THE MAGAZINE FOR LEICA M PHOTOGRAPHY

M

No. 2
14 € · 16 US$ · 25 CHF · 2000 ¥ · 12 £
01.2015 / ENGLISH

Second issue featuring:

DAVID ALAN HARVEY / AYMAN OGHANNA / VALERIO BISPURI
MATT STUART / STANLEY GREENE / BETTINA FLITNER

And: visual contradictions – eight surprising M photographs

LEICA FOTOGRAFIE INTERNATIONAL

LEICA M MONOCHROM

NEW

Taking black and white to the next level.

Black and white is the essence of photography. For the 24-megapixel full-frame CMOS sensor of the new Leica M Monochrom, this means that it works completely without the usual color filter in front of the pixels. Luminance values are measured by the sensor itself. The result: 100 % sharper black-and-white pictures with unrivaled brilliance. More details at www.m-monochrom.leica-camera.com

LEICA. DAS WESENTLICHE.

Experience the new Leica M Monochrom for yourself in Leica Stores and Boutiques worldwide, and at www.leica-camera.com

DEAR READER,

Henri Cartier-Bresson once said, “Taking photographs is a means of understanding which cannot be separated from other means of visual expression. It is a way of shouting, of freeing oneself, not of proving or asserting one’s own originality. It is a way of life.” Life has many facets: moments full of fear and moments for smiling, moments full of colour and moments where events seem defined in black and white. The six photo series presented in this second issue of the M Magazine are drawn from, and are as multi-faceted as life itself. What the images share in common is the camera with which they were taken: the Leica M and its rangefinder system have been a classic success story for more than 60 years.

Five of the six series were taken at least in part, with analogue cameras. That’s not surprising in the case of David Alan Harvey and Stanley Greene’s iconic works: their love of Leica was born in the analogue age. Harvey was twelve when he bought his first used Leica with money saved from his newspaper rounds.

We are now in the year 2015, but digital cameras are far from being the only ones in use these days. Many new photographers are increasingly discovering a love of analogue photography. Film lives on! Leica Camera AG is among a small number of manufacturers who continue to produce analogue models alongside digital ones. Around 60 years after the first rangefinder camera, the Leica M3, left the Leica factory and changed the face of photography forever, a new analogue model, the Leica M-A, was introduced with the hope that it too will produce many iconic images in the future.

Of course, whether digital or film, as far as we’re concerned it’s all about the pictures that linger in our minds. In this issue, they spirit us away to the beaches of Rio and the rubble of the Berlin Wall, document the horrors in Iraq and life in the prisons of South America and offer a glimpse into life on the streets of London and the punk scene in San Francisco in the seventies. These photographs open up a particular perception of things, revealing the interaction of people and their surroundings. And they open up the doors to the world of M photography for our readers – do step inside!
Another quote by Cartier-Bresson says, “Of course, it’s all luck”. And it’s our good luck to be able to present you with this wonderful selection of M photography.

Yours, Andreas Kaufmann

COVER PHOTO: DAVID ALAN HARVEY/MAGNUM PHOTOS, BAHIA, BRAZIL 2000

LIGHTBOX

Two fragments of reality that at a first glance do not quite fit together cause the viewer to pause for a moment: *dualism,* the polarity of two factors that pointedly meet in one image, or, as in the case of this lightbox, in eight.

A SELECTION OF LEICA M-PHOTOGRAPHY

Catastrophe tourism? Thomas Hoepker discovered this group of apparently completely oblivious young people on 11 September 2001. It caused great controversy when the picture was first published in 2006. Two of the people in the picture complained: they claim they were earnestly discussing the catastrophe and were indeed very affected by it. Young people, a sunny day, a catastrophe: too much for one image?

Thomas Hoepker, Leica MP

PHOTO: THOMAS HOEPKER/MAGNUM PHOTOS/AGENTUR FOCUS

PHOTO: MAX SCHELER/MAGNUM PHOTOS/AGENTUR FOCUS

Atomic bunker with outdoor pool: next to the swimming pool a large sign promoting a private fallout shelter. It does not seem to impact the pleasure experienced by the swimmer and her companion. The picture was taken in Los Angeles in 1961, when people were quite preoccupied with the fear of a nuclear attack, yet it did not appear to affect their daily lives.

Max Scheler, Leica M (analogue)

Maoism goes pop: “I documented the revolution and its consequences in Nepal from 2004 to 2008. I found myself in a remote village a few days walk from the closest road. Maoist rebels had assembled for a roll call and I noticed the Britney Spears t-shirt. There was no electricity, no roads – but she was wearing this t-shirt that somehow connected her to teenagers all over the world.”

Tomas van Houtryve, Leica M6

PHOTO: TOMAS VAN HOUTRYVE/VII PHOTO AGENCY

PHOTO: TOBIAS KRUSE/OSTKREUZ

Nature versus culture: “With 2000 residents, Tasiilaq is the largest settlement in East Greenland. It’s located in a fjord that is ice-free for a few short weeks each year and this is the only time supply ships can enter the harbour. It’s also the only available opportunity in the year for the disposal of garbage and that means it builds up over the winter. The dump was dominated by the green of a certain Danish beer, so we called it the Carlsberg.”

Tobias Kruse, Leica M9

Womanchild: In 1990 while on assignment for Life magazine, Mary Ellen Mark took photographs at a school for challenging children. She was immediately fascinated by Amanda, aged nine, and arranged with the child's mother to also take photographs of her at home. Amanda was delighted and made a point of putting on make-up for the occasion. As the photographer was about to leave, she discovered the child and her cousin in a paddling pool.

Mary Ellen Mark, Leica M (analogue)

PHOTO: RENÉ BURRI / MAGNUM PHOTOS / AGENTUR FOCUS

Golf without a green: This picture of golfers on the island of Das, an Abu Dhabi protectorate in the Persian Gulf, was taken in 1976. The island is the port where oil from the surrounding off shore fields is loaded onto tankers. The hobby sportsmen are oil workers looking for a bit of time out during their daily routine. Nothing is known of their handicap.

René Burri, Leica M (analogue)

Private but exposed to the world: Chien-Chi Chang documented the lives of illegal immigrants in Chinatown and what daily life looks like under these exceptional circumstances – such as this quiet moment on a fire escape: a place of retreat in the heart of the mega city, alone amid the masses. Last but not least: authentic Asian cooking in the middle of New York.

Chien-Chi Chang, Leica M (analogue)

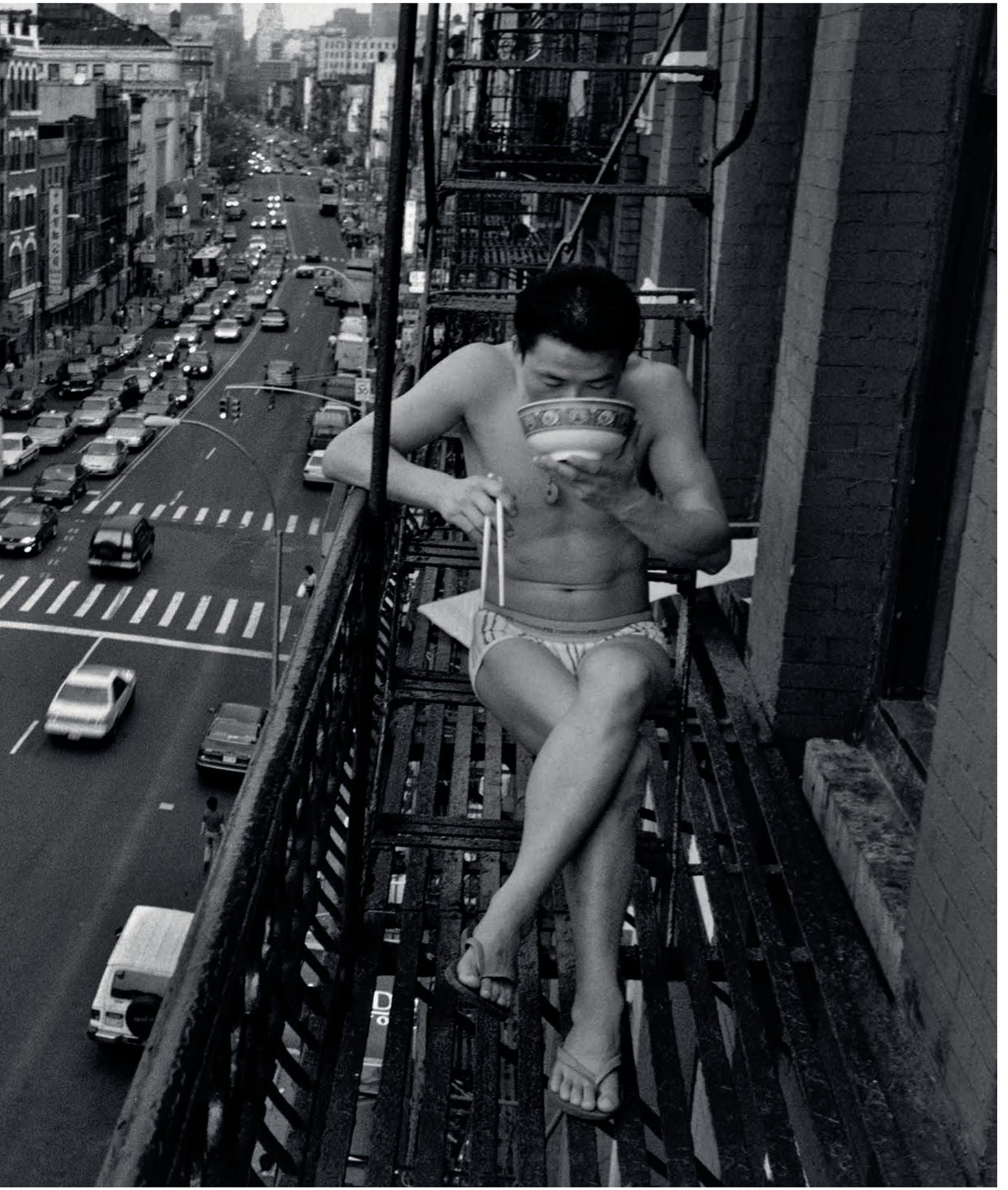


PHOTO: CHIEN-CHI CHANG/MAGNUM PHOTOS/AGENTUR FOCUS

A moment of humanity in the middle of war: “This picture was taken in Iraq, where I spent two weeks with Kurdish women fighters. The situation really resonated with me. I myself am a mother of two children and I work in war zones; but the women there have no choice. They are ready to die for the well-being of their children.”

Véronique de Viguerie, Leica M9

THOMAS HOEPKER

Born in Munich in 1936, photographer and former art director at Stern. Hoepker was the first German photographer to become a full member of Magnum Photos.

MAX SCHELER

The German Magnum photographer (1928–2003) had great impact on the appearance of Stern, and worked as deputy editor-in-chief of Geo and Merian.

TOMAS VAN HOUTRYVE

Born in 1975, the Belgian photographer is represented by the VII Agency. 2015 World Press Photo Award-winner for a picture taken with a drone. He lives in Paris.

TOBIAS KRUSE

Born in 1979, Kruse began working as a graphic designer before studying at the Ostkreuz School of Photography. He is represented by Ostkreuz, and lives in Berlin.

MARY ELLEN MARK

Born in Philadelphia in 1960. Her focus is on socially critical themes. Former member at Magnum, Mark left the agency to dedicate herself fully to her own projects.

RENÉ BURRI

Many of the pictures by Magnum photographer René Burri (1933–2014), like his portrait of Che Guevara, have become part of our collective visual memory.

CHIEN-CHI CHANG

Born in Taiwan in 1961, Chang spent 20 years documenting the lives of immigrants in New York's Chinatown. He has been a member of Magnum Photos since 2001.

