Documenting children living with HIV and AIDS became Smiley Pool's passion, and now his book Through the White Door.
Pulled up by the arm, no problem
By Scott Strazzante
San Francisco Chronicle

During my 30-plus-year career, I have learned to roll with the punches. To some point, we all pre-visualize the images that we hope to make on an assignment, but it is always a good idea to be able to quickly adapt to a changing environment.

After the San Francisco 49ers’ NFC Divisional Round playoff game at Levi’s Stadium, my environment changed from standing to flat on my back.

While holding a camera with a 400 mm lens in my left hand, I made postgame jubilation images with a camera and a 24-70 zoom in my right hand. An accidental collision with AP photographer Marcio Jose Sanchez sent me flying to the turf.

As I hit the ground, I looked up and saw future Hall of Famer Richard Sherman approaching with his hand out. Instinct took over, and I fired off a volley of frames.

With no hand to offer back, Sherman pulled me up by my arm, and I sheepishly continued to document the postgame scene.

The image of Sherman from below was, by far, my favorite from the game and reinforced my constant goal to make images different from the pack.

By the time you are reading this, I will have already run around willy-nilly on the field after Super Bowl LIV in Miami, so, hopefully, I will have navigated through that scrum on two feet.

**Join the NPPA**

JOIN @NPPA

Student, professional and retiree memberships are available in addition to numerous benefits.

For more information: nppa.org/join

DONATE

The NPPA is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization and is also the place to make a tax-deductible donation to the work of the NPPA.

For more information: nppf.org/donations

**ADVOCACY**

The NPPA is an active advocate for the legal rights of visual journalists. Our work focuses on First Amendment access, drone regulations, copyright, credentialing requirements, cameras in court, “tagging” laws, unlawful assault on visual journalists and cases that affect the ability to record events and issues of public interest. Our work also benefits the public at large.

For more information: nppa.org/advocacy

**JOIN, TRUTH NEEDS AN ALLY**

Your involvement can help make NPPA even more successful

I’m honored to be writing as your newly elected president. I’ve been working with this organization from the ground-up of the regional level, and something has always driven me along the way. It’s you. The members of this organization.

The NPPA is the only place where the voices of photojournalists come together. Everyone beyond our dedicated staff is a volunteer who feels the same call. We all yearn to be better.

Every leader of a workshop, every paired mentor and every speaker who contributes a day for a Driving Short Course is making all of us stronger by strengthening each individual.

I cannot help to personally thank each of you who volunteer, just know that if I come across you I will try. I also understand there’s a real risk of burnout by wearing too many hats. If you hesitate to prepare a peak for your role or reach out for help. Volunteer work is not a burden to bear.

I ask that every member follow the example of the best of our peers. Look for voices we need to elevate. Help them find their footing when they slip. Share praise when you feel a vacuum.

Our individuals also bring to us a powerful voice through our advocacy team. Because of you, our general counsel is able to fight for independent photojournalists’ rights in California (AB5) and interject our voices of photojournalists come together. And please vote in an election year. It’s worth remembering that these are the voices who decide our future and build our base. We need to rally around them.

When I was working as the Southeast regional chair, even gathering six photojournalists in a room for a spontaneous workshop, I was able to reach out for help. Volunteer work is not a burden to bear. I also understand there’s a real risk of burnout by wearing too many hats. If you hesitate to prepare a peak for your role or reach out for help. Volunteer work is not a burden to bear.

I ask that every member follow the example of the best of our peers. Look for voices we need to elevate. Help them find their footing when they slip. Share praise when you feel a vacuum.

I’ll end with a story about how you can get involved. You can reach me at president@nppa.org.

I want to thank outgoing Vice President Carolyn Hall and past President Michael P. King for the work they accomplished to get us to where we are today. They helped build a stabilized base with members of the Executive Committee and board for us to grow.

But we have more work to do in the year ahead, and I am looking forward to being there with you. I want to hear from you. What are we doing right? What could be better? You can reach me at president@nppa.org.

Next year we are celebrating the 75th year of this organization. If you have memorabilia from the past, photographs from NPPA events, anecdotes or other thoughts to share, reach out to history@nppa.org as we prepare.

I am excited to be here, and I can’t wait to hear from you.
Andrew Stanfill is the newest NPPA president. He’s based in Gainesville, Fla., where he paddles his kayak in Florida’s beautiful rivers and springs when he’s not editing pictures from around the world to send clients of The New York Times Licensing Group. We ask Andrew 5 questions so you can get to know him better:

1. What’s your photography background? The first interaction I know of with a camera is throwing my mother’s in the pool when I was three. My relationship with them improved shortly afterward. I had a camera in hand much of my youth, though it was only in high school that I started moving in the direction of journalism, working on both the morning show and newspaper. I was always editing as well as producing work, and that has stuck with me into my career. Today, I am making edits for the wire service as well as for publications we produce for the Times. I still enjoy getting out in the field for independent work.

2. When did you become an NPPA member and why? I joined while a student at the University of Florida, mostly out of a sense of duty. I have to say I lapsed after not seeing a benefit beyond the magazine. I picked back up as a professional, and as the organization was changing for the better. The community I’ve been involved with has kept me recharged and wanting to bring that feeling to others. I have not stepped away since.

3. What are you passionate about—besides photography? Finding a way to get into the wilderness always brings a glow to my day. I need to get back on the mountain bike, but I still get out on trails and rivers when I can with my girlfriend and our dogs. Our border collie loves a good kayak trip. I have gotten into tea, so at the last NPPA board meeting, I brought my electric kettle to make sure I could brew the good stuff during the meeting. I’m always looking for a project to use my hands. I picked this up from my grandfather, and I have remodeled much of our house myself, a piece at a time.

4. What’s one fun fact about yourself that we might not know? I have been to Europe five times, and only to one city—Berlin. I work with a University of Florida photojournalism trip, and have never had time to take off and explore outside of it. I love Berlin, though, and could spend much more time there. A bonus fact is that my five minutes of fame in photojournalism came with taking the “Don’t Tase Me, Bro” photos. It’s hard to recognize a viral moment when it happens, and I remember taking my time to file. This was in 2007, before the Twitter frenzy began.

5. What are you reading and/or listening to now? I’m reading articles daily from The Guardian, The New York Times, and Washington Post, along with works of interest I come across on Twitter. I just wrapped the “1619” podcast series. It was excellent. I also always pitch BBC Radio 4’s “From Our Own Correspondent” podcast, of first-person dispatches from around the world. Please follow Andrew on Instagram @andrew_stanfill and Twitter @madshrew.
Coronavirus aid

By Ding Ting
Xinhua via ZUMA Wire

Wu Lingling, a nurse from the Central Hospital of Shanghai Fengxian District, says goodbye to her husband, Zhao Kun, before leaving for Wuhan at Shanghai South Railway Station in east China’s Shanghai on Jan. 27. A team of 50 medical workers from 40 hospitals in Shanghai went to Wuhan to aid the coronavirus control efforts.
Life amid aftershocks
By Marie De Jesús
The Houston Chronicle

People close to me know that after 16 years of living away from the island of Puerto Rico, I still experience a deep connection to “la Perla del Caribe,” the Caribbean Pearl. The more the island struggles, the more the hurricanes hit and the more the land shakes, the more I admire the resilient spirit of my “compatriotas.”

In mid-January, I flew to the island to visit my ailing grandfather, Angel Rodríguez. It was the same time the southern part of the island was struggling the worst, with more than 500 earthquakes, with a magnitude of 2 or greater, happening since Dec. 28. I heard of countless families driving during the weekends to offer supplies and emotional support to their loved ones on the south side. I joined a family driving two hours from Arecibo to Guánica to offer support.

While there, I spotted this moment. Allison Toledo Ortiz, 10, left, a resident of Guánica, and her cousin Amanda Nazario Ortiz, 8, from Arecibo shared a tea party on top of an ironing board. Because of the constant aftershocks, all activities take place outdoors. Toledo’s family members are sleeping in tents, and before bedtime, they play board games, watch television outside using a long extension cord or play volleyball. They do what they think is best for the safety of their family. Not long before I left Guánica, a 4.4 aftershock happened. It was then that I could better understand the state of mind these families are in. They live in constant fear and rightfully so: The experience is terrifying. It will take a long time before they can feel safe and secure in their own homes.
On the edge
By Al Seib
Los Angeles Times

I was covering an early morning fire that was already extinguished in a commercial building on the west side of Los Angeles when firefighters ran from the building. One of them yelled to me: “There’s another fire a block away.” I jogged west on Wilshire Boulevard but couldn’t see any signs of a fire. I wondered if I was headed in the correct direction. But as firetrucks sped past, smoke started to pour out of the sixth-floor windows of a 25-story residential high-rise, and I noticed the young man beginning to climb out of the window to escape.

The first ladder truck could not reach the man as he shimmied along a 2-inch ledge clinging for life. A small crowd formed and yelled to the man not to jump. Fortunately, another ladder truck backed into a spot where a firefighter was able to reach the victim from the top of the extended ladder. Hundreds of firefighters battled the flames as some tenants fled to the rooftop, where helicopters airlifted them from danger. Others crawled on their bellies to escape smoke-filled hallways.

There was one fatality and 13 people were injured in the building, which lacked fire sprinklers because of an exemption at the time it was built. The fire has renewed calls for Los Angeles to require sprinklers in all high-rise residential buildings regardless of when they were built.
“Was there something, after having done the Watergate hearings and the Clinton impeachment, that you wanted to capture about the Trump impeachment?”

“Well, the one thing you never know is how the pictures are going to be seen in 10 years or 20 years. I mean, I have one picture of Ken Starr at the House hearing, and there, over his left shoulder, is Brett Kavanaugh. That flipped me out because you usually know who half the people are who are sitting behind the famous person who’s actually speaking into his microphone. These little overlaps of history are things that are really intriguing to me.”

Cheryl L. Johnson, the clerk of the House of Representatives, and Paul D. Irving, the House’s sergeant-at-arms, lead a procession with the two articles of impeachment against President Donald Trump through National Statuary Hall on the way to the Senate chamber on Jan. 15, 2020, in Washington, D.C. The cross in the foreground is from a California statue of Junipero Serra, the 18th-century priest who founded the first California missions.
The first woman to cover SOTU

By Leah Millis, Senior photographer
Reuters News Pictures, Washington, D.C.

For those who don’t live in the D.C. bubble: there is one floor position at the State of the Union that is for a news photographer. The photographs are pooled, which means they are distributed to all of the other agencies. There are a handful of other photographers on the floor, but they all work for the government. This year there was the president’s photographer (who is also a woman), House Speaker Nancy Pelosi’s photographer, the vice president’s photographer, the photographer for the Supreme Court and the House photographer.

The pool position was created 25 years ago. Several photo agencies rotate a turn to send a photographer and it was Reuters’ turn this year. I was the lucky staffer to be chosen. The experience was incredibly unique. When the president entered, I was feet away as he strolled down the center aisle, waving and shaking hands. I was trying to stay low because I was backpedaling in front of the pool video guy. I was also trying not to trip and fall. I anticipated his handshake with U.S. Supreme Court Chief Justice John Roberts, who was presiding over the president’s impeachment trial. I also anticipated being in place when he and Pelosi had their exchange, which has traditionally involved the president handing over his speech to the speaker and shaking hands. I understood the importance of any interactions due to underlying tensions related to his impeachment trial.

