

“Disassembled” Images

Allan Sekula and Contemporary Art

Edited by Alexander Streitberger and Hilde Van Gelder



Leuven University Press

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Contents

- 7 Acknowledgements
- 9 Alexander Streitberger and Hilde Van Gelder, *Introduction*
- 21 W.J.T. Mitchell, *Planetary Madness: Globalizing the Ship of Fools*
- Part 1. Collecting Folly**
- 40 Bart De Baere and Anja Isabel Schneider, *Allan Sekula: The Double Helix of an Activist Stance and of Curating*
- 50 Stefanie Diekmann, *The Stuff in the Studio: On Chris Larson's Land Speed Record (2016)*
- 66 Ronnie Close, *Reframing the Aesthetics of Censorship*
- 81 Edwin Carels, *An Archive of Intensities: Vava's Video*
- 96 Barbara Baert, *Mining Allan Sekula: Four Exercises*
- Part 2. Maritime Failures and Imaginaries**
- 114 Marco Poloni, *The Land Seen by the Sea*
- 144 Clara Masnatta, *Senses at Sea: For an Amphibian Cinema*
- 160 Jonathan Stafford, *Breaking Open the Container: The Logistical Image and the Specter of Maritime Labor*
- 175 Carles Guerra and Hilde Van Gelder, "Do not Trespass."
An Interview Conversation on the Genesis of Allan Sekula's Black Tide/Marea negra (2002–03)
- Part 3. Critical Realism in Dialogue**
- 192 Alexander Streitberger, "Cultural work as a Praxis."
The Artist as Producer in the Work of Victor Burgin, Martha Rosler, and Allan Sekula
- 212 Stephanie Schwartz, *The Face of Protest*
- 228 Anthony Abiragi, *Reading Against the Grain: Allan Sekula and the Rhetoric of Exemplarity*
- 250 Benjamin J. Young, "Decolonize This Place": *Realism and Humanism in Photography of Israel-Palestine*
- 278 About the Authors
- 283 A Note on Allan Sekula's Life
- 285 A Note on Allan Sekula's Works Discussed in the Present Volume
- 287 Plates

“Do not Trespass.”

An Interview Conversation on the Genesis of Allan Sekula’s *Black Tide/ Marea negra* (2002–03)

Carles Guerra and Hilde Van Gelder

Barcelona, Fundació Antoni Tàpies, 7 April 2016

Allan Sekula has a broadly established reputation today as a man who prolifically performed a wide variety of roles. One such role was being an excellent matchmaker. During a career that lasted four decades, he befriended numerous of his professional “allies.” Sekula was always pleased to learn that further ties of friendly relations were established among those with whom he had bonded. Over the years, Sekula—ceaselessly sailing the seven seas—saved himself no efforts to make sure that a worldwide network of “partners in crime” saw the light of day. Thus it happened that in 2006, when the Brussels Art Fair asked Hilde Van Gelder to do a suggestion for a public speaker knowledgeable about Allan Sekula’s oeuvre, the artist instantly proposed her to approach Carles Guerra. This time, too, he added the delicate phrase that he commonly used on such occasions: “I think you should like to meet him.” Carles Guerra accepted the invitation.

As predicted by Sekula, we rapidly struck up a friendship and have collaborated on numerous occasions ever since. During our ample conversations extended over the years, one particular story returned frequently as a reference. It was that of Guerra’s and Sekula’s fieldtrip by car to Spanish Galicia. They traveled together in order to see with their own eyes how the coast was trying to cope with the disaster of the *Prestige*, an oil tanker that had “split in half about 210 kilometers offshore” on November 19, 2002. (Guerra, 2017: 139) The ship sank. More

than twenty million US gallons of heavy fuel oil was released into the ocean. The polluting impact on the surrounding seabed and beaches was overwhelming. Today the *Prestige* oil spill is considered the largest environmental disaster in the history of Spain. But at the time of the catastrophe itself, national Spanish media reporting tried to downsize the ecological damage of the oil leak.