VÉRONIQUE DE VIGUERIE

Born in 1978, de Viguerie studied photo-journalism. After focussing on Afghanistan for many years, she now publishes reportages taken in many different corners of the world.

DAVID ALAN HARVEY

The Man from *Ipanema*

From Copacabana to Salvador da Bahia, from the beaches of Rio to its colourful Carnival parades – Magnum photographer David Alan Harvey finds himself travelling time and again to Brazil. Early pictures taken since 2000, unpublished photos from this year, colour and black and white – images that capture the moment, intuitive, timeless and emotional.

PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A LEICA M6 / M9 / M MONOCHROM


ITAIPAVA
Carnaval
sem concorrência
ITAIPAVA
Carnaval
sem concorrência


N:2502

His pictures give no clue to the fact that he does not like to travel or that he has been classified as an introvert: foreign countries and lots of people are the main subjects of Magnum photographer David Alan Harvey's work. Talking with his friend and long-time colleague from Burn magazine, Diego Orlando, he explains how it all fits together and why he is drawn to return to Brazil once more.

I've known you for about 10 years and I've never seen you without the camera for a single day. This is really unique, because other people may use the camera as a filter, but, in your case, it seems like part of your body.
I always carried my camera around when I was a kid, and I always carry it now. Part of it is just enthusiasm for taking pictures. I enjoy the process of looking at life through the viewfinder. I don't know what a psychiatrist would say to that, and I don't care what a psychiatrist would say either. It's not just about depicting life to show it to somebody else; I live the experience a little more intensely through it. The camera was always a way for me to escape the gravity of everyday life.

In one of our earlier conversations you said that you were shy as a kid?
I'm still shy now; but I think insecurity is a key element for a lot of artists. I have taken a psychiatric test: I'm a deep introvert. To be in a room full of people with whom I'm supposed to socialize is my worst nightmare. My first pictures were of my family, for two reasons: I wanted to photograph the people immediately around me, but I was also afraid to photograph anyone else. You won't see a picture of anyone outside of my family until my high school years and a bit in college. It really began with 'Tell It Like It Is' (1967), the book we are re-publishing now, taken when I lived with a black family. I really stepped outside myself – no friends, no nothing, just an outside family.

But wasn't outside actually inside?
I always get inside eventually. One way or another. I've made friends with most of the people in my pictures. It could be a friend for five minutes: sometimes I'm standing on a corner and I just see a picture – that can happen. But, normally, I always create a family: Burn magazine is a family, my workshops become a family, when I was in Rio I covered the whole World Cup feeling, by just staying on one block. So I don't really explore in the way you might think. I keep it pretty tight. I admire Henri Cartier-Bresson because he was a street photographer and invisible; he was never in anyone's homes, except Matisse and Picasso's! He mostly didn't know the people he photographed. He was my mentor for while, but then, at some point I thought, 'wait a minute I can't just spend the rest of my life copying Cartier-Bresson'. That's when I went to colour and when I realized that DAH was not HCB. I have a different temperament. I figured that once I was inside, I could still 'blend' after I had made friends. People would get so used to my being around that I would become 'invisible'. I want to have a beer with my subjects. I'm still observing, still bearing witness, but in their living rooms. Every photographer must find their own way.

You seem to have had this approach most of your career; but, at the same time, your photography has changed many times. What have been the big changes in your life?
Well, there was one defining moment: I was a normal, happy six year-old and I got polio. I was in a hospital isolation ward with a little window to the outside. When I survived that, my family all thought, 'okay, he survived the disease'. Nobody at that time thought about the probably permanent psychological damage done. They just thought, 'hey, he's well'. In fact, I was probably pretty messed up. I don't think I ever got over that completely, and I'm sure that's why I try to create families everywhere.

What has inspired you?
I was always studying artists. In fact, I'm more referential towards writers, painters and musicians than towards photographers. They were my means of escape when I was in hospital – reading books all the time. So I had an incredible fantasy world going from age six to twelve, when I first picked up a camera. I knew early on that the camera was my life. That's why my pictures are positive, for sure. I can't take a negative picture because I don't feel negative about life. I see negative stuff all the time, but it's not what draws me. I'm still grateful I got out of hospital in one piece.

You've always kept the same approach – but reality is changing.
That's right. So, it's repetitive in one sense, which doesn't bother me at all. I don't want to look at my old pictures because I want to take new pictures; but I've never felt the need to change for the market, or to become innovative or clever. I never worry about what anyone thinks of my work. I ignore both compliments and criticism.

Talking about your peak moments, you have some key pictures that we can recognize as turning points in recent years.
I like to have a good turning point every couple of years. For example, I have no desire to do a retrospective. →

My energy is for new work. When I see something new, or discover something, I sort of have to take pictures. I just don't really have a choice. If I lost my camera, if I didn't have one, I don't know what the hell I'd do. It's an addiction of some sort. I've thought about what would happen if I went blind. I think about that every once in a while – then maybe I would write.

You're currently working in Brazil, but you've also been there before. What has changed over the years?
I was recently in Rio working on my 'BeachGames' zine, which is nearly finished. I'll go to Cuba next and do a small story in black and white. I don't really know why, I'm just into black and white at the moment. Well, I did start out in black and white, then I experimented in colour for twenty or thirty years, and then black and white has ended up captivating me again. I like both black and white and colour. As a matter of fact, it used to be a rule that you couldn't mix black and white and colour, but now I mix them all the time. I'll shoot colour in the morning and black and white in the afternoon with no trouble.

You've been all over the place, but I would never say that you like travelling.
Great point! One of the first things most students tell me when I ask them why they want to be a photographer, is that they like to travel and want to see places. That was never my motivation. It just happened. I never particularly liked to travel, and yet I've been on countless air planes, travelled all over the place, around the world five times – but that was never what it was about. Just get me there, I'll find a story and I'll work on it. I love being with other cultures, trying all the food, listening to the music. I absorb all the history, politics and everything else. So, once I'm there, I enjoy being in other places; but my preferred choice if to stay on my front porch.

How is the relationship with your high level colleagues at Magnum? Do you relate your work to theirs? Is it a discussion you ever have among yourselves?
We really like being stimulated by someone else's work. You don't just want to focus on your own work. It's rather funny, in one way I'm totally focused on my own work, but at the same time one of the things that gives me greatest pleasure is to focus on Burn magazine and publishing other photographers' work.

I'm a big fan of other Magnum photographers – you go to a meeting and D'Agata has a new book, or Bieke, or Trent. I'm so focused on my own work, but I need a break from DAH. He can be too much! That's why I love teaching. I get to see work by other people, and I can get my mind off my own – a nice vacation from David Alan Harvey. When I got into Magnum I had to pinch myself. I remember I had some pictures on the walls at the Bibliothèque Nationale de France, which was pretty cool enough as it was; but then I was in a private room with Henri Cartier-Bresson, and the next thing I know I'm sitting next to him having a glass of wine. I really had to stop and think, 'is this really me, really here, with this guy?' He was my hero, as were many of the Magnum photographers, so I couldn't really believe I was there. It didn't feel like I deserved it. Even after I became part of Magnum – maybe even now – I don't feel like I'm really in Magnum.

In your photos and also in life you mostly relate to people under the age of thirty...
It's not about age, it's just about attitude. Unfortunately, most people become more conservative with age, more locked into whatever was going on for them twenty years ago. When I was twenty-one, at the newspaper, the guys would get into negative conversations about the business, grumble about the bosses; but I refused to get into that conversation. Now that I'm older, I also refuse to get into the conversation about the good old days. I'm very excited about NOW.

One last thing about Brazil. You'd been to Brazil once, but then you did another book on Brazil right away. What made you decide to return there so quickly?
Yeah, that could actually end up being a mistake; but even if it's a mistake in a sense, it's not really a mistake because I felt like doing it. If you feel like doing something you should do it. There was a woman the other day who said, "Hold on, you did Rio and now you're doing Rio again?" I said that I know that returning to the same source twice goes against conventional wisdom; but, for whatever reason, there's a lot of material for me in Brazil. I mean it appeals to me on a lot of levels.

You also like spending time in Brazil.
Who doesn't want to go to Brazil, drink caipirinhas, sit on the beach and fall in love with it all? I live my work. My personal life and my work are not separated. I'm pretty sure I could never do anything if I wasn't in love somehow.

Diego Orlando, *born in 1971, is a free-lance photographer and photo editor. Co-founder of the Winephoto Association. Photo editor at Burn magazine since 2009.*

AYMAN OGHANNA

Stepping Over the Line

The Islamic State terror militia are hunting down those of other faiths and opposing political views. More than one million people have fled: many ran to the relative security of the Kurdish regions, but maybe not for long. Kurdish State or Islamic State? And who is on which side? Ayman Oghanna portrays a region sinking into violence, chaos and mistrust.

PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A LEICA M

SNUNY AND KALAK
Early August 2014

Ten thousand refugees hold out in the Sinjar Mountains, cut off from any type of aid. Volunteers drive them in emergency vehicles to autonomous Kurdish regions – saving many from the gruesome acts committed by ISIS

FAYSH KHABUR
10 August 2014

Many refugees pass through Faysh Khabur. A ferry connects the town in northern Iraq to the Kurdish north-east of Syria, also known as Rojava. It is doubtful they will ever return home


SUPHANBURI
7

DOHUK PROVINCE
15 August 2014

In the Bajid-Kandal refugee camp in the Kurdish autonomous region of Dohuk, Yazidis, driven out of their homeland, wait for water. The resources in the refugee camps have long been exhausted


PUNCK

DOHUK PROVINCE
15 August 2014

Anger and despair is written on people's faces. Forced into exile by Sunni extremists who overran their homes. At least in the camps, they can recover for a while from the tribulations of their flight

KURDISH AUTONOMOUS REGION
Mid August 2014

The Peshmerga Army fights against the ISIS terror militia in northern Iraq. The high command over the soldiers is in the hands of the Kurdish Regional Government in Erbil

MOSUL DAM
19 August 2014

Peshmerga soldiers evaluate the impact of US air attacks. Kurdish and Iraqi troops liberated the strategically important dam in the north of the country from the hands of ISIS

QANDIL AND ERBIL
28 September 2014

Female members of the Kurdistan Workers Party (PKK): women fighters from the Kurdish regions in Turkey, Syria, Iraq and Iran who unite to put a stop to the ISIS advance

ERBIL
2 October 2014

Just like the numerous Yazidis and Kurds, Muslims also flee from ISIS fighters. Sunni Arabs are often accused of collaboration with the equally Sunni ISIS. Their religion alone is reason for suspicion

With the growing strength of ISIS, the Kurdish Regional Government supported by the United Nations High Commission for Refugees (UNHCR) has set up numerous refugee camps in Kurdish autonomous regions

The only barrier between Syria and Iraq was a thick sheet of dust. A makeshift caravan of tractors, family cars and cattle trucks punched through it, until the haze retreated, revealing the weary people spilling down from Mount Sinjar beyond. The drivers called out to them. But the exodus was already stumbling forward, with children clasping hands around their father's necks and sacks slung across sore shoulders. The drivers of the rescue vehicles were all volunteers. Men with enough gasoline and empathy to drive across the desert and save strangers threatened with extinction. They held the hands of exhausted men and women, leading them to their vehicles and the promise of salvation. 12 year-old Randa was one of those saved. She looked out of the cab of the pick-up truck that had rescued her and her family, with green eyes that had seen too much. "Is this Syria?" she asked aloud. "Rojava," was the answer the driver gave, using the Kurdish word for Western Kurdistan, an aspiring Kurdish state in the north and east of a country once known only as Syria. Randa and the others were much like the dust along Rojava's borders that day. Hanging in the air, upturned, and waiting to be blown across unrecognised states by forces much beyond their control.

