



WHAT MATTERS MOST

Photographs of Black Life

Art Gallery of Ontario
DelMonico Books • D.A.P.
New York

Edited by Zun Lee and Sophie Hackett



*Black Aliveness
as sane, wild,
alert, infinite,
and forever.*

—Ronaldo V. Wilson





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Director's Foreword

STEPHAN JOST
*Michael and Sonja
Koerner Director,
and CEO*

From 2012 to 2018, artist and educator Zun Lee sought out Polaroid prints that showcased the lives of Black Americans. Scouring online auctions and yard sales, Lee amassed more than four thousand family photographs dating from the 1950s to the 2000s to create what he has dubbed the *Fade Resistance* collection. This collection, which was acquired by the AGO in 2018, is at the heart of *What Matters Most: Photographs of Black Life*, an exhibition co-curated by Lee and the Gallery's Curator of Photography, Sophie Hackett.

These snapshots offer us intimate glimpses of ordinary people: listening to music, crossing the stage at graduation ceremonies, dressing up, exchanging rings, blowing out birthday candles, raising children. In these moments, paused in photographs, the everyday takes on an extraordinary sheen. Lee is deeply invested in preserving Black American heritage and community rituals, not as part of the past, but as expressions of the present. His attention to and care for these humble objects draw attention to a rich, visual record of Black self-representation and subjectivity over time. Indeed, as we at the AGO strive to feature more Black artists and subjects—a project that has become ever more urgent as we have witnessed both the senseless acts of anti-Black violence in recent years and the attendant rise of the Movement for Black Lives—we are committed to ensuring that Black communities see themselves and their experiences reflected in major exhibitions such as this one.

We deeply appreciate the lead support of David W. Binet, the generous support of Martha LA McCain, and the additional assistance of Cindy & Shon Barnett, all of whom have shown tremendous enthusiasm for the *Fade Resistance* collection and the exhibition it inspired, as well as for the related program *Ways of Caring*.

I am deeply appreciative of staff across the gallery whose efforts were instrumental in making this exhibition possible, especially Sophie Hackett, Research & Collections Assistant Emily Miller, and Project Manager Hillary Taylor. Thanks to Julian Cox, Chief Curator and Deputy Director; Jessica Bright, Chief, Exhibitions, Collections & Conservation; Production Manager Malene Hjørngaard; Production Assistant Evelyn Quinn; and designers Aleksandra Grzywaczewska and Tara Keens-Douglas. This exceptional publication is the result of the combined efforts of Publishing Manager Jim Shedden and his department and the design acumen of Brian Johnson, Silas Munro, and Randa Hadi at Polymode Studio, as well as our superlative contributing authors Dawn Lundy Martin, Fred Moten, and Stefano Harney, who, with Hackett and Lee, provided sage and moving reflections that amplify the power of this work. And finally, I am profoundly grateful to Zun Lee, not only for his work as a co-curator and co-editor, but also for entrusting the AGO to care for and present his collection in a way that respects the complex dynamics contained in these photographs and honours the people who brought them into being.

Black Aliveness in Flight

*Black Aliveness as sane, wild, alert,
infinite, and forever.*

—Ronaldo V. Wilson

**DAWN LUNDY
MARTIN**

What the invitation to see something or someone allows, and what it doesn't allow. When the invitation—if it is indeed an invitation—suggests a pushing out and a pushing against. Against what? Against the invitation itself? We can posit that the invitation was not given, but instead taken and taken up through no one's fault; we can posit that the so-called "invitation" was produced by the accident of misplacing something that was once, at least for a moment, dear. One way of looking is also an intervention within the lives of people we do not know and their intimate experiences. One meaning of intervention is "a coming between"—in this case, a visual coming between the instant photograph and its intended audience, a slippage made possible by temporal and social displacement. You lose your wallet, let's say, because you lost your house because you lost your neighborhood because you're lost now. This is all to say *Fade Resistance*, Zun Lee's collection of thousands of Polaroids featuring Black people as the primary subjects, resists transparency as much as it reveals something ineffable about Black life.

The magnificence of being at once intensely familiar and entirely alien. *I ain't been where you been but I know what you know.*

A great many of the photographs in this collection exhibit a kind of wholesomeness of Black family life—holidays, just-born babies, family reunions, graduations, people and new cars, snapshots of everyday life. A woman lies on a sofa talking into a red telephone receiver. Two middle-aged men play cards on Thanksgiving, 1985. A father gives his son his first haircut in a kitchen. A girl in a white dress sits at a white piano. Even cool cats, ya dig, sign photos "To Dad with Love." Like all worthwhile archives, this one refuses wholeness, but instead points us toward what's outside of the frame and in its corners/off center, what's missing, and what's singular. It's in these fissures, peripheries, and striking singularities where one might glimpse what I think of as a Black understanding.