Keen to make an unconventional reportage about the heroic and determined efforts of mostly local volunteers to clean up the beaches, Carles Guerra drove Allan Sekula to the area during the closing days of that year. Once there Carles Guerra filmed both the activities of the volunteers and Allan Sekula at work. He also extensively interviewed Sekula in the aftermath of their journey, and bundled the material in a fascinating documentary entitled *The Last Days of December with Allan Sekula* (2003). (pl. 8) Reminiscing those remarkable days, Guerra is always fond to bring in the personal recollection that at the time he and his wife had become parents of their first child only recently. As such, it really was not an opportune time for a young father to be away from home for Christmas Eve. But the lure of smeared Galician mermaids turned out to be irresistible. The artistic outcome of this productive journey to the far Southwestern corner of the European continent is the well-known and meanwhile influential photo-textual work entitled *Black Tide/Marea negra* (2002–03).¹

Our discussion in the meeting room of the Fundació Antoni Tàpies, on an early spring day in 2016, starts with both of us going through the sequence as Sekula included it in the exhibition catalog *Performance Under Working Conditions* (2003). Our attention is drawn to the fact that there almost isn't a single image in there in which the unattractive, chemical-looking black oil sludge does not figure as a preminent protagonist in one form or another.

Hilde Van Gelder (HVG): Carles, do you recall how Allan Sekula's intensive camera focus on the oil slicks came about?

Carles Guerra (CG): Allan and I were basically obsessed with the idea of removing the dirt—the *chapapote* as it was called there. What struck us was the fact that none of the volunteers working on the beaches seemed to wonder where all this disgusting stuff that they were loading into open body tippers was being transported to. We decided to follow by car, or actually rather chase, one of those trucks filled with an impressive load of *chapapote*. To our great surprise we ended up driving around seventy kilometers inland, away from the coast. Amidst the countryside, the ride came to a halt near a brick factory. We actually found ourselves facing a huge compound entirely surrounded by gates. These prevented everyone from entering, unless one was in possession of an authorization to access. Luckily for us it turned out not to be too difficult to sneak in.

Once inside the domain, we discovered huge ponds filled with all this black, rubberlike material. You have to realize that, as it was very cold outside, the *chapapote* was freezing. As a result, the sludge turned out to look more like rubber or at least it resembled something rather elastic. We saw cranes that were trying to remove objects from this mass, like dustbins or the barrels that had been used along the coastline as small containers for the sludge. As the cranes were trying to remove all these objects, this created a sight of enormous, gigantic chimneys—it really made a strange impression on us. The irony, so we found out soon, turned out to be that the *chapapote* was supposedly meant to be reconverted into raw material for the production of bricks. Can you imagine a young couple spending all their money, all their savings, to purchase their first apartment and then find out that this very apartment is actually made out of that abject material?

HVG: So while the *chapapote* was collected on the beaches by volunteers in dramatic and difficult circumstances, a nearby company was cynically making plans to commercialize it? Was there some form of public communication going around that this was actually happening?

CG: No, not at all. Certainly not among the volunteers and not even was there any mention of it in the press. From the perspective of media analysis, then, this disaster evolved into an early revelatory case with regard to the narrow frame by which we have become used to observe such catastrophes and events. Everyone worried about the state in which the coast and the maritime landscape were finding itself. No one wondered what happened merely a few minutes away from there.

HVG: Indeed, this exemplifies well how people tend to take in the information reaching them via mainstream news reporting rather naïvely, as is true in particular as well of how the story is presented to them via these channels. With the sludge removal from the beach, the job is considered done. About what happens afterward nobody cares anymore. But how did you then find out that story about the bricks? Was there perhaps a rumor circulating when you investigated the matter further?