A LONG HISTORY OF PERSECUTION. Like most of those who fled that day, Randa is Yazidi. Part of a minority community of believers in Iraq, following an ancient pre-Islamic religion that holds a special veneration for a fallen angel whose remorseful tears, they say, extinguished the fires of hell bringing the angel back to God. Sunni supremacists see this fallen angel, Melek Taus, as Satan and consider the Yazidi to be Devil worshippers. Like many minorities in the Middle East, they have long lived by mountains and needed a strong compassionate state's protection from hostile forces. The Yazidi's history is filled with pogroms and massacres, but perhaps none quite as terribly significant as the events of last August, when on the outskirts of the Yazidi city of Sinjar, in north-west Iraq, Iraqi Army and Kurdish Peshmerga forces fled their posts in the face of the marauding militant Sunni army calling itself the Islamic State (ISIS). The militants swept through village after village, town after town and inflicted terrible cruelty on those they found left behind. Hundreds were executed and thousands were abducted, including children and the many women who were enslaved and sold for sex to the Jihadi militants.

To the thousands who escaped Sinjar and its surroundings, the only way out, was up. Tens of thousands of Yazidi would be stranded at Mount Sinjar in the week following the Islamic State's advance, surrounded by militants, and facing death from malnutrition, dehydration and exposure. The stories the survivors told coming down from Mount Sinjar were so numerous and grim – enslaved women, dead babies, parents spitting into children's mouths to fight dehydration – that, at first, many journalists did not believe they could be true.

CHOOSING SIDES. Most of those rescued from Mount Sinjar were saved thanks to the YPG, the Syrian Kurdish brand of the Kurdistan Workers Party, known by the Kurdish initials PKK – a group technically designated a terrorist organisation by the US and the EU. After they were able to fight for a secure corridor to rescue the Yazidi, however, they became the new heroes of Kurdistan, the new ascendant Middle Eastern State, brave warriors willing to battle the Islamic State militants and defend civilians with a dedication and ferocity, which the Iraqi Army and Peshmerga were not prepared to do. "From this moment, I am not Iraqi," Khodeda Abbas, a former Iraqi Army soldier told me shortly after being rescued from Mount Sinjar. "I belong to the YPG, because they were the only ones who would protect us."

After centuries of coexistence, in the heterogeneous space between Iraq and Syria, Christians, Kurds, Yazidis, Arabs, Shabak, Turkmen and others were being forced to choose a side – the Islamic State or a Kurdish State – in an area that no longer granted space in between. In the last year, more than two million Iraqis were uprooted by the violence following the advance of ISIS. Almost half of those fleeing crowded into Iraqi Kurdistan, already home to more than 200 000 Syrian refugees. Families slept under highway bridges, within the shells of half constructed buildings, by roadsides and in the corridors of schools, whose academic semesters had to be delayed for two months whilst the Kurdish regional government struggled to find the resources to provide housing for the displaced. Dohuk province, once one of Iraq's smallest provinces by population, was transformed into one of the largest with nearly one half of the population now being refugees or displaced persons. Electricity in Dohuk, largely generated by burning fuel, costs the province millions of dollars per day and has been strained by the influx. Water, too, is a problem. The area's supply was barely sufficient even before half a million additional people began drawing on the limited resources.

All that is left of the once rich and diverse fabric of the region can now only be found in the camps for the displaced in Kurdistan. Arabic, Kurdish and Turkish words fill the air. Moustached Yazidi men slurp tea whilst mischievous Arab boys slyly fire rocks with slingshots out of sight from their parents' eyes. Turkmen professors →

greet Palestinian families displaced for a second time since first leaving Haifa in 1948. Children, Arab, Yazidi, Shabak, Sunni and Shia, play football together. At night, women bake fresh bread on improvised stoves, whilst in some tents, former Sunni policemen from Mosul share whiskey and jokes lit by the flares of cigarettes and coals from a water pipe.

Outside the camp, however, the bonds carefully built between communities have been torn apart following the violent incursion of ISIS. In the towns of Makhmour and Gwer in Iraq's Kurdistan region, mixed communities of coexisting Arabs and Kurds have been effectively ethnically cleansed. Both previously mixed towns were occupied by ISIS, with Arab and Kurdish residents fleeing. After Kurdish Peshmerga forces liberated it, however, Kurdish authorities only allowed Kurdish residents to return. Arabs who had once lived there are now gone. Their shops and homes are now empty, with some looted and even burned after Kurdish mobs accused Arab residents of collaborating or sympathising with ISIS.

SUSPICION AND MISTRUST. The day before America started to bomb Islamic State convoys and targets, I watched a white BMW drive towards the checkpoint at Kalak. The Nineveh plains had just fallen to militants from the Islamic State, bringing them only 25 miles from Erbil, the capital of Iraqi Kurdistan. The situation was angry and confused. For the first time in years covering Iraqi Kurdistan, I heard Kurds bitterly cursing America and Europe for apparently abandoning them. Religion is clearly stated on each Iraqi ID, and knots of Peshmerga checked each one as they came in; vehicles were often waved through in just a matter of seconds. There was, however, some sort of problem with the white BMW. The driver was being dragged out of the car's open window and punched in the face. He looked about 60 and an angry crowd of Peshmerga and volunteers had gathered around him. They threw him onto the road and kicked him whilst he lay on the ground. I tried to take photographs but a uniformed Peshmerga prevented me. The driver, who was bleeding, was thrown inside the trunk of his BMW and then three men drove off in it up the road. They shrugged when I asked where the man was being taken. "He's Daash," one of them told me, using the local acronym for ISIS. The proof? "He's Arab," he said.

Sectarian tensions in Iraq are not a one way street. Before the Battle of Sinjar, the Islamic State had only managed to conquer parts of Iraq with a significant Sunni Arab population. It had done so by capitalising on the grievances of Iraq's Sunnis. After the US invasion of Iraq in 2003, Sunnis were sidelined and purged from positions of power by Nouri al-Maliki, Iraq's then Shia Prime Minister for eight years, until he agreed to relinquish power under American and Iranian pressure following the Islamic State's gains. His government had systematically targeted, imprisoned and tortured tens of thousands of Sunni men and women. Arrest warrants were also issued for leading Sunni politicians, non-violent Sunni demonstrations were met with violent force and armed Shia militias where provided with government badges and the authority to kill with impunity. By the time Islamic State fighters began seizing cities from the control of Baghdad's Shia-dominated government, many Sunnis across the country were referring to them as 'the revolutionaries'.

I met Hamoudi, the Islamic State's emir in Mosul's eastern Al Zahra district. He started asking questions before I could ask my own. "Why did all the media talked about them when the Christians left Mosul?" he asked. "And nowadays they're all talking about Yazidis and Sinjar. Why didn't they talk about Anbar and Fallujah? Why didn't the media concentrate on them? Why? Because they are Sunnis? Why didn't they make the Sunni case important?" Hamoudi started to run through a long list of grievances against the media, the US and Maliki. Like many local leaders in the Islamic State, Abu Hamoudi is a former prisoner. He said he was imprisoned and tortured under Maliki's rule, targeted for being a former Baathist officer in Saddam Hussein's army. His words were grounded in the language of Sunni supremacy; and they offer, with brutal simplicity, the Islamic State's solution to a multi-ethnic Iraq: submit or be extinguished. "The Islamic State has gotten rid of sectarianism," he said. "Now there are no Shia. There are no Kurds... no Shabaks, no Yazidis, no Christians. We are all Sunni."

Ayman Oghanna, *a British photographer with Iraqi roots, has travelled repeatedly in the border region between Syria and Iraq since August 2014.*

VALERIO BISPURI

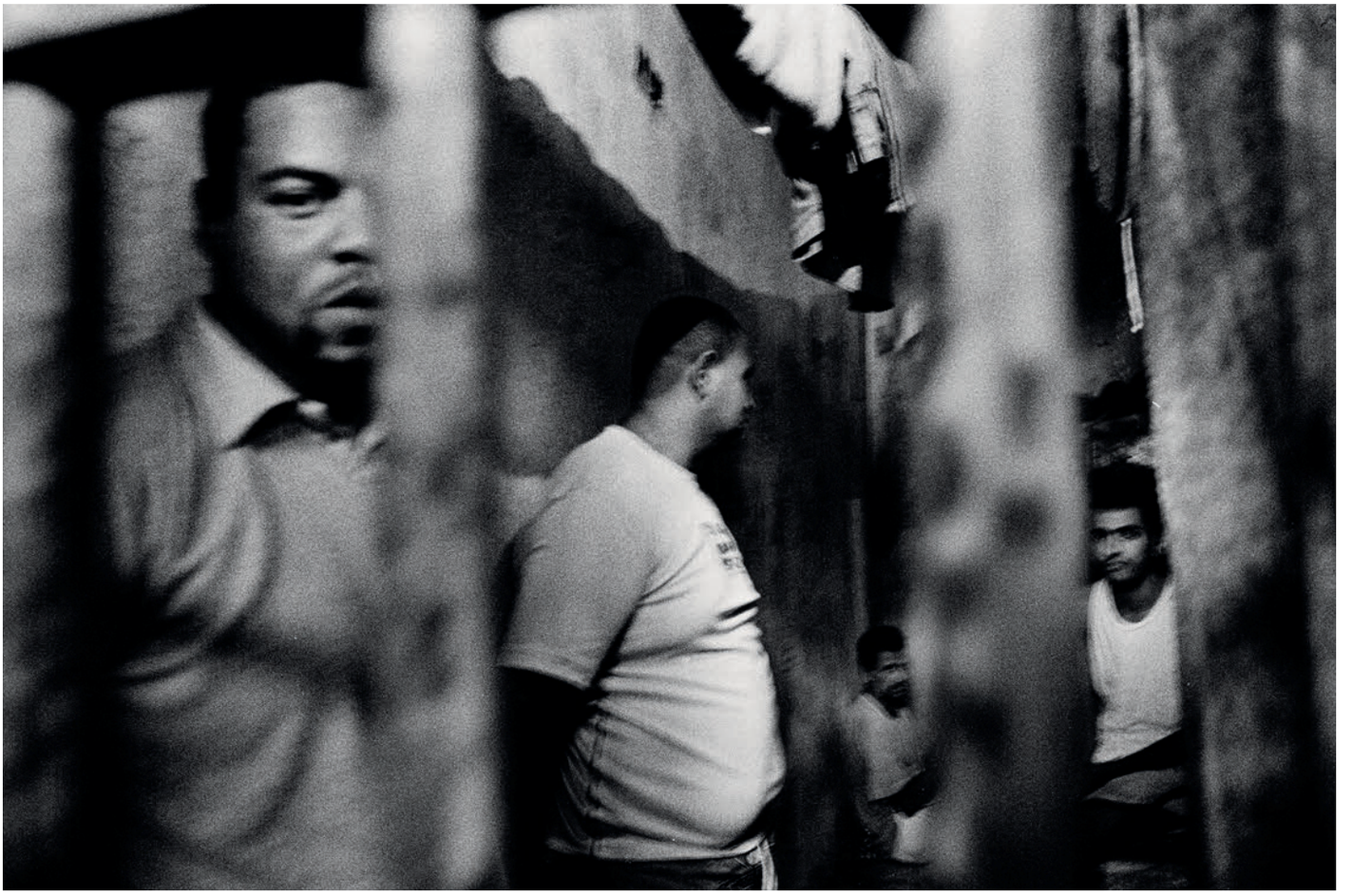
Hell Behind Bars

A world of anarchy and chaos: correctional facilities in South America are considered among the toughest in the world. The inmates themselves are often in control of daily life within the walls of the miserably overcrowded prisons. Valerio Bispuri visited over 70 of them, resulting in haunting black and white images that offer a glimpse at life behind bars – images as full of contrasts as life itself.