In one photo, a fit young man stands, naked, in front of a row of bathroom sinks and mirrors. The top arch of his bare ass is visible. His muscular back draws our attention toward the vertical dip of his spine. Although he's facing away from the camera, we see his face in the mirror taking in both the photographer and the viewer outside the frame: us. He leans on one of the sinks in the space, which appears to be either barracks or a locker room. His mouth is parted rather seductively, as if caught not entirely by surprise in his birthday suit. What strikes me about the photo is how

the double image—what the mirror reflects and the mirror image itself—approximates the complicated notion of what Blackness might be if Blackness were something that could be named, foreclosed, known. A kind of *ars poetica* for the collection, this image untangles the role of the Black subject from its tight historical knot and examines the role of snapshot instant photography in (un)determining that role. This image invents itself. If as, Leslie Marmon Silko writes, “A photograph is a passageway,” and “some photographs are dead ends,” then this photograph is a knife slicing the passageway open so that we encounter a pitch in the *visual frequency* and become unsure of our footing.

In Tina Campt’s lexicon “frequency” is a term used to “account for the impression images leave on us, their impact and how they move us.” The term also has to do, as Campt notes, with the rate at which something occurs, its vibrational quality. The visual frequency in the case of Lee’s found collection of Black life Polaroids matters as a gesture toward the vibrational impact of how we’re able to visually metabolize the volume of images. A fluttering overwhelms the sensorium. A fluttering mystifies any relationship between the object and the gaze, even if you are the object of your own gaze. Does it—the object—fly away?

We were not intending to be the object of the white gaze and yet here we are. Now that we’re here, see us captured in vibrational aliveness. The Black aliveness that interests me is the *don’t look this way* kind, the *what you lookin at* kind, the *neutral innocence nobody ever gave us* kind, the kind that’s operational by flight. “Lines of flight are the bolts of pent-up energy that break through the cracks in a system of control and shoot off on the diagonal. By the light of their passage, they reveal open spaces beyond the limits of what exists.” That’s philosopher Tim Rayner’s excellent summary of Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guatarri’s notion of “ligne de fuite,” which theorizes a possibility for escape when there appears to be none. Deleuze and Guatarri, he says “link human creativity to flight.” My Black understanding is attendant to flight as creative energy as much as it takes up that creative energy in terms of resistance.

My Black understanding emerges from two instant photographs I borrowed from my mother’s family album. I make an offering to the archive, a coming between the coming between. The “I” becomes a willing subject, sliding its way in. What difference does it make when “I” enter the visual frequency? What do I know?

What remains when the photograph fades:

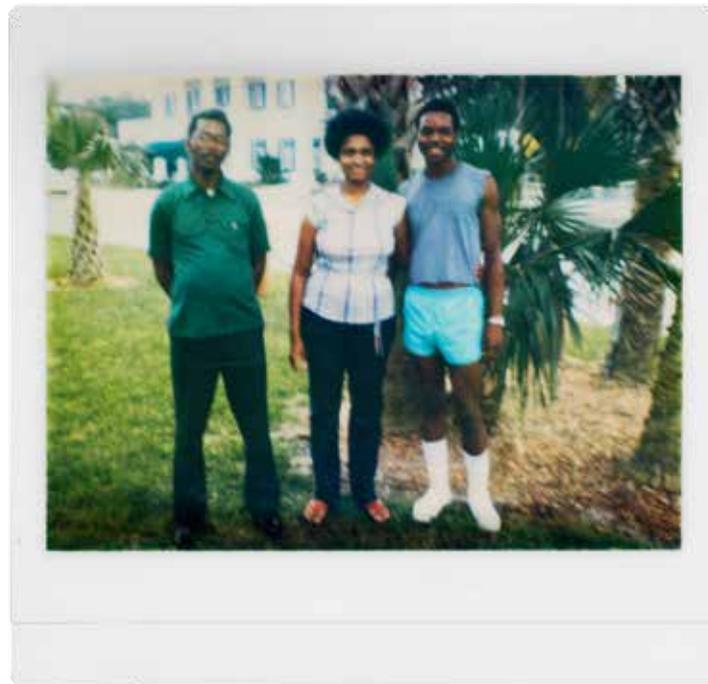


Little Khalil & Me.
Image courtesy of
Dawn Lundy Martin.

Little Khalil & Me

Little Khalil, as we call him, is my first cousin once removed, basically, my cousin Khalil’s son. Khalil was renamed Khalil when his parents joined the Nation of Islam. His birth name

is Allen, “Al” for short. The name on Little Khalil’s birth certificate is Carlos. That’s the name he uses now, Carlos, but almost everyone in the family still calls him Little Khalil. He spent lots of time over at my parents’ house, because his parents—Big Khalil and his girlfriend Cookie—abandoned him, just up and left. He lived with his grandparents full-time, Little Khalil—with my mother’s sister Shirley, whose Muslim name is Sakena, and her husband Jimmy, or Jamil. On this day, Little Khalil’s seventh or eighth birthday, I’m trying to help him understand how to use some digital device for children. I was in college at the time—I can tell by my hair. So it must be summer. If it’s summer, my job is driving an ice-cream truck. It’s a cool biz that my mother heard about on the radio where you rent a truck for the summer, buy the ice cream wholesale, and mark it up tenfold. The company assigns you a route. Some days, I take Little Khalil out with me on the truck and we eat snow cones, *Ghostbusters*