After that night, Tricia Munro, from the U.S. Senate Press Photographers Gallery, looked into their records and discovered that I was the first woman to have that assignment. I was shocked.

I have mixed feelings about being the first woman. I felt that it should have been one of the women who have been in D.C. for the past few decades. I was on the floor because of those women. Such women as Susan Walsh, Melina Mara, Jacquelyn Martin, Carolyn Kaster and Mary Calvert have been here for much longer than myself and there have been many other trailblazers like them. Our industry is making strides, but we obviously still have work to do.

For aspiring photojournalists, I think it’s powerful to see someone who may look or identify as the same gender in a highly visible position, photographing the most powerful people in the world. I hope to do my part in carving out more space so that we can see women of color, trans and nonbinary people on that floor someday, too.
ADVANCED STORYTELLING WORKSHOP

READY FOR YOUR NEXT STORYTELLING ADVENTURE?

By the time your week with us is over, you’ll have new skills, new tools in your storytelling toolbox, and some new mentors. Sound cool? It is, and here’s how we do it:

LEARN FROM AWARD-WINNING JOURNALISTS WHO CAN FIND A STORY ANYWHERE

WEEK-LONG ATTENDEES CRAFT WORK UNDER REAL-WORLD DEADLINES

FEEDBACK ISN’T SCARY—AND YOU’LL GET LOTS OF IT

LOW STUDENT-TO-FACULTY RATIO

DAY PASSES AVAILABLE FOR THOSE WHO CAN’T MAKE THE WHOLE WEEK

Register now, and get ready to take the deep dive into better stories with us

nppa.org/training/advanced-storytelling-workshop

MARCH 29-APRIL 3, 2020
TEXAS STATE UNIVERSITY
SAN MARCOS, TX

And it’s March—April 2020 News Photographer

NPPA board elects leaders, approves several resolutions

At its 2020 annual board meeting, the NPPA board of directors elected a new president and vice president and adopted several resolutions. The meeting was Feb. 7-9 at the Grady College of Journalism and Mass Communication in Athens, Georgia, where the association is headquartered.

One resolution, introduced by current Treasurer Kyle Grantham, changes the eligibility criteria and methods for electing future treasurers of NPPA. The position may now be held by a nonmember with financial management experience, and candidates will be vetted by the executive committee before the board’s vote.

“Ensuring a financial professional is handling this role will really help the organization in the future,” he said. “There will be far less on-the-job learning, financial filings and reviews will happen faster, and the organization can look to diversify its revenue sources because we’ll have someone in place who has a greater understanding of how these things work.”

Other resolutions passed included an update to NPPA’s business expense policies and another to shorten the time between the close of nominations and the beginning of elections for regional chairs and board members. Another resolution by outgoing Vice President Carolyn Hall launched an effort to craft a robust communications plan for the organization.

The board agreed to set into motion a review of NPPA’s annual awards. The Honor and Awards Committee will seek opportunities to celebrate the careers and professional examples of women and people of color by adding their names to several of these legacy honors.

Also at the meeting, the board reviewed and renewed the 2009 Membership Recruitment and Retention Plan. Lawyers Mickey Osterreicher and Alicia Wagner Calzada reported on a year of extensive advocacy work, and Best of Photojournalism Chair William Snyder updated the board on the state of the contest. The board also passed the budget for the 2020 fiscal year.

Bridget Petkos, a recent graduate of the Rochester Institute of Technology, was sworn in as NPPA’s student representative. Newly elected board members Marcia Allert and Brett Akagi were also sworn in.

At the end of the meeting, Andrew Stanfill was elected president, and Katie Schoodow was elected vice president. They both will serve one-year terms and are eligible for re-election. Marie B. De Jesus was reelected to the office of national secretary, with a two-year term.

“This board’s motivation to serve the membership was clear in their efforts over the weekend,” Stanfill said. “I’m honored to be elected to lead them. I look forward to a year of building on the initiatives that were put forward. We’re going to miss the leadership of Carolyn Hall and Melissa Lyttle on the executive committee. They pushed us forward in so many ways.”

“I’m honored to step into a bigger leadership role where I hope to make NPPA a more inclusive place for all members,” Schoodow said. “Having served on the board of directors for six years, I can say with confidence that the time is now: Our association is better positioned than I’ve ever seen it for shaping the future for visual journalists of all kinds. I can’t wait to be your voice, so please reach out and tell us what you want to see from NPPA.”

Andy Colwell will serve the remainder of Stanfill’s term as the regional chairs representative, and Zak Bennett will serve the remainder of Stanfill’s term as the Southeast region chair. With Schoodow’s board seat vacated, Josh Davis, who was the first runner-up for the video seat in the last board election, will assume her seat for the remainder of Stanfill’s term.

“Serving as NPPA’s president has been the greatest professional honor of my life, and I feel I’m leaving things in excellent hands,” immediate past President Eric Seals said. “Having served on the board of directors for six years, I can say with confidence that the time is now: Our association is better positioned than I’ve ever seen it for shaping the future for visual journalists. I’m a better person for being surrounded by a board that helped me and pushed me and illuminated my blind spots,” King said.
NPPA offers help preparing for 2020 election coverage

As with each presidential election of the past decade, NPPA is working with other media advocates to ensure a variety of resources is available for photographers covering elections this year. Journalists covering the 2020 primaries, political conventions and the general election will have special access to safety training, pro bono legal services and a range of resources through the NPPA and the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press (RCFP). The Radio Television Digital News Association (RTDNA), the Committee to Protect Journalists (CPJ), PEN America and the James W. Foley Legacy Foundation will collaborate on these training sessions. The NPPA/RCFP program is being presented with the generous support of the Society of Professional Journalists Foundation.

The groups will provide training for journalists and law enforcement officials to foster a better understanding of news-gathering rights and legal responsibilities. Such training previously took place in advance of the political conventions in 2008, 2012 and 2016.

The first of the 2020 training sessions will take place for students in March at Kent State University and then in Milwaukee, Wisconsin for the Democratic National Convention (DNC) to be held there later this year. The aim of such training during a primary and situational awareness session at Kent State will be presented in March by Christopher Post, an award-winning staff photographer for the Milwaukee Journal Sentinel.

NPPA attorneys at lawyer@nppa.org or Alicia Calzada, lawyer@rcfp.org. The hotline is by completing an online form at hotline@rcfp.org. The fastest way to reach an attorney through RCFP's newly updated Election Legal Guide — available in English and Spanish — that includes information about exit polling, gathering in or near polling places, ballot solicitors and more. (The guide also included new state-specific information for the primary and caucus states: Iowa, New Hampshire, Nevada and South Carolina, which have already held their contests.)

As visual journalists, we know intimately what it’s like to be behind a camera in the pursuit of news. We know what settings to use to achieve effects, what angles and framing choices will result in the most powerful visuals, the media law surrounding our ability to document life in public, and our roles and functions as watchdogs.

“I’d wager we know less, however, about the experience on the other side of the lens. What do journalists have to say about journalism’s role and function, whether it’s legal to record in public, or even less lofty concerns like which outfits we’re with and how the visuals will be used? In this age of proliferating cameras, people have become more used to being documented but also more savvy about their representation and how they want to be depicted. There’s a potential tension here that is relevant considering the public’s sinking trust in journalism and a definite benefit in better understanding how visual journalism is made, by whom, in which circumstances and with what results. My latest book, “To See and Be Seen: The Environments, Interactions, and Identities Behind News Images,” examines these issues by observing visual journalists in the field as they do their work and by talking with the people whom journalists photograph. Later in this series, I’ll discuss how to understand their experiences and how they react to the visuals made of them.

People expect, for example, journalists to be unobtrusive, respectful, accurate and engaged in a dialogue with those they document. For a smaller subset, they also expected to be asked for permission while being documented in public. In contrast, only one person had the expectation that journalists would create visually interesting media. For us as masters of a craft and for our employers who rely on our visuals to get clicks and boost engagement, aesthetics may very well matter. But for subjects, our behavior while documenting the news matters more.

Finally, Lucy Westcott from the Emergency and Safety Hotline will be staffed by Reporters Committee in Washington, D.C., as well as local attorneys who have generously agreed to provide assistance during the conventions in Milwaukee (Brian C. Spahn and Andrew A. Friedman at Spahn & Kahn) and in Charlotte (Jonathan E. Buchan at Essex Richards).

Additionally, the NPPA and RCFP along with local media lawyers will host training for newsrooms and journalists in advance of the conventions.

As with each presidential election of the past decade, NPPA is working with other media advocates to ensure a variety of resources is available for photographers covering elections this year. Journalists covering the 2020 primaries, political conventions and the general election will have special access to safety training, pro bono legal services and a range of resources through the NPPA and the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press (RCFP). The Radio Television Digital News Association (RTDNA), the Committee to Protect Journalists (CPJ), PEN America and the James W. Foley Legacy Foundation will collaborate on these training sessions. The NPPA/RCFP program is being presented with the generous support of the Society of Professional Journalists Foundation.

The groups will provide training for journalists and law enforcement officials to foster a better understanding of news-gathering rights and legal responsibilities. Such training previously took place in advance of the political conventions in 2008, 2012 and 2016.

The first of the 2020 training sessions will take place for students in March at Kent State University and then in Milwaukee, Wisconsin for the Democratic National Convention (DNC) to be held there later this year. The aim of such training during a primary and situational awareness session at Kent State will be presented in March by Christopher Post, an award-winning staff photographer for the Milwaukee Journal Sentinel.

NPPA attorneys at lawyer@nppa.org or Alicia Calzada, lawyer@rcfp.org. The hotline is by completing an online form at hotline@rcfp.org. The fastest way to reach an attorney through RCFP's newly updated Election Legal Guide — available in English and Spanish — that includes information about exit polling, gathering in or near polling places, ballot solicitors and more. (The guide also included new state-specific information for the primary and caucus states: Iowa, New Hampshire, Nevada and South Carolina, which have already held their contests.)

As visual journalists, we know intimately what it’s like to be behind a camera in the pursuit of news. We know what settings to use to achieve effects, what angles and framing choices will result in the most powerful visuals, the media law surrounding our ability to document life in public, and our roles and functions as watchdogs.

“I’d wager we know less, however, about the experience on the other side of the lens. What do journalists have to say about journalism’s role and function, whether it’s legal to record in public, or even less lofty concerns like which outfits we’re with and how the visuals will be used? In this age of proliferating cameras, people have become more used to being documented but also more savvy about their representation and how they want to be depicted. There’s a potential tension here that is relevant considering the public’s sinking trust in journalism and a definite benefit in better understanding how visual journalism is made, by whom, in which circumstances and with what results. My latest book, “To See and Be Seen: The Environments, Interactions, and Identities Behind News Images,” examines these issues by observing visual journalists in the field as they do their work and by talking with the people whom journalists photograph. Later in this series, I’ll discuss how to understand their experiences and how they react to the visuals made of them.

