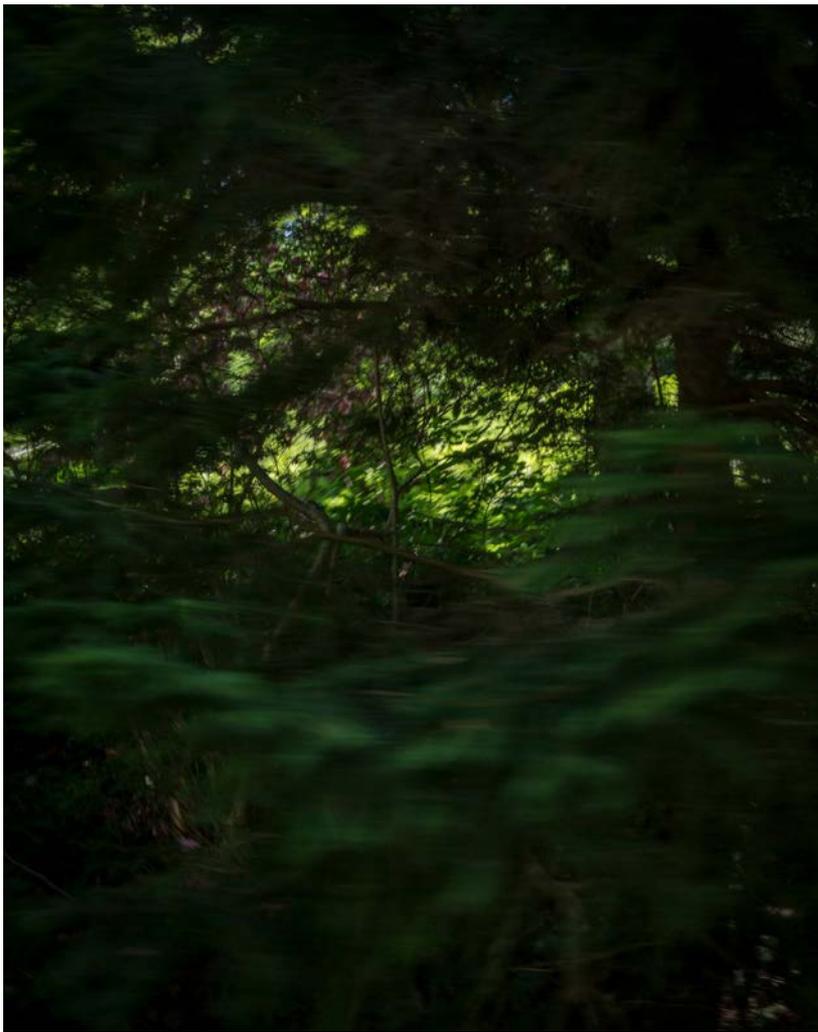


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Edge

By Layli Long Soldier

This drive along the road the bend the banks behind the wheel I am called Mommy. My name is Mommy on these drives the sand and brush the end of winter we pass. You in the rearview double buckled back center my love. Your mother's mouth has a roof your mother's mouth is a church. A hut in a field lone standing. The thatched roof has caught spark what flew from walls the spark apart from rock from stable meaning. Large car steady at the curve palest light driest day a field of rocks we are not poor sealed in windows. You hum in the back. I do not know what to say how far to go the winter near dead as we drive you do not understand word for word the word for you is little. But you hear how it feels always. The music plays you swing your feet. And I see it I Mommy the edge but do not point do not say look as we pass the heads gold and blowing these dry grasses eaten in fear by man and horses.

Photographs: Cig Harvey 2018



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Photographs: Cig Harvey 2018



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instagram Featured photo by @lennart

#Weekend Hashtag Project:

#WHPmirrorimage

This weekend, the goal is to take photos and make videos that play with reflections and mirror the world around us, as in this image from Lennart Pagel (@lennart).

Look for reflections at different scales.

Whether it's a mountain peak reflected in the still waters of an epic landscape or a silhouette standing tall in a cafe window, mirror images can be seen and photographed in lots of different places.

Keep your eyes peeled.