Dad (Andrew), Andrew Jr. & wife—Florida (maybe Jacksonville, maybe Daytona Beach). Image courtesy of Dawn Lundy Martin.

popsicles, Creamsicles, and Good Humor Chocolate Éclair bars until we feel sick. I force him to memorize Robert Frost’s “The Road Not Taken” as penance. If it’s the summer of the ice-cream truck I’m making lots of easy ice-cream money and living with my boyfriend, Mark—even though I suspect I’m gay.

Andrew Martin is my father. Or was. Or is. Or was, in the sense that he was married to my mother until he died at the age of seventy-eight, and that he raised me. Long before I was born, and long before he met my mother, Andrew was married to another woman, Edna, who divorced him some years after she gave birth to two boys—Andrew Jr. and Gregory. None of us who remain can remember Andrew Jr.’s wife’s name. Note the physical distance between Andrew and Andrew Jr. as they pose for the photograph. Note Andrew’s arms tucked behind his back (he always stood like that), and his almost imperceptible smile. You might have had to know him to notice that smile. There are very few photographs of my father in our family albums. I have not seen Andrew Jr. in over forty years. When I look at this photo, what I imagine is Dad’s arm draped over Andrew Jr.’s shoulder. Years later, Andrew Jr. will walk out of the home he shares with his wife and sons to buy cigarettes and he will not return. He will not attend Dad’s funeral. I do not remember his voice. In fact, this photo is my only memory of Andrew Jr. even though I was not there.

I pinch the photos on August 24, 2021, Mom’s eighty-eighth birthday. We have just returned from a labored trip during which she received her first pedicure in almost two years. She is hobbled by old age and arthritic pain, a bodily return to a generational story she has told many times about her Aunt Kizzy, whose entire body was so plagued by arthritis she could not be touched. The photograph—the instant photograph of Black life—might be like the bodies of my mother and Aunt Kizzy—a refusal of the haptic (“you can’t touch this”), and in that refusal, an alternate possibility for (un)knowing, or something we might call flight.

After wind was water
After we were water
When water subsumed
When the thing that was was water
When our arms were water, our
gesture's flower
Our gestures bloom
When it was
When we were
When water was not
When we subsumed water
When we shivered into flame



Fade of the Black Family Photograph

**STEFANO HARNEY
& FRED MOTEN**

In our societies—the societies of real subsumption—art is a malignant fetish.

Art is supposed to function as a totem that helps us make sense of our immensely complex and far-ranging social situations. Art is meant to work as a ceremony to conjure a vision of how we live together.

But this fetish of art is constantly doubled by another: the fetish of the commodity. Just when someone finally feels the presence of one, then comes the chill of the other.

One could liken it to the syncretic Catholic saints. One kneels to pray in front of this saint, only to end up worshipping an African god. Yet this analogy does not work because only a visiting Pope is trapped by this syncretism. The worshippers are released.

It is more like praying to a syncretic blue-eyed devil. You kneel to pray for humanity, only to end up worshipping white supremacy.

Since the fetish of art is doubled by the fetish of the commodity, one is always seeing double or hearing something else. Things look a little blurry until we can feel that the fetish of the commodity has also brought its twin; but its twin is flesh, not art.

Thus, the fetish of art is continually destabilized by its malignancy, even as the fetish of the commodity suffers its own fleshly metastasis. We're held in constant shudder.

This is perhaps nowhere truer than in the art of photography.

This intense destabilization is not a result of the demotics of the art form, nor is it directly caused by the simulacrum adhering to photography, nor even the uncanny that hangs around it.

The destabilization comes from the fact that with photography, the frame comes first.

Everyone who takes a photograph knows this intuitively. And everyone who views a photograph cannot help but think someone or something has been caught in this frame.

Paintings or sculptures seem to emerge from the centre, moving outward toward what will be their frames. This occurs even more so with video and performance, where duration seems to create the frame.

But with photography, the framing appears to us as an act of separation, an act of focus, and an act of isolation.

Could this ever be any truer than with the Polaroid? We hold the frame first, and wait for what is held in it, what has been captured.

Could we not then say that all photography is portraiture?

In other words, does the priority of the frame not naturalize for us a separate unit that is as it should be? Does the frame's primacy not individualize what it sees? Does everyone not become "a sitter" through the prior imposition of the frame?

This tendency of all photography toward portraiture is also of course the tendency of all photography toward the universe of subject and object.

And therefore, from portraiture it is a short step to the subject reaction.

Who is this sitter, we ask, caught in the frame? We have the simultaneous sense that this sitter belongs in the frame as the proper unit of viewing, while, as a subject, this sitter should not be framed.