People expect, for example, journalists to be unobtrusive, respectful, accurate and engaged in a dialogue with those they document. For a smaller subset, they also expected to be asked for permission while being documented in public. In contrast, only one person had the expectation that journalists would create visually interesting media. For us as masters of a craft and for our employers who rely on our visuals to get clicks and boost engagement, aesthetics may very well matter. But for subjects, our behavior while documenting the news matters more.

Another surprising finding was that only about half of the interactions I observed included some meaningful dialogue between camera-wielding journalists and their featured subject. The other half included no interaction at all or very minimal interaction, such as asking only for a name and nothing more. This has the risk of producing stereotypical, shallow coverage in which we rely on existing tropes to tell someone’s story rather than finding the nuance and subtlety that differentiate it from others and unmarks why
Eyes on Research
Continued from page 21

to the group and that its members would have preferred a more veteran member to be spotlighted.

I offer in the book a number of recommendations for journalists, journalism educators and members of the public. I also balance these expectations with the understanding that journalists need to operate in an environment where they are supported by news organizations with adequate time and resources to provide the kind of coverage that not only is visually stunning but also nuanced and comprehensive. When we incentivize only the end product and not the interactions — ideally interactive, trustworthy and respectful — that shape the end product, we produce shallow content that can, at least in part, account for the public’s sinking trust in journalism.

T.J. Thomson is a lecturer in digital journalism and chief investigator, Digital Media Research Centre, School of Communication Queensland University of Technology.


Editor’s note: News Photographer readers can access a 30% discount off all editions of “To See and Be Seen” by using code RJL119W1 at this link.

Thomson’s research focuses on how visual journalism is produced: by whom, in what environments, through which processes and with what results. He also examines visual self-representation on social media and everyday image-making. He sits on the editorial board of the journal Visual Communication Quarterly and has, since 2017, also served as one of its three editors. He is the 2019 Anne Dunn Scholar of the Year (jointly bestowed by the Journalism Education and Research Association of Australia and the Australia and New Zealand Communication Association) and is on the advisory board of the Society for Phenomenology and Media. Thomson has worked as a photo editor for an international wire service, produced visuals for the Associated Press, The Washington Post, Omaha (Nebraska) World-Herald and the Huffington Post. Contact him at tj.thomson@qut.edu.au.

New baby tests ability to juggle career goals, motherhood

In November I gave birth to my second child, a healthy, beautiful baby boy we named Sylvan. As I looked into my newborn’s eyes, I felt heaven and earth move as a new love bloomed. And shortly after, the reality hit me: Everything else in my life must move now too. Due to industry changes, I left my staff job at The Sacramento Bee in August and began working part-time as a photography instructor at Sacramento City College and part-time as an independent visual journalist. I got paid 50% of my instructor’s salary for the time when I was physically disabled by pregnancy and birth. For my independent work, there is no such safety net, so I found myself working again at 10 days postpartum.

For women, the struggle to strike a career/life balance is defined mainly by one emotion: guilt. Clients are waiting for their video to be delivered. The baby is screaming at the slightest infraction. My 6-year-old is breaking down due to the big changes. Never mind anything else. I must constantly choose among competing responsibilities, and they are all urgent.

Guilt arises.

A conversation I had with an Associated Press photojournalist and mother, Jaqueline Martin, bubbles to the surface of my consciousness. To paraphrase, she said: No one is asking the men how they balance their career and family. She’s said: No one is asking the men how they balance their career and family. She’s said: No one is asking the men how they balance their career and family. She’s said: No one is asking the men how they balance their career and family.

Jaqueline Martin, bubbles to the surface — thanks, Jaqueline — and, secondly, maybe I should drop the guilt column — thanks, Jaqueline — and, secondly, maybe I should drop the guilt because it serves no productive purpose.

First, that’s a great idea for another column — thanks, Jaqueline — and, secondly, maybe I should drop the guilt because it serves no productive purpose.

I practice a parenting style called “attachment parenting.” In this style, a secure relationship between mother and baby is developed by practices such as breastfeeding on demand, cosleeping and babywearing. The belief behind it is that babies who experience a secure relationship with their primary caregiver grow up to be more calm and well-balanced children and adults. This has certainly been the case with my daughter, but at what expense to me? It took me three years before I began producing work that I really felt good about again. It happened eventually, but I don’t want to take a three-year break this time, so I’ve got to do it differently.

Is it possible to practice attachment parenting and succeed in accomplishing my career goals? This is my current challenge.

I took steps early to prepare my son for the fact that I will be working. At seven days postpartum, I got dressed and left the house without my baby for two hours. And I continued to do this almost daily, alternating among work, self-care, exercise and errands. It was really hard at first to leave him, but I soon discovered that I enjoyed my time away and was able to care for him in a more present and energetic fashion when I returned.

Furthermore, my son is developing a closer relationship with his father without me there to micromanage them.

I also went against breastfeeding advice to not introduce the baby to a bottle if he ever got used to a bottle. But I could not afford to have my baby refuse to take a bottle in my absence, as my older child did. So I took the risk and gave him a bottle at just a few days old, which he readily accepted. Our breastfeeding relationship didn’t suffer at all. Despite these big wins, my baby still threw a giant curveball.

I began teaching at the college again when Sylvan was 8 weeks old. The evening class is twice a week for five hours per class. It sounds totally manageable, but not so. My son wants only me in the evening. I’ve taught five classes so far, and it hasn’t gotten any better. He refuses the bottle and just screams for hours, and I come home to a limp, hiccupping baby at the end of the evening, passed out from exhaustion.

The guilt returns, but maybe guilt is part of the job of a parent. It causes me to question and make adjustments accordingly. I tell myself that time changes everything with babies, and this too shall pass. I refuse to give up on either my children or my work because they are equally important.

Autumn Payne is an independent visual journalist based in Sacramento, Calif. She can be reached at autumnpayne.com. She would like to hear your stories about work/life balance.

Sylvan Payne, bright-eyed and giving his mom pangs of guilt.

Photo courtesy Autumn Payne

Autumn Payne | Career & Life Balance
NPPA honors outstanding visual journalists, educators, First Amendment fighters

By Melissa Lyttle

Washington, D.C. — The National Press Photographers Association has awarded its highest honor, the Joseph A. Sprague Memorial Award, to Maggie Steber and Karen Mullarkey for their commitment to the craft of visual journalism and to education that advances the profession. The Sprague Awards, along with NPPA’s other top honors, will be presented during the NPPA’s Northern Short Course in Fairfax, Virginia, on March 7.

Established in 1949, the Sprague Award recognizes individuals who advance and elevate photojournalism by their conduct, initiative, leadership and skill, or for unusual service or achievement beneficial to photojournalism and technological advances. It honors Joseph A. Sprague, a press technical representative for the Graflex Corp, who is credited with designing the Big Bertha, Magic Eye and Combat Camera as well as dozens of improvements and refinements to the original Graflex Speed Graphic 4x5 camera, which was once the photo industry standard.

Comprehensive descriptions of the awards along with the recipients’ backgrounds are posted on nppa.org/news/nppa-annual-awards-announcement.

President’s Award

NPPA President Michael P. King has given this award to his wife, Becky King. “I met my wife the very same month I was elected to NPPA’s board. I have never been president — or vice president or secretary or a board member — all alone. Becky has always been there, deriving all of the inconveniences and none of the satisfaction that I get from my volunteerism. She has sacrificed countless times for me to be able to do this: vacations interrupted so that I could handle urgent matters, family dinners cut short so that I could participate in monthly conference calls, and weekends alone with the kids so I could fly away for board meetings and conferences. This award is one way I can shut from a mountaintop I love her.”

Clifton Edom Award

Yunghi Kim is an independent photojournalist based in Brooklyn, New York. Her publication credits include: the Wall Street Journal, New York Times, Virginia Quarterly Review, New Yorker and Los Angeles Times. She was a finalist for the National Magazine Award for photojournalism in 2019. At her urging, Pollard taught her how to edit photos, and mentorship, are amazing qualities worthy of the Clifton Edom Award.

Jim Gordon Editor of the Year Award

J. Winton Lemen Award

Karen Mullarkey was looking for a job after graduating from college in 1964. “Back in those days, they asked, ‘How many words do you type, how fast is your dictation and do you make good coffee?’ I only had one of those skills, that’s that I make pretty good coffee.” She landed a job as the second secretary to Richard Pollard, the director of photography at Life magazine. At her urging, Pollard taught her how to edit photos, work with contact sheets and shadow the greats like Gordon Parks and Carl Mydans. She went on to become the DOP of Rolling Stone magazine, New York Magazine, Newsweek and Sports Illustrated.

“I’m one of those people who about every five years gets itchy; it’s all those things about staying curious and reinventing yourself,” Mullarkey said. She also prides herself on something that she and Rick Smolan used to say to each other while working on the “24 Hours in Cyberspace” and “One Digital Day” projects together: “We’ll take this on and build a parachute on the way down.” She went on to work on books, films, internet and digital startups before taking on her newest role as a photojournalism coach and mentor to the students at the Newmark J-School at CUNY.

“People who do the work that I do are really doing the work of the future because that is everything that they’re about. That’s why we do this work. I’m thrilled that I have been able to do so many things, and I think it’s kept me in photography,” Steber once told Jimmy Colton in an interview for the NPPA. “I’m so glad I got to be a picture editor. I know it made me a better photographer and a better businesswoman. [But photographing] makes me feel alive, and I’ve been hugely privileged that people let me come into their lives, and I can see where they live and learn what they think and photograph it.”

For her amazing body of work that spans over 40 years, as well as for the constant inspiration, education and mentorship she provides, Steber exemplifies qualities found in Sprague Award winners.

Maggie Steber is a Guggenheim Grant Fellow and documentary photographer who has worked in 70 countries photographing stories concerning the human condition. She is affiliated with VII Photo Agency and a contributing photographer to National Geographic magazine. Her honors include Pulitzer Prize Finalist 2019, the Lucie Award for Photojournalism 2019, Leica Medal of Excellence, World Press Photo Foundation, Pictures of the Year, Medal of Honor for Distinguished Service to Journalism from the University of Missouri, the Alicia Patterson Grant, a Knight Foundation Grant and the Ernst Haas Grant.

Steber started as a photographer-reporter at the Galveston (Texas) Daily News after graduating from the University of Texas in 1972. A short while later, she went on to become a picture editor for The Associated Press and eventually director of photography at the Miami Herald, all the while continuing to be a contributing photographer to almost every major magazine. Steber has also continually been drawn back to Haiti hundreds of times over the past three decades, for assignments and personal projects, including her monograph “Dancing on Fire: Photographs From Haiti.”

“I’m so glad that I got to be a picture editor. I know it made me a better photographer and a better businesswoman. [But photographing] makes me feel alive, and I’ve been hugely privileged that people let me come into their lives, and I can see where they live and learn what they think and photograph it.”

For her amazing body of work that spans over 40 years, as well as for the constant inspiration, education and mentorship she provides, Steber exemplifies qualities found in Sprague Award winners.