CG: We had to reconstruct this puzzle piece by piece. Someone we had met near the beach had told us that all the trucks were heading for Lendo, a tiny and remote village in the countryside. Someone else informed us that in Lendo there was a brick factory and that it seemed the material was being recycled for the fabrication of bricks. Of course I wasn't sure back then if it was just a tall tale or not. Even today I have not been able to find out the true facts. Yet this scenario seemed quite plausible and even feasible from what we saw there in Lendo. There were two enormous ponds containing the sludge, one that was photographed by Allan and another one that was even bigger. Something eventually had to be done with their contents. It had to be removed and recycled in one way or another. Unfortunately I cannot possibly know



what exactly has happened, as the public has been completely misinformed. [pointing at Allan Sekula's *Disposal Pit* (*Lendo*, 12/23/02), (pl. 9–10)] Look how big it was. It is huge. You have to remember it was winter: the material was freezing, as it was stored in the open air. It was easy to imagine for us how it could be turned into a more and more chewing gum-like, solid texture.

HVG: Looking back at this episode now it remains striking to observe how Allan Sekula never shied away from coming to terms with utterly catastrophic events. Sometimes it even seems as if he wanted to investigate them in order to be able better to anticipate any future disaster situations. Within the context of his ultimate project *The Dockers' Museum*, this is best articulated in his embryonic conception of the so-called "Bombing Section."² (pl. 11) During the public conversation he and I had in Antwerp in May 2010, on the occasion of the *Ship of Fools* project's first installment at M HKA, he called himself Nostradamus.³

CG: Wow. I am not sure whether we should understand his way of working entirely as starting from a sense of anticipation. In my view, documentary practice for Sekula was always related to a "presentness," to an empirical contact with the event as he saw it unfolding while he was in the process of capturing it. Inevitably, as a consequence, he always had to deal with some present situation.

HVG: Definitely. Possibly my approach and understanding of Allan Sekula's working methods is overdetermined by the overtly anticipatory nature of his last project, *Ship of Fools* | *The Dockers' Museum*. My horizon of thinking may also be too overdetermined by all sorts of likely



to happen socio-economic, political, and ecological calamities—about which he and I often speculated in private conversation. It remains a difficult exercise to find out what exactly we may conclude with regard to the earlier works when looking back at them from the open-ended perspective of *Ship of Fools | The Dockers' Museum*.

CG: What Allan beyond any doubt managed to do, at least with *Black Tide*, is to extend the limited timeframe of the documentary genre into a fictional story. For example, he destroys the idea of the photographer as a privileged witness, an approach that is very much connected to documentary practice. With double takes, such as *Volunteer watching, volunteer smiling (Isla de Ons, 12/19/02)*, he completely works against the notion of the single moment. (fig. 1) In the first image, the volunteer woman appears immersed in absorption. Yet in the other photograph she is almost facing the camera. *Black Tide* thus is a very well-orchestrated deconstruction of documentary practice. You have to bear in mind that—while we visited the area—many photographers, journalists, and reporters were simultaneously at work there.

HVG: Yes, one imagines them to have been all over the place and everyone producing a similar type of reporting about what was going on there.

CG: Indeed, and in response to that our intention was to find out what the voice of someone like Allan Sekula, himself a well-known documentary photographer, had to add to that sea of documents, interviews, and “witnesses.” We sharply realized that parts of the reality of the situation remained unchanged or were deliberately kept out of

Fig. 1

Allan Sekula, *Volunteer watching, volunteer smiling (Isla de Ons, 12/19/02)*, part of *Black Tide/ Marea negra* (2002–03). Horizontal diptych, Cibachrome print, 53,3 × 159,4 cm / 67 × 171,6 cm (framed). © Allan Sekula Studio.

sight. Sekula thereupon decided to start operating on several levels by phrasing and framing the event as a fiction—actually as an opera. By destroying the temporality of documentary as a privileged present, as a witness connected to a particular moment and a particular place he really breaks away from this prototypical working basis. *Black Tide*, as a photo-textual work, opens up to a much larger temporality. Through that process, the photographs become, so to say, a supporting base for a fictional text.

HVG: In earlier conversations between us we have often mentioned how Allan Sekula displayed a tendency to approach reality by means of a literary construction.

