



issue 02 spring 2013

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PLAQUES FILMS ET PAPIERS
“CAPPELLI”

DOG FOOD

The Bark and the Bite of the Cynics Photo Symposium

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DEVELOPED BYBERGE ARABIAN...LAURA DE MARCO...JASON ESKENAZI...
...FREDERIC LEZMI...HUSEYIN YILMAZ...ARJEN ZWART...

ROVING REPORTERLAURENCE “LOLO” CORNET
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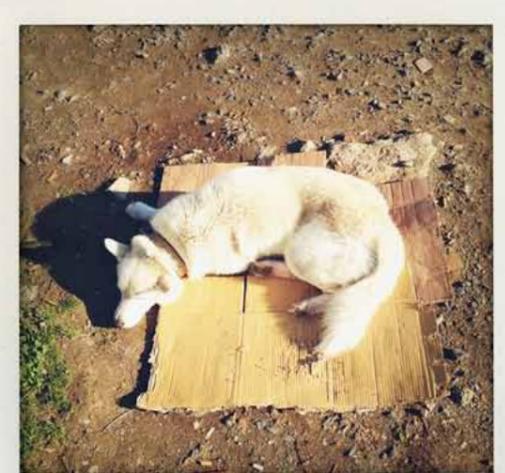
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Antifoto and the Antifoto-Manifesto by Katja Stuke and Oliver Sieber

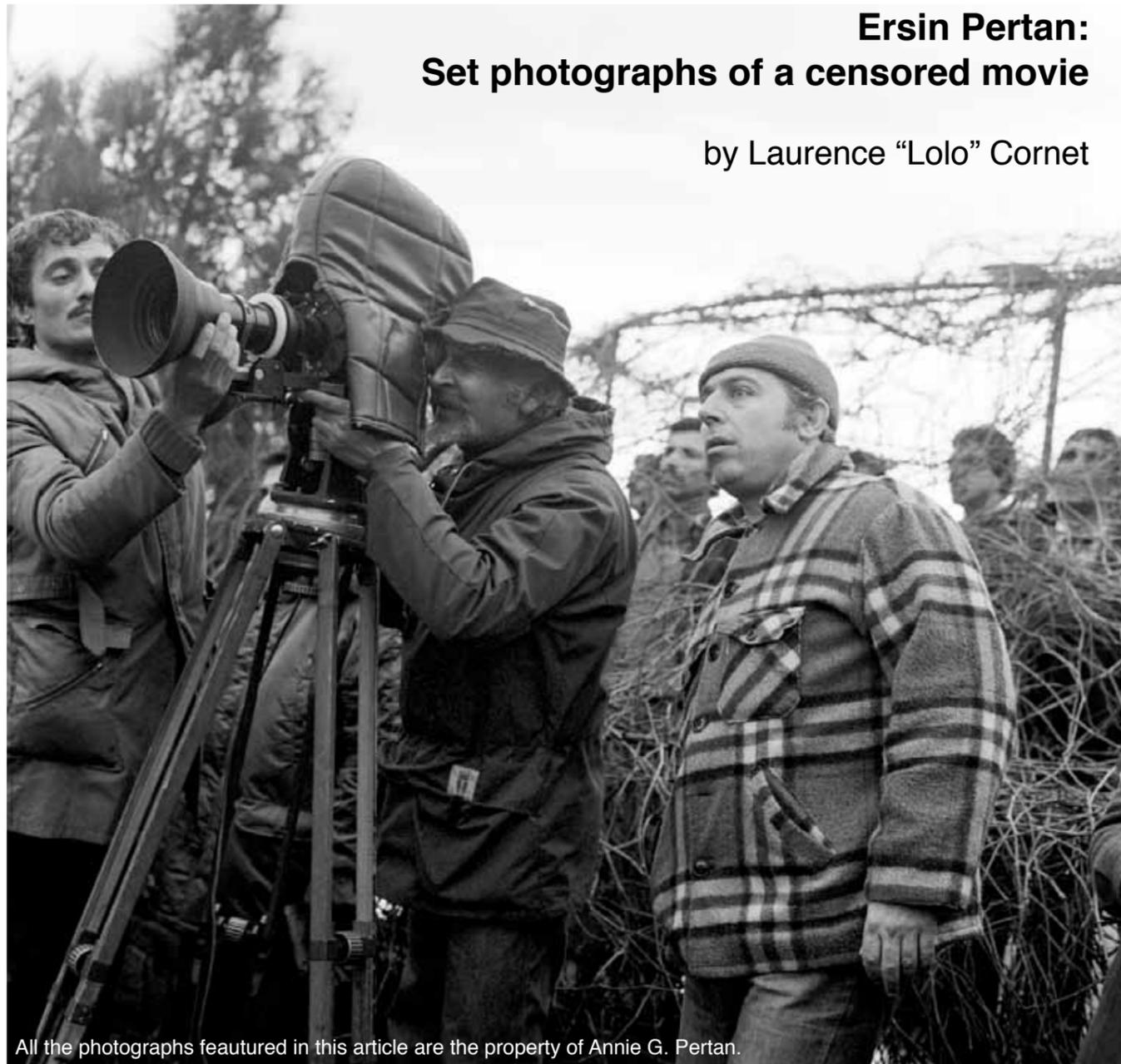
*A Medium in transition: Title of a symposium, Museum Folkwang 2012. Quote by: Timm Rautert

Let sleeping dogs lie by Frederic Lezmi



Ersin Pertan: Set photographs of a censored movie

by Laurence "Lolo" Cornet



All the photographs featured in this article are the property of Annie G. Pertan.



In November 2012, Recep Tayyip Erdogan pronounced outraged remarks on *Magnificent Century* (*Muhtesem Yüzyıl*), a TV show depicting the reign of Suleiman the Magnificent, focusing on his conquests, of course, but mostly on his controversial Harem life. The Prime Minister officially announced his disapproval, calling the show an insult to Turkey's history and ancestors. Screenings have continued despite the government's virulent attacks against the TV channel and the series's creators. Thirty years earlier, *The Tired Soldier* (*Yorgun Savascı*), a movie about the Turkish War of Independence directed by Halit Refiğ for the TV channel TRT, was the subject of a harsher censorship: negatives were burned and the film never released. All that remains of this 8 hour film is a printed and non-reproducible copy and a few dozens of stills taken by Ersin Pertan. Browsing through Pertan's photos is like diving into the world of Halit Refiğ. They do justice to his firm, professional exigence and spread the visually epic atmosphere he distilled in his film despite the general opposition he endured.



An independent director inspired by local history, Refiğ kept away from the criticisms of the Turkish so-called intellectuals who only praised occidental values and pursued his project despite the media's harsh criticism.

The Tired Soldier was based on a novel by Kemal Tahir, a friend of Refiğ's and a Marxist who spent most of his youth in jail for his ideas that strongly opposed Western foreign policy. Such a movie had a potential to create a sensation worldwide, especially since it was shot between 1978 and 1980, a dry phase in Turkey for cinema production and a period of extreme political uncertainty that led to the September 12th 1980 Coup: some days, as many as 20 people were killed, be it by "leftists" or "rightists". The army, who first supported the movie to keep people

on their side, finally destroyed it once in power for the official reason that it belittled Mustafa Kemal's (Ataturk) role during the war of Independence by focusing on other actors of this major historical event such as Circassian leader Çerkez Ethem.

Pertan's photographs offer an insider's view on the controversial film that to this day remains largely unknown. They were turned into a photo roman that was the only trace of the movie until a copy of it was rediscovered. They are the testimonies of an art crime that has never been claimed. They give a sense of Refiğ's determination as well as of his directing ideas.

One can feel the earth tremble and the flags shudder in battle scenes, as well as grasp the



tension of war in the formal and respectful salutes. It is also an occasion to rediscover some icons of Turkish cinema such as Can Gürzap, in the role of Mustafa Kemal, in the early years of his career.