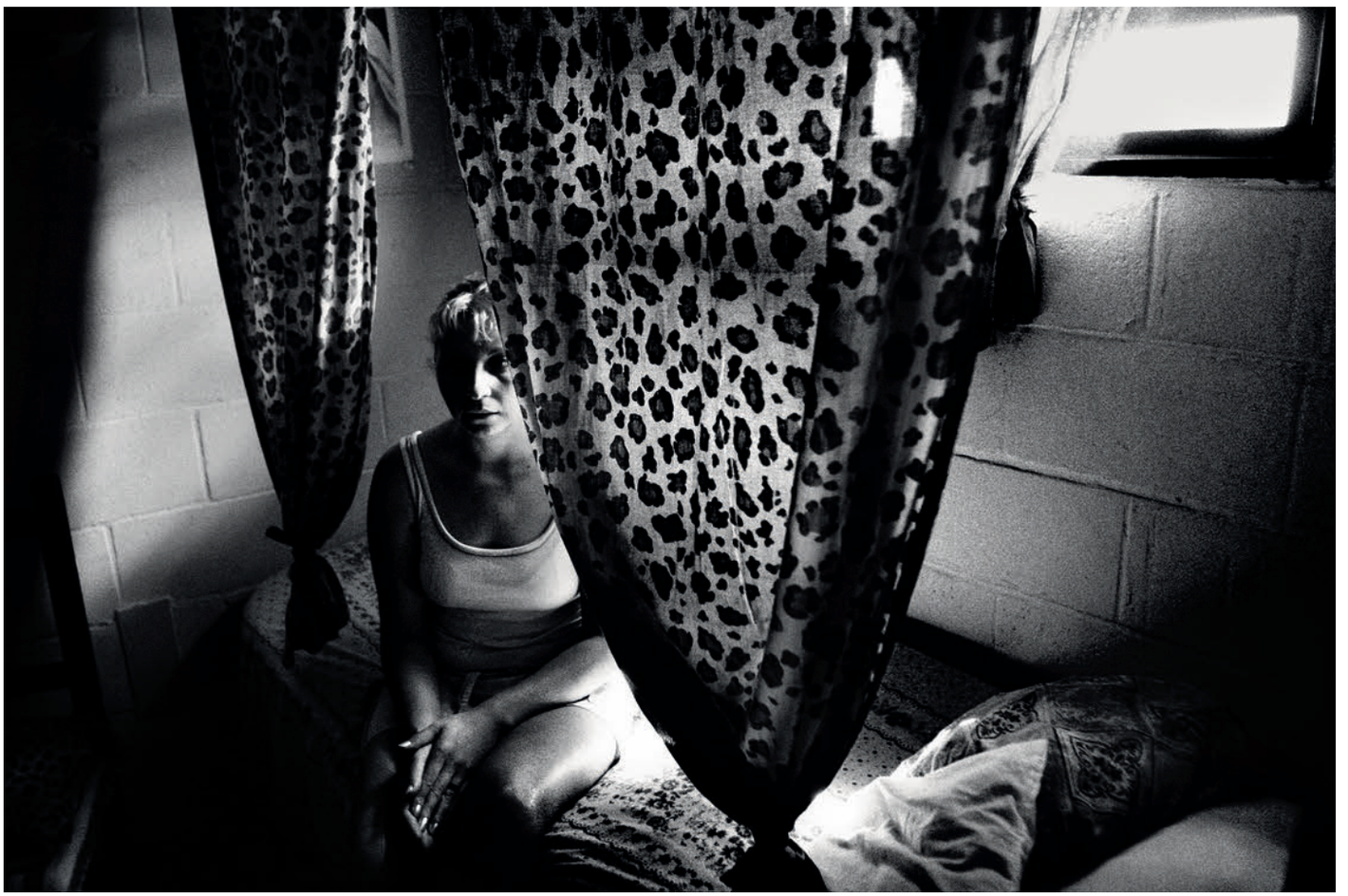
PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A LEICA M6/M9

Previous page: Los Teques in Caracas, Venezuela. This page: Penitenciaría in Santiago de Chile – the oldest prison on the continent

Quayaquil women's prison in Ecuador, around 275 kilometres south of Quito. Disturbances here are frequent



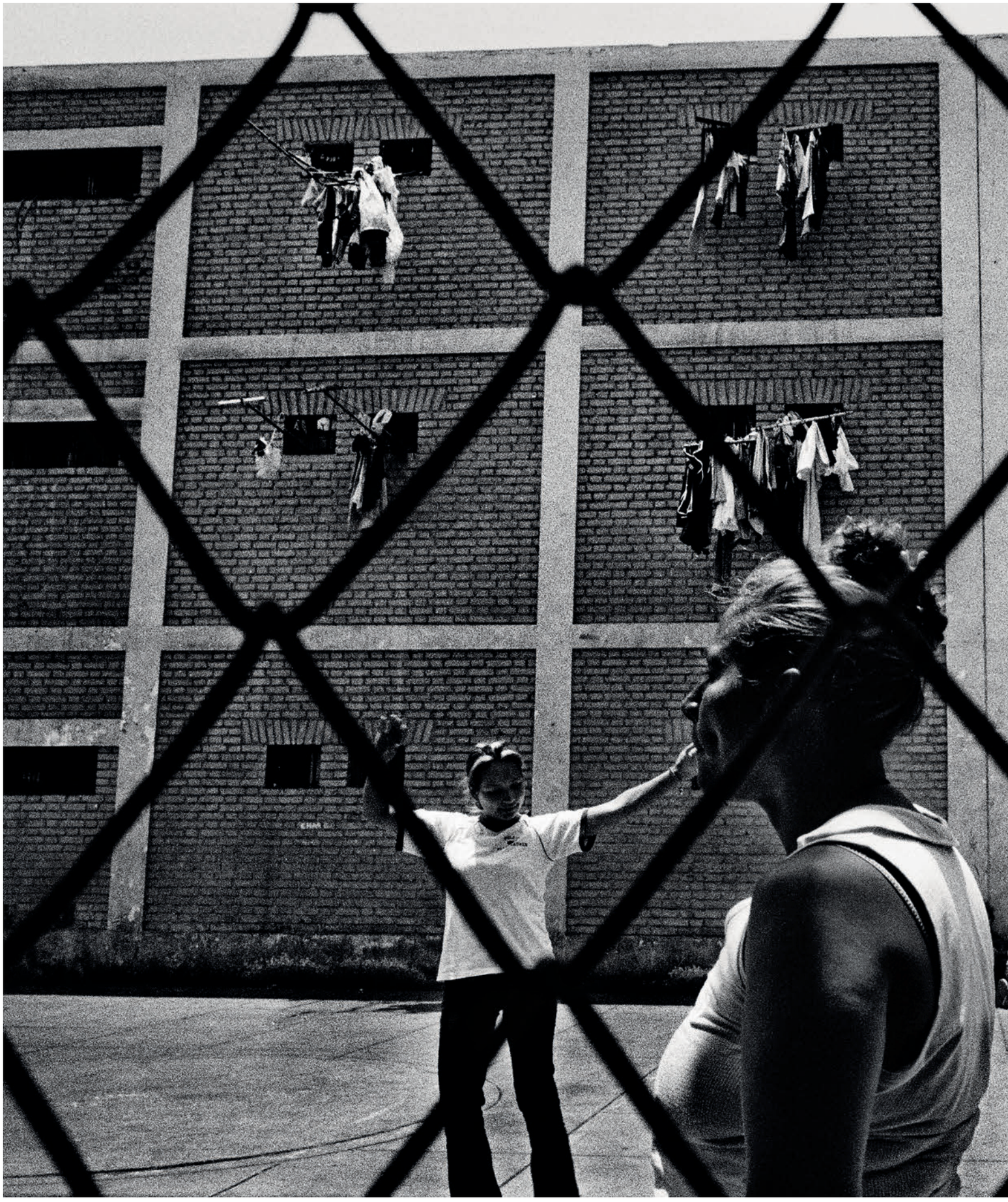
Inmates in Santiago de Chile and Rio de Janeiro. People suffer not only from a lack of freedom, but from an extreme lack of space – without their own bed or a place they can withdraw to. Prisoners are crowded together in the cells



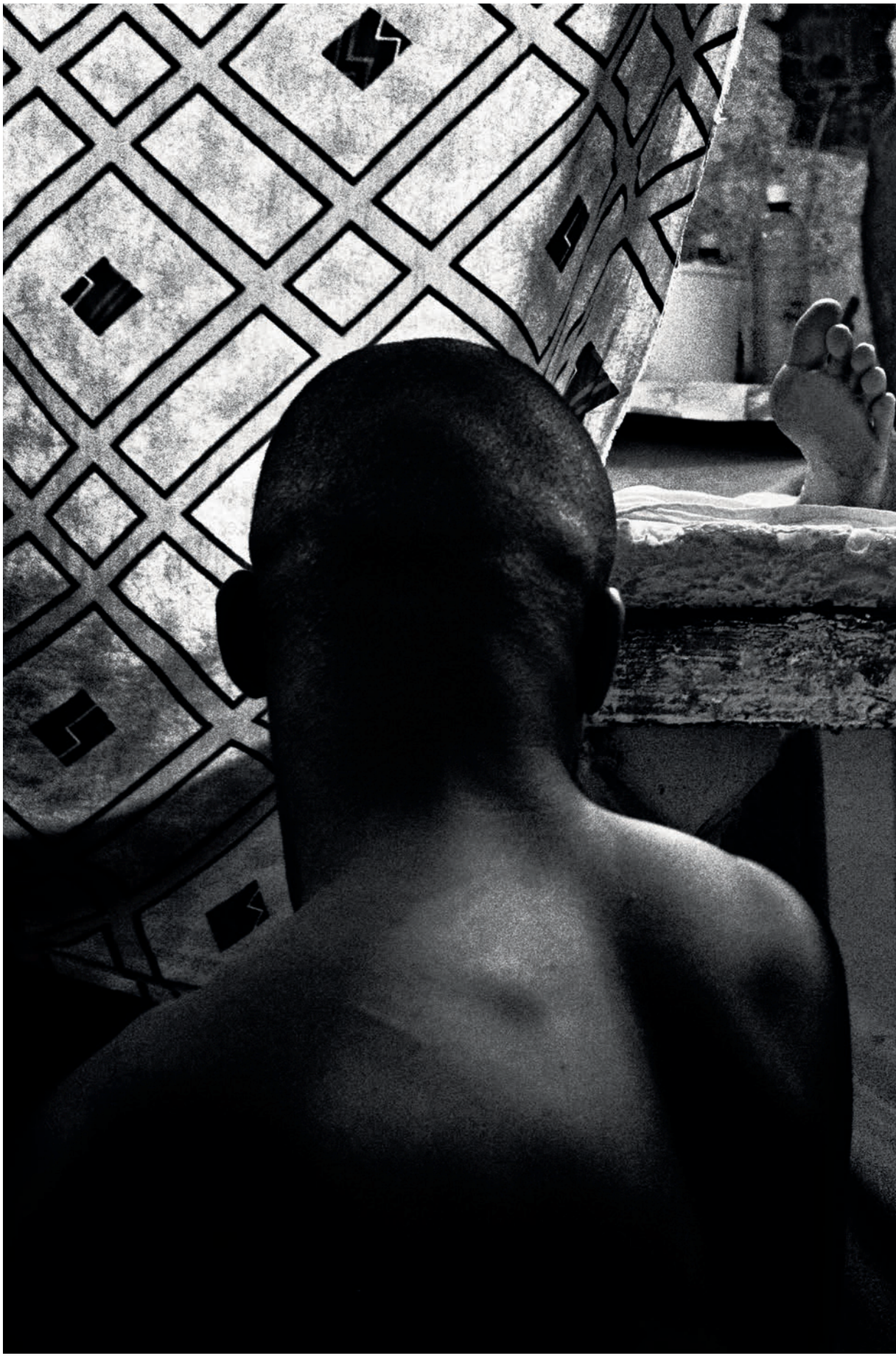
Left: Women's prison in Buenos Aires, Argentina. Right: the former La Tablada youth correctional facility in Montevideo, Uruguay. Using humble means, the inmates have decorated their cells, waiting for time to pass