J. Winton Lemen Award

Karen Mullarkey

Maggie Steber

Awards continued on page 26
Outstanding Student Chapter Award

For the second year in a row and the fifth time since the inception of the award, Ohio University Student NPPA Chapter has set the bar for what our student chapters should be doing, by way of bringing in a diverse selection of top-notch speakers, encouraging the attendance of workshops, creating shared online resources for their fellow students and constantly pushing one another to do more and be better. Congratulations on photo book nights, print swaps, contest wins, volunteering together and fostering an incredible college photo community. Their dedication to consistency and excellence further proves the strength of the School of Visual Communication at Ohio University.

Morrison Berman Citation

Jerry Lara, staff photographer at the San Antonio Express-News, was nominated for his excellent character, bravery and love of the craft, but what speaks volumes is the level of empathy he demonstrates both in his own work toward the people he photographs and among his fellow journalists.

Robin F. Garland Educator Award

Josh Meltzer, an assistant professor at the Rochester Institute of Technology, is believed by his students, as evident by dozens of nominations we received. They speak of his dedication to his students, the breadth of his insight and wisdom, amazing technical skills, deep-seated ethos and an unwavering commitment to community as demonstrated through his personal work as well as the work he did locally to bring RIT students and the Special Olympics together. We want to recognize Meltzer for shaping a new generation of visual communicators and photojournalists with lessons that are as much about life as they are about photojournalism.

The John Long Ethics Award

Kainaz Amaria, an outstanding photojournalist turned editor, first on NPR’s Visual Team before becoming the visuals editor at Vox, is an individual who has upheld, shaped and promoted ethical behavior in all forms of visual journalism. Amaria’s career as a photographer speaks for itself, having held her own work to the highest ethical standards. And now she pays it forward by being a leading voice in the industry and framing the conversations of visual journalism through the lens of representation, always advocating for people to do more and do better, and calling out those who don’t.

NPPA Special Citations

Susan Greene and Ari Adelman for their unwavering commitment to constitutional rights. Greene, left, is being honored for her commitment to journalism and the First Amendment by having the courage to fight for change at the Denver Police Department. Her actions will no doubt protect fellow journalists in the future and help set standards for law enforcement when dealing with the media. And we want to recognize Adelman, above, for his successful fight for his constitutional rights as well. His actions will hopefully help educate and set the standards for local agencies when dealing with the media.

Congratulations to

Michael Robinson Chavez
Washington Post

2020 Northern Short Course PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE YEAR

Check the Website for Full Details & to See the Complete List of Winners

NorthernShortCourse.org
Success can look different per most situations. What was a big success for you in this position and why?

Part of the beauty of this newspaper is the chance to work at a slower pace; we’re an afternoon paper and are not often on evening deadlines. This allows photographers the chance to breathe and be fully present while working, to take our time at assignments to engage with community members and find other stories. Slowing down has allowed me to “listen with your heart,” as my editor Sarah Ann Jump says, and build trust and intimacy with the people I photograph. A big success in this position has been internalizing that way of interacting in the community and with people, which has made me a better journalist (and person). It’s this way of working that develops the ability to find stories anywhere, like in the small, quiet, Midwestern county.

Why do you love photojournalism?

I love photojournalism because of the power it has to share and validate humans’ experiences, no matter who the person. I also love how humbling it is to be a photojournalist. Every day we are given the chance to step out of our own experience and understand the lives of others.

At The Herald, our high school sports coverage focuses a lot on the community relationship to the teams as well as the games themselves. I love arriving at football games early while the fall light is nice and golden. This photo speaks to me because it gets at the way children are so involved in the town’s high school sports teams and identity in this county, and what they aspire to become.

Elijah Schepers, 8, of Ferdinand, Indiana, looks toward the stands while Adam Kaufman, 9, of Huntingburg, Indiana, holds a football as they line up to high-five the Southridge Raiders before the football game in Huntingburg on Sept. 27, 2019. Southridge defeated Tell City 41-13.

Contact Marlena Sloss: marlena.sloss@gmail.com

Photographer
Marlena Sloss
Publication
The Herald
(Dubois County, Indiana)
Social media
Instagram @marlenasloss
How long in the business?
I have been a full-time staff photographer since September 2019. Before then, I did about two years of internships at newspapers and two years of graduate school.
Size of photo staff?
Three (one photo editor, one staff photographer, one photo intern).
Educational background
Whitman College, BA in Psychology
School of Visual Communication, Ohio University, MA

This feature highlights visual journalists in small markets who are often doing it all on their own with little support and few eyes on their work. This will include staff, independent photographers and videographers.

SPOTLIGHT: SMALL-MARKET VISUAL JOURNALISTS

At The Herald, our high school sports coverage focuses a lot on the community relationship to the teams as well as the games themselves. I love arriving at football games early while the fall light is nice and golden. This photo speaks to me because it gets at the way children are so involved in the town’s high school sports teams and identity in this county, and what they aspire to become.

Elijah Schepers, 8, of Ferdinand, Indiana, looks toward the stands while Adam Kaufman, 9, of Huntingburg, Indiana, holds a football as they line up to high-five the Southridge Raiders before the football game in Huntingburg on Sept. 27, 2019. Southridge defeated Tell City 41-13.

Contact Marlena Sloss: marlena.sloss@gmail.com

Photographer
Marlena Sloss
Publication
The Herald
(Dubois County, Indiana)
Social media
Instagram @marlenasloss
How long in the business?
I have been a full-time staff photographer since September 2019. Before then, I did about two years of internships at newspapers and two years of graduate school.
Size of photo staff?
Three (one photo editor, one staff photographer, one photo intern).
Educational background
Whitman College, BA in Psychology
School of Visual Communication, Ohio University, MA

This feature highlights visual journalists in small markets who are often doing it all on their own with little support and few eyes on their work. This will include staff, independent photographers and videographers.

SPOTLIGHT: SMALL-MARKET VISUAL JOURNALISTS

At The Herald, our high school sports coverage focuses a lot on the community relationship to the teams as well as the games themselves. I love arriving at football games early while the fall light is nice and golden. This photo speaks to me because it gets at the way children are so involved in the town’s high school sports teams and identity in this county, and what they aspire to become.

Elijah Schepers, 8, of Ferdinand, Indiana, looks toward the stands while Adam Kaufman, 9, of Huntingburg, Indiana, holds a football as they line up to high-five the Southridge Raiders before the football game in Huntingburg on Sept. 27, 2019. Southridge defeated Tell City 41-13.

Contact Marlena Sloss: marlena.sloss@gmail.com
THOUGHTS ON COLLABORATION

Beginnings

“Before you begin any collaboration, you must ask: Am I up to this? Do I have the physical stamina, the core strength? This is often the hardest question to answer, given our capacity for self-deception.”

—Twyla Tharp, The Collaborative Habit

For me, most invitations to collaborate invariably sound more exciting than whatever is currently occupying my time. That’s because they’re new and filled with potential and generally lack a clear sense of how much work will be required. So before jumping in, it’s necessary to honestly assess both my level of commitment and my energy, especially if little or no money is involved. Passion projects inevitably take longer to complete than paid gigs. Plus, I tend to forget that even the smoothest collaborations are still, in essence, a job.

“Opportunity is missed by most people because it is dressed in overalls and looks like work.”

—Thomas Edison

Answer in the Affirmative

Don’t be so quick to say no to others’ ideas.

My friend and fellow editor Caitlyn Greene adds, “Fight confirmation bias. Instead, try to understand your collaborator’s reasoning. Otherwise, you’ll only agree with what you already believe.”

... ... ...

yes is a world & in this world of yes live (skilfully curled) all worlds —from “love is a place,” by e.e. cummings

Negotiations and Other Pleasures

Collaborations often work best when there’s a natural hierarchy, like on a film set. When one doesn’t exist, make sure responsibilities are clearly delineated and that communication is constant. Set a series of smaller goals, and then keep constant track of what’s been accomplished. Communicate with your partners more than you think necessary.

Never yell at people as a means of trying to motivate them. Yelling rarely achieves your goals and in most cases will only make them more difficult to realize. A corollary: You can challenge others and still be kind.

If you must give ultimatums, try not to do so at the beginning of a project. Most work changes so much that the first version rarely resembles the final.

“Water is fluid, soft, and yielding. But water will wear away rock, which is rigid and cannot yield. As a rule, whatever is fluid, soft, and yielding will overcome whatever is rigid and hard. This is another paradox: what is soft is strong.”

—Lao Tsu, Tao Te Ching

There’s a scene in the first Star Wars film (1977) in which R2-D2 beats Chewbacca at a holographic chess-style game. After Chewbacca grows in complaint, Han Solo warns that his copilot has been known to pull an arm out of someone’s socket when he loses. C-3PO responds, “I suggest a new strategy, R2. Let the Wookiee win.” Sometimes in a collaboration, you just have to let the Wookiee win.

Next time, though, don’t work with a Wookiee.

Another one from Twyla Tharp: Don’t finish the project with more power than when you started.

In other words, don’t become a tyrant. Make allies and reject win-lose thinking.

“It is amazing what you can accomplish if you do not care who gets the credit.”

—Harry Truman

Getting Things Done

Work with people who are smarter than you. Let them do their jobs.

The only way to make something great is for everyone involved to be fantastically concerned with craft and detail at every step of the way.

In the End

All successful collaborations require an open heart.
Technology, ingenuity help small markets’ stand-ups rival big players’ inspiration-seeking storytellers by watching Joe Little’s annual montage of stand-ups. Since 2008, the San Diego soloist has compiled his most creative stand-ups from the previous year into one giant reel. The original edition barely cleared four minutes; his 2019 collection neared nine. But that wasn’t the only change. This year, Little’s montage wasn’t the only one. A few days after Little posted his video to the TV News Storytellers group, reporter Kendria LaFleur did the same. She’s been in the business for five years, more than a decade less than Little. She works in Lafayette, Louisiana, a market 1,600 miles east and 92 sizes smaller than San Diego’s. And her collection of stand-ups lasted 81 seconds. But they all worked. She used sound effects. She put a camera in a trick-or-treat bag. She made herself disappear. Her techniques looked smooth, sophisticated, and — above all — not cheesy.

A few posts down in the Storytellers newsfeed came a story from Will Pitts. He’s a solo video journalist at KPNX in Phoenix. He posted a package that included a flashy, camera-in-a-mailbox stand-up and also slick effects work where he highlighted the words of a handwritten letter.

It was all so impressive. A few years ago, the standard “creative” stand-up or story too often seemed forced. The graphics looked amateurish, the effects cartoonish. Exceptions like Little could squeeze slickness out of limited equipment, but few of us had access to technology that would make creativity seem too much like, well, local news.

That has changed. Today many of us use After Effects and edit on software that offers a myriad of potent effects. Many news departments supply MMJs with multicamera shoots and green-screen backgrounds to sizzle my stand-ups when we introduce and tag our stories, making a stand-up superfluous without a compelling reason. But that doesn’t mean I’m averse. I have experimented with effects, but the work doesn’t suppress most MMJs’ desires to produce meaningful work — and to take advantage of advanced tools to do so.

