

On Point of View:  
Writing photography, Violence and the Self

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## Photography and September 11th

Spectacle, Memory, Trauma

Jennifer Good

INTERLOPER



## Mythologizing the Vietnam War Visual Culture and Mediated Memory

Edited by JENNIFER GOOD, PAUL LOWE, BRIGITTE LARDINOIS and VAL WILLIAMS

## UNDERSTANDING PHOTOJOURNALISM

JENNIFER GOOD  
PAUL LOWE



## The Impossible Photograph: Blur and Domestic Violence

Jennifer Good

### Abstract

In photojournalism and documentary photography, blur usually serves to signal an "authentic" encounter of one kind or another. In cases of physical violence, blur can indicate authenticity in a uniquely powerful way, constituting a disruption (or *violation*) of the aesthetic order of the photograph, just as violence itself disrupts the order of everyday lived experience. Physical violence is not just movement, but movement that is somehow out of control. The moving thing (such as a fist) becomes an abstraction that bursts its borders and confronts us with still photography's limited capacity to render moving things still. This article uses one particular photograph from Donna Ferrato's 1991 work, *Living with the Enemy*, to consider photographic blur as both an indexical and symbolic marker of violence, and to argue that domestic violence remains, despite Ferrato's seminal work on the subject, essentially un-photographable.

## Witnessing Future Violence

On images from Gaza: A Conversation with Dr...

If you're reading this, you — like me — are experiencing the ongoing crisis in Gaza not as a proximate physical reality but as the news: as images and information. Footage and photographs are streaming towards us without end. We're...

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*Photography and September 11<sup>th</sup>:  
Spectacle, Memory, Trauma*  
Bloomsbury, 2015



## PREFACE: I WAS THERE

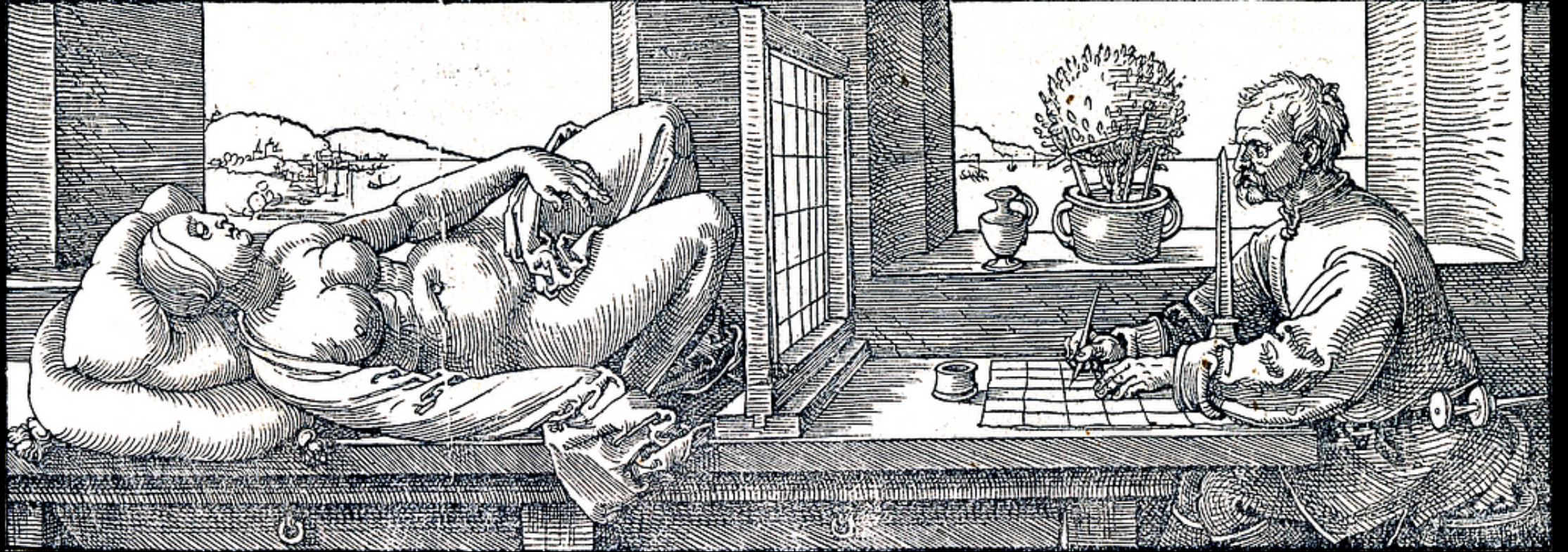
*Photographs that everyone recognises are now a constituent part of what a society chooses to think about, or declares that it has chosen to think about. It calls these ideas 'memories', and that is, over the long run, a fiction. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as collective memory – part of the same family of spurious notions as collective guilt. But there is collective instruction.*