Think about the light and mood. A sun-drenched landscape captured in a rearview mirror fuels a very different feeling than a still portrait framed by a vintage full-length mirror.

Play with perspective. Bring mirrors into

nature to capture natural reflections



2,010,017 likes

OCTOBER 19

Add a comment...





instagram • Follow

instagram Featured photo by @brianhardd
Weekend Hashtag Project:
#WHPunusualportraits
This weekend, the goal is to make surprising still or video portraits, as in this image by Brian Hardimas Permadi (@brianhardd).

Here are some tips:
Go somewhere out of the box. Think about unusual places and situations, like underwater, in a hall of mirrors or the middle of a crowded party, to make your final product surprising.
Include distinctive details. Dress up or get creative with props, makeup or lighting to make your portrait more distinctive. Use colorful accessories, surround your eyes with flower petals or wear two pairs of overlapping sunglasses.
Get creative within the frame. Play with hand or body positions to make your



662,212 likes

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Add a comment...





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instagram Featured photo by

[@denisebovee](#)

Weekend Hashtag Project: [#WHPkindness](#)

This weekend, the goal is to come together and make images and videos that embody friendship and compassion, as in this image by Denise Bovee ([@denisebovee](#)). Here are some tips to get you started:

Come together. Get together with a group of family members, friends or classmates to enjoy each other's company through an activity that lends itself to visuals, like a picnic in your favorite park.

Show support. Do a good deed while you're with your people. Shelter someone under an umbrella or give someone a gift. It can even be as simple as sharing a hug with someone who needs it.

Get creative. Build your image around a giant heart, incorporate flowers in your



903,169 likes

OCTOBER 12

Add a comment...



Jean Mounicq

World Press Photo 1961 Photo Contest

Category: Stories

Second prize

A woman is being rescued from the river Seine, Paris, after she tried to drown herself.

Commissioned by

Paris-presse l'intransigeant



Jean Mounicq
1960



Jean Mounicq
1960



Jean Mounicq
1960



Jean Mounicq
1960



Jean Mounicq
1960



Jean Mounicq
1960

Hunger Solutions

Luca Locatelli

World Press Photo 2018 Photo Contest

Category: Environment Stories

Second prize

The planet must produce more food in the next four decades than all farmers in history have harvested over the past 8,000 years. Small and densely populated, the Netherlands lacks conventional sources for large-scale agriculture but, mainly through innovative agricultural practice, has become the globe's second largest exporter of food as measured by value. It is beaten only by the USA, which has 270 times its landmass.

Since 2000, Dutch farmers have dramatically decreased dependency on water for key crops, as well as substantially cutting the use of chemical pesticides and antibiotics. Much of the research behind this takes place at Wageningen University and Research (WUR), widely regarded as the world's top agricultural research institution. WUR is the nodal point of 'Food Valley', an expansive cluster of agricultural technology start-ups and experimental farms that point to possible solutions to the globe's hunger crisis.



March 9, 2017

A farmhouse, surrounded
by greenhouses, in
Westland, the
Netherlands.



March 3, 2017

Agricultural greenhouses in the Westland region of the Netherlands, which with 80 percent of its cultivated land under glass is known as the country's 'greenhouse capital'.



March 1, 2017

Butter lettuce grown under LED light in a 9-hectare warehouse belonging to Siberia BV, in Maasbree, the Netherlands.



February 20, 2017

Ruud Veloo monitors an experimental photobioreactor, in which light fuels the growth of microalgae, which are used to produce proteins and lipids, the basis of many food chains, at AlgaePARC, Wageningen, the Netherlands.



October 17, 2016

Plant scientist Henk Kalkman checks tomatoes at a facility that tests combinations of light intensity, spectrum and exposures at the Delphy Improvement Centre in Bleiswijk, the Netherlands.



October 5, 2016

Jan and Gijs van den Borne learn how to remove rocks from a 6,000-tonne mountain of potatoes, on their family farm near Reusel, the Netherlands. The family uses drones and other technology to assess the health of individual plants, and the amount of water and nutrients needed, and yields twice the global average of other potato growers.