This subject reaction—this effort at restoration, repair, or reconciliation—is intensified the more the portrait appears framed, captured, or portrayed (the latter a word that did not come into use until the nineteenth century, centuries after the word "portraiture").

Thus, this unit of photography as portrait appears to us as the same unit, the unit of the subject—however constrained, that is the unit of rights. Of all the art forms, photography is the one most susceptible to a discourse of rights, for good reason. The right it most invokes is the right to ownership.

Is there any wonder that throwing away family photographs seems like a violation to us? It is as if the subjects held there are then abandoned as well, the result of a general disposability that we know as "being-owned." If the subject reacts to being-owned by claiming ownership, there can't be any wonder. The claim itself becomes our own when we can't own in being-owned. That claim is given, and portrayed, in the family photo, which seems to hold the fate by which it is held: that it is and that it will be taken.



All photography is portraiture, perhaps especially when the figure of the sitter does not seem to be there, because that is when the photograph must be repatriated by its viewer. It must be resituated again in interpersonal relations. Every object has its subject, somewhere, just as everything that can be owned has its owner, somewhere. Love comes to everyone.

As we stand in front of the photograph, we restore in our subject reaction not our subject, nor the sitter, nor the lost object's home. We restore the syncretism, the malignant fetish. We are now framed and emerge within our frame with all naturalness.

But what if we did not resist the priority of the frame in photography? What if we did not react to its framing, either by trying to restore what is inside it, or by longing for what is outside of it? What if the frame could become a means that did not compel us to complete its ends? Perhaps this would allow for an expansion of means in the photograph, and for photography to be a practice of means that resists the ends of gaze and image.

It's a hard gift by which we are given to think of the black family photograph. As with all gifts, what is given—and the giving itself—are more than anyone's to give and more than one. In sharing, something like nothing is shared, some shard of the violence of give and take. That's the chemistry of the black family photograph. The Polaroid develops in sight as it fades to touch. Existence insists upon this blur of wound and blessing. In the interface, we fall in love with how a general, generative, anti-familial, anti-private economy emerges in recess, at and as the material expense of spirit. It's the aspiration of our dying breath, the substance of being unseen in always being seen, which, secretly, selflessly, we see with ourselves, not seeing ourselves but seeing something more in seeing with, as if seeing with were all, as if all were just that practice, just how we do on Sunday evenings, evidently.

Look at mama'n'em. Look at mama's play mama, who carried you around when you were a baby, as if you were her baby, because you were. Now you carry her in how you carry yourself. You favour her, as an effect of carrying. Are you

carried away? Can you almost see? When you hold her in your hand, you're all we have. All that gets passed from hand to hand at the serial kitchen table. All we really have are all these variations on how could I let you get away, in open trio, in profile, in abandon through abandonment—our own only in unowning, all unaware of being seen in a future of being shown, one hand withdrawn, another hand awaiting.

Here's a photograph of what looks like a family sitting at a table looking at what looks like a bunch of family photographs. The family is well-photographed, as the wall attests. This chain of viewing (looking, looking like, seeing with, seeming, unseaming) is a chain of handing. There's violence in being held on the verge of being hidden. Being treasured is all but being lost. Nothing found in being sought. Common breath is gone and we can't reconstruct it. And anyway, what's this presumption of family, and its rights and its brokenness, all of which are confirmed in the snapshot's uncanny, untimely career? Can there be such a thing as a black family photograph? Should there be? What happens when certain privileges that might accrue through familiarity are exploited, circulated, and claimed by strangers? We can't know what losses recur in that review, or in this one. At the same time, we know what happens, and what has happened, and what will happen, when family and its rights are left in shards. At the same time, what happens when what happened to the family, and what accrues in the denial of what happened, is shared? Whatever happens, whatever's happened, these photographs are stolen. If I told you I love you, pretty baby, would it make up for what they say? If I hold you and shield you, darling, will you linger awhile today? Borne and born in a continuing mission to steal away, the photograph is commissioned against, but also under, the terms of a contract of civil butchery. Held out, held back, shard, shielded—the chemistry of stolen moments is our true and terrible and beautiful black share.

See, somehow, the photograph got away from whoever took it, and from whoever held it, and from whomever they held it for in the hope that the stolen moment wouldn't fade. Surely, whoever's in the photograph held it that very night, uncaptured. Now, it's gone in our beholding because someone who held them in regard had to let it go. And shit never just happens like that. Something happened.

If it seems like something happened, it's because something always does and has. Something always happens because something happened. The interminable flash and unending moment of being stolen, and here we are, gone.

The photograph that is given and/or thrown away, handed down and out onto the street, unpreserved and unprotected in the family's varied and sustained nuclear winter, and relegated to nurture's absence is also dispersed and sown against the deadly logic of the heirloom. It is the inheritance of the inheritable and all their kin that they can only all but inherit. If they bear every element of severe tragedy and bright enjoyment—which being held, however carefully, by the museum can only surreptitiously intensify—they do so as unnatural objects whose unfree radicality bears generative and degenerative chance. Insofar as we have to accept that, we have to act like we choose to accept that. This is the substance of the photograph, which has been taken. This is the family photograph of the taken, the held, the handed. It's all we have to hand, and here it is, and here we are, gone.