SUSAN SONTAG'

My first encounter with the news of a plane hitting the World Trade Center towers came not via broadcast media but by phone. I had just landed back in London after the university summer break and received the call from my boyfriend as I waited at baggage claim. A passenger jet had crashed into one of the twin towers, and people were jumping. Throughout my long bus journey back to campus, he checked in with updates as the story unfolded, and I tried to put together mental images of the improbable scenes he was describing as he sat in front of his television screen. A second plane ... fire, dust and smoke ... collapse. Hundreds dead. Thousands. I eventually arrived at my empty house, turned on the TV and sat transfixed until long after midnight with my coat on and my unopened suitcase by my side. I watched the planes hit and the towers fall again and again.

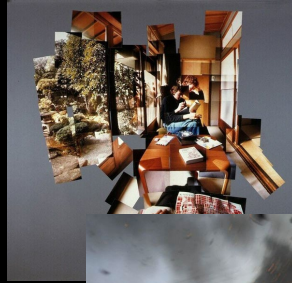
I was not in Lower Manhattan, but I was *there*. Is it wrong to say this? Is it not disrespectful – outrageous even? – to compare my experience to that of those who inhaled the dust, ran for their lives or lost family members? Of course it is. But, in another sense, as specific as my own Euro-Atlantic world was, I was as 'there' as the majority of people in the world, were moved, impacted, and ended on my





Albrecht Dürer, c.1538





I WAS THERE

The New York Times Magazine



A Boy's Life on the Front Lines  
by Jeremy Adelman



"All the News That's Fit to Print"

**The**

VOL. CLXXXI No. 50-555 © 2010 The New York Times Company \$3.00

**OUTGUNNED UKRAINE FENDS OFF AT TACKS**

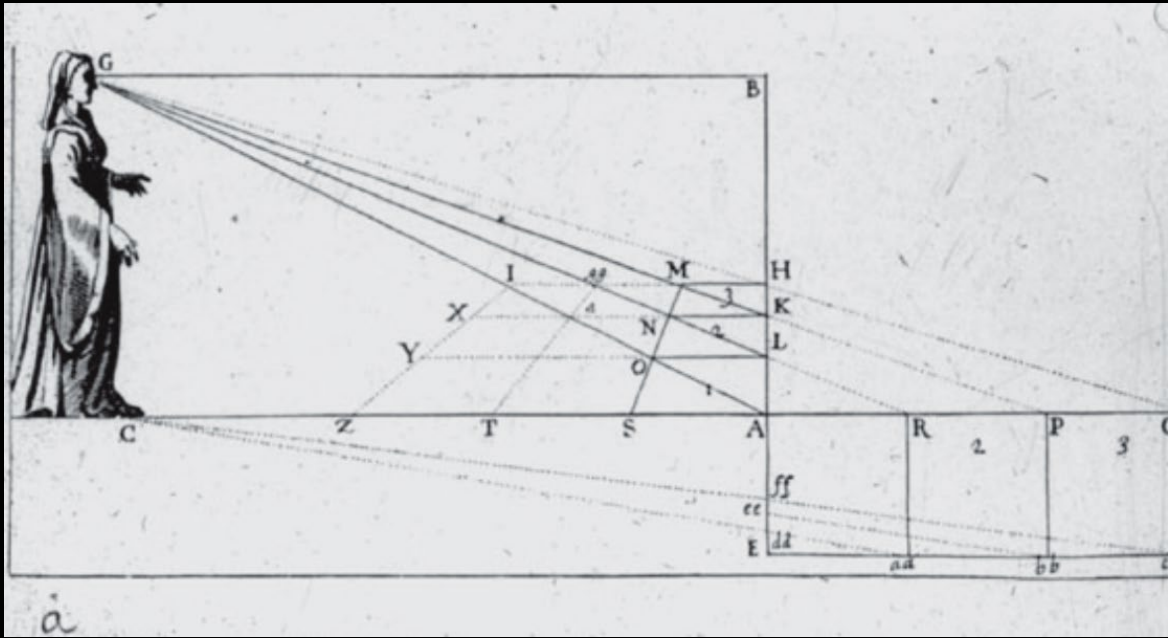
*But Its Control of Black Sea Line Is Tenuous*