The Combita, high-security prison in Colombia, north-east of Bogotá, where many former FARC guerillas are carrying out their sentences

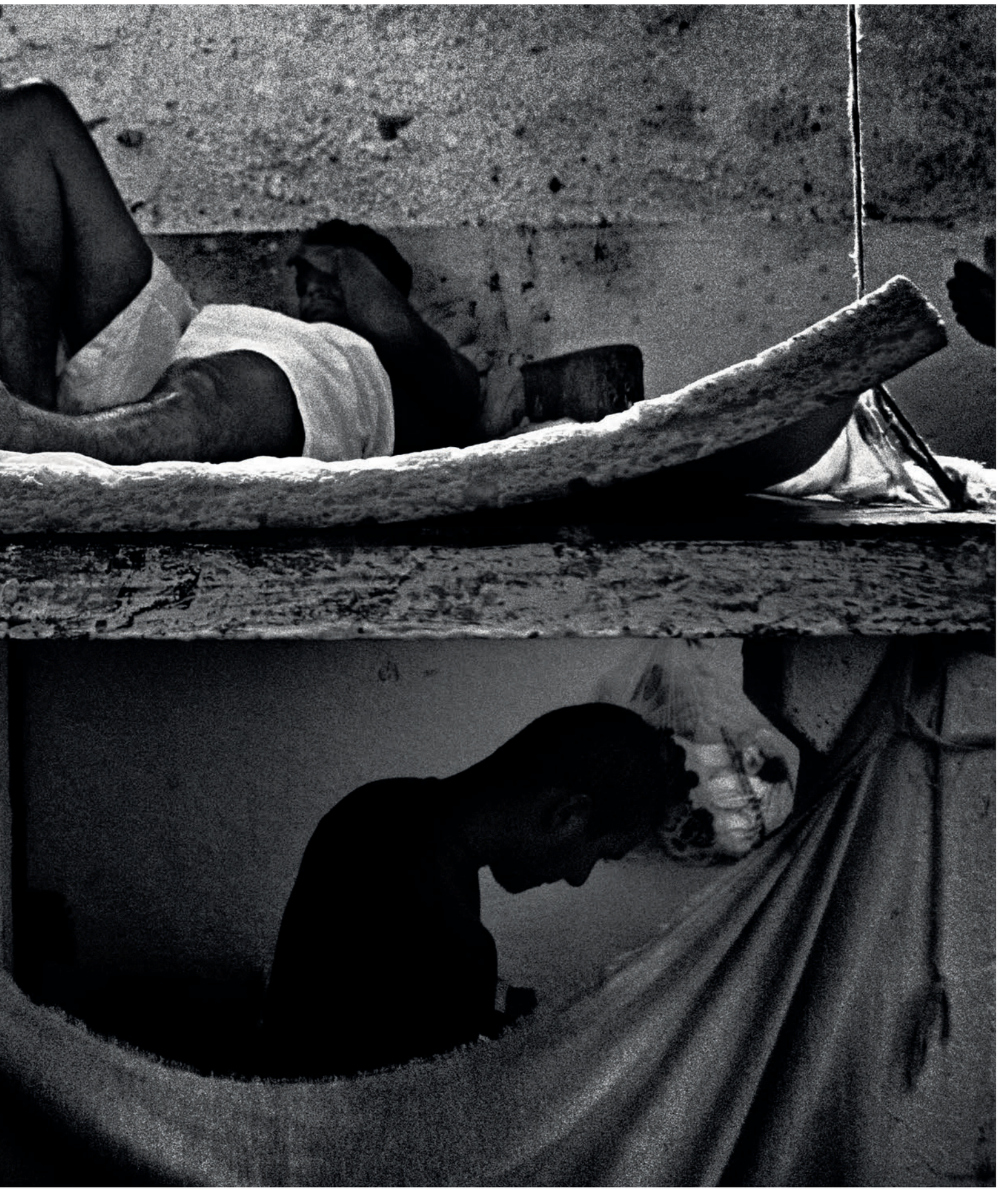

AE



Courtyard of the Chorrillos women's prison in Lima, Peru. Many of the women take their small children into prison with them – where else can they stay?



Previous page: Penitenciaría prison in Santiago de Chile. This page: The high-security Bangu prison in Rio de Janeiro



Washing rooms in Penitenciaría prison
in Santiago de Chile. The facility is hopelessly
overcrowded – the prisoners have gone on hunger
strikes more than once in protest

This page: Chorrillos women's prison in Lima, Peru. Next page: Quito, Ecuador. There are plans to open a luxury hotel where the prison is located


THE SPIDERMANS
S.C
EXIGIMOS QUE SE RESPETEN
"NUESTROS - DERECHOS"
3X1


EL 3X1 ES REACCIONARIO - VIVA EL PARO
3X1

Left: A prisoner at San Felipe prison in the Argentine province of Mendoza shows his scars.
Right: A cell door at the La Tablada correctional facility in Montevideo, Uruguay


214

Do you know the difference between prison and a lack of freedom? The series shown here focusses on the second of the two, on a freedom that many of the prisoners have never been able to experience. If you do not see the difference immediately, it might be because you enjoy a carefree life and for you prison and a lack of freedom mean the same thing. There is a difference, however.

Valerio Bispuri photographed prisoners and cells, but his camera was focussed on something else – on the lack of freedom that often precedes and pursues the life of those who end up in prison. A lack of freedom, and thus of choice, is what convicted the thousands of prisoners that Bispuri has captured with his camera. The prisons he visited in Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, Brazil, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela are amongst the most dangerous in Latin American. He spent a lot of time in Lurigancho, the largest prison in South America, located in Lima, Peru. With ten thousand inmates, it is a city within a city, in the country currently defined as the largest producer of cocaine in the world; and entering within its walls means to catch a glimpse into the depths of Hell. Or he went to Los Teques, in Caracas, Venezuela, a paradox of a prison – although not for South America – as all the inmates are armed with knives and guns, and follow a sort of codex whereby every time a boss is released they celebrate by firing against the walls.

His pictures are pictures of cities, prisons that are like teeming anthills, prisons where everyone is condemned – police and inmates alike. Prisons where the convict knows that the difference between being inside or outside is minimal – considerable, as far as doing business is concerned of course, but minimal with regard to discomfort, despair, and even rights. Since those in the Venezuelan prison are armed, they could even consider escaping – but for what purpose? To end up inside again? Or to be killed by a rival? In the end, prisons provide rules.

The main crime filling Latin American prisons is the same one that fills American prisons, the same one that fills European prisons: drug-related crimes. In countries where the criminal cartels are extremely powerful, it shows that repression and prohibition are policies that have failed. Some are doing time for fraud, then there is murder, rape, and robbery. Bispuri also visited female prisons. He discovered and photographed women who had killed their husbands. It was often just a case of trying to defend themselves from a drunk husband, or to knock him out – but they hit him a bit too hard. Mothers who killed their own sons: sons who were drug addicts, sons who were violent; or sons who were innocent and it was the women who were drunk or under the influence of drugs. Yet, perhaps what is the most striking thing is that, despite the very black and white situation, ultimate despair does not prevail. It was a surprise to me to learn that the percentage of suicides in these hellholes is extremely low when compared to North American and European prisons. And in the end, Bispuri, with his photographic skill, succeeded in capturing the story of those lives that are based on a resistance to death.

A DESIRE FOR DOCUMENTATION. In Mendoza prison, Bispuri asked to have access to Pavilion 5 where the most dangerous Argentine convicts are imprisoned. It is a place where even the guards refuse to go anymore – stopping and leaving food, washing powder and sheets at a safe distance. Bispuri obtained permission from the Governor and the guards, but they had him sign a document stating that he assumed all responsibility for the decision. He went in on his own, no one accompanied him. The place held ninety of the most savage prisoners, but not one hair on his head was touched. Moreover, they were moved and welcomed him, asking him to document the terrible conditions in which they are forced to serve out their sentences. They accompanied him to the exit and made him promise to publish the photos – and he did.

Thanks to his efforts and to Amnesty International, Pavilion 5 ceased to be a cage full of wild beasts, but instead was recognized as a disgraceful scandal, a symbol, and evidence of the inhumanity of the State. Criminals responsible for violent crimes living in a situation more criminal that all their crimes put together – a crime committed by the State. Prisons that have become places of torture are faced with general silence and indifference – as also occurs in the majority of Italian prisons. Following the publication of the photos, Pavilion 5 in Mendoza prison was closed down.

This did not happened because Bispuri had denounced the squalor of the place, because many Argentines actually want those criminals to suffer the worst possible punishment. It was closed because he revealed the traces of humanity in the inmates; and, when you recognize yourself in another person, the worst person possible, you can then maybe comprehend that his or her humiliation is your own. This is how photography, a major art form, can look at the world and have great impact.

Roberto Saviano *is an Italian author and journalist. 'Gomorrah', his book about the intrigues of the Camorra, became a worldwide best seller.*

MATT STUART

Hunting Ground

A photo safari in London – this is Matt Stuart's hunting ground. He prowls the streets of the British capital, stalking his prey, searching for the perfect moment. Senses on alert, he waits patiently, then emerges from undercover with his camera poised to shoot. He does not give up till he has bagged his prize – unique images full of colour, humour and the scent of the big city.

PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A LEICA MP


patisserie
STAR COFFEE


107


Book of Life
IN CINEMAS
OCTOBER 24
TAXIS


Truth Calvin Klein
Men
Truth Calvin Klein
Men
John Lewis


W
1
unbeatable easter deals
do something
lastminute.com
Harrods
FOOD HALLS


RST CLASS AND ABROAD
SECOND CLASS
Last Collection Time
Monday to Friday
7.00pm
Saturdays
7.00pm
ER
CARRON COMPANY
STIRLINGSHIRE


No loading
Mon-Fri
8.30am-7pm
Fire exit
Keep clear

"The wonderful thing about street photography is that you could never imagine the best scenes, nor can you replicate them. Moments happen and before you've even had time to marvel at them, they're already gone. I believe the really crazy things are real and anything you try to construct loses the comedy, it doesn't even come close." Matt Stuart is a situations comedian – without being funny himself. His sense of humour lies in observing and capturing unintentionally bizarre situations. His recipe for success? "Buy a good pair of comfortable shoes, have a camera around your neck at all times, keep your elbows in, be patient, optimistic and don't forget to smile." And a lot of patience! But, once he is out on the streets, he even makes a point of hunting down these bizarre situations...

CLATTER! CLATTER! CLUNK! How long can I contain my irritation with the endless noise of the plywood hitting stone – attempted skateboard 'tricks' coming from the little step in the garden? It's Matthew, my eldest son, trying over and over again to make an 'ollie kick flip' – where the rider and board leap into the air unaided and the skater tries to flip the board over mid-air and land on it. Clatter! He tries again, it doesn't work, he falls off, he tries again... He never gives up.

That stubborn determination to get things right moved from boyhood into manhood and gives Matthew his persistence and determination as a photographer. He goes out every morning, he shoots nothing – day after day – but he never gives up. Every now and again he spots a little gem and captures a moment. However, unlike the skateboard trick that is over in a split second with nothing to show for it (apart from another scab or bruise), photographs catch the moment for all time. The image provides something to show for his patient efforts.