CG: Absolutely. He was not, as one could imagine, a radical “productivist” who observed reality as sheer raw material. For him the material of reality is always already constituted by a text. That is very typical for Sekula’s generation of artists, growing into full maturity around the mid-seventies. They make a photography of language, or rather create art and language or photography and language at the same time. That approach is part of the consequences of these artists’ suspicion against truism in photographic and documentary practice. Here lies the radical aspect of documentary for me.

HVG: When did you and Allan first exhibit this work?

CG: That was in 2003, in the context of an exhibition I curated entitled *After the news. Postmedia documentary practices*. The main motif of the exhibition was to present a documentary work realized, made, and produced around the events yet while the attention on those events was already declining in the media. The idea was that exactly then documentary practice such as Allan’s could step in. Not with the urgency of the reporter or photojournalist, but with a different urgency and from a different position.

HVG: Can you describe the installation a bit more?

CG: It was the first time *Black Tide* was shown to the public as a piece in an exhibition space. It was also the first work visitors could actually see upon entering the exhibition, which was produced by *La Vanguardia* and the CCCB—the Barcelona Centre for Contemporary Culture. Besides *Black Tide* we presented work by Ursula Biemann, Angela Melitopoulos, and Bruno Serralongue. I also included the then only recently deceased writer W.G. Sebald, because he is also someone deceiving the generally established belief in the conclusions that may be drawn from the immediately indexical character of photography. In his books he includes photographs along with the texts, photographs that have actually nothing much to do with the text. The sheer proximity of the image to the text makes you think, without much of a reasonable basis, that one is the illustration of the other and vice versa. But in fact it is an artificial construction. Sebald was a real master in that

regard. He would just buy photographs that he found in secondhand markets and then drop that image into the text without much adjusting between one and the other.

HVG: Was this exhibition accompanied by a catalog?

CG: Yes, a little publication exists that unfortunately did not circulate very broadly. I only have one personal copy. We reproduced almost the entire sequence of *Black Tide* in it.

HVG: Let us consider the text material included in *Black Tide* a bit more closely for a moment. Somehow once again, upon reading these lines, I cannot help but think that Sekula is trying to predict aspects of the future. It is true that the larger themes with which contemporary society *after* Sekula is struggling only come up in rather general terms, but nonetheless they are all there. He explicitly addresses “Europa,” “the last old-time fascist,” or how civil society will need to react “against the state.” Of course he talks about “the necessity of oil.” (Sekula, 2003b: 330 and 332) These are all issues that, obviously, were on the agenda back then already. But they haven’t for a moment lost their topicality ever since—rather on the contrary, one would argue.

CG: Yes. One could say that he also engages in a reflection on the meaning of collective history. Late 2002 was the moment of the outbreak of the bird flu, the Avian influenza—the one that came from Chinese chickens and was transmitted through eating fowls. It seems that in the States this really caused concern and society as a whole was almost hysterically anxious about it. For Sekula this was an example of a very particular history that became a headline story, whereas the larger issue of this huge oil spill in the Atlantic remained more or less undiscussed. He was very alarmed by how local preoccupations tend to snow under the more global scopes. How is it possible we can get so obsessed with relatively tiny problems whereas there are larger developments that remain completely disregarded?

HVG: There is one further element I would like to point out to you. It pertains to Allan Sekula’s artistic project as a whole. In “Fragments for an Opera,” the textual part of *Black Tide*, his draft “Song of the Ship Inspector” ends with the following words: **“You can’t send a postcard from the bottom of the sea.”** (Sekula, 2003b: 332; original emphasis) In a footnote it is added that this is a sentence Bert Kanter, ship inspector for the International Transport Workers Federation, expressed to Sekula in “Rotterdam, October 1999.” (333, n. 11) Sekula transformed that line into one of the “pink wall texts,” meant selectively to accompany the exhibition installations of *Ship of Fools / The Dockers’ Museum*.⁴ When doing research for the likewise titled book, I vaguely remembered having read it somewhere in Sekula’s writings at some earlier point in time. I searched and searched for it, in my impression rather endlessly, but eventually I didn’t trace it back to “Fragments for an Opera.”