By MICHAEL SCHWARTZ

KIEV, Ukraine — The remnants of a Russian Tiger fighting against the side of the front, as Ukrainian troops fought against the Russian army, the Ukrainian army might put it in the ground.

For three days, Russian forces had fought in the Ukraine, but they were pushed back from the city and around the airport, and the Russian army was







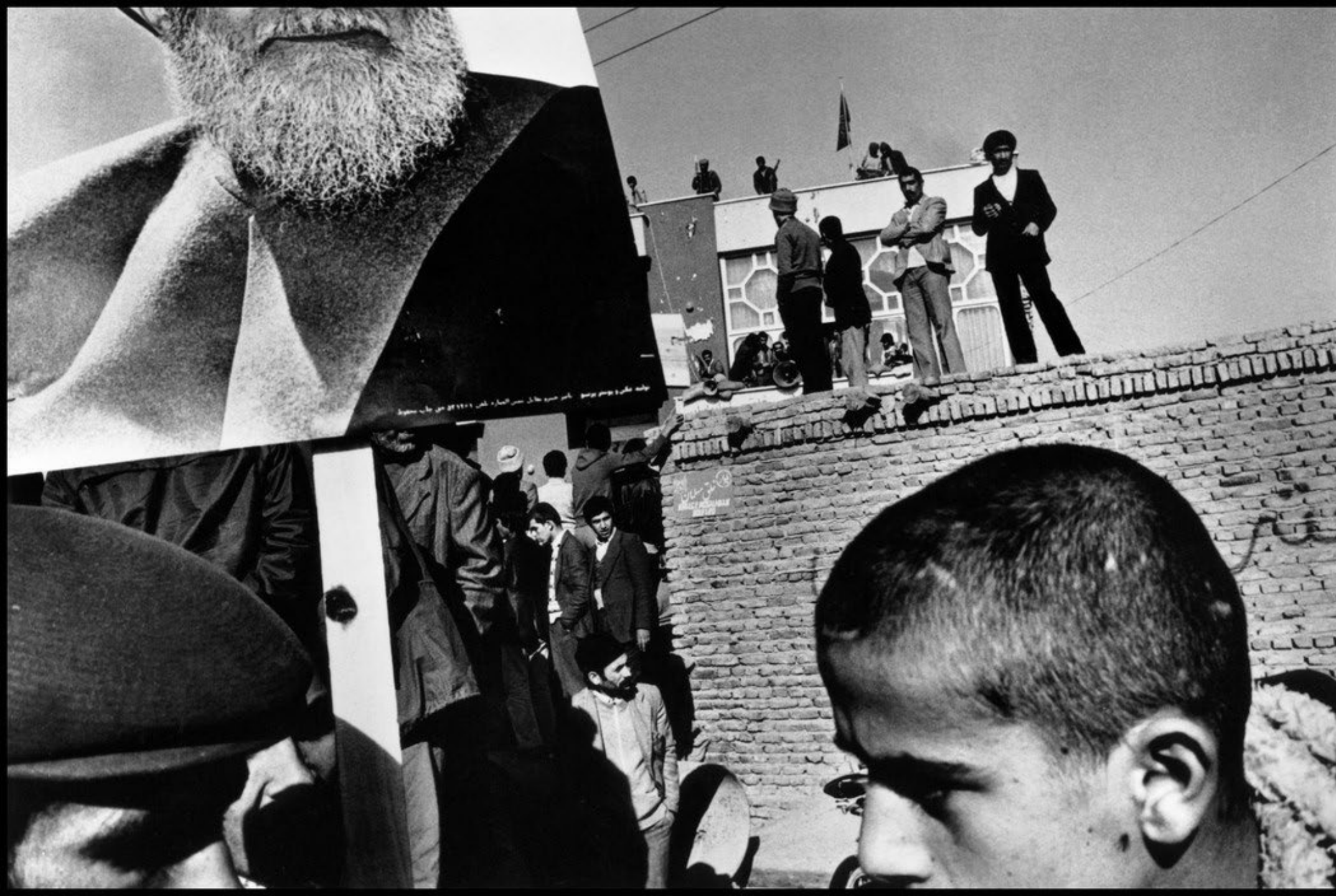


Photography is

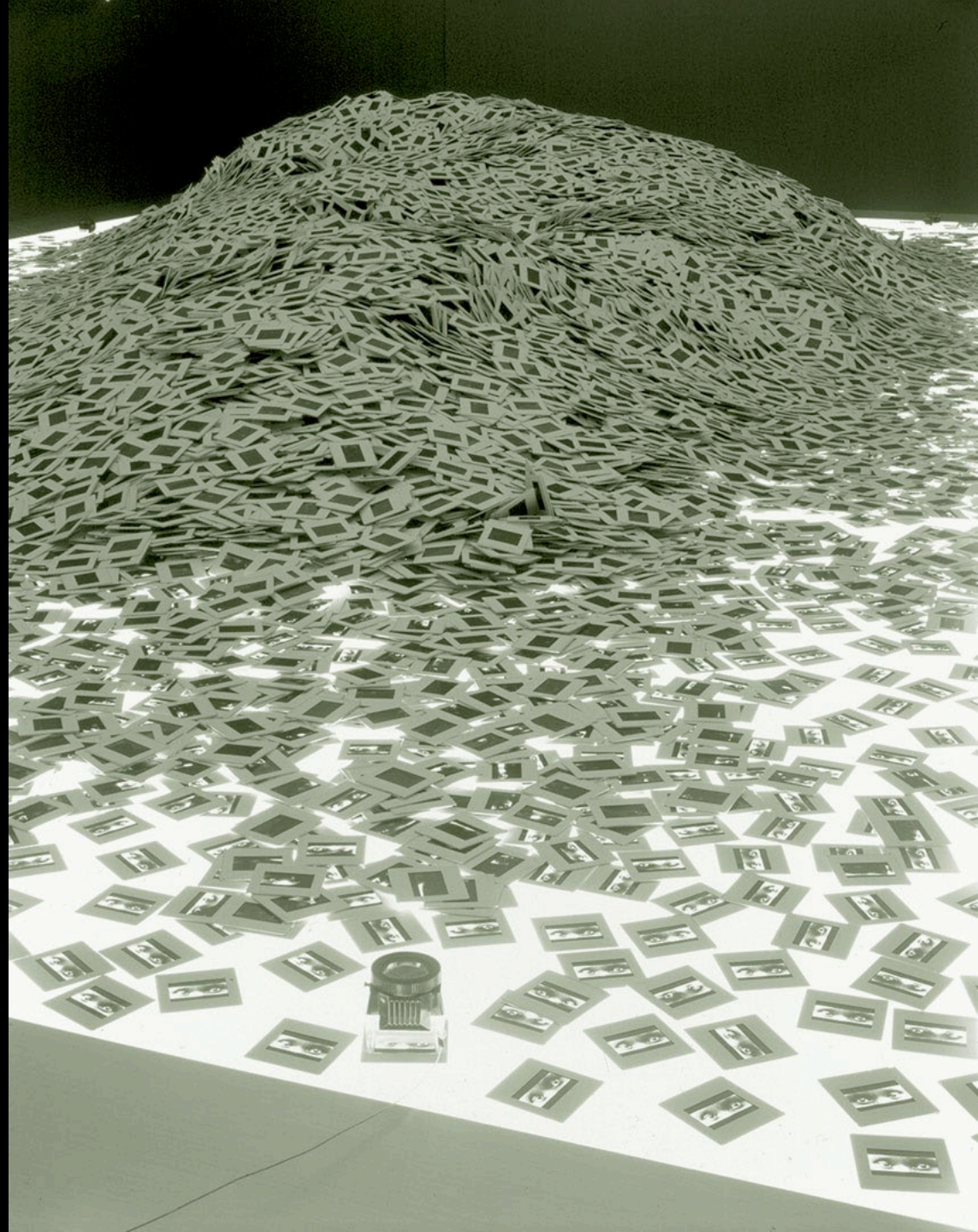
*alright, if you don't mind looking at  
the world from the point of view of a  
paralyzed Cyclops – for a split  
second...*