This specific collection of *Yorgun Savasci* set photographs is only a small part of an irreplaceable documentation of Turkish cinema. A director and a founding member of the Association of Film Directors, Writers and Composers, Ersin Pertan immersed himself in the cinema world as a set photographer and spent his life capturing this bustling scene with the camera he never forgot to bring along with him to shootings and other dinners. His archives include a myriad of photographs that draw an intimate and exhaustive history of Turkish cinema unfolding over 40 years.



Street photographer: Fikri Barut

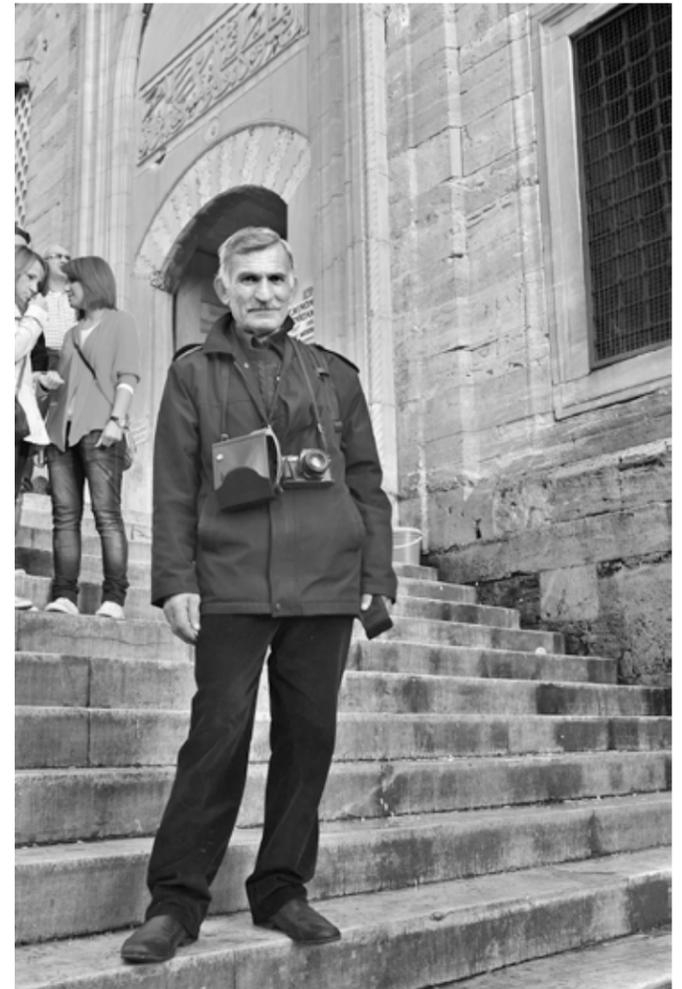
by Berge Arabian

I am the photographer here at Eminonu. My name is Fikri Barut. I have been in Istanbul since 1974. I am originally from Samsun in the Black Sea area. I did not become a photographer right away. I am now in my fifties but when I first came to Istanbul, I was a young man and like many of the young who had moved in from the provinces, I found myself a job in a sock factory. My brother was here already and he was working the streets photographing tourists and visitors. He encouraged me to become a street photographer like himself. Actually it turned out to be better than the factory job.

You know, in those days not everyone had a camera. So people like me were in demand. It was not like nowadays. Like everything, cheap and available technology has ruined our trade: everyone has a camera or a phone to take photos with now. Still, there are the few who come to touristic sites unprepared, so we have to take their photos as souvenir pieces to keep after they go back home. Also, I think a street photo taken just like the old days has a taste of nostalgia and there are a few people still who have a sense of nostalgia. So they like their photo taken by someone like me. I think you are one of those people.

I work with a Pentax now but originally I started with a Polaroid and then switched to a German Retina which I used for 13 years. So I have been using the Pentax for almost 25 years. I shoot and then I do my printing on a Cannon printer. It is practical. At the price I charge for a print, I cover my costs and get to keep a bit of money. I work most days except Tuesdays.

My brother also still works. He is on the other side of the bridge. I do not think we will do this trade forever because there are fewer and fewer customers. But there is still something good about this trade even though there are not many of us left: I meet all kinds of people from all over the country and I never see them again but I guess the photographs I take of them, remain...





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Top image: Fikri Barut by Berge Arabian
Bottom image: Berge Arabian by Fikri Barut

FERAL DOGS

IMAGINATION

UNLEASHED

Walking around a city, its center and outskirts, strolling along boulevards, by streets, parks, I stop and start, I pace to and fro, browse here and there, mosey around neighborhoods. Trusting my instinct, fate and fortune, I snoop about, watch and try to capture the unforeseen. I walk alone, sometimes with a companion or once in a while in a group. Street dogs and street photographers follow the same paths in the back alleys of cities. Sometimes their paths cross. These encounters can be disastrous, if a street photographer suffers from cynophobia, an extreme fear of dogs. I am that photographer. The sight of a dog makes me faint, my heart pounds, I panic, overwhelmed by a desperate urge to escape. This is especially bad at the sight of feral dogs. Vertigo, real dizziness, settles in and makes me want to grab on to something, like a man who is falling.

A single dog will make me avoid streets or entire neighborhoods. Forget the pictures! When dogs are around, my eye is not on the viewfinder but on escape routes: a crossing to the other side of the street, a café for refuge, a car or a tree to climb onto.... Intense fear which is not caused by any real or immediate danger is unreasonable. It is ridiculous. But fear does not heed reason, it listens to the body's movements: each muscle pulling its own way, the heart pumping, waves of blood. Worse even, the phobic invents danger, in order to justify the fear. Does a tousled mongrel bumming around the backstreets of Istanbul pose any danger? It moseys about looking for something to eat. Every day it sees thousands of people, whom it tries to avoid. It would hardly take interest in a harmless street photographer scavenging for sustenance in his own way. But the photographer's imagination takes hold. Fear rushes through the veins, it hurts, Istanbul mongrels are docile and easy-going. But the Kangal, Akbash, Karabash, and Kars çoban köpegi hounds, which roam the streets in Eastern Turkey, are very dangerous. These hounds of imagination and they can be the train station of Dogu Ekspresi in Kars, on the edge of Anatolia. In the dead of the night, the bloody-minded Kars çoban köpegi, Kars's dogs, are the only hosts. They haunt the train station under pale streetlights and snoop around

boulevards that lead to the city. This is a shocking welcome for anyone, but for a cynophobic this is a true ordeal. During the day, dogs seem to disappear from the city. They sleep, exhausted from their nocturnal orgies. A few barks float up behind the castle walls. My blood surges: no shooting there!

As far as I can remember, I have never been bitten by a dog, and I am not afraid of the pain the bite would cause. Dog bites happen in split seconds and they do heal. The moment is quickly over and is forgotten soon. But for a cynophobic, the moment stretches into a long agony of anticipation of the attack. This can last a long time. The phobic experiences fear steadily, methodically, like a gourmet.

The only cure is mind-control. Ancient Greeks prescribed gymnastics as a remedy, which was not only exercising in the usual sense, but the fostering of a supple mind and body. A pianist, terrified stiff before going on stage, is cured from the fear once he begins to play. His fear vanishes not only because he no longer thinks about being on stage, but also because the movement of his fingers across the keyboard dissipates the fright.

The mind follows the body, like a docile dog. When I shoot on the streets, like a pianist, I have to learn how to control my body and mind, to keep both on a short leash. So, I confront the dogs head-on with my camera. Screwing my eye to the viewfinder, first I distance them with a gomm lens, then I turn them around. The fingers keep busy: push the shutter, reload the camera, push again, closer and closer with a wide-angle lens -- until one bites.

MATTHIEU CHAZAL

Poachers from Egmond circa 1925



Studio Jonker by Arjen Zwart

Village photographer Peter Jonker tells about Studio Jonker in Egmond aan Zee (Netherlands).

"I am the fourth generation of photographers who ran the photo studio Jonker. I can show you an old photo I have, with all four generations: my great grandfather, my grandfather, my father and me. I was still a little boy. I think it was secretly their wish that like them I would become a photographer. At first I was hesitant, but now I am happy because photography is wonderful. A photograph can easily replace two or three pages of text.