October 14, 2016

A rotary milking machine that enables one operator to milk up to 150 cows an hour, at Wageningen University Dairy Campus, near Leeuwarden, the Netherlands.



February 24, 2017

Students from around the world learn how to find solutions to critical problems that may exist in climate conditions in their home countries, in the controlled environment of a greenhouse laboratory at Wageningen University in the Netherlands.



October 2, 2016

A chicken farmer on a facility in which technological developments are worked on in collaboration with animal rights groups, in Wintelre, the Netherlands.



March 6, 2017

Agricultural greenhouses in the Westland region of the Netherlands, which with 80 percent of its cultivated land under glass is known as the country's 'greenhouse capital'.

Omo Change

Fausto Podavini

World Press Photo 2018 Photo Contest

Category: Long-Term Projects

Second prize

Ethiopia is in the midst of an economic boom, with growth averaging 10.5 percent a year—double the regional average. One of the areas most impacted by this is the Omo Valley, an area of extraordinary biodiversity along the course of the Omo River, which rises in the central Shewan highlands and empties into Lake Turkana, on the border with Kenya.

Some 200,000 people of eight different ethnicities live in the Omo Valley, with another 300,000 around Lake Turkana in Kenya. Many are reliant on the river for their food security: on fish in the river and lake, and on crops and pastures grown in the fertile soil deposited by annual natural floods. Gibe III Dam—at 243 meters the tallest in Africa, and generating some 1,800 MW of hydroelectric power—was built with a dual aim: to provide energy for the booming economy and for export, and to deliver an irrigation complex for high-value agricultural development. It was also said that the dam would become a tourist attraction, of socio-economic benefit. Both Ethiopian and Kenyan governments support the dam and have disputed claims of a negative environmental impact, but critics point to such adverse effects as the cessation of natural floods, diminishing biodiversity, falling water levels in Lake Turkana, and the displacement of traditional peoples who have lived for centuries in a delicate balance with the environment.

The photographer visited the Omo Valley during the final years of the dam's construction, with the aim of producing a meditation on how important investments can nonetheless put the human-environment balance at risk, and on how the changes brought about by the presence of such large amounts of money disrupt existing equilibrium.



July 24, 2011

Indigenous Karo children play in the sand on the banks of the Omo River in Ethiopia. The Karo people are entirely dependent on the river for food: both for fish and crops grown in fertile flood soil. The forest seen in the background was cleared to make way for commercial cotton plantations.



July 3, 2016

The Gibe III Dam,
Omo Valley,
Ethiopia.



July 6, 2016

A man from the Mursi ethnic group prepares for a traditional stick-fighting contest against a neighboring village, in the Omo Valley, Ethiopia. For the past two decades the Mursi have been singled out for visits by tour companies. The Mursi surround tourist vehicles, are photographed, and ask for money.



August 2, 2013

A Dassanech
man drinks from
the Omo River,
Omo Valley,
Ethiopia.



July 7, 2016

A man, who has just sold a cow to foreign construction workers, counts his money at a local market. Until a few years ago, bartering was the predominant form of commerce at the market, or goods were sold for just a few Bir, but the influx of foreigners has led to an increase in the use of currency.



July 11, 2016

Dassanech children look on as a road passing just a few hundred meters from their village is asphalted, in the Omo Valley, Ethiopia. The road network in the Omo Valley was largely financed by Chinese investment, as was the Gibe III Dam.



November 20,
2017

A Dassanech woman carries her child home after visiting the village of Omorare, in the Omo Valley, Ethiopia. Diminishing land for grazing in the Omo Valley creates difficulties for the pastoral Dassanech.



May 19, 2017

A man draws water from a well in a dried river bed, near Kalokol, Kenya, downstream of the Gibe III Dam on the Omo River in Ethiopia.



May 12, 2017

A husband and wife prepare freshly caught fish before drying it, beside Lake Turkana, Kenya.



November 22,
2017

Nyangatom men
bathe in the Omo
River, Ethiopia,
near a bridge that
will link their
territory to that of
the Karo.