Maybe there's an experimental play of the museum by those whom the museum will have put on display, which disperses the museum as a mechanism for disbursement. Is *Fade Resistance* an exhibition or a depth charge, neither given nor ungiven as impossible inhibition but, rather, forgiven in and as a demonstration of explosive modesty? Zun Lee can no longer carry (the mass, black, infractive universe, carried and radiated by) those photographs alone. The photographs can't be carried like that and we have to want to want to say they don't want that, anyway. They don't want to be kept. They don't want to be collected. It's just that our experiment is held under the duress of the general experiment in which we're held. Its condition is genocide, and having no choice, because we have no choice, we practice acting as if we've chosen to relinquish choice in favour of common renewal of the preferential option for collective, uncollectible care, which is the curate's—and not the curator's—shar'd portfolio and shade. The curatorial anomaly, this contranymic contradiction, is exacerbated in militant preservation. The intrafacial fade of alchemical, incoordinate hand and eye (and nose and ear and tongue), and here we are, gone.

An offer of the murmur and murder of the black family photograph—its gathering soar and plunge and loss and more—is made by we who cannot help but care. In terrible medium and atmosphere and solution, and in that withdrawal in offering that they condition, can we produce and discover an immediate and absolute ignition? There might be another star, and in sharing breath and touch in sight, the broken family shares something else. The refusal to be owned of those who are refused the right to own, which is borne as irreducibly social existence, insists unto the end of the family, the human, the image, and the gaze, all of which are brutalized and brutalize in owning and being-owned; the refusal insists unto the advent of animated, animative seeing-with, which is felt and passed, by all who recognize their kin, from breath to breath and hand to hand, until the photographs themselves withdraw in handing, fade into resistance.



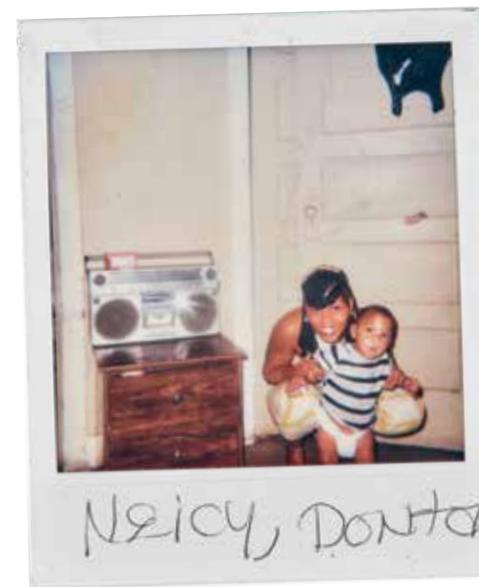
Sammy's Baptism
July 19, 1998



Gi Gi Rose, Gran Barbara, Mommy,
Aunt Nora, Uncle Matt, Aunt Jackie,
Aunt Juanita, Logan + Sammy



October 3, 1975
San Francisco







Foster III Foster IV



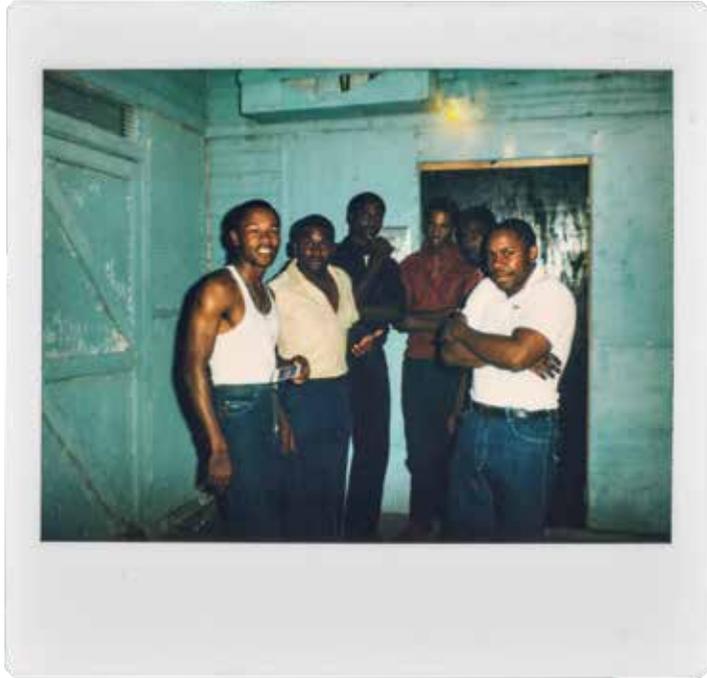
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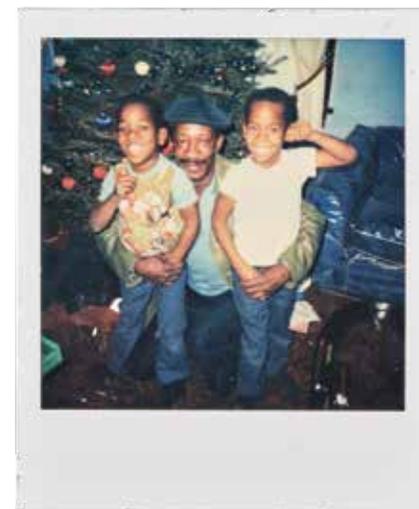