I walked through Soho in London with Matthew a few years ago, looking in windows and chatting about this and that. Suddenly I realise I'm walking along alone and talking to myself. I look around – no sign of him. I wait. A few minutes later Matthew returns, having just spotted and shot one of the photographs I now rate as one of his top ten images. Matthew is so tuned into looking that he sees things the rest of us just pass by. Sometimes, after being out with him I can see how exhausted he is by all the visual stimulus. He never stops looking.

THE FIRST TOOL. When Matthew changed obsessions from skateboarding to photography, and before the arrival of digital cameras, developing roll upon roll of film was expensive. Then one of his grandparents died and left him some money; but instead of paying off his credit card debt (as recommended by his parents!) he rushed out and bought a Leica MP. This is the same camera he slings on his shoulder now when he goes out in the morning. Of course, he has a vast amount of other equipment that he needs when he's working, but that little Leica has been his constant companion all these years.

Another 'transferable skill' from his teenage skateboarding days is Matthew's ability to smile and chat with everyone and anyone. Getting on with the security guards, dinner ladies, the homeless, the hoodies, was one of his required skateboarding skills and the same affability and interest in people works for him as a photographer. Matthew's pleasure in meeting people connects to his enjoyment in passing on his knowledge and enthusiasm for taking photographs. This has developed into giving talks and running workshops in Europe and the USA. Last month his work was even shown at the Leica Store in San Francisco.

MATTHEW IS A RISK TAKER – which can be rather worrying for his mother. However, the boy who came home and boasted proudly that, for a dare, he had jumped down the 16 stairs at Harrow Train Station, now steps up and takes on every sort of challenge that comes his way. Someone might ask, 'can you do this?' the answer is 'yes', and he does it. He operates 'in the moment' and doesn't try to foresee challenges or difficulties that might lie ahead – he believes he will just cope with whatever comes his way in life.

Matthew never stops taking photographs. When you go out for a walk with him, he's always a few yards in front or behind you: taking pictures, seeing where the light is coming from, talking about what he sees, disappearing off to get the shot. He never stops. This obsession with taking photographs can be quite irritating, just like the Clatter! Clatter! Clunk! of the skateboard in our garden that used to strain my nerves so many years ago. However, it is that same endless patience and grim determination to succeed that is responsible for turning a spotty teenager, wearing baggy trouser and his cap back to front, into a perceptive, talented and extremely accomplished professional photographer.

Needless to say, I'm a very proud mum.

Susan Stuart *describes herself as "the world's slowest photographer". This article for the M Magazine is the first one Matt's mother has ever written.*

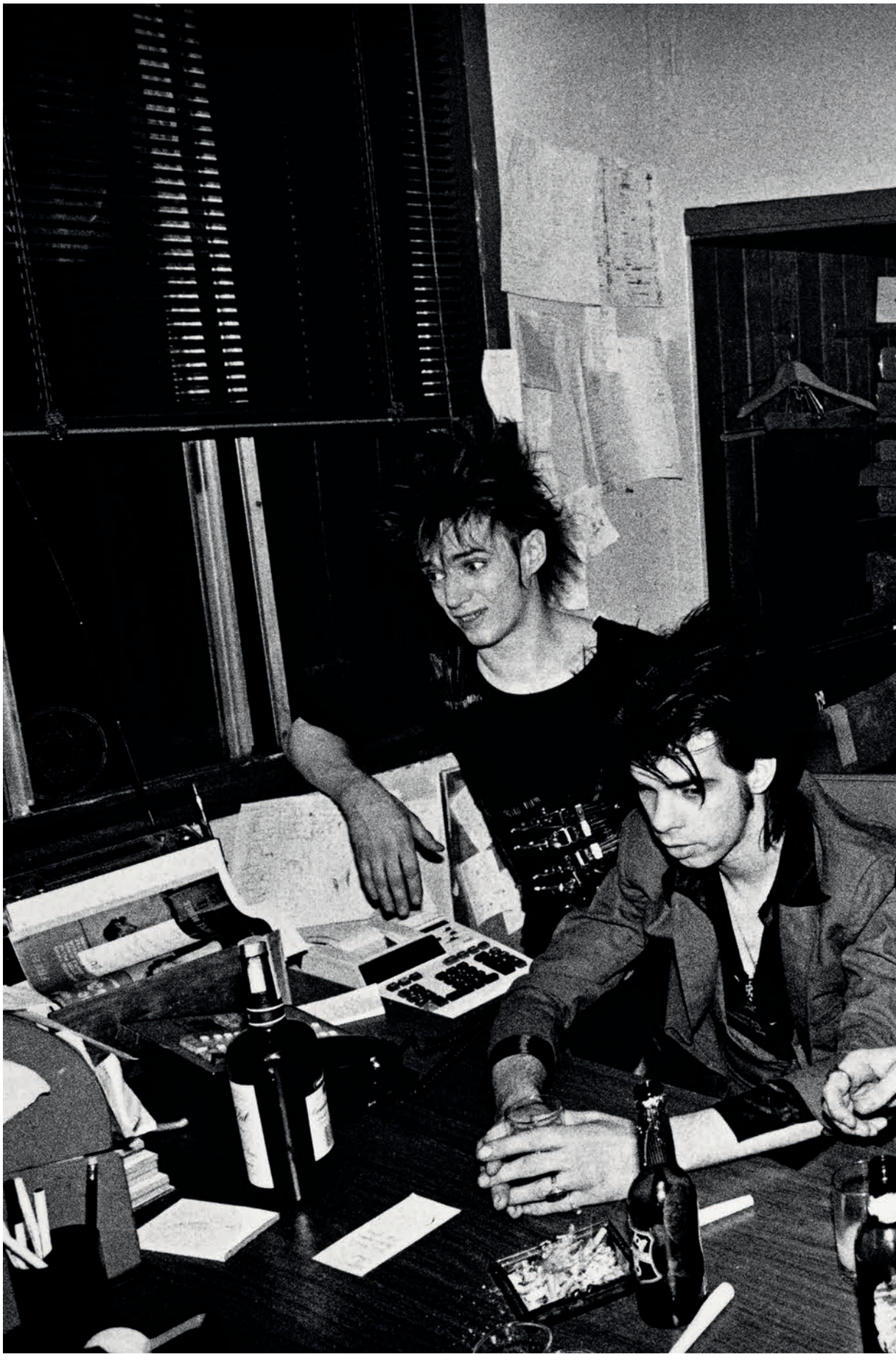
STANLEY GREENE

Front Man

At the time when punk rock arrived on the west coast of the United States in the seventies, Stanley Greene was living in San Francisco. His university, the San Francisco Art Institute, was the hub of the emerging scene. It was dark and it was wild – as were Greene's pictures. Camera on hand, he dove right into the excessive party scene, allowing himself to be sucked into a whirlwind of music, sex and drugs.

PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A LEICA M2/M3


BJF



Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds at the I Beam Club (1984): Blixa Bargeld, Nick Cave, Hugo Race, Mike Harvey and Barry Adamson (from the left)


Miller
High Life
YANKS
QUICK
BUT
SICK

Previous page: Dead Kennedys concert on the 15th anniversary of Kennedy's death. Left: Greene's house-mate, the drummer Paul Zahl

Left: Punks, night-crawlers and prostitutes meet on San Francisco's Broadway. Above: the Red Hot Chili Peppers at The Stone Club (1983). Their début album appeared a year later. Since then, they have released ten albums, and another is being planned

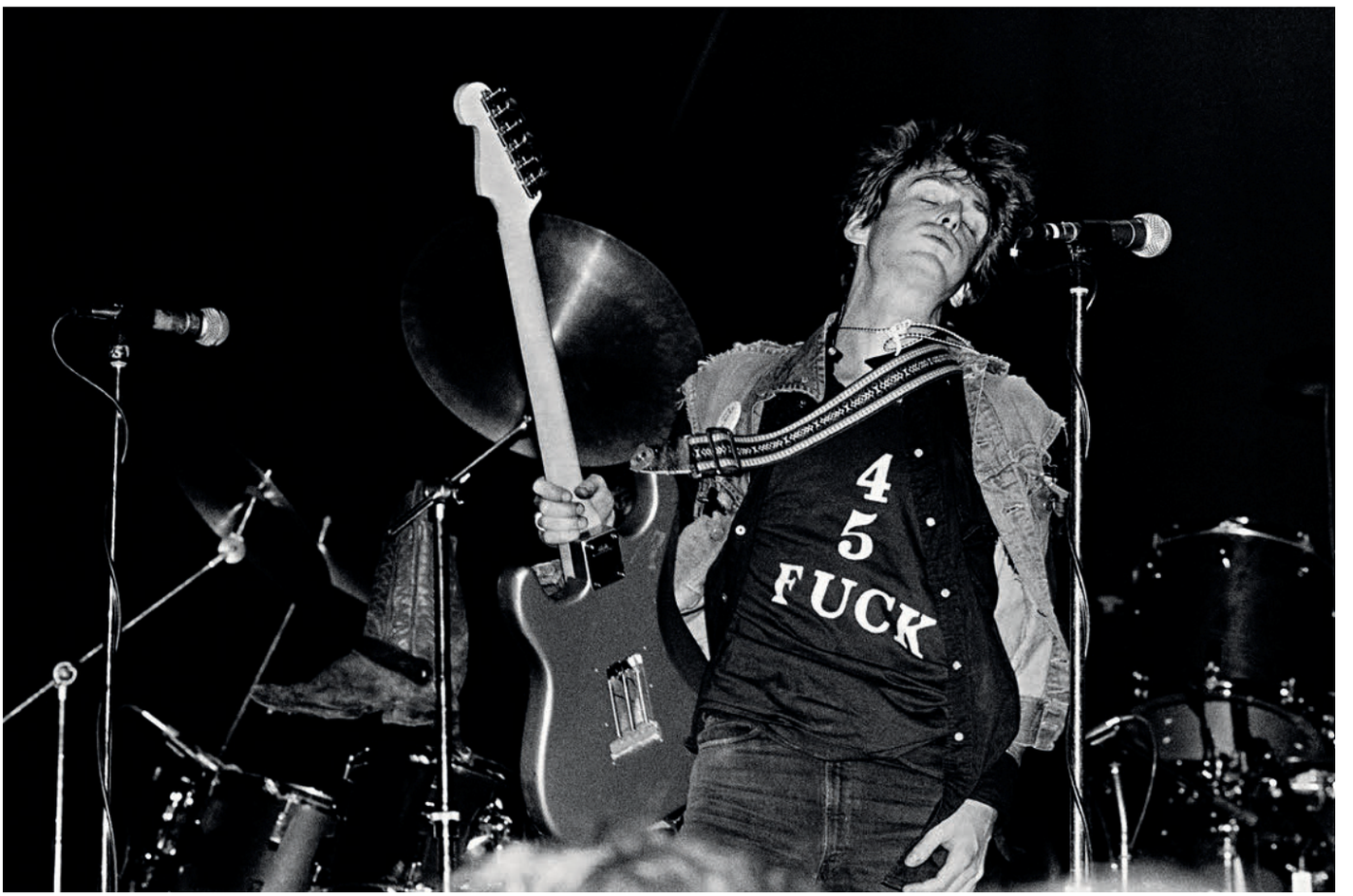
Above: Killing Joke, known for their bizarre performances, at the Wolf Gangs Club (1983). In 1985, the British band received a Silver Disc for their fourth album, 'Night Time'. Right: an Ultravox concert at Mabuhay Gardens Club (1978)


FUCK
OFF

The Mutants at Deaf Club (1979). The musicians in the band, one of the first punk bands in the city, were students at the Art Institute

Nina Hagen in San Francisco (1983). The German Godmother of Punk performed numerous concerts in front of American audiences

The many facets of punk rock during 1983:
elegantly dressed for an award ceremony at the
Old Waldorf (above) and Owen Masterson,
guitarist of the Yanks, posing during a performance
at Mabuhay Gardens Club


4
5
FUCK


SOCIAL
UNREST


CONFIDENTIAL
THE SHEETS

Previous page: The Dead Kennedys at Mabuhay Gardens (1981). Left: Pictures for the 'Undercover' album by The Sheets

San Francisco 1979: Photographer Colette Valli
was a close friend of Stanley Greene.
In addition to prowling the night scene together,
they shared an addiction to heroin. Valli died of an
overdose in a lift in New York

I started to shoot the music in 1975. I mean, what else do you do on a Saturday night? Instead of watching whatever is on the tube, you grab your camera and you go out and take pictures. And that's what happened, I would go out every night taking photographs of the punk scene. Everyone thought that I should be photographing my own culture because I am black. I was not interested in doing the back to my roots thing. The punk movement was so alienated to the world I came from: this white noise, it just grabbed me and wouldn't let me loose. I had to follow it. And all my friends were part of it, so photographing it was very natural. Truthfully speaking, I never really thought that it was going to lead anywhere. At the time that I was taking pictures that weren't in vogue yet. It was like 40 years too soon. Now it fits, now it works, but back in the day at art school the teachers would say, "Huh? What? No no, it's blurred, it's cropped too much, what are these pictures, what's going on here?"