With the advent of digital photography business became difficult. Last year I retired. None of my children wanted to continue the business. After 117 years I closed studio Jonker.



It all started in 1890 when my great grandfather Pieter Jonker went to Amsterdam to work as a grocery clerk. He came in contact with photographers and learned the profession. When he came to Egmond he opened his own studio. Next to the sea, on three sides surrounded by the dunes, Egmond was a picturesque village. He had time on his side and business flourished. The postcard was born a few decades before had become very popular around 1900. So when he went into the province, he spend a couple of days

in one of the villages, where he not only photographed portraits but also photographed in and around the villages. These photo's he published as postcards. He was probably the only photographer in the Northern part of North Holland who did such things. I know he had a rich archive.. Unfortunately most of the glass negatives went lost during world war 2. One of the surviving photo's is this beautiful picture of the retired sailors. Every one of the men have a beard. There was no television, no radio. They had a storyteller. There they sat in a circle around it.

I can say that it became our tradition to continue what he had started. In 1925 my grandfather took over the business from his father. He too made impressive photographs, especially in and around our village. He portrayed the poachers with their dogs and arms. They came to his studio after a night of poaching. Can you imagine this happening nowadays? Another photo I like is of the stranded ship "Kerkplein". This ship got stranded on the beach near Egmond in 1935 and attracted thousands of visitors. The local villagers sold hundreds of postcards from this photo.

Stranded ship "Kerkplein" 1935

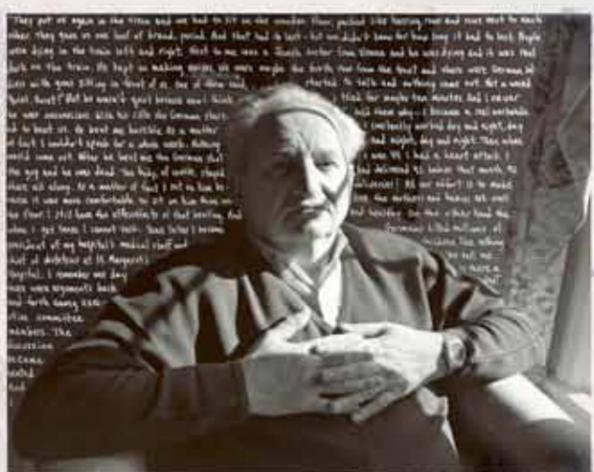
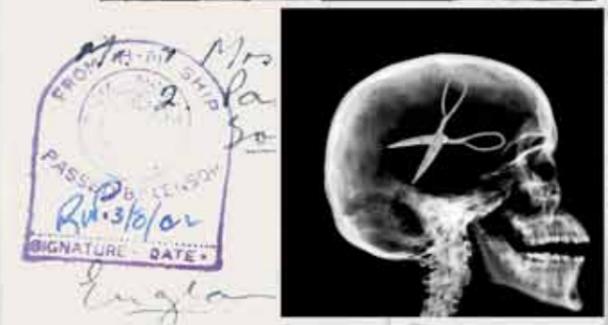


My great grandfather and my grandfather were valuable to North Holland. If they had not been there, there wouldn't be so many photo books about the villages. I hope one day they will say the same about me. I also created a photo book. Only this one is about Egmond. I think it is of utmost importance to preserve it."

Old Sailors, circa 1900







The scissors in the head

by Jason Eskenazi

As a former curator for a new international photo festival, two years running, I had to deal with an issue I never dealt with before: censorship. It reminded me of a time, not too long ago, when I worked in a big New York museum and guarded a Gustave Courbet exhibition which contained the infamous *Origin of the World* painting. It was separated from the rest of the exhibition by a black curtain with a warning about its sexual content. There were certainly nudes everywhere in the museum, statues, other paintings, but this one, on loan to the museum, was special. I was like a Salinger anti hero of the catcher of the eyes! making sure children stayed safely out of view of the canvas. The painting had been hidden from public view for more than 100 years. And so many years ago, in what now seems a former life, I must have been around eight, I remember sitting in a movie theater seeing a Jane Fonda flick called *Barbarella*, where I pretended to drop something when Jane's bust was flashed on the big screen. I somehow intuited that I was not mature enough to see that. Now, fast forward a decade or more to a city college media class where I sat in an amphitheater full of students to see *I am curious yellow*, a banned 1968 film that went to the U.S. Supreme Court, and how even then I was squeamish to see sex on the screen. This was before the Internet.

Fast forward to just two years ago, during the first festival in Bursa, the curators (me included) used the Scissor in the Head and didn't exhibit certain Ken Schles, and other photos, which contained nudity. The venue was a public building and it seemed the careful thing to do. In hindsight I would have preferred to put up a sign warning about the nudity. A child may not be ready for this and sometimes even a society is not ready. Certain photos containing Christian crosses, from a series on Tarlabashi (an Istanbul neighborhood going through immense transition) that were exhibited in the Bursa Hans (marketplaces) were covered by the Turkish flag by some shop-owners.

The Genç Foto Initiative exhibition, Bursa 2012, shown in a public government building, did a smart thing by turning their photos with questionable content around to the blank side, thus exposing the issue of censorship creating a dialogue. Those blank photos were available on their website for viewing. But there was a different kind of censorship that lurked like a spectre even before the 2nd festival began; one of historical identity, which was a much

more disturbing issue. Since the Egyptians, and even before, it was commonplace to censor history. The victors carved their pictorial history into stone. And during modern times Soviet censors in the Stalin era certainly tried to erase out of favor personages from historical propaganda.

I had invited an American photographer, on the recommendation of a friend, to show Jewish Holocaust portraits that had hand written stories of their experiences on the photographs. During one of the last meetings about the festival content with the city municipality it was related to me indirectly that we should exclude this show. It was the only exhibition that was to be cut out from the entire festival. At first I accepted this because the photographer had many other projects that could be shown. I emailed the photographer and asked him for another series and he agreed. But after some days this began to irritate both of us independently and then we both discussed this over emails. We agreed that this was the opposite of what an international photography festival should be doing. It should be promoting ideas and experiences of the other, not hiding or forbidding them. I informed a major foreign contributor to the festival who was outraged by this exclusion and after some phone calls to the municipality the show was re-included into the festival, but put in a less conspicuous spot. It was a small victory.

Nowadays it's too difficult to keep such information secret. Perhaps 100 years ago it was easier to censor but today it's almost impossible. There are too many watchdogs. Yet countries still try to block servers. A parent should cover the eyes of their children to our profane and violent natures, until they are ready. But societies should not diminish the other for the sake of their pride and national identity but should celebrate diversity. The danger lies when self-censorship turns to public censorship making the scissors bigger and bigger until it cuts into our shared histories.

CENSORED

Top-left image: Ken Schles-*Invisible City*;
 Top right images: Stalin pictures;
 Center-left images: Yusuf Sevinçli-*Good Dog*;
 Center-right image: Arjen Zwart-X-ray skull;
 Bottom-left image: Jeffrey Wolin-*Written In Memory*;
 Bottom-right image: Genç Foto Initiative exhibition wall.

Trigger fingers of Istanbul photographers



Orhan Cem Cetin
Orhan Cem Cetin

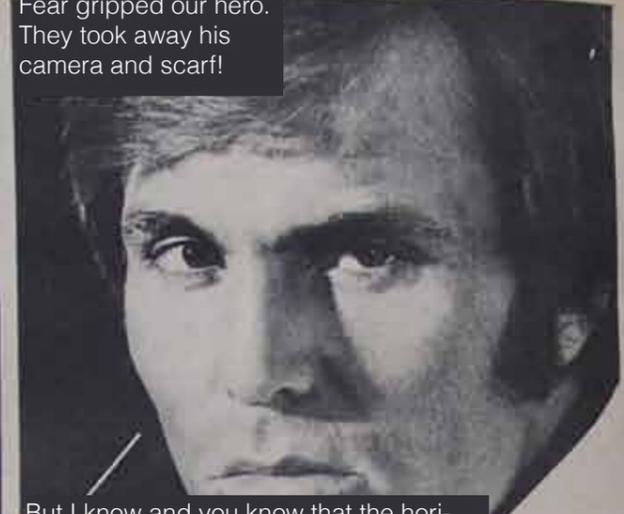


Coskun Asar
Coskun Asar

I advise you to tell them it was an accident and that you tripped and were falling when you snapped that picture. Apologize and say that you mistakenly tilted the frame and that the horizon is really straight. It will be the "clink" for you and no more click click click!