I appreciate the defiance. Even nearly two decades into the widespread use of soloists in local news, so many traditional journalists still decry the concept. To be sure, the MMJ life has its issues — and it’s absolutely not for everyone — but it also creates advantages for those journalists (and their managers) who recognize them. Creative autonomy — used in stand-ups like these — is one such benefit.

Mostly, I appreciate the opportunity. When I graduated college in 2003 — in the earliest months on Facebook and before social media existed as we know it — I couldn’t go online and watch a bunch of local TV news stories. Few stations posted videos to their websites, and few forums existed to showcase people’s work. Today, LaFleur can post her montage and write in the comments about how she used Little’s work for inspiration, and someone soon will no doubt say the same of hers.

The current media environment possesses so many flaws and issues, all of them worth discussing and examining. But it also enables storytellers to do so much despite limited resources. As the new year and decade begin, I salute all of us who use those resources — and our platforms, energy and talents — to produce meaningful work. Cheers. Let’s keep moving forward.

Matt Pearl was awarded the J. Winton Lemen Award. This award is given in recognition of outstanding technical achievement supporting and advancing the best interests of the visual journalism community.

Joe Little, a force all his own. Pearl is a solo video journalist and chief of storytelling and development at WXIA-TV in Atlanta. His blog can be found at tellingthestoryblog.com.

As part of the annual NPPA honors, Matt Pearl was awarded the John Durniak Mentor Award. This award is given in recognition of outstanding technical achievement supporting and advancing the best interests of the visual journalism community.

Joe Little, along with Steve Northrup, were awarded the John Durniak Mentor Award for serving as outstanding photojournalism mentors. Little has taught and inspired students for years at the News Video Workshop.

Photo courtesy Joe Little
No, THE MEDIA not a cabal on a mission to destroy America

The following essay was posted on Facebook on Jan. 11, 2020, as neither an indictment nor endorsement of whatever you believe. It is simply a plea from a fellow American. It’s maybe preaching to our NPPA choir just a little bit, but perhaps it will help us all feel less alone in the field.

I’m a local TV news photojournalist. You’d call me a cameraman. I’ve been one for nearly 30 years. In that time, I’ve worked for five TV stations, all within the great state of North Carolina. I started at a CBS affiliate, then left there for its NBC competitor before taking an even better job at a station owned by Fox. There I spent 16 wonderful years. These days, the camera I carry is owned by an NBC affiliate. I tell you all this not to bore you with my résumé but to illustrate that, at the local level, we don’t let them affect our coverage. When you crank out as much as I do, you don’t have the time or energy to do anything but to make the TV as we do, you don’t have the time or energy to do anything but to make the TV as we do. You know the kind of stories that make up the first few minutes of your local newscasts. School bus rodeos, old store closings, dogs in funny hats. These are the assignments I cherish, for they afford me the chance to stretch creatively and spread a little sunshine in the process. My bosses love these stories, but it doesn’t stop them from sending me to arsons, hurricanes and political rallies. Such is life behind the lens.

When you constantly interview both sides of whatever controversy is consuming your viewers, it has a couple of effects on your psyche: 1) You develop a certain amount of empathy for whoever is in your viewfinder at the moment. After all, it’s hard to hate people up close. 2) You get to where you don’t fully trust either side, be it the local police repair activist or global politicians. If you’re not careful, that distance you work to keep between you and your subject can morph into apathy. In time, you wear your lack of concern like a protective shield. Sure, we news nerds have our opinions, but at the local level, we don’t let them affect our coverage. When you crank out as much TV as we do, you don’t have the time or energy to do anything but to make the next deadline.

TV news creeps at a crime scene. I realize that many folks reading this don’t believe me. We’re so polarized that whatever you believe, there is a media outlet that comforts your assumptions, and there is one that enrages you. I get it. What I don’t get, what I will never embrace, is the blanket condemnation of THE MEDIA. We are not a great monolith that holds secret meetings about how we are going to manipulate the public. If you think your local news team has a covert agenda, you’re giving us way too much credit. Most nights, it’s all we can do to keep the commercials from bumping into one another. But if I’m to believe what distant friends espouse online, THE MEDIA is a sinister cabal that exists only to destroy what they love about America. Well, I’m not. The TV camera that grows out of my shoulder has taken me to the brink of disaster and back. I’ve hunkered down as hurricanes turned stop signs into tambourines, looked away as new widows collapsed in sobs, got caught up in clouds of chaos and tasted tear gas. But none of that compares with what I’m seeing now. I’ve covered political rallies only to have sweet little old ladies shake their fists and scream obscenities. Confused rubes have threatened to wipe the floor with me over issues they lack the capacity to grasp. That comes with the job, I guess. But I can’t help but think of 12 years back when trust fund kids at a liberal college came undone simply because the microphone in my hand had a Fox logo on it.

Such is life behind the lens. In seven short months, the Republican National Convention will come to Charlotte, North Carolina. With it, true believers of every denomination will descend on the city I’ve come to love. Supporters, protesters, heretics and anarchists will show up, determined to make their message ring out above the fray. I’ll be in the middle of it all, face buried in a viewfinder, an easy target for whatever you believe. It is simply a plea from a fellow American. It’s maybe preaching to our NPPA choir just a little bit, but perhaps it will help us all feel less alone in the field.

I realized that many folks reading this don’t believe me. We’re so polarized that whatever you believe, there is a media outlet that comforts your assumptions, and there is one that enrages you. I get it. What I don’t get, what I will never embrace, is the blanket condemnation of THE MEDIA. We are not a great monolith that holds secret meetings about how we are going to manipulate the public. If you think your local news team has a covert agenda, you’re giving us way too much credit. Most nights, it’s all we can do to keep the commercials from bumping into one another. But if I’m to believe what distant friends espouse online, THE MEDIA is a sinister cabal that exists only to destroy what they love about America. Well, I’m not. The TV camera that grows out of my shoulder has taken me to the brink of disaster and back. I’ve hunkered down as hurricanes turned stop signs into tambourines, looked away as new widows collapsed in sobs, got caught up in clouds of chaos and tasted tear gas. But none of that compares with what I’m seeing now. I’ve covered political rallies only to have sweet little old ladies shake their fists and scream obscenities. Confused rubes have threatened to wipe the floor with me over issues they lack the capacity to grasp. That comes with the job, I guess. But I can’t help but think of 12 years back when trust fund kids at a liberal college came undone simply because the microphone in my hand had a Fox logo on it.

Such is life behind the lens. In seven short months, the Republican National Convention will come to Charlotte, North Carolina. With it, true believers of every denomination will descend on the city I’ve come to love. Supporters, protesters, heretics and anarchists will show up, determined to make their message ring out above the fray. I’ll be in the middle of it all, face buried in a viewfinder, an easy target for whatever you believe. It is simply a plea from a fellow American. It’s maybe preaching to our NPPA choir just a little bit, but perhaps it will help us all feel less alone in the field.

I realized that many folks reading this don’t believe me. We’re so polarized that whatever you believe, there is a media outlet that comforts your assumptions, and there is one that enrages you. I get it. What I don’t get, what I will never embrace, is the blanket condemnation of THE MEDIA. We are not a great monolith that holds secret meetings about how we are going to manipulate the public. If you think your local news team has a covert agenda, you’re giving us way too much credit. Most nights, it’s all we can do to keep the commercials from bumping into one another. But if I’m to believe what distant friends espouse online, THE MEDIA is a sinister cabal that exists only to destroy what they love about America. Well, I’m not. The TV camera that grows out of my shoulder has taken me to the brink of disaster and back. I’ve hunkered down as hurricanes turned stop signs into tambourines, looked away as new widows collapsed in sobs, got caught up in clouds of chaos and tasted tear gas. But none of that compares with what I’m seeing now. I’ve covered political rallies only to have sweet little old ladies shake their fists and scream obscenities. Confused rubes have threatened to wipe the floor with me over issues they lack the capacity to grasp. That comes with the job, I guess. But I can’t help but think of 12 years back when trust fund kids at a liberal college came undone simply because the microphone in my hand had a Fox logo on it.
A climb back leads to renewed sense of purpose

December 31, 2019: Braving cold temperatures, wind gusts of 20 mph and 2-to 3-foot-deep snowpack, climbers with the AdAmAn Club make their way up Barr Trail on Pikes Peak to the 14,115-foot summit in the Pike National Forest near Manitou Springs, Colorado. The group makes an annual ascent of Pikes Peak to put on the yearly New Year fireworks display from the summit of the mountain. This is the group’s 98th hike up to the peak.
Arriving at the emergency room on a late summer afternoon under beautiful, sunny Colorado skies, I wondered: How bad could this really be? I didn't fall that far. But the gasps from the emergency room X-ray techs and nurses told me otherwise. I had been rock climbing with a friend in a place called Rifle in late August 2009 when I fell at the beginning of a climb.

I had no idea how I fell; I just remember coming off the rock in a twisting manner, hitting a ledge with my ankle partway down, falling about 10 to 15 feet and then landing upside down at the end of the rope mere inches from the ground. As I fell, I hit a ledge with such force that I was sure bones splintered out of my ankle. As I came to rest on the rope, I looked at my ankle. Thankfully I didn't see what I had feared but, instead, a severely dislocated ankle, with the bottom of my heel pointing toward me. It was cringeworthy. Of course, I panicked. I quickly grabbed my ankle, pushing it back into position before my friend lowered me to the ground.

Turns out, resetting my ankle in the field saved it. I saw three different doctors, all of whom had similar responses and consensus: "Life as you know it is over." All because of the bone I broke. The talus. Yeah, I had never heard of it either. The dislocated ankle further complicated things. Due to the lack of blood flow, the bone could potentially die, causing a life of pain, misery and potentially the loss of the limb. In my mind, I was like: But I just twisted my ankle?!

A five-hour surgery, eight months on crutches, seven months of short-term disability and four months of intensive hyperbaric oxygen therapy treatments to save my ankle followed.

As photographers, our lives are all about moving, being active, running from assignment to assignment, being mobile. As a photographer at The Denver Post for over 20 years, I pride myself on being that go-to photographer. I enjoy those assignments that require racing into wildfires and flood zones before access is shut down; ascending ice falls or doing rock climbs to tell stories of people doing heroic things. I long to ski and be a photographer. Many of my colleagues share these traits. Don't we all want to take our readers to places they can't go on their own?

So here I was with a life-changing injury. It was daunting.

Life throws curveballs

Just when you think it's the worst thing to happen, something much worse comes along.

It was the big C. Cancer. Ovarian cancer, to be specific. "Wait, what?" I exclaimed to my doctor. "Me? Cancer?! Not possible." It seemingly came out of nowhere. It was June 2014. Almost exactly five years after my ankle injury. Now I was facing not the life-changing injury but now possibly a life-ending one.

I have been fit my entire life. I had been doing CrossFit for over two years. I had been climbing, going to yoga and running for years. I took any assignment that was physical because that is what I loved. Despite my ankle injury, and maybe because of it, I was in the best shape of my life. Cancer wasn't on my radar. It was something that "other" people got. Right?