What I did before at the School of Visual Arts on the east coast was all very technical. I was only looking at the work of the masters. I did a lot of studio work with medium and large format cameras. At the San Francisco Art Institute I began to discover the visual, really discover it. I began studying Diane Arbus, Eugene Smith, Cartier-Bresson, Brassaï, Robert Frank, Roy DeCarava, Ralph Gibson, fashion photographers like David Bailey, Richard Avedon, Edvard Steichen and Irving Penn. And at night I went out to shoot the punk scene with a Leica. I mean: unheard of! Blasphemy!

SAN FRANCISCO ART INSTITUTE. The SFAI was ground zero for the punk music scene. A lot of early punk bands were former art students, who would mix art and music. For me coming into the punk music scene happened by accident. I was living with friends who were musicians. Sometimes they would ask me to take pictures of them playing – for their fans, for local punk mags and to promote the clubs they played at. For me the pictures were like rock snapshots. It was the seventies, and life in San Francisco was less complicated than it is now. It was the pre-electronic age. The beginnings of punk in San Francisco came out of the gay community and out of the art schools and, in the beginning, it wasn't even called punk, it was called Art and Music. Bands like The Mutants, The Ready Mades, Tuxedo Moon, The Avengers and Romeo Void. The first punk club was the Mabuhay Gardens (aka The Fab Mab or The Mab) on Broadway, the only venue in town that would host punk rock. The Fab Mab, owned by Ness Aquino, was actually a failing restaurant in the daytime. People could smell the beer, vomit and sweat from the night before. It was open seven days a week. Ness didn't have a clue about music. Sometime in 1976 he was approached by booking agent Dirk Dirksen to promote punk rock shows at the Mabuhay. He agreed. The Nuns would become one of the first bands to play there, though The Mary Monday Group always claim they were. The Mab would soon become as famous as CBGB's in New York. It was the beginning of the Western Front. Not only did several bands draw members from among the SFAI students, but the bands also brought visual and performance art into the scene. The school became a hub for the punk music scene.

In the early days there was confusion about who was truly punk and what it actually meant to be punk. It officially began in New York City at CBGB's and Max's Kansas City with Patti Smith, Richard Hell, Television, Blondie, Ramones, Wayne County and others... In San Francisco it was eventually called punk rock and it basically went through two waves of development in its original outburst in the mid-seventies. The first wave really hit its stride in 1976 after the Sex Pistols played the Winterland in San Francisco.

Probably as early as 1973 or 1974 Malcolm McLaren was hanging out in New York and saw that there was a new beat on the street and that it was called punk. He saw a chance to make some money and went back to London with a plan to start a British punk band, the Sex Pistols. It was a creation. By the time the Sex Pistols arrived in San Fransisco they had polished their image enough to be credible as a serious band. Jello Biafra went to see them play at the Winterland. He was so taken by them, he decided he would start his own punk band. That night the Dead Kennedys were born – the same night the Sex Pistols broke up. After that there was no turning back: punk took off and took the world by storm. San Francisco's youth were totally fed up with what was being force-fed to them over the airwaves. They became motivated to create their own sound, start their own bands that spoke directly to them and for them. People were bored with overpaid musicians.

PUNK WAS DIFFERENT. Punk was raw, with no apologies. The punk rock cultural revolution was a rebellion against the legitimate authority in the domains of culture, politics, and society. Many of the early San Francisco Bay Area bands like The Offs and The Dead Kennedys were very eclectic, a mix of art and experimental punk. The ensuing process of self-liberation was happening almost simultaneously in cities all over the globe, which resulted in an avalanche of live shows, recordings, posters, fashions, and other manifestations of cultural production. Unfortunately, a lot of live shows were not recorded, and the →

musical creativity of many early punk bands has been lost. Especially bands that never released recordings, or only released a 45 or two.

Racism reared its ugly head in San Francisco in the early eighties. Punk was taken away from the artists and it was taken to the street. During the second wave, San Francisco punk bands were influenced by a strong dose of The Clash and their political involvement. Blacks, gays, Jews, lesbians, Chicanos, Asian Americans, Native Americans, and punks became targets of the Ku Klux Klan and Nazi criminal attacks.

Dead Heads, anarchists, punks and gang-bangers started to organize themselves together to protest against the terrorism of the Nazis and the Klan. The mood in the streets was shifting to a darker embrace. Everything was becoming tough and angry and this was being fuelled by drugs. Amphetamines, meth, heroin and glue became the rage amongst punks. It used to be fun-party music, but then it became violent and aggressive. Bands like Black Flag, T.S.O.L., The Lewd, Flipper, D.O.A, Suicidal Tendencies and Fear encouraged this behaviour.

PUNK OF THE MONTH. I tried to take pictures like what Roy DeCarava had done with the portfolio of pictures he made into a book called 'The Sound I Saw'. It was his canvas for the black jazz scene he was part of and lived in. The first magazine I worked for was Punk Globe. Every night I took pictures of any band that was coming through town. Bands like The Ramones, The Clash, Killing Joke, XTC, James White and the Blacks, Motörhead, Nick Cave, Nina Hagen, Nico, even Dylan, who just showed up one night in one of the broken down clubs. A lot of the pictures I have from that period are backstage and on the streets. The real action was happening in the alleys by the clubs. I mean, the bands would be hanging out smoking cigarettes, drinking, doing drugs, fucking with the world, while straight people walked nervously past the alley ways; and I took pictures of all of this. I'd shoot the bands before they'd go on to perform.

Being around of all of this insanity, I slowly got pulled into it. I would shoot all night, come home and develop the films: you just needed to see the image, print and send it to the client. Because we were all influenced by Diane Arbus at the San Franisco Art Institute, we would file off our negative carriers so as to have sloppy borders, like the photographer had in her pictures. This became very popular with the punk music thing. So all my early pictures have these big, black, messy borders. I'd send that to magazines and that's how they would run. And then, all of a sudden, I started to get a name for myself and I was nominated Punk of the Month.

BOGGED DOWN IN DRUGS. I was shooting and developing the films every night, popping pills to stay awake, others to crash. I became super skinny. I wasn't eating and drinking much. It was a slow death I was getting increasingly sucked into it. Next I was doing heroin, and hardly sleeping at all: crashing in the day time and rising with the moon, like some kind of vampire.

Jim Marshal, the rock photographer who had shot the acid bands of San Francisco's hippie days – not to mention many notable jazz musicians, and Jimi Hendrix of course – was one of my mentors. He was curious about the punk scene, started to shoot it and live the life. He was working for the big magazines. Imagine, he taught me how to survive while shooting the punk scene: it was so mad, I got pushed off the stage more times then I can count. You had to find a way to protect your equipment and protect yourself all at the same time. And if you fell off the stage and on to the floor, the audience would stomp on you and keep dancing, you would look up and just see creatures of the night and you couldn't get off the floor because they just kept dancing. It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, but they were our times; and my mentor taught me how to survive it.

The scene became darker, heroin became the drug of choice, some of my friends were starting to overdose, I mean people were dropping like flies. When you look at a hot blue flame, it burns so bright, but because it's so hot, it burns up quickly. That's what happened. Everything just burned. Some just burned up, others went out into the night and never came back. You would be in some romance, then the next day the person would just disappear, as if carted away by aliens. It got to be too much, the drugs, living life on the edge of a knife, just dancing along it while trying not to fall off. But the joke was on me. There was nobody even there to bluff.

Like when Benjamin Franklin said to George Washington, "I must soon quit the scene". That's what I did, I quit the scene. "I'm going back to New York City, I do believe I've had enough." I packed everything into my Ford Mustang, drove east, no sleep till I reached New York. Right after that I hopped on a plane and moved to Paris, The City of Light. Because for me, the clear light of San Francisco had just burned out...

Stanley Greene, *was born in New York in 1949, winner of five World Press Photo Awards. Nowadays he is a member of the NOOR Agency, and lives and works in Paris.*

BETTINA FLITNER

No Man's *Land*

"How do you feel now?" That was the question photographer Bettina Flitner started asking people from east and west immediately after the fall of the Berlin Wall. Equipped with camera and note book, she spent months exploring the former deadly 'no man's land' that divided the city for 28 years – a slice of living history in words and images.

PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A LEICA M6

"I spent three years in Dachau; and when the divorce comes through I'll go to Israel. Not because of here, even though it makes me afraid. It's starting again, on my car recently someone had drawn swastikas. I wish them a lot of luck. Shalom."

"I came over in 1960. I was a miner in the Lausitz.
When I wanted to visit my mother, I always had to pay
a fee. That really wasn't on."

"I have 500 marks a month. A meal used to cost
30 pennies, now it comes from the West and,
starting next week, it'll cost 4 marks. Then I'll stop eating
and start saving up for my funeral."

"From the East? No. We've been living in Kreuzberg for 30 years. We were never over there. And we won't go over there. What would we do there?"


RAIDER'S

"I was once a left outfielder in a football team. I'm basically not afraid, but since things opened up you're not even safe within your own four walls."

"You're photographing idiots collecting
souvenirs of the Wall. We were wondering if the press
always stages the pictures ..."

"Was everything all right back then?
I don't know ... in fact, we had everything. Now
all I've got is anxiety."

"Yes, at first it was rather strange when the streets in the East suddenly kept going; but then, when I came over, the train, the forest, the sounds were all the same."


Come on Let us
fly through
the land of dreams

"What are we doing here? We're working at the Lazarus Hospital, just up ahead. We're happy to be able to take a walk here. And you? Aren't you from Berlin? "

"During my holidays I filmed the whole Wall. Agfa and Kodak. From Birkenwerder to Rudow. At home I wrote down the details and I archived it all. Like for real."

"How will things go ahead for us women ... we don't know that either. Everything's changing so incredibly fast."

"My dog used to live in the East. Just here around the corner.
That's what we're going to see right now."

"Haven't you seen a little boy? Eight years old? He keeps on running away. For sure he's headed West."

"That's where things get going. Those guys over there are still causing trouble. But then they go to Schöneberg Town Hall. It certainly serves the guys here right."

"We've been looking at the wall for 30 years and now we're looking at a pile of junk. Hopefully the East Germans will get rid of it quickly."

"What? You're not married? So you're single. Like my mother. Now we'll all be unemployed, she says."

In the years immediately after the fall of the Wall in 1989, the border area that had divided the city of Berlin remained what it had been for many long years: a no man's land. It was in this formerly heavily guarded strip of land that Bettina Flitner began taking the pictures that would become the foundation of her photographic career. In this interview with photographer and friend, Rudi Meisel, Flitner looks back twenty-five years at the events that shaped her career. The two friends talk about film, colour and the search for one's own path.