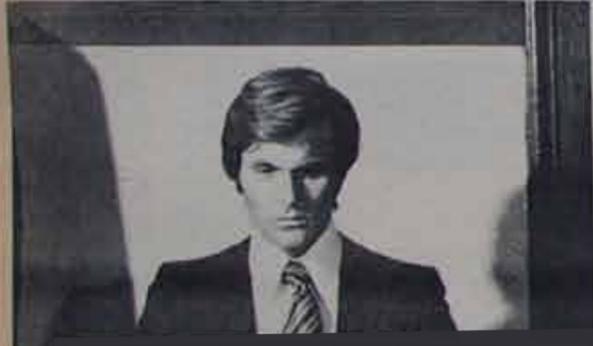


Fear gripped our hero. They took away his camera and scarf!



But I know and you know that the horizon is not always straight. A photograph should not be what we see but what we feel.

Assembled in the closed court were the Mega-pixelists, the Tele-photoists, Photo-shoppists, the Aperturists, the Neo-documentalists, and various photo-fascists from the left, center, and right.



Dear Jury, You can no longer censor what threatens you. Photography crosses borders without visas or passports.

Look at my client. He may have gotten intoxicated from the Oracles on mount Olympus, but there is much truth in what he says.



Dear friends, I've come back from abroad. I've mingled with foreign photographers. I've seen unsharp pictures on museum walls and tilted frames in magazines. Images that posed questions, not answers...
...our photo philosophy needs to change!

According to the laws of physics nothing can be straight. And according to metaphysics a horizon could never be reached and shouldn't be. Perspective is an illusion. There is a world beyond the horizon.



Let there be light! If not we will all sink into the deep dark black sea together. We need to read, we need cinema. We must think outside the box!



Dear Jury, I greet you as the head of the F.F.F.F. (Feudalistic Forum of Foto Fascists). There is no reason to buy books. There are only three things you need to seek: the fastest aperture, the longest lens, and the latest digital model. They are trying to blind us with a flash in our face.

Cover your eyes and open your ears to what I have to say. It's our duty to make the accused sign and repent. If we listen to him and shoot into the sun a great flare will cause our sensors to shut down and our images will become dark.



We can't have foreigners influencing our traditions. We are the F.F.F.F! Save your status. Save your positions. Save your batteries. Save your slice of cake!

If the truth gets out that anyone can tilt the horizon then we will fall off into the abyss of the photography world.



TO BE CONTINUED

Time Enough at Last by Ken Schles

The world has ended. Was it a bomb? An asteroid? No matter, I am alone - alive but alone. There seems to be food enough. What do we have here ...are they the *Dead Sea Scrolls* or the *Book of Kells*? *Principia Mathematica*? Perhaps the *Collected Works* of Shakespeare? No, they are my books, my beloved photobooks.

I never allocated enough time to look at you my darlings. I didn't spend as much time with you as I would've liked: too many distractions; too many obligations; too many interruptions. But now I have time. I have all the time in the world for you, my precious ones. I will save you. I will make a list. Which do I want to remember? Who shall I keep?

For years I travelled the U.S. as an assignment photographer. I shot 6 covers of Newsweek. I was the first photographer assigned by the New Yorker—before Avedon, before Tina Brown. I gathered photobooks from bins and dusty shops. All before photobooks were recognized as primary expressions of an artist's work. I was able to pick-up great books at used bookstores, sometimes for next to nothing.

My photobook obsession started as a teenager when I worked at the Strand bookstore in New York City, one of the largest used bookstores in the world. (I started working there a week after Patti Smith had left. She worked in the Social Sciences department, damn!) I remember when Mary Ellen Mark's *Falkland Road* came in. All the drag queens that worked there would sneak off, one by one and two by two, and go into a dark corner behind boxes in the storage stacks. They'd "ooh" and "ahh" all over it. They'd say, "Oh my look! Are those prostitutes trannies? Who are they? O.M.G!" After they finished pawing it ended up in my collection. I saved for *Menschen des 20. Jahrhunderts* by August Sander - the German Schirmer Mosel edition (the English edition was sold out). It was a real stretch for me at the time: nearly a week's salary. And still I can't read the damn thing! When I interned at the Robert Freidus Gallery I was given a signed copy of Lee Friedlander's *Flowers* from the gallery director, Janet Borden. That's where I met Larry Clark and got to hang prints that Lee Friedlander made from E.J. Belloq. You know the pictures - the *Storyville Portraits* - the ones of the prostitutes with scratched out faces. Friedlander bought the negatives in a flea market in New Orleans. Can you believe it? My book practice started a couple of years later while working for Gilles Peress. It was around the time he published *Telex Iran*. Not long afterwards I began my book *Invisible City*.

Now, with no cities, what'll become of me? What'll become of my books? And what of all the great photobooks I don't have? What about Christian Boltanski? Will I remember the beauty of the things I can no longer possess? But I still have my photobook collection - faulty and full of holes that it is. Now there's some dog food for you! Here, I'll go through them one, by one. I'll order them and take care of them. Until they turn to dust. Or I do. Until my bones are pulverized to ash, like the untold numbers that came before me.

The 10 (oh, so difficult to choose, why do you make me choose?):

1. Menschen des 20. Jahrhunderts, August Sander.

2. New York is Good and Good For You, William Klein. I always said to friends that I was a bigger fan of Frank, but then again I always come back to this book. Why do I have to choose? Why do you make me?

3. Looking in, Robert Frank - Sarah Greenough's expanded edition of The Americans. I have the 1970's Aperture edition, bought remaindered at Strand. I missed the recent Steidl edition, which is, in my opinion (now, alas, the only opinion), proportioned a bit better proportioned, but this truck of a book has everything.

4. '71-NY, Daido Moriyama. The rhythm, the blacks, the grain, the alienation, New York in 1971!

5. The Work of Atget. A 4-volume set - but I'm short 2 volumes! Maria Morris Hambourg and John Szarkowski.

6. Telex Iran, Gilles Peress. I cut my teeth on this book with the man. An important book visually, structurally and for me personally. But maybe his book *The Silence* is more appropriate given my situation. And I'll always like the fact that (as this is something Susan Meiselas told me) the design of *The Silence* was based upon my book *Invisible City*.

7. Shadow of Light, Bill Brandt. I love his work and always had. This is an old compilation of his work, my first book of his, and somehow it feels truer to him than the newer and larger coffee table book compilations. Great, as a compilation goes, but oh, to get my hands on his *Perspective of Nudes* or *The English At Home* or *A Night In London* or some other of his books that work as double entendres.

8. What We Bought, The New World, Our Lives And Our Children and No Small Journeys by Robert Adams. These are also good contenders in my collection. For me, Adams' work is in a category by itself, much more "human" and approachable than the formal rigor of some of the New Topographics photographers like Lewis Baltz. His thinking clearly informs his subject. His focus informs the photographs he makes.

9. Walker Evans' Many Are Called. In a quirky way I like this book a little more than the *American Photographs* (of which I have several editions, including the first), but I have to admit it's a tough choice. Maybe it's the way I got the book, maybe because *Many Are Called* is so New York-esque, so laser focused on it's subject, maybe because it's so voyeuristically about a time that's gone forever. But I recently got a somewhat looked over Walker Evans masterpiece: *The Lost Work*, put out by Arena some years back: a beautifully sequenced, beautifully printed lost gem itself.