Daunting treatments, invasive surgery, 18 weeks of chemotherapy, CT scan after CT scan, bloodwork and a host of issues followed. I lost my hair, my eyebrows, my eyelashes. With the diagnosis, I lost my sense of self, my confidence and trust in my body. Breaking my talus felt like a piece of life in comparison. I could do things to make it better, but cancer is a different foe altogether. When people said to me, "You are strong!" or "You can win this battle," it made me mad rather than feel better. The hardest thing about cancer: As a control-oriented person, I couldn't control it, which was a hard pill to swallow.

The treatment and subsequent years changed who I was. Cancer does that. It steals your health, your looks, your confidence and often your life. I will always worry about recurrence as if cancer is lurking in the background, hiding like a small gremlin saying, "I am coming to get you." For me, it created a daily life of anxiety and uncertainty, which I had never experienced. I was always able to overcome anything I put my mind to. Could I overcome this?

Work became an essential part of my recovery. Keeping life as normal as possible is important. Our workplace and photo staffs are often family. In an overwhelming gesture of care, concern and love, Tim Rasmussen, my boss and director of photography at the time, shaved his head for me, it marks the passage of time, which is not easy! I am so relieved that people's lifetime of anxiety and uncertainty, which I had never experienced. I was always able to overcome anything I put my mind to. Could I overcome this?

Work became an essential part of my recovery. Keeping life as normal as possible is important. Our workplace and photo staffs are often family. In an overwhelming gesture of care, concern and love, Tim Rasmussen, my boss and director of photography at the time, shaved his head for me, it marks the passage of time, which is not easy! I am so relieved that people's

I want to be as a photographer. Much more in your life. There are times I got very mad and still do. I feel like cancer is a thief. It steals your health, your looks, your confidence and often your life. I will always worry about recurrence as if cancer is lurking in the background, hiding like a small gremlin saying, "I am coming to get you." For me, it created a daily life of anxiety and uncertainty, which I had never experienced. I was always able to overcome anything I put my mind to. Could I overcome this?

Work became an essential part of my recovery. Keeping life as normal as possible is important. Our workplace and photo staffs are often family. In an overwhelming gesture of care, concern and love, Tim Rasmussen, my boss and director of photography at the time, shaved his head for me, it marks the passage of time, which is not easy! I am so relieved that people's
hip depth. During the summit fireworks show, the wind chill was around minus 30 Fahrenheit.

The group began with five men in 1922. It is a small, close-knit group of climbers that allows only one new member each year. “Add a man” is where the name originated. They add one man (person nowadays) each year to their select group. Their first female climber was added in 1997. This year they allowed me to document their annual trek to the top. How lucky was I?

What I hadn’t anticipated was the camaraderie I would feel with the group. Its inclusiveness, generosity and positive attitudes were inspirational. The “we can do this together” attitude was refreshing in a world of “it’s all about me.” The age range is 22 to 77, and its motto is “No man left behind.” Everyone makes the summit no matter how long it takes. The stronger climbers reach the summit, drop off their gear and descend to help the slower climbers.

When I neared the summit, we were hip-deep in snow, and the final steps felt like miles as the winds were howling around us. I actually shed tears. Tears of joy. I have never done that on an assignment. I think as photojournalists we have to stay separate from getting too involved with our subjects. It is about them, not us. But I was overcome with a sense of pride and accomplishment that I finished the climb. After living an exhausting life of anxiety, depression, angst and fear, I somehow felt like I could let it all go. This moment helped me transcend 10 years of difficulty.

The assignment was about documenting a new year in a nontraditional environment. For me, it felt like ringing in a new attitude, a new perspective and a new life. This new year — 2020 — and this new decade, for me, mark an attempt to get past all of that. And the trek with this amazing group of people surprisingly and unexpectedly was the perfect way to do it.

The biggest thing I learned is that one should never say never ... ever. One shouldn’t let fear guide your decisions in life. Do things because they are scary. The adage that the journey of 1,000 miles begins with the first step is true. Let’s all make that first step toward new journeys in 2020 and beyond!

Helen H. Richardson has been a photojournalist for The Denver Post for over 20 years. Once again, she accepts all the challenging assignments that come her way. She can be reached at hrichardson@denverpost.com and on Instagram @helenhrichardson

A climb back
Continued from page 39

Above, Mark Stabo, left, Chris Mattingly, center, and Tom Lear, right, use mirrors to signal friends and family all the way down to Colorado Springs that they have arrived at the A-frame shelter along their hike up Barr Trail. The mirror flashing is a tradition to let loved ones know where they are on the mountain.

Above, a smiling Helen Richardson, front row, third from left, is surrounded in solidarity by photo staff in October 2014. “For me, it marks the passage of time, which gives me comfort,” writes Richardson. Photo courtesy Denver Post file

Below, fireworks and flares are shot into the air on the summit of Pikes Peak at midnight by the AdAmAn Club on January 1, 2020.

Above, Mark Stabo, left, Chris Mattingly, center, and Tom Lear, right, use mirrors to signal friends and family all the way down to Colorado Springs that they have arrived at the A-frame shelter along their hike up Barr Trail. The mirror flashing is a tradition to let loved ones know where they are on the mountain.

Above, a smiling Helen Richardson, front row, third from left, is surrounded in solidarity by photo staff in October 2014. “For me, it marks the passage of time, which gives me comfort,” writes Richardson. Photo courtesy Denver Post file

Below, fireworks and flares are shot into the air on the summit of Pikes Peak at midnight by the AdAmAn Club on January 1, 2020.
Though the White Door

Passion project 23 years in the making leads to a book documenting kids living with HIV/AIDS

Photographs by Smiley Pool

Daniel, an 11-year-old runaway, stands in the snow near the railway station waiting for a group of volunteers to hand out packets of food. Daniel was living in a sewer with four other children. “Oh, my God, Fagin is real,” Smiley Pool recalls thinking, referring to the character in “Oliver Twist” who taught runaways and orphans how to steal and also took care of them. “I’m in the middle of Charles Dickens.”
On a frigid and snowy day in Bucharest, Romania, there was one thing Smiley Pool was certain of.
He was in over his head.
Pool was on his first overseas assignment. Just a week earlier, in February 1996, he had been typing up captions at the Houston Chronicle office when the paper’s medical reporter walked in. She asked the photo editor to find someone to take pictures when she accompanied a Texas doctor on a trip to Romania. The trip was set for the following week.
The editor, Dave Einsel, looked over to Pool and asked if his passport was current. It was. Within days Pool had set out on the story that would change his life.
The change didn’t come right away. In Bucharest with Ruth SoRelle, the reporter, Pool had his doubts about the outcome. “I was mortified that I was going to screw up this first assignment,” he said.
Far from making a mess of it, he excelled. And he discovered a passion in his life that led to publishing “Through the White Door,” a book that starts with that last-minute trip.

While the Romania assignment was his first foreign job, he was far from a beginner. A Galveston native, his family bounced between Houston and St. Louis as he grew up, and he spent his senior year of high school in St. Louis. He had tried photography a couple of years earlier and hit on it as a way to get active at his new school.

Soon he was freelancing for weekly papers published by St. Louis Suburban Journals, covering lots of high school football. That’s when he discovered his career.

“Through the white door, (which is the name of Smiley Pool’s book), in an old storage closet, children in sub-Saharan Africa gained their first access to the only source of treatment for HIV in 2000, a clinical trial administered by the Baylor International Pediatric AIDS Initiative named BANA (Botswana-Baylor Antiretroviral Assessment). “Bana” means “child” in the Setswana language.

Story by Stephen Wolgast

On a frigid and snowy day in Bucharest, Romania, there was one thing Smiley Pool was certain of. He was in over his head.

Pool was on his first overseas assignment. Just a week earlier, in February 1996, he had been typing up captions at the Houston Chronicle office when the paper’s medical reporter walked in. She asked the photo editor to find someone to take pictures when she accompanied a Texas doctor on a trip to Romania. The trip was set for the following week.

The editor, Dave Einsel, looked over to Pool and asked if his passport was current. It was. Within days Pool had set out on the story that would change his life.

The change didn’t come right away. In Bucharest with Ruth SoRelle, the reporter, Pool had his doubts about the outcome. “I was mortified that I was going to screw up this first assignment,” he said.

Far from making a mess of it, he excelled. And he discovered a passion in his life that led to publishing “Through the White Door,” a book that starts with that last-minute trip.

While the Romania assignment was his first foreign job, he was far from a beginner. A Galveston native, his family bounced between Houston and St. Louis as he grew up, and he spent his senior year of high school in St. Louis. He had tried photography a couple of years earlier and hit on it as a way to get active at his new school.

Soon he was freelancing for weekly papers published by St. Louis Suburban Journals, covering lots of high school football. That’s when he discovered his career.

“The day I knew I wanted to be a news photographer was a Saturday when I had three high school football games to shoot,” he recalled. The first game,
Through the White Door
Continued from page 45

at noon, was between two urban St. Louis schools. The next game, at 4 o’clock, pitted two private prep schools against each other. And the last game, starting at 7 that night, was in rural Missouri.

I realized, in the course of a working day, I had been exposed to three radically different communities that were all within a 90-minute drive from my house."

Pool realized that those groups were all geographically close despite being so different in culture and economics. They could be united by a sport, so different in culture and economics.

That’s how he ended up in the capital of a former Soviet satellite, one that only a little more than six years earlier had detained and executed its dictator, Nicolae Ceausescu, on another cold day: Christmas 1989. As the Communist era ended, a teenage mother cradling her 3-year-old boy, surrounded by filth and engulfed in darkness. His picture of them embodies the character in “Oliver Twist” referring to the character in “Oliver Twist” who taught runaways and orphans how to make balloons. Pool put it in perspective. “These were pictures of poor, sad children half a street away who had nothing to do with you if you read the Houston Chronicle.”

The Chronicle published an eight-page special section about the Romanian trip, but the response was little more than a special section about the Romanian trip, but the response was little more than an obituary. Pool puts it in perspective. “They had become their de facto leader. ‘Oh, my God, Fagan is real,’ Pool recalls thinking, ‘and the next thing I know I’m 200 meters in a sewer with homeless kids,’ he said.

Pool and the volunteer had to negotiate access with one of the children who had become their de facto leader. “Oh, my God, Fagan is real,” Pool recalls thinking, referring to the character in “Oliver Twist” who taught runaways and orphans how to steal and also took care of them. “I’m in the middle of Charles Dickens.”

The Fagan type let them pass and a child with a birthday candle led them into the sewer, where they came across another flickering candle. It illuminated a teenage mother cradling her 3-year-old boy, surrounded by filth and engulfed in darkness. His picture of them embodies desperation and hopelessness. “That was as far from a high school football game as my career had ever taken me. It was transformative.”

On the flight back home, the trip’s organizer asked those aboard to write down three things they would do based on what they had seen. For Pool, one of those was clear: to show how homeless and sick kids lived in urban Romania.

The Chronicle published an eight-page special section about the Romanian trip, but the response was little more than an obituary. Pool puts it in perspective. “These were pictures of poor, sad children half a street away who had nothing to do with you if you read the Houston Chronicle.”