Your work is a mixture of images and text, which is understandable as you first studied film. How did you get into photography?
I started taking pictures when I was young, but I never thought it could be a profession. I thought I would have to make films if I wanted to tell stories, so I studied at the Film College in Berlin. During my studies I continued to take photographs because I found it considerably more interesting. When the Wall fell, I grabbed my camera and just started shooting pictures.

But you're not satisfied with single images, you prefer to make a collage and add text. That puts you in a sort of in-between zone – your work is journalistic and conceptual. When did you decide on that approach?
When I was walking around in the boarder area I met a woman who was looking for her son – she told me he was probably in the west. I found this fascinating. Escaping to the west used to be the ultimate goal – and yet now it had become totally normal. I couldn't let a statement like this pass me by and so I started to combine my photos with quotes. The 'Reportage from No Man's Land' was my first big project and I decided to become a photographer.

Was it difficult to give up your film studies?
No. I learnt how to see and I came to realize that I don't need all the apparatus films require. I also learnt to communicate because I used to be very shy. Starting to talk to people was like self-therapy.

Could you also have pictured this series as a film: quiet scenes with passers-by making their statements?
No, these statements were boiled down from long conversations until a concentrated version was all that remained. So these sentences underline the significance of the photo and bring another unexpected aspect into play.

Did you film in colour or black and white?
I filmed in colour, but there was never any question that my photographs would be in black and white. The structures and contrasts work really well. The sculptural aspect in combination with the Wall gets clearer.

I see a certain helplessness in your pictures, a certain disorientation...
Do you know what I first called the series? 'Wreckage Photos'! I also chose that title for the first exhibition. For many people the fall of the Wall also meant the collapse of a dream, the collapse of everything.

A sort of repetition of the end of the war?
That's what it always seemed like to me. And I thought it was really crazy that I chose exactly 45 pictures for the 'Reportage from No Man's Land'.

Is it easier as a photographer to be a woman? Could it be because women are underestimated?
Yes, one gets underestimated; but this can be an advantage, because people don't notice that you don't belong. Small cameras like the Leica and small focal lengths also help. For the work in no man's land I bought myself an East German rucksack, grey and made from cloth. I looked like an East German. The best thing is not to stand out, because then you can get real close.

Your ability to encourage people to open up is evident in your pictures. They face forward, you can read it in their physiognomy! When I take pictures in cafés, the person who doesn't want to be photographed holds up a newspaper.
I'm amazed that you dare! I can't do that – simply take pictures in a café. When I speak with people I get a sense about them. It's only then that the photography can begin. And keeping the balance is extremely difficult: you need to be close but able to draw back and continue looking at the situation from the right distance. That's a balancing act you must know about, for sure.

What is the biggest compliment someone could say about your pictures?
I'm happy to get reactions from people saying they have spent time pondering on my pictures. That they've been touched. That the photos opened their eyes. Every piece I work on also opens up my own eyes.

Rudi Meisel, *born in Wilhelmshaven in 1949, is also a photographer. From 1978 to 1989 he worked for Zeit Magazine as their travel correspondent for East Germany.*

© PILAR ELORRIAGA

DAVID ALAN HARVEY

"Evolution and revolution are my keywords for living the photographic life."

Born in 1944 in San Francisco, but brought up on the East Coast, David Alan Harvey was only twelve when he purchased his first Leica with money saved from his newspaper round. It was a used camera but it was the start of his new identity as a photographer. Leica in hand, he began capturing images of his neighbourhood. His first photo book, 'Tell It Like It Is' was published in 1967. In it the young photographer documented the life of an Afro American family in Norfolk, Virginia. In 'Cuba' and 'Divided Soul' he explores Latin American culture and communities. Harvey was nominated to Magnum Photos in 1993, becoming a full member of the agency four years later. In 2008 he established the online and print magazine Burn. As publisher and editor-in-chief, Harvey's vision is to provide a platform for new photographers. To that end he has established the Emerging Photographer Fund.

LEICA M6 / M9 / M MONOCHROM

A champion of wide-angle lenses: Harvey photographs with the Elmarit-M 28 mm f/2.8 Asph and the Summicron-M 35 mm f/2 Asph.

AYMAN OGHANNA

"No camera is as sharp, simple and effective as the Leica. And, even better, it fits right inside my jacket pocket."

Born in London in 1985 to British/Iraqi parents, Ayman Oghanna studied Journalism – among other subjects – at Columbia University in New York. In 2009 he moved to Iraq, where he worked as a freelance photographer, journalist and film maker. Thematically speaking, his focus is often on events occurring in the Arab World. He recently worked in Baghdad as a correspondent for the New York Times and produced documentary films on the civil war in Libya for The Economist. Nowadays, Oghanna lives in Istanbul. For his current project 'Yesterday's War, Today's Iraq', he returns regularly to the land of his forefathers which is being eaten up by civil war. In 2014 his work earned him the Richard Beston Bursary.

LEICA M (TYP 240)

Close to the action even in unsafe areas: Ayman Oghanna photographs with the Summilux-M 35 mm f/1.4 Asph and the Summicron-M 28 mm f/2 Asph.

© GIANCARLO CERAUDO

VALERIO BISPURI

"Prisons represent the difficulties and the hopes of the population."

The Italian photo-journalist Valerio Bispuri was born in Rome in 1971. When he was seven, his father gave him 5000 lire pocket money for a school outing, but instead, Valerio followed his instinct and bought his first camera. That was some time ago now, but even today Bispuri continues to develop his inner desire to explore the world through a camera's viewfinder. He began by studying literature, but since 2011 has dedicated himself to journalism, working for top Italian newspapers and magazines. As a photographer, Bispuri works mostly on personal projects. For almost ten years now, he has been documenting prisoners throughout various South American countries, photographing inmates in more than 70 prisons, from Colombia and Venezuela, to Argentina and Chile. The pictures appeared in his book 'Encerrados', published by Contrasto. Bispuri is represented by the Echo Photo Agency.

LEICA M6 / M9

Whether digital or analogue, Valerio Bispuri photographed in the prisons of South America with the Elmarit-M 28 mm f/2.8 Asph.

© VINCENT MONTIBUS

MATT STUART

"I spend a great deal of time walking the streets looking to capture moments."

Born in 1974, Matt Stuart grew up in Harrow, a district in north-west London. His first hobbies were kung-fu and skateboarding, but when he was twenty, after his father showed him photography books with images by Robert Frank and Henri Cartier-Bresson, Stuart decided to focus on photography. He remained faithful to this new preference and, after three years working as a photography assistant, turned his hobby into his profession. Since 1996, the photographer is constantly on the move on the streets of London, looking to capture bizarre moments but also the curiosities of every day life. Among other locations, his pictures have been exhibited at the Leica Store in Los Angeles. Stuart is a member of the international street photographer collective iN-PUBLIC.

LEICA MP

Matt Stuart uses a classic 35 mm focal length for his street photography. His series was taken with the Summilux-M 35 mm f/1.4 Asph.

STANLEY GREENE

"I honestly believe photography is 75 percent chance and 25 percent skill."

In addition to a penchant for the arts, Stanley Greene learned about political involvement while still a baby – his father was one of the first Afro-American members of the Screen Actors Guild. Born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1949, Greene was given his first camera when he was eleven years old. In 1971, when he was already a member of the Black Panthers and was taking part in the anti-Vietnam war movement, his friend W. Eugene Smith convinced him to study photography. It was only when a friend died from AIDS that Greene managed to overcome his own heroin addiction and concentrate on his photography career. He has received numerous awards for his photo journalistic work, receiving five World Press Photo Awards, the Eugene Smith Humanistic Grant and the Getty Images Grant for Editorial Photography. Greene is currently a member of the NOOR Agency. He lives and works in Paris.

LEICA M2 / M3

Stanley Greene chooses the lens he feels fits the occasion: the Elmarit-M 28 mm f/2.8, Summicron-M 35 mm f/2, and Elmar 50 mm f/2.8.

© VALÉRIE WAGNER

BETTINA FLITNER

"I was very shy. For me, taking pictures was like a form of therapy."

Born in Cologne in 1961, Bettina Flitner came to photography via television. She trained as an editor at the West German Radio and Television station (WDR) and then studied at the German Film and Television Academy. Her 'Reportage from No Man's Land' about the 1989 fall of the Berlin Wall was her first outstanding photo project and her breakthrough as a photographer. The work was published as a book and distributed worldwide. Two years later she became a member of the laif Agency. The photographer's installations and photo sculptures in public spaces often trigger hefty debates, but they have also earned her many awards, including the 1993 Chargesheimer Grant from the city of Cologne and the 2001 Rückblende special award for political photography.

LEICA M6

After the fall of the Berlin Wall, Bettina Flitner explored the East/West German border region with a Summilux-M 35 mm f/1.4 Asph.

IMPRINT

M MAGAZINE
Special Edition Leica Fotografie International
Second year – Issue 01.2015

LFI PHOTOGRAPHIE GMBH
Springeltwiete 4, 20095 Hamburg, Germany
Phone +49/(0)40/226 21 12 80
Fax +49/(0)40/226 21 12 70
ISSN 0937-3977
www.lfi-online.de
E-Mail mail@lfi-online.de

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Inas Fayed, Frank P. Lohstöter

ART DIRECTION
Brigitte Schaller

DESIGN
Alessandro Argentato / Deputy Art Direction
(Tom Leifer Design)

EDITORIAL OFFICE
Katrin Iwanczuk / Editorial Board,
Simon Schwarzer

PHOTO EDITOR
Carol Körting

TRANSLATION
Osanna Vaughn; Hope Caton, sub-editing

MANAGMENT BOARD
Dr. Andreas Kaufmann, Frank P. Lohstöter

AUTHORS
Rudi Meisel, Roberto Saviano,
Susan Stuart, Diego Orlando

PHOTOGRAPHERS
Valerio Bispuri, René Burri,
Chien-Chi Chang, Bettina Flitner,
Stanley Greene, David Alan Harvey,
Thomas Hoepker, Tomas van Houtryve,
Tobias Kruse, Mary Ellen Mark,
Ayman Oghanna, Max Scheler,
Matt Stuart, Véronique de Viguerie

Reproduction: Alphabeta GmbH, Hamburg

Printer: Optimal Media GmbH,
Röbel / Müritz

Paper: Papier Union Lumisilk

The M Magazine is also available as an app for iOS at the Apple iTunes store and for Android at Amazon and Google Play.

www.m-magazine.photography

BRUCE GILDEN / TRENT PARKE

ALEX WEBB / ALESSANDRA SANGUINETTI

JACOB AUE SOBOL / DOMINIC NAHR

RALPH GIBSON / ROGER BALLEN

CONSTANTINE MANOS / DARCY PADILLA

JAN GRARUP / ADRIANA ZEHBRAUSKAS

PER-ANDERS PETTERSSON / JUAN ARREDONDO

MOISES SAMAN / OSCAR B. CASTILLO

CIRIL JAZBEC / ANTON KUSTERS

SARAH M. LEE / KIRILL GOLOVCHENKO

GUILLEM VALLE / KIERAN DOHERTY

MATT BLACK / MEERI MATILDA KOUTANIEMI

JULIA BAIER / TOMÁS MUNITA

AND OTHERS AT

WWW.M-MAGAZINE.PHOTOGRAPHY

LEICA M-P

Ready when you are.

The decisive moment is often unique and never to be seen again. To be ready to shoot it at a moment's notice, the new Leica M-P features a two-gigabyte buffer memory. So no matter how fast life happens , the new Leica M-P is ready and waiting to capture your view of the world – instantly. More details at www.m-p.leica-camera.com

LEICA. DAS WESENTLICHE.

Experience the Leica M-P for yourself in Leica Stores and Boutiques worldwide, and at www.leica-camera.com