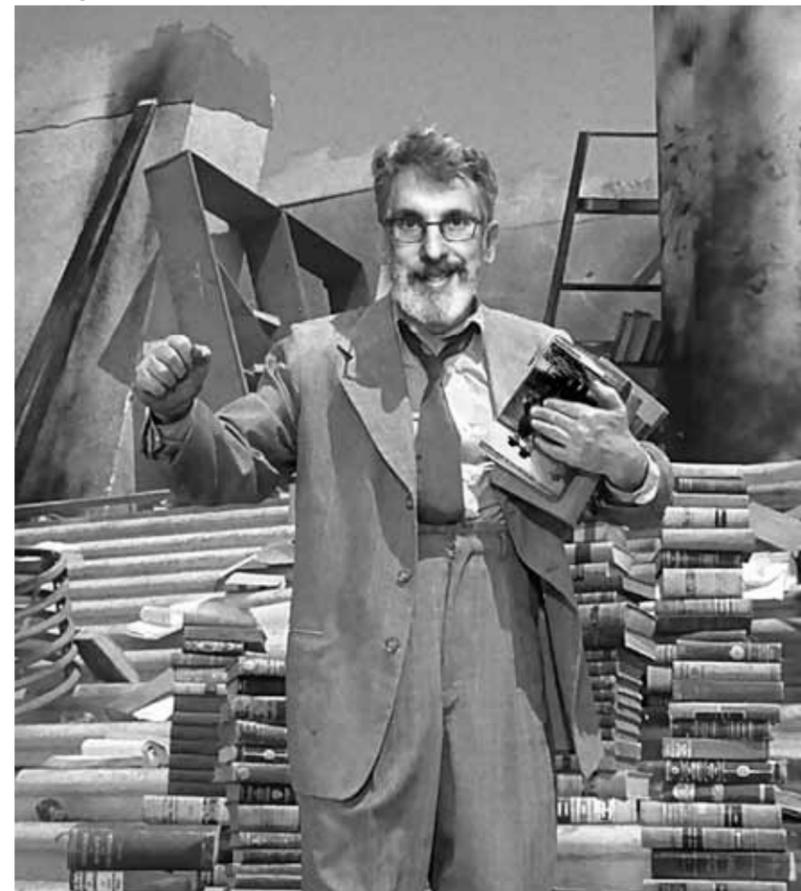
10. New York Is, Robert Frank. Here is another New York wonder. This, the rarest Robert Frank that will never be reprinted (so says Frank's lawyer and one of the greatest photobook collectors I know). The New York Times published it and sent it out as a thank-you to the newspaper's advertisers (similar to *Zero Mostel Reads A Book*). In it you see images Frank made to be used as ads for the New York Times, all shot around the same time that he made *The Americans*, and believe me, some of the images are just as good. It also has cameo appearances of his son and daughter and Rudy Burckhardt and family on an outing in Central Park.as good. It also has cameo appearances of his son and daughter and Rudy Burckhardt and family on an outing in Central Park.

And quickly after come these 25:

Photography: A Short Critical History, Beaumont Newhall - Formative to the creation of my book, *A New History of Photography: The World Outside and the Pictures In Our Heads*. I love it partially because it is such a wonderful mess. The first critical history of photography in the English language /// **Facies Dolorosa, H. Killian** - What a Nazi era German doctor's 19th C. idea of science wrought? Deeply affecting /// **The Movement, Danny Lyon, et al.** (*Conversations with the Dead, The Destruction Of Lower Manhattan, The Bikers, Photo Film* are all contenders here too) /// **Praha Panoramatická, Josef Sudek** - and there's the great compilation from the late 1950's, *Fotografika*, which I also just got. I also like his book on the composer Leos Janáček's home and village, *Hukvaldy*. A modest book, but still beautiful /// **Atlas, Gerhard Richter** - Interesting the huge difference between the 1st 1989 edition and the D.A. P. 1997 edition found in Parr/Bader. Somehow it says something about ordering the world, something not so unlike this list. Bring some books together and you have something other, something more than the sum of its parts /// **A Way of Seeing, Helen Levitt, James Agee** /// **Naked City, Weegee** /// **Subway, Bruce Davidson** - I like the original with its fewer pictures and its archaic 1980's bad color printing /// **Love On The Left Bank, Ed van der Elsken** /// **Vietnam Inc., Philip Jones Griffiths** - Although his book *Agent Orange* is perhaps, for me, is both more powerful and more difficult, a hard call. Harder to live with *Agent Orange* /// **Falkland Road, Mary Ellen Mark** /// **Mobile Homes, Rudy Burckardt** - a peripatetic man from Queens, NY /// **Nicaragua, Susan Meiselas** /// **Common Sense, Martin Parr** (Although the Martin Parr retrospective by Val Williams really reminds me how good he can really be. Let me switch) /// **Like A One-Eyed Cat, Lee Friedlander** /// **The Animals, Garry Winogrand** - Wish I had *Women Are Beautiful* or *Public Relations*. *The Animals* will have to do, but I also like *Figments From The Real World*, John Szarkowski's posthumous edit of Winogrands work, do you remember that one? I have that one too /// **Bus Odyssey, Tom Wood** - although I wish I had *All Zones, Off Peak*. Really like his *Looking For Love* as well /// **A Loud Song, Danny Seymour** /// **William Eggleston's Guide, John Szarkowski** /// **In The American West, Richard Avedon** - which is not to say *Evidence 1944* or *Nothing Personal* or *Portraits* are nothing to sneeze at /// **Niagara, Alec Soth** - I was a little late coming to his work, maybe because everyone jumped so quickly, but this one shines for me and it was so nice to trade books with him /// **Gypsies, Joseph Kouldelka** - The Steidl edition blows the Aperture edition away /// **Suzuki Kiyoshi: Hundred Steps and Thousand Stories** - Whoever thought a book so small could be so rich and beautiful - and so thick /// **La France De Profil, Paul Strand** - Have you ever seen this heliogravure book? It was so beautifully designed and printed. The pictures are mostly understated with a couple of standouts. But let's look at it as a book. A book qua book /// **Mike Disfarmer** (published by Twin Palms).

OK. I cannot stop. 15 more of newer vintage that I think are special for one reason or another:

2000 Light Years From Home, Pietro Mattioli /// **Riley and his story, Me and my outrage. You and us, Monica Haller** /// **Redheaded Peckerwood, Christian Patterson** /// **Redwood Saw, Richard Rothman** /// **The Present, Paul Graham** /// **Golden Gate, Richard Misrach** (the huge beautiful new Aperture monster) /// **Quatorze Juliet, van der Keuken** (a wonderful invention of a book by Wilhem van Zoetendaal) /// **Soho, Anders Petersen** /// **Oberflächen, Tiefen, Thomas Ruff** /// **A New American Photograph, Doug Rickard** - The White Press edition (it's all I have) /// **One Tree, Machiel Botman** /// **A Series of Disappointments, Stephen Gill** /// **Violentology, Stephen Ferry** /// **Sommerherz, Thekla Ehling** /// **Wonderland, Jason Eskenazi.**



What would the world be if the fires didn't burn the library at Alexandria? What might we intuit from other those lost imaginings of the world? What if conquering Spaniards had not destroyed the great books of the Incas? We pine for things lost, and we so easily ignore and toss away relics we easily move on from.

And do I get to bring my books, the ones I made? They are so full of memories. My memories ...*Invisible City, The Geometry of Innocence, A New History of Photography: The World Outside and the Pictures In Our Heads, Oculus* and a new one ...*Night Walk* - they contain my memories, my thoughts: My past.

And what of my children? Have they not survived this conflagration?

✂

I free "The Americans List"
by Jason Eskenazi
- in Turkish or English -
with this coupon!
@ **Espas bookstore - Istanbul**

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DOG FOOD ASKS MICHAEL ACKERMAN SOME QUESTIONS

DEAR MICHAEL

1. WHAT WAS your FAVORITE BREAKFAST CERPAL GROWING UP?



2. WHAT WAS your FAVORITE TV SERIES



3. How has Having a daughter changed you.

Ans. FOR THE BETTER BUT.