- David Hockney

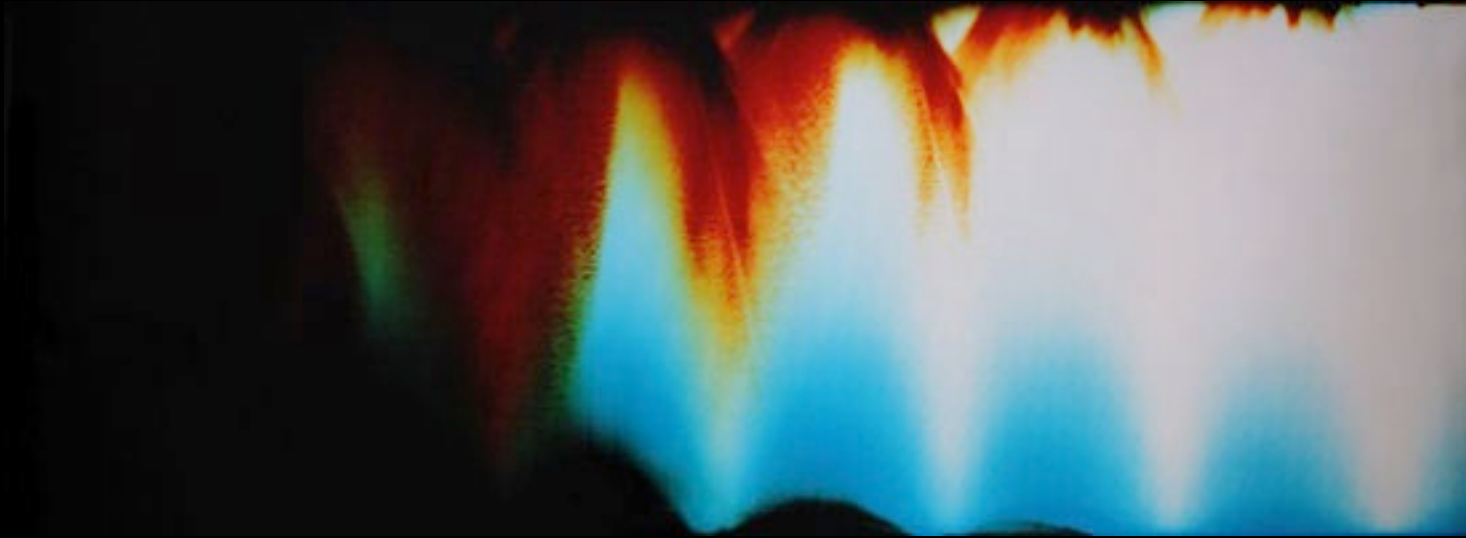
Gilles Peress  
1983







Alfredo Jaar, 1997

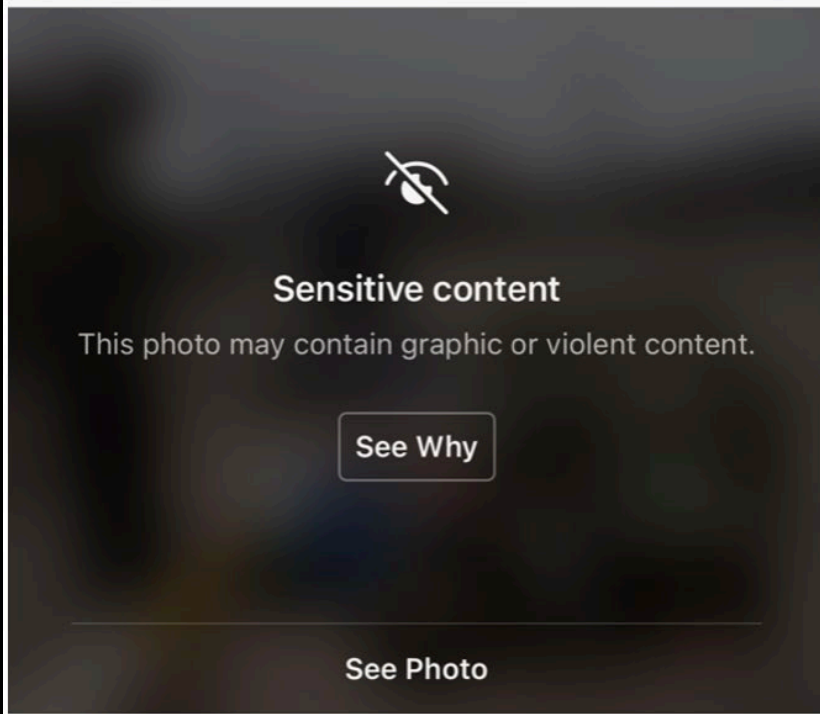


Broomberg & Chanarin  
2008





John Moore  
2007



Liked by [redacted] and 52,769 others

lynseyaddario WARNING: GRAPHIC IMAGES: This is the brutal toll of war: a mother and her two children killed as they tried to flee along a known civilian evacuation route from Irpin to Kyiv, March 6, 2022. Working alongside @andriy.dubchak for the @nytimes and a NYT security advisor, we witnessed the Russian military bracket their mortars directly onto the civilian pedestrian path, where men, women, children, the elderly, ill and handicapped streamed out of Irpin. I've witnessed many horrors in the past twenty years of covering war, but the intentional targeting of children and women is pure evil. #ukraine @donbas.frontliner

Lynsey Addario, 2022



# The New York Times Magazine

July 2, 2023

A Boy's Life on the Front Lines  
*By Lynsey Addario*



# The New York Times Magazine

July 2, 2023

A Boy's Life on the Front Lines  
*By Lynsey Addario*



Julia Margaret Cameron, 1864





Julia Margaret Cameron

*Everyone knows that we need two eyes in order to see anything in relief and make a choice. Anyone who aims a gun knows this.*

- Paul Virilio





81-20-11



Donna Ferrato, 1991









*the disembodied gaze...that is a-temporal  
and does not even know that it has a body  
let alone a body involved in looking*

- Mieke Bal





*the disembodied gaze...that is a-temporal  
and does not even know that it has a body  
let alone a body involved in looking*

- Mieke Bal



“One of the most important psychiatric works to be published since Freud.” —*NEW YORK TIMES*

# TRAUMA AND RECOVERY

The Aftermath of Violence—  
From Domestic Abuse to Political Terror



JUDITH L. HERMAN, MD

With a new epilogue by the author

Traumatic memory is like

‘a series of still snapshots’ ... it can be difficult ‘to see more than a few fragments of the picture at one time, to retain all the pieces, and to fit them together.’