Fig. 2

Allan Sekula, *Dripping black trapezoid (Lendo, 12/22/02)*, part of *Black Tide/ Marea negra* (2002–03). Cibachrome print, 89,6 × 60,9 cm / 104,3 × 73,1 cm (framed). © Allan Sekula Studio.

I admit to have disregarded this text, because for some retrospectively unexplainable reason, there seemed to be quite a far stretch between that project and *Ship of Fools | The Dockers' Museum*. But nothing in Sekula's body of work can be considered as remote from anything else he ever produced. Here is a lesson learned once more about what he used to refer to himself as the montage principle at work in his oeuvre, larger "than that internal to any single work, or even book."

(Risberg, 1999: 238) For researchers who want to engage with that principle it takes painstaking years to find your way in the extremely rich constellation of elements that makes up Sekula's oeuvre. Gathering in the right order some pieces of the puzzle that he "disassembled" for us requires quite a strong dose of patience and calm. You constantly feel as if you're finding yourself having to solve the riddles that Allan came up with.

CG: Yes, I very much recognize this feeling. So Allan does provide this source here. That is interesting. What did you eventually mention in the book?

HVG: After careful discussion with Ina Steiner at the Allan Sekula Studio, we decided to opt for "oral history." (Van Gelder, 2015: 239) But if there ever appears a new edition of the book we will have to correct that.

CG: *Black Tide* as well still contains a lot of similarly unresolved issues. One of the pictures that most bewildered me is of course the rear door of the truck coated with the *chapapote*, the image that Allan entitled *Dripping black trapezoid (Lendo, 12/22/02)*. (fig. 2) In my understanding this photograph provides a perfect analogy in the sense that, for Sekula, this is almost like a virtual representation of the surface of the sea. It reflects the water as you see it here, for example (points at *Volunteer on the edge (Islas Cíes, 12/20/02)*). (pl. 12) At the same time it also refers to the Modernist tradition of the monochrome painting. More specifically even, this photograph reminded me of Sekula's own *Gallery Voice Montage* (1970), you know, that early installation piece composed of two unprimed stretched canvases from which secretly recorded dialogs about looking at art resonate from a concealed built-in speaker. (fig. 3) This larger montage principle is clearly at play here as well.

HVG: Going back to the transcription of that text, which is included in the *Performance Under Working Conditions* book, one notices another



Fig. 3

Allan Sekula, *Gallery Voice Montage*, 1970. Audio installation, two CD players, two speakers. Two canvases on stretchers, unprimed, 120 × 120 cm each. Sound, 9 min 17 sec (loop). Total dimensions of the installation variable. Reconstruction of the canvases: Allan Sekula and Generali Foundation 2003. Generali Foundation Collection. © Generali Foundation and Allan Sekula Studio. Photo: Werner Kaligofsky.

striking parallel. At some point of the conversation, a “young woman” says how she presumes the painting they’re in the process of observing was made: “It wasn’t painted on. It’s all dripping. He did it while it was up. Upright.” A “young man” appears to reply, “It really looks like it’s plastic. Sheets of black polystyrene, or polyethylene. Shiny black polyethylene. In fact that’s what I thought it was at first.” “Wow it does, or like oil,” the “young woman” remarks. Upon which the “young man” answers, “Yeah, black, it’s black. It could have been very wet, you know, very wet.” Immediately after, Sekula makes a “male visitor” step into the discussion and say, “That sold for one million dollars.” (Sekula, 2003a: 59) In light of the photograph of the black trapezoid from *Marea negra* that you and I are now observing, this dialog almost feels uncannily fit for it.