4. NAME ONE BOOK & ONE FILM THAT HAS STAYED INSIDE FOR OVER 20 YEARS

1. AUSTERLITZ (it's not twenty years old yet but it will be)

2. WITHNAIL & I

5. Do your photographs
 DAY TO DAY REALITY?
 A DREAM WORLD

Represent your: **Choose 1**
 A NIGHTMARE WORLD
 NONE OF THE ABOVE
 ALL OF THE ABOVE
 FEARS + LOVES + OTHER

7. WHEN I ASK 10 PHOTOGRAPHERS WHO THEIR FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPHER IS 8 OF THEM WILL SAY MICHAEL ACKERMAN WHEN YOU WERE IN YOUR EARLY 20'S WHO WERE YOUR FAVORITE 2 PHOTOGRAPHERS 1. FRANK



2. ARBUS BELLOA

It's absurd that anyone you ask would answer me but Thank you

It's made time and its passing even MORE FRIGHTENING

6. IS THERE AN OBJECT BIG OR SMALL, THAT IS MOST DEAR TO YOU?

NO

MY GRAND FATHER (RIGHT) AND HIS BROTHER



BROTHER WHO ALONG WITH THE REST OF HIS FAMILY WAS LOST IN POLAND



RAMAT GAN 1968

KEPT THIS FOTO WITH HIM ALL HIS LIFE ← HE & ME

Michael CAN YOU NAVIGATE US THROUGH THESE IMAGES



MY FATHER AGE 4 WAS ROMANIA NOW UKRAINE

1938 Czernowitz



1967

ME

A few family photos, Poland, Ukraine, Israel, BERLIN, 幸



Jana 7 months BERLIN, 2010



MY MOTHER IN THE 60'S

put together by Jason Eskerazi in Istanbul, where he has roots and my mom was born in 1941 - Michael Achen MY PARENTS ON A CRUISE TO GREECE



ME IN FRONT OF OUR HOUSE



MY FATHER BEING LED TO MARRIAGE HIS FATHER ON HIS RIGHT, MOMS FATHER ON HIS LEFT



MY FAMILY, HOME OUTSIDE TEL-AVIV VERY EARLY 1970'S

10 PHOTOGRAPHERS NAME 10 BOOKS AND 10 FILMS THAT HAVE INSPIRED THEIR LIFE.

RENA EFFENDI

BOOKS:
Alice in Wonderland - Lewis Carroll
Master and Margarita - Michail Bulgakov
Slaughterhouse Five - Kurt Vonnegut
Collection of short stories, especially "The Masque of the Red Death" - Edgar Allan Poe
Everything that Rises Must Converge - Flannery O'Connor
Geek Love - Kathleen Dunn
One Hundred Years of Solitude - Gabriel Garcia Marquez
Love in the Time of Cholera - Gabriel Garcia Marquez
The God of Small Things - Arundhati Roy
A Fine Balance - Rohinton Mistry

MURAT GERMEN

BOOKS:
Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman! - Richard Feynman
Tao of Physics - Fritjof Capra
Shibumi - Trevanian (pseudonym of Rodney William Whitaker)
Foucault's Pendulum - Umberto Eco
Steppenwolf - Herman Hesse
Red Balloon - Lamorisse
The Dune - Frank Herbert
Invisible Cities - Italo Calvino
Chariots of the Gods - Erich von Daniken
Jonathan Livingston Seagull - Richard Bach

DAVID CAROL

BOOKS:
Survival in Auschwitz - Primo Levi
On the Road - Jack Kerouac
The Stranger - Albert Camus
A Clockwork Orange - Anthony Burgess
Down and Out in Paris and London - George Orwell
To Kill a Mockingbird - Harper Lee
Slaughterhouse 5 - Kurt Vonnegut
Great Expectations - Charles Dickens
1984 - George Orwell
Soft Machine - William F. Burroughs

ED GRAZDA

BOOKS:
On The Road - Jack Kerouac
Bound for Glory - Woody Guthrie
The Quiet American - Graham Greene
Let Us Now Praise Famous Men - James Agee/Walker Evans
Kim - Rudyard Kipling
Grapes of Wrath - John Steinbeck
Deep Rivers - Jose Maria Arguedas
Moby Dick - Herman Melville
Chronicles - Bob Dylan
Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man - James Joy

JEFFREY WOLIN

BOOKS:
Slaughterhouse Five - Kurt Vonnegut
Catch 22 - Joseph Heller
The Foundation Trilogy - Isaac Asimov
The Air Conditioned Nightmare - Henry Miller
Survival in Auschwitz - Primo Levi
The Sound and the Fury - William Faulkner
Walden - Henry David Thoreau
The Dispossessed - Ursula LeGuin
Huckleberry Finn - Mark Twain
Lord of the Rings - J.R.R. Tolkien

FILMS:

Freaks - Todd Browning
Stalker - Andrei Tarkovsky
8 1/2 - Federico Fellini
American Beauty - Sam Mendes
Night on Earth - Jim Jarmusch
Edward Scissorhands - Tim Burton
A Clockwork Orange - Stanley Kubrick
The Elephant Man - David Lynch
Even Dwarfs Started Small - Werner Herzog
Melancholia - Lars Von Trier

FILMS: (roughly last two last decades)

Matrix I (1999) - Lana Wachowski
Children of Men (2006) - Alfonso Cuaron
V for Vendetta (2005) - James McTeigue
21 Grams (2003) - Alejandro Gonzalez Inarritu
Hugo (2011) - Martin Scorsese
Toy Story I (1995) - John Lasseter
Sound of Noise (2010) - Johannes Stjerne Nilsson
In a Better World (2010) - Susanne Bier
The Tree (2010) - Julie Bertuccelli
Inglourious Basterds (2009) - Quentin Tarantino

FILMS:

Pink Flamingos - John Waters
A Clockwork Orange - Stanley Kubrick
Taxi Driver - Martin Scorsese
Stroszek - Werner Herzog
Burden of Dreams - Les Blank
Stranger than Paradise - Jim Jarmusch
The Shining - Stanley Kubrick
Kings of the Road - Wim Wenders
Apocalypse Now - Francis Ford Coppola
Badlands - Terrance Malick

FILMS:

Napoleon - Abel Gance
Treasure of Sierra Madre - John Huston
Los Olvidados - Luis Bunuel
The Naked City - Jules Dassin
The Man Who Would be King - John Huston
Stagecoach - John Ford
Pull my Daisy - Robert Frank/Alfred Leslie
On the Bowery - Lionel Rogosin
Rear Window - Alfred Hitchcock
Grapes of Wrath - John Ford; Gregg Toland(cameraman)

FILMS:

Amarcord - Federico Fellini
The 400 Blows - François Truffaut
The Big Lebowski - Coen Brothers
The Grand Illusion - Jean Renoir
Casablanca - Michael Curtiz
Dr. Strangelove - Stanley Kubrick
Some Like it Hot - Billy Wilder
Rashomon - Akira Kurosawa
Cool Hand Luke - Stuart Rosenberg
Persopolis - Marjane Satrapi

HALIL KOYUTURK

BOOKS:
My Mother - Maxim Gorky
Grapes of Wrath - John Steinbeck
The Call of the Wild - Jack London
The Brothers Karamazov - Fyodor Dostoyevsky
Bu Dünya Hepimize Yeter - Sarkis Cerkezyan
War and Peace - Leo Tolstoy
The Trial - Franz Kafka
Anna Karenina - Leo Tolstoy
Farewell Anatolia - Dido Sotiriou
Human Panoramas from my Country - Nazim Hikmet

KEN SCHLES

BOOKS:
The Culture of Cities - Lewis Mumford
Speak Memory - Vladimir Nabokov
Society of the Spectacle - Guy Debord
The Republic - Plato
The Origins of Knowledge and Imagination - Jacob Bronowski
Public Opinion - Walter Lippmann
Invisible Cities - Italo Calvino
Labyrinths - Jorge Luis Borge
Parables and Paradoxes - Franz Kafka
Selected Stories of Robert Walser - Robert Walser