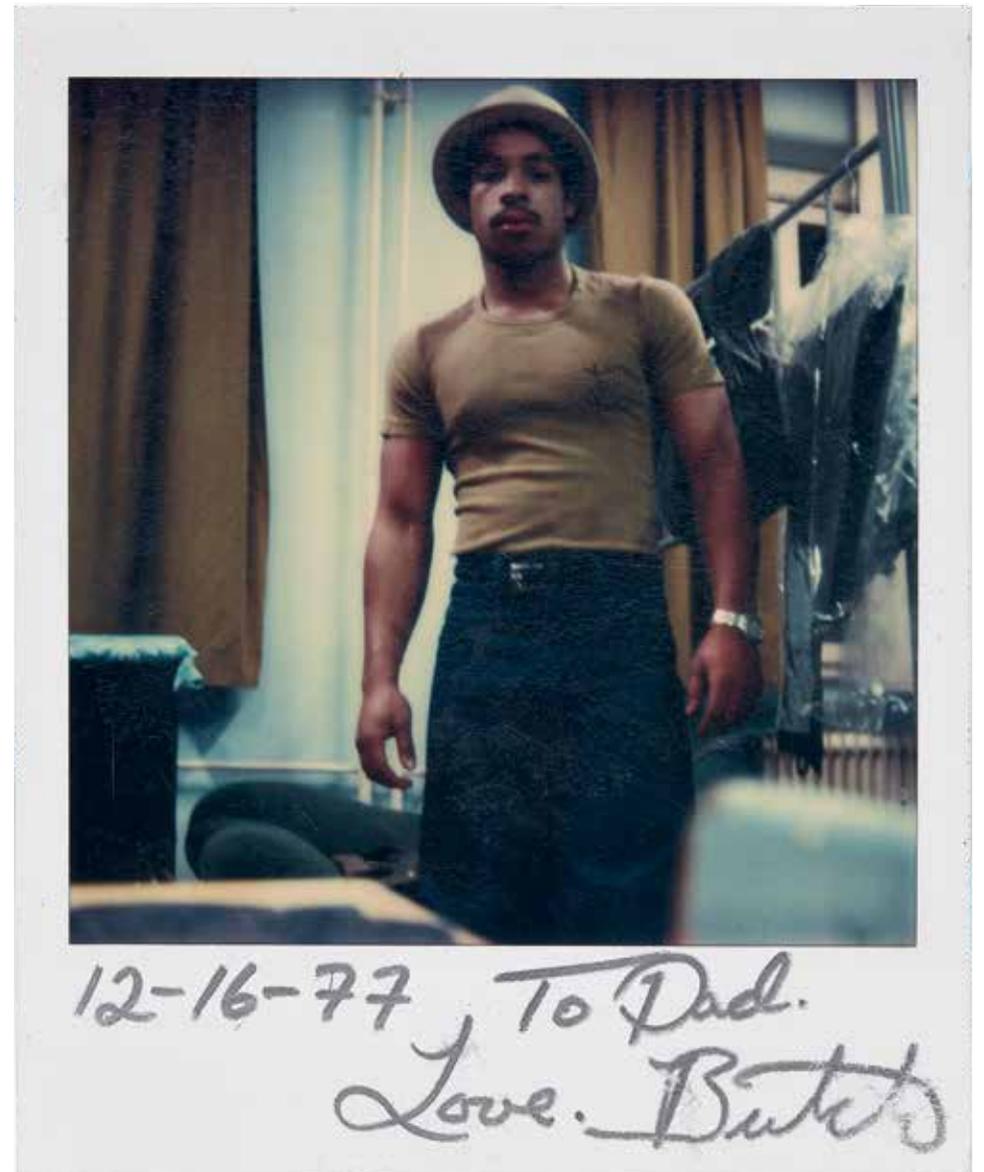
Amundson Foster 11-18-78



No one weeps, a day's décolletage plunges us into what desire leaves in the wake of a radiant abyss, Black light—oxymoron of our being—voluminous shape, any shade of Blackness, body body. A rose pressed between teeth. This wild intercourse: stillness. I dive into the white frame, my hair alive with a young newness of becoming JD Lighting Jay Birthday Cake Candles 1982. Where are we now? How could we know anything else but this textured comforter, fingers trace its web-white cracks, its shadow stains from the wear of existence.