CG: Certainly if you also bear in mind that this raw material, oil, which is transported in vessels, has a hugely speculative market value. When oil tankers such as the *Prestige* leave the harbor filled with a good load, they begin to circulate around the globe without any fixed destination. They sail off while waiting for its cargo somewhere to be valued and then acquired at an auction. For example, say the ship departs from a reachable harbor in Northern Russia or Lithuania. It then goes out at sea, basically headed nowhere. It halts. It waits near the Northern part of Spain. Galicia has become some sort of a huge parking lot for these vessels until their merchandise is sold on the global market. When this has happened, the captain of the vessel receives a message that tells him where to sail his ship to. The value of this raw material is produced as long as it is circulating within the economic chain. At the moment circulation comes to a halt, as it turned out to be the case with the shipwreck, the worth of its cargo devalues—the value goes down exponentially. Oil is liquid, like capital. It has to circulate. The moment this circulation stops [*snaps his fingers*], it’s like in photography. There you have the decisive moment.

HVG: That is a fascinating analogy you are making.

CG: This analogy between the flow of capital and photography, depending very much on endless circulation, both for its value making and for the maintenance of its value, is very productive. Sebald says the same when he states that photographs have a “nomadic existence.” (Scholz, 2000: 51) Of course, in this kind of nomadic circulation you may encounter a snap from some people that basically means nothing to you because they are not part of your family. Nonetheless it is within this circulation mechanism that photography creates its meaning and its value. With the *Prestige* disaster the circulation of goods was interrupted. The accident was capital but no longer flow. The freezing moment, and we can use exactly the same word for photography, is the moment of the catastrophe, when flows are arrested. In response to that

Allan Sekula photographs himself through this veil of fuel, obscuring part of his eye and limiting his own vision. (pl. 13)

HVG: Whenever I look at this photograph, it comes to my mind that he looks like a pirate in that picture.

CG: You're right, I never thought of that. After all, in the wake of creating *Black Tide* Sekula was obsessed with the idea of publishing a book that would be entitled *Do not trespass*, meaning exactly the opposite: you have to disobey that sign, and trespass. He conceived of the book as a series of recommendations about how an activist photography slash documentary should conduct itself and behave. As for myself, I can tell you I was freaking out while we had illegally entered that compound. You have to realize that I was the one who speaks Spanish and understood everything. I knew how the guards were likely to react in case we would get caught. But Allan, focused as always, was very much disregarding my fear.

HVG: He knew he possibly had not more than five minutes left, right?

CG: Yeah. Well, he made quite a lot of work in that rather short amount of time. Besides the dripping trapezoid and the self-portrait, he took that double shot of the disposal pit. Sekula recorded video footage as well that became a prominent part of his film *The Lottery of the Sea* (2006). We held interviews with local fishermen and the material was translated, but eventually these never made it into *The Lottery of the Sea*. We were working intensively during the ten days that we spent there, always waking up at six or seven o'clock in the morning and then we went on until late. At night we would meet other journalists, actually people from Galicia that Sekula knew. He already had an established network from 1992, when he had been invited to Vigo for the biennial, which was the very first time that he ever worked in Spain. That project became the fifth chapter of *Fish Story*, "Message in a Bottle." (fig. 4)

HVG: Allan often mentioned that Spain was his favorite country in Europe by far. He gained special ties to it, especially to Galicia and Catalonia. Vigo remained a crucial reference all through his career. While working on the *Ship of Fools | The Dockers' Museum* book, Allan prioritized showing me in his studio outtakes from *Fish Story* that he had made in Vigo. As he imagined himself possibly returning to these images in the context of finding meaningful ways to display *Ship of Fools | The Dockers' Museum*, they were published in the book. (Van Gelder, 2015: 78–81) One of the images is made in 1992, but the other one two years later, in 1994. So he went back several times, and a long-term relationship with the area was clearly established.

CG: That was always the case with Sekula. The difference between him and regular photo reporters is that they go and grab their materials of an event's supreme moment only. Allan instead made a case of recurrently revisiting the same places over time.