DONALD WEBER

BOOKS:
Underworld - Don De Lillo
White Guard - Mikhail Bulgakov
Wolf Among Wolves - Hans Fallada
Delirious New York - Rem Koolhaas
Kolyma Tales - Varlam Shalamov
Life and Fate/Everything Flows - Vasily Grossman
It's a Busy, Busy World - Richard Scarry
The Big Sleep/The Long Goodbye - Raymond Chandler
The Painted Bird - Jerzy Kosinsky
Les Miserables - Victor Hugo

STEFANO De LUIGI

BOOKS:
The Emperor Tomb - Joseph Roth
The Music of Chance - Paul Auster
Blindness - José Saramago
If This is a Man - Primo Levi
Crime and Punishment - Fyodor Dostoyevsky
The Compromise - Sergei Dovlatov
Paris Trout - Peter Dexter
Dangling Man - Saul Bellow
Heart of Darkness - Joseph Conrad
Journey to the End of the Night - Louis Ferdinand Celine

NEWSHA TAVAKOLIAN

BOOKS:
Animal Farm - George Orwell
1984 - George Orwell
Too Loud a Solitude - Bohumil Hrabal
To the Lighthouse - Virginia Woolf
Another Place - Goli Tarighi
We Get Used to It - Zoya Pirzad
Nausea - Jean-Paul Sartre
The Blind Owl - Sadegh Hedayat
100 Years of Solitude - Gabriel Garcia Marquez
Memories of My Melancholy Whores - Gabriel Garcia Marquez

FILMS:

Time of the Gypsies - Emir Kusturica
Battle of Algiers - Gillo Pontecorvo
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest - Milos Forman
Rumble Fish - Francis Ford Coppola
Ugly, Dirty and Bad - Ettore Scola
Amarcord - Federico Fellini
Cinema Paradiso - Giuseppe Tornatore
The Cuckoo - Alexander Rogoshkin
Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown - Pedro Almodovar
Il Postino - Michael Radford

FILMS:

Last Year At Marienbad - Alain Resnais
Hiroshima Mon Amour - Alain Resnais
2001: A Space Odyssey - Stanley Kubrick
La Jetée - Chris Marker
Winter Light - Ingmar Bergman
Aguirre, The Wrath of God - Werner Herzog
Rashomon - Akira Kurosawa
Blow-up - Antonioni
The Loved One - Tony Richardson (with a screenplay by Christopher Isherwood and Terry Southern)
Apocalypse Now - Francis Ford Coppola

FILMS:

Die Hard - John McTiernan
Frantic - Roman Polanski
10 Minutes de silence pour John Lennon - Raymond Depardon
Stalker - Andrei Tarkovsky
I Am Cuba - Mikhail Kalatozov
A Better Tomorrow - John Woo
Hollywood, California, A Loser's Opera - William Klein
The French Connection - William Friedkin
The Hunt for Red October - John McTiernan
The Day They Robbed the Bank of England - John Gullermin

FILMS:

Umberto D - Vittorio De Sica
The Road - Federico Fellini
Eclipse - Michelangelo Antonioni
Blade Runner - Ridley Scott
Apocalypse Now - Francis Ford Coppola
In the Mood for Love - Wong Kar Wai
2001 A Space Odyssey - Stanley Kubrick
The 400 Blows - François Truffaut
Stalker - Andrei Tarkovsky
Last Tango in Paris - Bernardo Bertolucci

FILMS:

The Lives of Others - Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck
The Hours - Stephen Daldry
The Separation - Asghar Farhadi
The Circle - Jafar Panahi
The Three Colors Trilogy - Krzysztof Kieslowski
Shirin - Abbas Kiarostami
La Vie En Rose - Olivier Dahan
Out of Africa - Sydney Pollack
Bad Guy - Kim Ki Duk
Under the Skin of the City - Rakhshan Banietemad

UP

ON

THE



Some months ago, when I was working at the Espas bookstore, Murat the garbage collector came to me and gave me some old dirty negatives he had found. I scanned a few of them. Looking at the photos it seemed that they must have been taken in the nineteen twenties. They portrayed a child and a woman on a rooftop with the Galata Tower in the background. I showed them to Jason and some other friends. We asked ourselves; "who are these people? Where exactly were these photographs taken and does the rooftop still exist?". We thought first we had to locate the rooftop. Some of us went up the Galata tower, but it was too hard to tell which direction to look at. After ninety years much has changed and we thought the building doesn't exist anymore. It was then that Jason, who was searching for accommodation, found to his big surprise the same rooftop on which the child and woman were photographed all those many years before. It was the Anadolu Han. But there remains one unanswered question: who are these people? We hope to find some answers to the mystery behind these photos in DF3.

By Hüseyin Yilmaz



ROOFTOP

THE SICILIAN SUITCASE



Alone together

by Laura De Marco

This is the story of a dog who wanted only to share his life with its human companion but had not been able to, and is now alone, wandering around cities' borders, somewhere in the Italic peninsula. The local people of an ancient city recently passed by the dog have started calling it "Pippo" and we'll keep this name.

Pippo's best human friend was a photographer who at a certain point in his life had to come to terms with an imminent departure to a far and difficult to reach country across the ocean. We'll call him Marcello. We know that Marcello tried everything he could to put Pippo's papers in order for traveling with him: but he couldn't imagine that the international rules for traveling with pets were so strict. Their travel odyssey started at the vet: clinical examinations, rabies shots, health certificates, weight loss diets for fitting under the plane seat. And then came the day when Pippo's passport had finally been issued and stamped and everything then had seemed to be in order.

When they arrived at the airport, ready for their new destination, something went terribly wrong. At the boarding counter the airline agents said Pippo couldn't fly: "the dog is too big, it has to go with the checked baggage." Marcello despaired because he could not bear to put his companion with the luggage where he heard that horrible things could happen to pets. Pippo sensed how important it was for his friend to leave and made a fateful decision for the both of them: he'd run away, as fast as he could, never turning back, hoping his master would understand. And so he did. Marcello

boarded the plane alone and had a long turbulent journey without his beloved friend.

It was then that Pippo's quest started: a lone journey running from city to city looking for other fellow dogs who had experienced the same injustice: being separated from their lifetime friends because of short-sighted human rules that do not allow freedom of movement for people with pet companions. Pippo soon met several dogs with similar stories and he finally learned the lesson: even if we have all our papers in order, even if we are immunized from life's rubs through "rabies shots"... there are no sufficient protections and precautions to deal with daily battles against injustices and intolerances. But, at the same time, there will always be friends, "masters", ready to fight for their four-legged companions. Their stories may have happy or sad endings but it will be always worth fighting for.

Pippo's story is meant to awaken people's awareness to this problem, in the hope that some changes will be made soon. And hopefully, in the near future, Pippo and Marcello will be reunited.

In the meantime if you see a pack of dogs don't be afraid, they probably aren't feral, but have just banded together in search of their lost and lonely human companions who know their true names.



Some recent shots of Pippo taken by an unknown photographer. Unkown ruins, Italy.

Blondi

excerpt from Wikipedia

He [Hitler] has bought himself a young German Shepherd dog called "Blondi" which is the apple of his eye. It was touching listening to him say that he enjoyed walking with this dog so much, because only with it could he be sure that [his companion] would not start talking about the war or politics. [...] At the moment the dog is the only living thing that is constantly with him. At night it sleeps at the foot of his bed, it is allowed into his sleeping compartment in the special train and enjoys a number of privileges....that no human would ever dare to claim.

From Goebbels' Diary, 30 May 1942

Blondi was Adolf Hitler's German Shepherd dog, given to him as a gift in 1941 by Martin Bormann. As Hitler's accomplice, Blondi played a role in Nazi propaganda, contributing to draw a portrait of Hitler as an animal lover. Images circulated of the two of them. Being associated to Hitler, dogs like Blondi were coveted as "Germanischer Urhund" for their similarity with the wolf, and grew very fashionable during the Third Reich.

