



IN TRANSIT, Norman Reedus's collection of photographs channel urban angst; exploring streetscapes and impromptu still life in NYC, Berlin, Rome, Tokyo, and Paris. He resuscitates new life from the discarded and devalued, whilst cracking the code of corporate advertisement and graffiti before the elements erase them from city walls. Reedus's pictures are gritty and melancholic in turn, deploying a contemporary imagist methodology.

During the pivotal epoch of the 1990s - his New York pictures were prescient to the events of 911, later captured in *Missing Persons* during the winter of 2001. Repeated scenes of footsteps in snow and slush, stand out as his bleakest work. From the vanishing point of *NYC Snow*, we are sucked in during *Early AM Walk Home* a chemical premonition that the *Village Psychic's* amnesia might be contagious. Reedus's NY is dangerous.

Like a scene out of Kubrick's *Eyes Wide Shut*, *Birthday Suit* seems to be a casual shot of a window display of nearly nude mannequins. Yet their inanimate propositions are directed nowhere — traces of men's boots having made footprints in the frozen slush suggest this street houses Cupid's lost & found.

"What is Next?" we ask.

Norman Reedus' steady cool eye has guided us past the tipping point of what was, and what is yet to come.

Missing Persons, 2001 is Reedus' final NY snowscape picture in the series—a harrowing layered image that without careful, examination, one might mistake it as a simple street view.

STEPHEN POLLACK







LASCIATE OGNI SPERANZA, VOI CH'ENTRATE
i.e. "abandon all hope those who enter".

EXT NEW YORK - DAY

Having withstood a cataclysmic event, we see the tri-polar muse no longer worshipped at Helicon. THE PHOTOGRAPHER shoots the unknown faces of MARC JACOBS BARNEYS NEWYORK billboard, setting them adrift to Purgatory.

Split by NOMANSLAND, a thin neutral grey band separates the billboard from a chain-link fence laced with razor wire. The impromptu message board is made from hundreds of small notes. Upstaging the aspirational pitch of the billboard, it is no ordinary message board. The repurposed fence is a memorial for missing persons.

Six zones of desperation divide the length of the steel mesh wall. In the background, securely behind locked chained gates, a Ford pick-up truck is parked behind the letters A-M-E-R-I-C-A.

Like a guillotine, the click of the shutter at a 60th of a second compresses time and space. The light and shadows map out the vector point where love, hate, loyalty, and fear lay buried in dust and rubble, countless lives in ruin.

New York City of Missing Persons is asleep. Carved into freezing slush, footsteps solidify moments of exploded shoes and bare feet.

The stop light changes from RED, RED YELLOW to GREEN. No truck shifts gears. No cabby steps on the gas. Nothing moves. NYC is paralyzed from the waist down and Barney's is closed until further notice.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER Is this Ninth Avenue?

CITY Eleventh.

STEPHEN POLLACK