It’s a frustrating observation, especially when you look at the dirt and grime that Pool’s photos show the teenagers living in. Others are cared for in settings that are an improvement over the dehumanizing institutions of Soviet rule, though not always by much.

Pool captures the desolation of an 18-year-old runaway who cries out, after huffing glue, surrounded by grime, gray buildings on an overcast, snow day. In a tight shot, a grandmother weeps while holding her 7-year-old grandson on her lap, looking downcast. He had been infected with HIV at a hospital when he was 2 months old.

The photos are truly saddening. But in addition to the distance of the heart-rending scenes, Pool was competing with a visual version of compassion fatigue in the photographs of William Snyder. His work in Romanian orphanages had won the 1991 Pulitzer Prize in feature photography for what the Pulitzer committee called “images of ill and orphaned children living in subhuman conditions.”

Before leaving for Romania himself, Pool did his homework. Within an hour of getting the assignment, he was on the phone with Snyder and poring over his work. Snyder was working for the Dallas Morning News and had already shared the 1989 Pulitzer for explanatory journalism with two Morning News colleagues (and would share the 1993 Pulitzer for explanatory journalism with two Morning News colleagues and the 1992 Summer Olympics in Barcelona, Spain). Pool made two more trips to Romania, and a little over a year after the first special section the Chronicle published another. “Worlds Apart” ran 24 pages, with his photos and writing by Leigh Hopper.

This time, their reporting was noticed. It led to the first big donation for the medical effort led by Dr. Mike Kline of the Texas Children’s Hospital, which would form a partnership to create the Baylor International Pediatric AIDS Initiative at Texas Children’s Hospital. Their work stoked Pool’s interest in looking more broadly at the challenge of kids living with HIV and AIDS.

The problem wasn’t limited to the former Soviet states. There were still many places in the world where someone who had contracted the virus that causes AIDS in the mid-’90s had also received a death sentence. Medicine was catching up to the disease, however, and the outlook was improving with new treatments showing progress, but access to the therapy was far from even.

Pool described what he saw. “It’s handfuls of kids in 1996 who were facing a terrifying prognosis, and the doctors..."
Havelock, North Carolina, 2001

Janie Queen and Kara Belcher giggle in their makeshift beach fort after school. Janie became one of the first children anywhere to start taking a new medicine, antiretroviral therapy, to control her HIV. The medicine was working, and her prognosis was positive. When the family moved to North Carolina, Pool made that trip too, visiting the family several times and catching up with them when they were in Houston for Janie’s appointments.
Through the White Door
Continued from page 47
and health professionals who stared down this doomsday problem were saying, “What can we do? How can we help?” He wanted to make a difference too, to inspire his audience by the people he photographed who were coping with their deadly illnesses and beginning to overcome them.

He was thinking of the story now, and how he would get it across. Pool saw that the variation wasn’t in how modern medicine was practiced in various countries but in access to modern medicine. Before proceeding, he first had to answer some questions of his own.

“How do you hammer home that a death sentence is no longer a death sentence, and that treatment is a normal life? How do you picture that? And how do you picture it in Romania, where you have limited access? It’s not like you’re in town.” It’s a big ask.

Following a doctor could reveal the have and have-nots, but Pool recognized that even though Kline was the driving force of the medical efforts, he wasn’t the entire story — he was the conduit to an even bigger story. “That’s how I ended up with Janie Queen.”

“I’m still here, I’m going to stay.” Janie was a 4-year-old who had contracted HIV from her mother, a drug-addicted, mentally ill woman who had abandoned her daughter. She grew up with foster parents who later adopted her into their already large family. She became one of the first children anywhere to start taking a new medicine, antiretroviral therapy, to control her HIV. The medicine was working, and her prognosis was positive.

Janie lived in San Angelo, Texas, a 400-mile drive from Houston. Pool managed to visit them, making loving pictures of Janie and her family and her friends. Their happiness shines so brightly that you’d never know she was fighting a disease that could end her life. When the family moved to North Carolina, Pool made that trip too, visiting the family several times and catching up with them when they were in Houston for one of Janie’s appointments.

Pool was showing how an American family could find exceptional medical treatment and, thanks to that access, keep their lives normal. There are indications that their lives are somewhat different, as in the notes taped around their house reminding Janie to take her pills.

He spent years with the family, from the best of times to the most trying. “My life was enriched by Janie Queen,” Pool said. “I was hoping other people’s lives would be enriched by knowing Janie Queen too.”

The contrast grew when Janie went to Romania to join in the dedication of the Texas doctors’ clinic in Constanta. It was 2001, and Janie had become far more mature than in Pool’s early photos and much more self-confident than kids her age. She became the guest of honor among the children who were treated at the clinic, one of whom, a boy about her age, found her especially interesting. Pool followed along as the boy showed Janie around town, beaming in her presence.

As the years went on, Pool stuck with the story. Over time he went from the Chronicle to the Morning News and back to the Chronicle, sometimes getting his airfare paid for, though not the rest of his expenses. After the 1996 trip, he and his wife, Jessica, had to use their vacation days to travel.

“It’s great we didn’t have kids,” he said. “With the amount of money we’ve spent, we could have paid for college.”

They flew to Romania and then to Africa, where AIDS was, in Pool’s words, "a normal high schooler."
They flew to Romania and then to Africa, where AIDS was, in Pool’s words, a storm of death. He photographed funerals, clinics and survivors in South Africa, Lesotho, Malawi and other countries, all the while showing how geography played the biggest role in who survives and who does not.

One of his photos shows a door inside a clinic in Gaborone, Botswana. It’s painted white, and the children who were lucky enough to go through it in 2000 were the first in sub-Saharan Africa to get access to antiretroviral treatment, thanks to a partnership with Baylor.

The photos he published in the newspapers had been a start, but they weren’t enough for Pool. He wanted something permanent.

Around the mid-2000s the idea for a book started forming. He had a hard drive with more than 22,000 photos on it, “and it was so unwieldy that you couldn’t tell the story in 12 pictures or in 20.”

In this digital age, why a book? “If we had started this 10 years later, we would have just built a website around it,” he said. “We would just be doling out little stories, like chapters in the book.”

Joined by friends, colleagues and his wife, Jessica, they started working on the new project. He and Jessica had to pay for the editing and printing themselves after no amount of shopping it around to

Story continued on page 54

Johannesburg, South Africa, 2000

Mourners carry a coffin past pre-dug graves in a Soweto township cemetery. On this day, 32 funerals took place. Most families didn’t want the deceased’s name used and wouldn’t disclose the cause of death. Death certificates rarely say AIDS or HIV. “The cause always says ‘pneumonia’ or ‘meningitis’, but we know it means,” funeral director Kenny Sibeko said. “Of every 30 deaths, only 10 are older people, the other 20 are young people, and AIDS took them all.”

Story continued on page 54
Through the White Door  
Continued from page 52

Publishers yielded any response. Pool recalled one agent saying, “What makes the story great is that they’re regular people, not rock stars. What makes the story fail is they aren’t rock stars.”

Even without marquee names with untold numbers of followers across social media, “Through the White Door” reaches you in a number of ways. The medical team and Dr. Kline, the children without homes and sometimes without hope, the vastly different parts of the world he visits, and then the people themselves. Some survived, but some did not. What was to become of them?

Permanence was a goal for his project. “If I turned it into a video and put it on my website, when I died, within a year the credit card would have expired, and the hosting would no longer be active, and the story would disappear into the ether.”

With a book, it’s different. His subjects will be remembered for their spirit and their hope. “There’s a hard copy floating around the world now, and someone, somewhere will come into contact with it and know their story.”

Pool’s memorial to outreach and hope will reach a wide audience, but it will also close the circle he opened with his subjects. “I owed it to the people who had allowed me to document their lives to make good on a promise to tell their stories.”

Stephen Wolgast holds the Knight Chair in audience and community engagement news at the University of Kansas. His email is wolgast@ku.edu.

Orapa, Botswana, 2006

Kefilwe Molefe, above, is congratulated after being crowned and Princess in the Miss HIV Stigma Free Pageant. Organizers believe that the pageant contestants provide living proof that antiretroviral drugs worked.

Lilongwe, Malawi, 2019

A few hours after a problem-free Caesarean delivery, mother and baby sleep in the recovery ward.

Pioneers of the pediatric HIV crisis, like those featured in Smiley Pool’s book, laid the groundwork for healthy babies to be born to healthy mothers all over the world, free of HIV.
Ten years. Think about all that transpired within that span of time. Ten years. It’s an eternity at the start and a flash in the end. I often think about what’s transpired in the past decade of my career: from a staff job at The Virginian-Pilot to graduate school, from teaching at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill to the University of Colorado Boulder. At the start of these 10 years, I couldn’t fathom all of the changes, challenges and growth. Along the way, it’s easy to lose sight of the importance of being present within them, as well.

It’s not just about documenting moments, I think, but rather witnessing our own place within such moments. To be present. It’s within this presence that we’re able to examine larger lessons within ourselves. It’s a pause that’s worth reflecting on, especially within a passage of time.

With this in mind, I was excited to see the two-photo post by Andrea Morales on her Instagram feed. The images, of the same two people, are made almost 10 years apart to the day. Fascinatingly, they’re made with the same body language as well. It’s a wonderful parenthetical to examine, and one in which Morales is well-versed.

Morales, 35, based in Oxford, Miss.

June 1, 2009: Jameska McKee, holding her cousin Roxy, was born and raised in Glouster, Ohio, a former coal mining community in the Appalachian foothills. Andrea Morales has photographed her since she was 15 years old and as she came of age, seeking love and affirmation, while also navigating the challenges of poverty in her community. McKee is now a mother of two. This is an ongoing project.
Mississippi, is a producer at the Southern Documentary Project, an institute at the Center for the Study of Southern Culture at the University of Mississippi. She is working to complete her Master of Fine Arts degree while working independently. Previously, she was an independent photographer based in Memphis, Tennessee.

She got her start in her early 20s, when she studied at the University of Florida, then later at Ohio University, where she received her Master of Arts degree in the School of Visual Communication. It was there where she made the first image (previous page), which would be echoed in her work 10 years later while in graduate school. Morales met Jameska and Roxy McKee while working on a project in Glouster, Ohio. Jameska was 15, and Roxy was 3, when Morales first photographed them.

“Jameska really doted on her (Roxy); she had a strong nurturing side,” said Morales. The two are cousins. According to Morales, “Roxy’s parents had been struggling with addiction and had surrendered custody of her to Jameska’s mother. Roxy was living with Jameska and her mother.” Jameska was also reeling from the recent and unexpected death of her father.

When asked about the photograph, Morales said, “Jameska had just lost her father, near where they’re sitting. Her father was walking home from a bar nearby and fell into a nearby creek and hurt himself very badly and unfortunately died.”

After the summer, Morales asked Jameska if she could continue making pictures. Morales was touched by their interaction and remarked how much she enjoyed spending time with them. Jameska approved, and it’s an agreement that has led to a lasting relationship of 10 years, which has evolved over time. In many ways, it reflects Morales’ growth as a photographer.