"I have seen very tangible impacts with this method of using the natgeo [instagram] platform and my own feed. And I would also say that we reach more people now more than ever on an individual level. Look at the reach of mags and tv back in the day.. I'm sure they never reached the audience we do now with these platforms we have today.

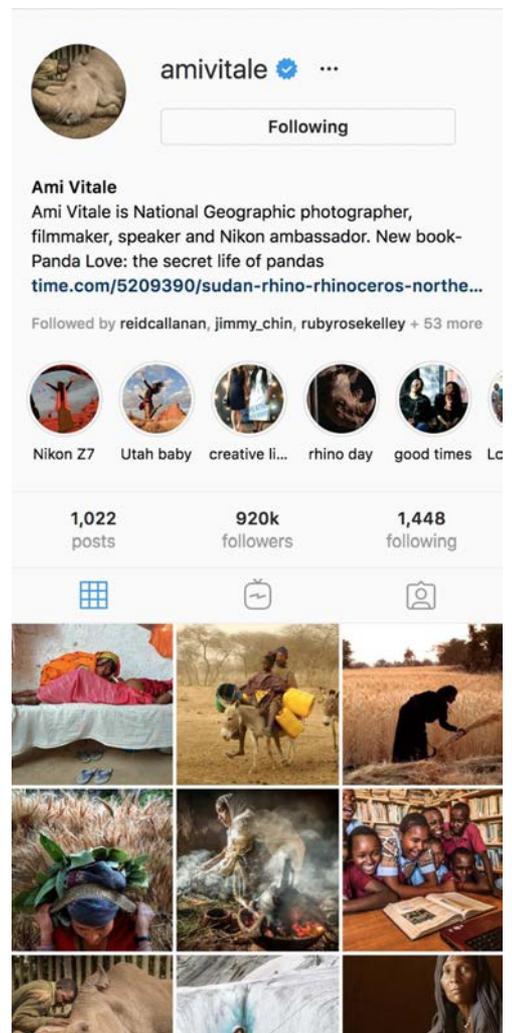
I have chosen to follow stories and issues over time. I find people want to know what happens and stick with causes way after the mainstream media has gone away. I do this because mags and tv dont have the space, interest or money to be there long term but I personally believe and have seen that it does matter and people do care.

And regarding impact. All of what you mentioned [donations, policy change, social behavior shift] has happened. I've been able to attract an incredible support base who have contributed enormously both financially and politically. I also was able to get the musician Dave Matthews to support the sanctuary and help me to launch a raffle where over 25k people donated and we raised a very large sum of money.

And my work on female circumcision in Guinea Bissau hopefully contributed to it finally being banned by the govt. It's honestly been tremendous to see how powerful social media can be and in some ways, as an individual, Im able to do so much more than I ever have in the past only having the media platforms to channel the messages through. Hope this helps! have a wonderful week!

I hope they [Wellesley students] understand that now more than ever a diversity of viewpoints are needed.."

-Ami Vitale



The image shows a screenshot of the Instagram profile for Ami Vitale. At the top left is a circular profile picture of a rhinoceros. To its right, the name "amivitale" is displayed with a blue verified badge and a three-dot menu icon. Below the name is a white button with the text "Following". Underneath the button, the name "Ami Vitale" is written in bold, followed by a bio: "Ami Vitale is National Geographic photographer, filmmaker, speaker and Nikon ambassador. New book- Panda Love: the secret life of pandas" and a link "time.com/5209390/sudan-rhino-rhinoceros-northe...". Below the bio, it says "Followed by reidcallanan, jimmy_chin, rubyrosekelley + 53 more". A row of six circular avatars of people followed by Ami Vitale is shown, with labels "Nikon Z7", "Utah baby", "creative li...", "rhino day", "good times", and "Lc". Below this row, statistics are shown: "1,022 posts", "920k followers", and "1,448 following". At the bottom are three icons: a grid for posts, a camera for stories, and a person for followers. The main content area is a grid of nine images: a person in a red blanket, a person with a dog, a person in a field, a person with a large plant, a person with a large animal, a person with a large animal, a group of people, a person with a large animal, and a person's face.