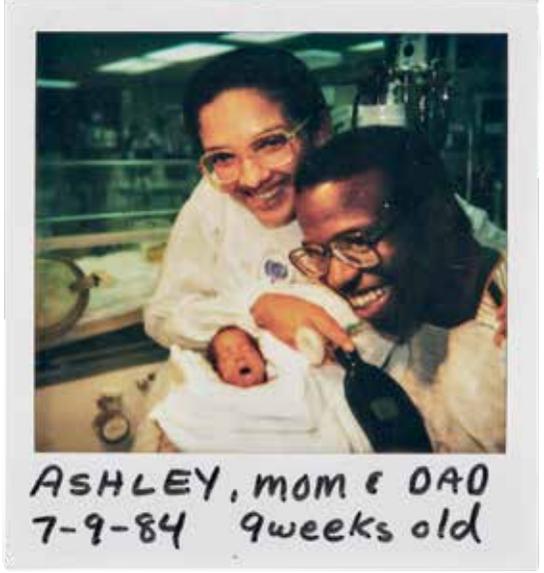
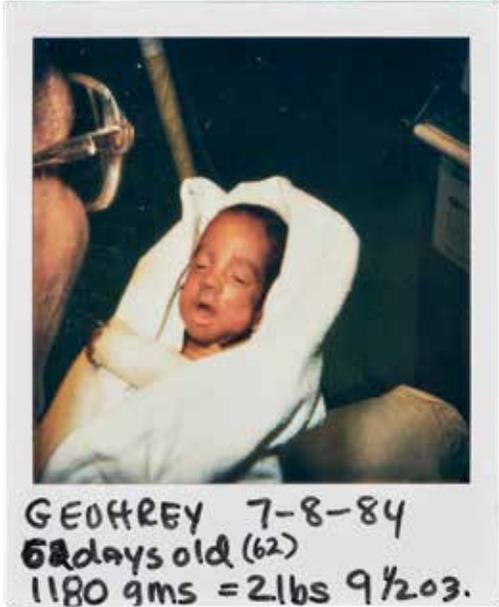






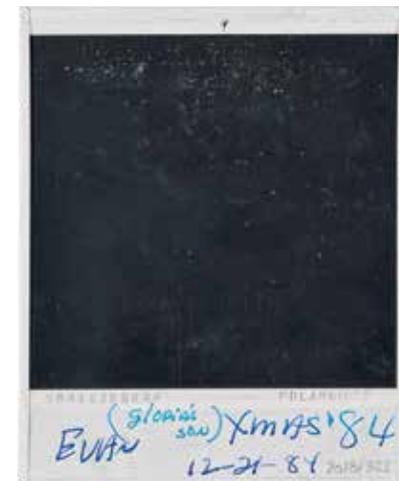




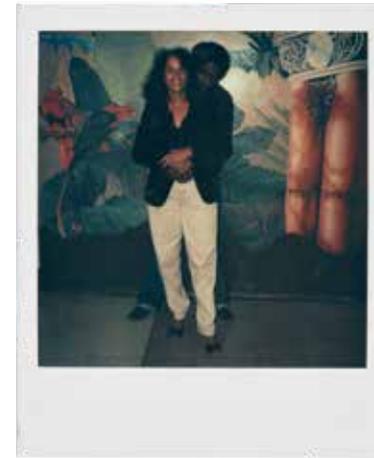
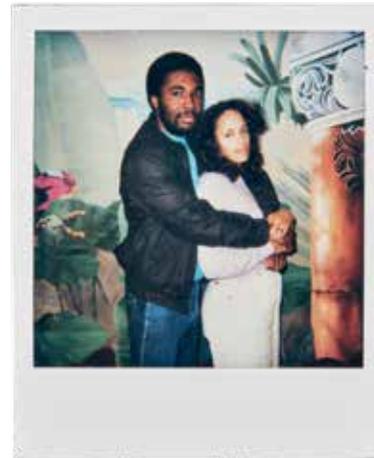
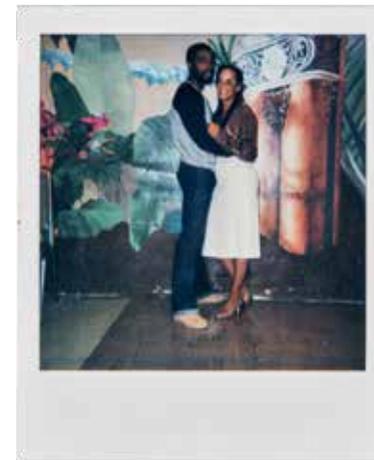