The fondness Hitler had for Blondi was known by everyone: he kept the dog by his side as often as possible and even allowed her to sleep in his bedroom. That privilege aroused Eva Braun's jealousy who, according to Hitler's secretary Traudl Junge, hated Blondi and was known to kick her under the dining table. Hitler and Blondi were inseparable and the dog even stayed with Hitler after he moved to the Führerbunker located underneath the garden of the Reich Chancellery on January 16, 1945.



Not long after, during the course of April 29, 1945, Hitler learned of the death of his ally Benito Mussolini who had been executed by Italian partisans. This, along with the fact that the Soviet Army was closing in on his location, led Hitler to strengthen his resolve not to allow himself or his wife to be captured. That afternoon, Hitler expressed doubts about the cyanide capsules he had received through Heinrich Himmler's SS and ordered Dr. Werner Haase to test the capsules' potency on Blondi. The dog died and Hitler was inconsolable. His nurse, Erna Flegel, said in 2005 that Blondi's death had affected the people in the bunker more than Eva Braun's suicide.

After the battle in Berlin ended, the remains of Hitler, Braun, and two dogs were discovered in a shell crater by a unit of SMERSH, the Soviet counter-intelligence agency. The dog (thought to be Blondi) was exhumed and photographed by the Soviets as a legitimate player of the Nazi era.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1968

U.S. Court Clears Swedish Sex Film

By EDWARD RANZAL

A Swedish film, of which the sexual content is shown with "greater explicitness than any movie thus far exhibited in this country," was found yesterday by the United States Court of Appeals not to be obscene.

In a 2-to-1 decision, the Appeals Court overruled a Federal Court jury of seven men and five women, who had voted the film, "I Am Curious—Yellow," obscene.

In a strong dissent, Chief Judge J. Edward Lumbard chided his colleagues from taking away from the jury "the power to pass on these not too difficult and complicated questions."

First Amendment Decisive

The majority opinion was written by Judge Paul R. Hays. Judge Henry J. Friendly concurred in a separate opinion. Judge Hays said:

"Whatever differences there may be in the application of obscenity standards, a motion picture, like a book, is clearly entitled to the protection of the First Amendment.

"We reverse the judgment on the ground that under standards established by the Supreme Court the showing of the picture cannot be inhibited."

The two-hour picture was produced by a nonprofit foundation, Sandrew, and directed by Vilgot Sjoman, a protégé of the noted Swedish director, Ingmar Bergman. It was imported a year ago by Grove Press, Inc., and seized by Customs as obscene.

Grove Press has since had a book made from the script, il-

lustrated with scenes from the film. It has been on sale for some time.

The Government had moved to have the film confiscated and a trial was held before a jury and Judge Thomas F. Murphy. After the jury's verdict, Judge Murphy ordered that the film be forfeited and confiscated. Yesterday's decision, which the Government can take to the Supreme Court, cancels Judge Murphy's order.

The film presents a kaleidoscopic portrait of Sweden, showing problems and tendencies in contemporary social and political life. The story has English subtitles and revolves around a young girl and her lover. A number of scenes shows them nude.

"Several scenes," Judge Hays explained, "show sexual intercourse under varying circumstances, some quite unusual. There are scenes of oral-genital activity."

'Films' Limits Examined

"It seems to be conceded," Judge Hays continued, "that the sexual content of the film is presented with greater explicitness than has been seen in any other film produced for general viewing. The question for decision is whether, going farther in this direction than any previous production, the film exceeds the limits established by the courts."

The majority found that the sex scenes were part of an artistic whole, united with and related to the story and characters, and that the film was not utterly without redeeming social value.

"It falls within the ambit of intellectual effort that the First

Amendment was designed to protect," Judge Hays said, adding:

"The issue of obscenity of 'I Am Curious—Yellow' was submitted to the jury, and the jury found the picture obscene. However, in our view obscenity is not an issue of fact, with respect to which the jury's finding has its usual conclusive effect. It is rather an issue of constitutional law that must eventually be decided by the Court."

Supreme Court Followed

Judge Friendly wrote that he was not any happier than Judge Lumbard in permitting the film into this country, "but our individual happiness or unhappiness is unimportant, and that result is dictated by Supreme Court decisions."

Judge Friendly warned that the state may take action against exhibitors unless minors are excluded and advertising will not capitalize on extensive portrayals of nudity and sexual activity.

Judge Lumbard said that the majority's opinion "simply means that juries are not to be trusted where a majority of the judges disagree with them. The action of the majority goes beyond any case thus far decided in the obscenity area.

"With due deference to the very considerable intellectual attainments of my colleagues," Judge Lumbard said, "I submit that when it comes to a question of what goes beyond the permissible in arousing prurient interest in sex, the verdict of a jury of 12 men and women is a far better and more accurate reflection of community standards and social value."

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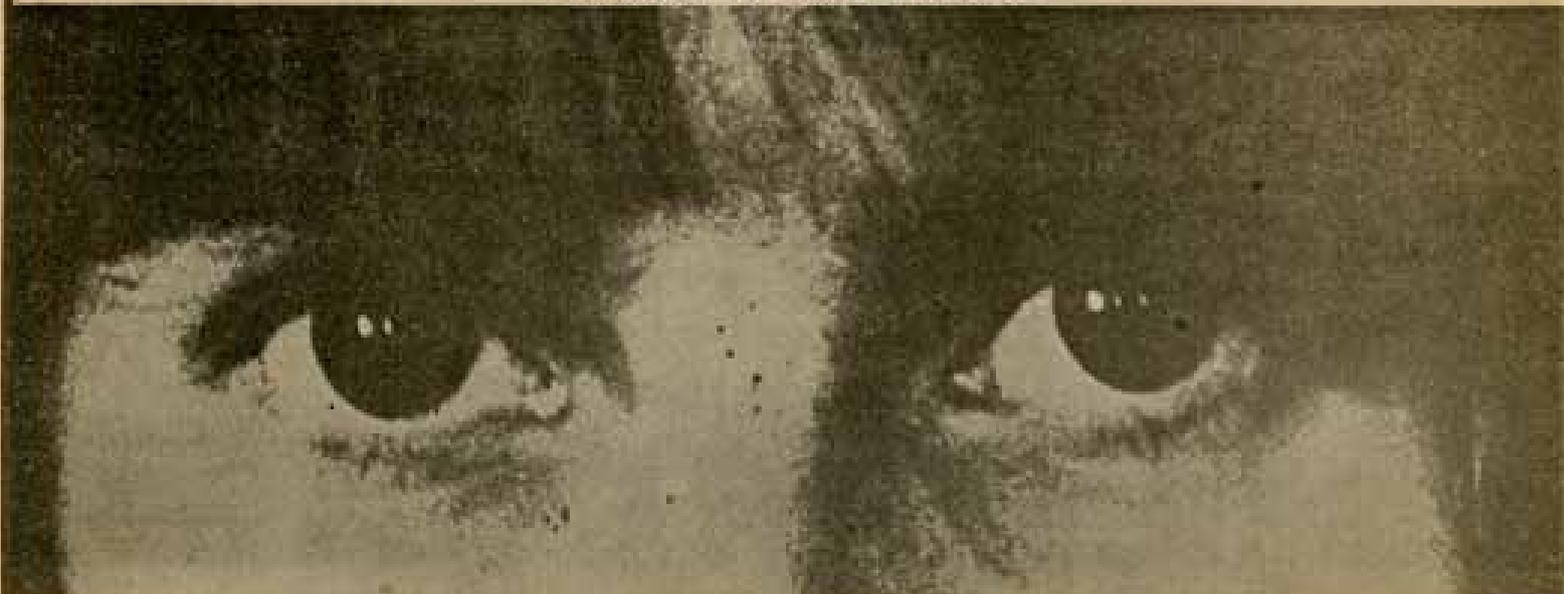
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LENA NYMAN**

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