Ten years, I often think back to former projects and the people I’ve photographed. I wonder what it would be like to revisit them. I haven’t done it as much as I’d wished, and I’ve always admired those who do, such as Morales. The two are cousins. According to Morales, “Roxy’s parents had been struggling with addiction and had surrendered custody of her to Jameska’s mother. Roxy was living with Jameska and her mother.” Jameska was also reeling from the recent and unexpected death of her father.

When asked about the photograph, Morales said, “Jameska had just lost her father, near where they’re sitting. Her father was walking home from a bar nearby and fell into a nearby creek and hurt himself very badly and unfortunately died.”

After the summer, Morales asked Jameska if she could continue making pictures. Morales was touched by their interaction and remarked how much she enjoyed spending time with them. Jameska approved, and it’s an agreement that has led to a lasting relationship of 10 years, which has evolved over time. In many ways, it reflects Morales’ growth as a photographer.

Ten years, I often think back to former projects and the people I’ve photographed. I wonder what it would be like to revisit them. I haven’t done it as much as I’d wished, and I’ve always admired those who do, such as Morales. The two are cousins. According to Morales, “Roxy’s parents had been struggling with addiction and had surrendered custody of her to Jameska’s mother. Roxy was living with Jameska and her mother.” Jameska was also reeling from the recent and unexpected death of her father.

When asked about the photograph, Morales said, “Jameska had just lost her father, near where they’re sitting. Her father was walking home from a bar nearby and fell into a nearby creek and hurt himself very badly and unfortunately died.”

After the summer, Morales asked Jameska if she could continue making pictures. Morales was touched by their interaction and remarked how much she enjoyed spending time with them. Jameska approved, and it’s an agreement that has led to a lasting relationship of 10 years, which has evolved over time. In many ways, it reflects Morales’ growth as a photographer.

Ten years.

I often think back to former projects and the people I’ve photographed. I wonder what it would be like to revisit them. I haven’t done it as much as I’d wished, and I’ve always admired those who do, such as Morales. The two are cousins. According to Morales, “Roxy’s parents had been struggling with addiction and had surrendered custody of her to Jameska’s mother. Roxy was living with Jameska and her mother.” Jameska was also reeling from the recent and unexpected death of her father.

When asked about the photograph, Morales said, “Jameska had just lost her father, near where they’re sitting. Her father was walking home from a bar nearby and fell into a nearby creek and hurt himself very badly and unfortunately died.”

After the summer, Morales asked Jameska if she could continue making pictures. Morales was touched by their interaction and remarked how much she enjoyed spending time with them. Jameska approved, and it’s an agreement that has led to a lasting relationship of 10 years, which has evolved over time. In many ways, it reflects Morales’ growth as a photographer.

Ten years, I often think back to former projects and the people I’ve photographed. I wonder what it would be like to revisit them. I haven’t done it as much as I’d wished, and I’ve always admired those who do, such as Morales. The two are cousins. According to Morales, “Roxy’s parents had been struggling with addiction and had surrendered custody of her to Jameska’s mother. Roxy was living with Jameska and her mother.” Jameska was also reeling from the recent and unexpected death of her father.

When asked about the photograph, Morales said, “Jameska had just lost her father, near where they’re sitting. Her father was walking home from a bar nearby and fell into a nearby creek and hurt himself very badly and unfortunately died.”

After the summer, Morales asked Jameska if she could continue making pictures. Morales was touched by their interaction and remarked how much she enjoyed spending time with them. Jameska approved, and it’s an agreement that has led to a lasting relationship of 10 years, which has evolved over time. In many ways, it reflects Morales’ growth as a photographer.

Ten years, I often think back to former projects and the people I’ve photographed. I wonder what it would be like to revisit them. I haven’t done it as much as I’d wished, and I’ve always admired those who do, such as Morales. The two are cousins. According to Morales, “Roxy’s parents had been struggling with addiction and had surrendered custody of her to Jameska’s mother. Roxy was living with Jameska and her mother.” Jameska was also reeling from the recent and unexpected death of her father.

When asked about the photograph, Morales said, “Jameska had just lost her father, near where they’re sitting. Her father was walking home from a bar nearby and fell into a nearby creek and hurt himself very badly and unfortunately died.”

After the summer, Morales asked Jameska if she could continue making pictures. Morales was touched by their interaction and remarked how much she enjoyed spending time with them. Jameska approved, and it’s an agreement that has led to a lasting relationship of 10 years, which has evolved over time. In many ways, it reflects Morales’ growth as a photographer.

Ten years, I often think back to former projects and the people I’ve photographed. I wonder what it would be like to revisit them. I haven’t done it as much as I’d wished, and I’ve always admired those who do, such as Morales. The two are cousins. According to Morales, “Roxy’s parents had been struggling with addiction and had surrendered custody of her to Jameska’s mother. Roxy was living with Jameska and her mother.” Jameska was also reeling from the recent and unexpected death of her father.

When asked about the photograph, Morales said, “Jameska had just lost her father, near where they’re sitting. Her father was walking home from a bar nearby and fell into a nearby creek and hurt himself very badly and unfortunately died.”

After the summer, Morales asked Jameska if she could continue making pictures. Morales was touched by their interaction and remarked how much she enjoyed spending time with them. Jameska approved, and it’s an agreement that has led to a lasting relationship of 10 years, which has evolved over time. In many ways, it reflects Morales’ growth as a photographer.
The Image Deconstructed
Continued from page 59

Jameska rescheduled her wedding date so Morales could be the photographer.

This leads to the second photograph, right, which was made on Jameska’s wedding day. She was tending to Roxy as she had done 10 years ago.

“I was very excited because immediately I saw that other photograph in my mind. That just stretched my brain differently,” Morales said.

I asked her to expand on this thought.

“T think that I’m trying to be more intentional, to take paths that are equally as impactful without necessarily taking those shortcuts. I’m trying to be a little bit more present than I have been in the past.”

It’s by being more present, as Morales said, that I think we can all better see our place within the photographic journey. Even when it’s over 10 years. To see things in the moment while we strive to document them.

Ross Taylor is an assistant professor at the University of Colorado Boulder. He’s on the board of directors for NPPA and is also the chair of the quarterly multimedia.
Website: rosstaylor.net.

Malta, Ohio, 2019: Jameska McKee, on her wedding day, tends to Roxy as she had done 10 years ago.
Louisiana State University quarterback Joe Burrow walks out of the locker room smoking a cigar after winning the College Football Playoff Championship game between the Clemson Tigers and the LSU Tigers in New Orleans on January 13, 2020, at the Mercedes-Benz Superdome.

Photo by Deanne Fitzmaurice, for ESPN
(Story on following page.)
Celebratory cigar
(Previous page)
By Deanne Fitzmaurice
Independent photojournalist
San Francisco
Instagram @deannefitzmaurice

As good as the game is, I usually find the things around the edges of an event more interesting. I got a call from ESPN editor Jason Pottle-ton asking if I could go to New Orleans to photograph the College Football Playoff game. He wanted game action but also storytelling images. When the game ended, I went to track down the winning quarterback, Joe Burrow, hoping for something surprising. Not only did he lead his team to victory, he was also the Heisman Trophy winner, so anything he did could be newsworthy. Then I saw him walk out of the locker room smoking a cigar, and I had my photo. Another bit of serendipity happened on the plane flying out of New Orleans. I was editing my photos for an Instagram post, and the man sitting next to me struck up a conversation. He was Joe Burrow’s uncle.

Sidebar
When Joe Burrow accepted the Heisman Trophy in New York City on December 14, his words inspired a fundraiser for his hometown Athens (Ohio) County Food Pantry, a nonprofit that serves food to over 5,000 households yearly. Over $550 thousand was raised.

“Coming from southeast Ohio it’s a very impoverished area and the poverty rate is almost two times the national average. There’s so many people there that don’t have a lot and I’m up here for all those kids in Athens and Athens County that go home to not a lot of food on the table, hungry after school. You guys can be up here, too.”

The first frame
By Paul Kitagaki
The Sacramento Bee

I had just run up from my position in the end zone and photographed the play. Luckily, my Nikon was sharp on the first frame of a burst. My equipment is well-used and I had been having trouble with it. Every third frame was sharp. I was surprised when this moment happened. I have never seen an action play like this. When I saw Lazard’s face between Ward’s legs, I was like “Wow!”

I have covered the 49ers since 1978. I started with black and white Tri-X film at the San Francisco Examiner, Fujichrome slide film and color negative film at the San Jose Mercury News and then digital at The Sacramento Bee. We used to have four photographers covering NFL games, but now I cover them by myself, making still pictures and also doing video before and after the game.

Sidebar

Nikon D4S, 200-400 mm f2.8, ISO 2000, 1/160 f2.8
Space-bound
By Jonathan Newton
The Washington Post
The Boeing Starliner is launched for its maiden voyage to the International Space Station from Kennedy Space Center in Florida on December 20, 2019. The story is on the previous page.

Kobe Bryant portrait session
By Jay Clendenin
Los Angeles Times
While working on my first “Olympians” portfolio after coming to the L.A. Times, I had to go around the Lakers to get to Kobe Bryant. He was always in demand, and having him participate in our Olympians project was low on their list of priorities. However, when the Olympic basketball team was approached, it went out of its way to make sure he participated.

I was slotted for 30 minutes with him following an Olympic team practice in a Las Vegas high school gymnasium. Our summer intern, Benjamin Reed, assisted, and we set up two lighting scenarios: one with dramatic overhead lighting, hoping to get him looking up, and another with two front-lit strip softboxes. For the dramatic overhead, knowing he’d be in uniform, I had visualized having him draped in a large American flag… luckily, he was game.

From the start of the project, I had planned to use my 4-by-5-inch film camera. I had a good amount of Polaroid film, both color and the black-and-white Type 55. I never assumed I’d actually get the 30 minutes promised. Luckily, I was getting better at moving fast and efficiently.

With Kobe’s handshake, he said, “Oh, I know you! You’re fast!” I knew the clock was running! We were done in under 15 minutes. He was a pro and followed all my directions (“Freeze! Don’t move!”) and was a great collaborator. They went on to win gold at the Olympics, and my Polaroid series that year received an Award of Excellence in POYi.

In 2016, this black-and-white image was used as the cover of an L.A. Times special section about Kobe’s retirement and also in a commemorative book. A color film version, also 4-by-5, was used for the special section following his death in a helicopter crash in January.

This is a scan of the 4-by-5-inch negative from a portrait made on Polaroid Type 55 film. This film from Polaroid was used to produce a positive print and a negative that we would drop into fixer and dry as we used to do with film, then scanned on a Imacon 4-by-5 scanner.
MULTIMEDIA IMMERSION

LIMITED AMOUNT OF PARTICIPANTS

5 DAYS OF PERSONAL COACHING IN ADOBE PREMIERE AND HDSLR VIDEO, AUDIO, & PHOTO SKILLS

MAY 11–16, 2020 » SYRACUSE, NY

$1095 FOR NPPA MEMBERS » $1295 FOR NON-MEMBERS