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## Pho To Gra Pher's No, Te

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PHOTOGRAPHER'S NO, TE

Maybe, it keeps occurring to me—with a sort of anti-poetic shutter redundancy—that the camera is simply a failed, technical extension of human behavior. It is, there, in every mechanical inhale (not shot) that the camera is imitating you—if you are not a lie. If you are alive.

A fist-shaped spaceship, underground, under glass,  
between you and the galaxy.

It is, also here, in the hand-held copycat precision of Leica, Nikon and Mamiya that words like “take” in “Take a picture” or “capture” in “That photo really captures her” have led us in a very narrow direction away from the original and widest purpose of seeing, us continuing an action toward another us or us rejecting the paralysis of separation, us unable to reach us.

As wings, shoulders.

As balance, elbows, the anatomy-prison of gravity.

The trap is evident, decisive as false evidence, as reality-false as the photographs you are about to not-see. The kind of seeing the camera refuses to teach us, the kind not limited to sight or the literacy of eyes. If there is a stance in these images, a place to stand in the creation of a belief or being. If there was, then where has it gone and where can you go with it. They could leave you there, here, turning the pages. Cold, alone. They could be buried and you could be the burier, digging a pictorial grave, a one size fits all just by your need to see—untouched as art can be. And embalmed.

Hard to trust the bridge,  
or any Earth with more than one African foot.

So many viewers running behind the trained and predictable, behavioral shadows of themselves where the things they take, mostly, weigh note-thing. Imagine a history where the camera bends and the camera picks, bends and picks, the bale you print (or drink like gin) and send your kids to school with the profit from. Essentially blind. He or she who needs numbers to turn a page, identify and epoch, and to think and feel is essentially spine-bound to blindness. Un-see these.

All enemies of the car note love driver-seat darkness.