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Fig. 4

Allan Sekula, "Message in a Bottle," 1992/1994. Chapter five from *Fish Story* (1989–1995). 7 Cibachrome prints and 2 text panels, various dimensions. Installation view of *Allan Sekula. Collective Sisyphus*, Fundació Antoni Tàpies, 2017. Collection Thyssen-Bornemisza Art Contemporary, Vienna. © Photo: Roberto Ruiz. Courtesy Allan Sekula Studio.

HVG: And amidst working this way he tended to insert cryptic references along with his images. Take this example from *Black Tide*: “**Should these predictions prove wrong, we can promise without fear of error that the ship will stop leaking on the 15th of January, 2003.**” (Sekula, 2003b: 329; original emphasis). Seemingly a neutral choice, as a quotation there is nothing specific about it until one realizes that January 15 is Allan Sekula’s birthday.

CG: Ah (*smiles*), I didn’t notice.

HVG: No, but once you know, reading that sentence takes an extra, funny turn. Those who identify with Allan Sekula’s sense of humor may imagine him thinking, “I wish that prediction to come true; I would consider it an ideal birthday present.”

CG: Maybe these are real quotations from the prime minister José Maria Aznar.

HVG: Surely they must be.

Notes

1. The work was first published as a supplement of the Barcelona newspaper *La Vanguardia*. Composed by Sekula and Guerra, this special issue appeared on February 12, 2003. It is reproduced as a facsimile in *Allan Sekula. Okeanos*, 2017, 146–151.
2. For a summary introduction to the “Bombing Section,” see Van Gelder, 2015, 88.
3. This conversation remains at present unpublished yet a recording exists.
4. This wall text is reproduced in Van Gelder, 2015: 202.

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Plates



Plate 8

Sequence of stills from *The Last Days of December with Allan Sekula*, 2003, documentary filmed and produced by Carles Guerra with the support of Hangar, 2003. © and courtesy Carles Guerra.



Plates 9–10

Allan Sekula, *Disposal Pit (Lendo, 12/23/02)*, part of *Black Tide/Marea negra* (2002–03). Horizontal diptych, Cibachrome print, 37,2 × 113,7 cm / 51,9 × 125,7 cm (framed). © Allan Sekula Studio.

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Plate 11

Romantic Landscape Painting of Three Mile Island Nuclear Reactor, Made Before 1979 Partial Meltdown, Artist Name Indecipherable [title given by Allan Sekula], oil on canvas, 1974–1975, 61 × 76,2 cm. Part of Allan Sekula, *Ship of Fools / The Dockers' Museum* (2010–2013) [TDM 57]. Purchased by Allan Sekula through eBay on 10 April 2011. © Photo: Ina Steiner. Collection M HKA, Antwerp /Flemish Community of Belgium. Courtesy Allan Sekula Studio.



Plate 12

Allan Sekula, *Volunteer on the edge (Islas Cíes, 12/20/02)*, part of *Black Tide/Marea negra* (2002–03). Cibachrome print, 60,5 × 86,1 cm / 75,2 × 107,3 cm (framed). © Allan Sekula Studio.



Plate 13

Allan Sekula, *Self-portrait* (Lendo, 12/22/02), part of *Black Tide/Marea negra* (2002–03). Cibachrome print, 42,7 × 52,7 cm (framed). Installation view during the exhibition *Allan Sekula. Collective Sisyphus*, Fundació Antoni Tàpies, 2017. Private collection. Hung next to *Wolf Original Soapstone Inuit Eskimo Sculpture Kayak* [as indicated on PayPal document]. Soapstone, felt, labelled: "A WOLF ORIGINAL. Fait à la main au Canada. Hand made in Canada. The Wolf Sculptures," 7,6 × 5,1 × 5,1 cm. Production date unknown. Purchased by Allan Sekula through eBay on 14 July 2010. Part of Allan Sekula, *Ship of Fools / The Dockers' Museum* (2010–2013). Collection M HKA, Antwerp / Collection Flemish Community. © Photo: Roberto Ruiz. Courtesy Allan Sekula Studio.

Colophon

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