- Judith Lewis Herman



‘Because domestic violence photography is done indoors the light sources used have relatively low intensities compared to sunlight. Therefore the choice of film and the settings for the aperture and shutter speed need to be adjusted to allow enough light to reach the film while still being able to hold the camera. It is possible to "blur" a picture when holding a camera if the film and the shutter speed are too slow...It is important that the camera has a built-in light-meter, as photographing without one will be *nearly impossible*.’

- Lieutenant James O. Pex, Oregon State Police

CHAPTER FIVE

Has Anyone Ever Seen  
a Photograph of a Rape?

During the years that I have worked on this book, I looked at thousands of images of horror of different kinds from all over the world: famine, disease, epidemics, terror attacks, houses torn down, butchered bodies, bombings, torture, mass death, and poverty.<sup>1</sup> Time went by, and numerous images were registered in my memory, until I noticed that one image was absent from the various sites — newspapers, photo albums, television programs — in which images of horror are shown: the image of rape.<sup>2</sup>

This surprised me, because it stood in stark contradiction to the activist discursive and legislative effort to turn rape into an object of discourse.<sup>3</sup> As we will see, from the 1970s on, an entire discourse had been constructed around rape that turned it into an object that is present in various fields of knowledge and action.<sup>4</sup> The passing of laws,<sup>5</sup> rape victims' becoming frequent talk-show guests,<sup>6</sup> rape's becoming an object of research in diverse fields of knowledge,<sup>7</sup> the establishment of support groups and the publication of pamphlets to raise awareness of its existence, the establishment of rape-victim treatment centers, the collection of data on rape, and the publication of ads in the newspapers — these are just some of the practices that



MICHAEL HEYMAN 2001-2005

**I WAS THERE**

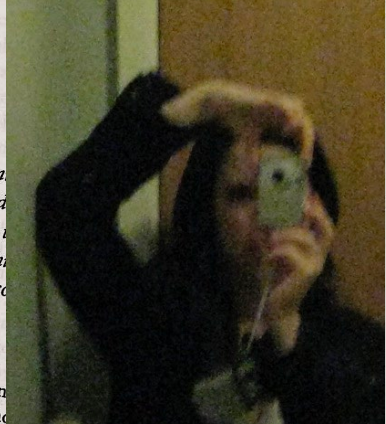






## PREFACE: I WAS THERE

Photographs that everyone recognizes as defining moments in society chooses to think about, or at least to discuss. It calls these ideas 'memories', and in a way, it is. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a memory. The same family of spurious notions as common sense and instruction.



My first encounter with the news of a plane crashing into the Trade Center towers came not via broadcast media but by phone. I had just landed back in London after the university summer break and received the call from my boyfriend as I waited at baggage claim. A passenger jet had crashed into one of the twin towers, and people were jumping. Throughout my long bus journey back to campus, he checked in with updates as the story unfolded, and I tried to put together mental images of the improbable scenes he was describing as he sat in front of his television screen. A second plane ... fire, dust and smoke ... collapse. Hundreds dead. Thousands. I eventually arrived at my empty house, turned on the TV and sat transfixed until long after midnight with my coat on and my unopened suitcase by my side. I watched the planes hit and the towers fall again and again.

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Michal Heiman, 2005



MICHAL HEIMAN 2001-2005

I WAS THERE



Does a refusal of mastery mean a rejection of photography?

Or of writing?

Is the only way through this to write from the “I”?

Or make photographs that bring the “eye” into the picture?

We are being robbed of the illusion that we can predict what will happen in the space of a second, a minute, an hour or a day...Across the world, people are desperate to feel they have turned a corner, that an end is in sight, only to be faced with a future that seems to be retreating like a *vanishing horizon, a shadow, a blur*. Nobody knows, with any degree of confidence, what will happen next. Anyone claiming otherwise is a fraud.

– Jacqueline Rose

# THE PLAGUE

JACQUELINE ROSE



Fitzcarraldo Editions