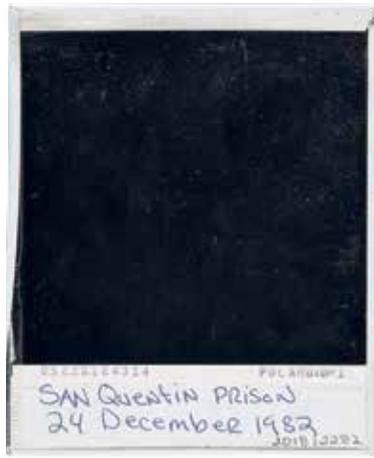


Now, you enter submissively, bowing to qualities of light velvet as skin, interiors transport, of a strobe-light world, the word an imagined form of being, Black pose, stray keys come about, smear of dissidence in Rolling Stones and hand gestures, no nation mask, glimpse gaze out, a counterpoint to Christina Sharpe's anti-Black weather. Frame what cannot be captured, what cannot be contained in the tattered corners, Scotch-tape residue. What vestiges of waters remain untraceable when it's not you and nem, but me and nem. Could be roil. As in, we got a dog. How you exit the stage.

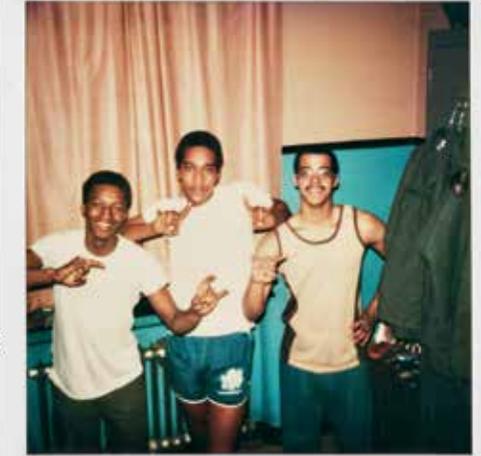
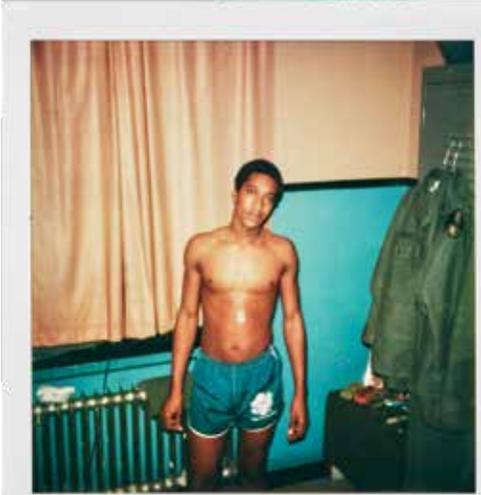














11-18-78 Noemie's Birthday



9-13-99



Church Day
Stephen and Mom 2/26/94





7

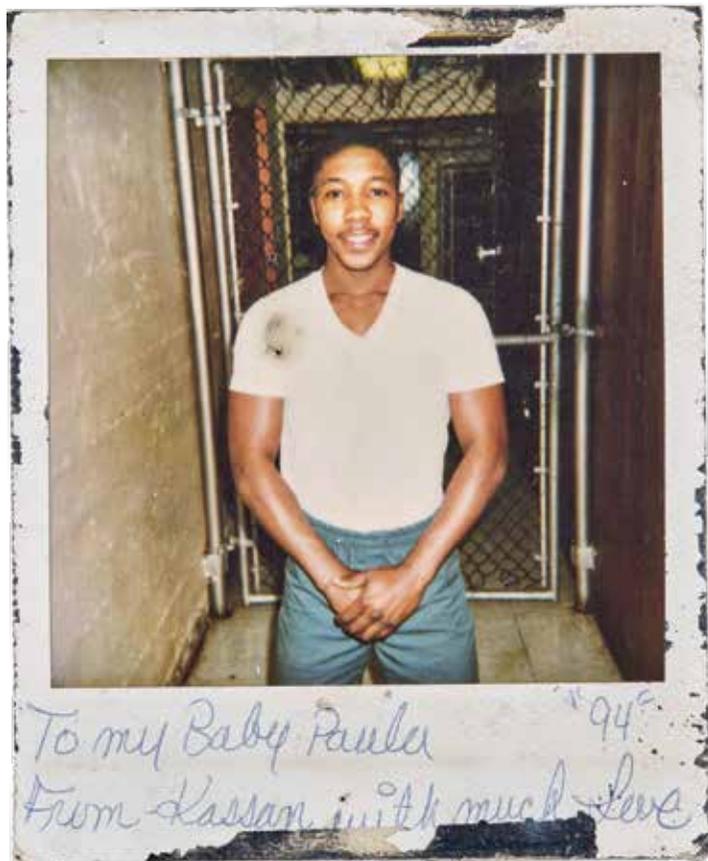




Mama's straight lean held by snow sky,
knee deep in invisible whiteness. *The
Black cockatoo has the most power.* Me and
nem, nem and me, Jay eating meat
sticks, ain't that something? The
coming-into-being with company
under magnolia tree. Sing with me:
distinctive sensation of one's own
vernacular background. Say, no need
for the word "freedom" to account for
what this is. Say, "nest," say my anchor,
my glory, my sister's arm draped
around me. Worlds in that drape.

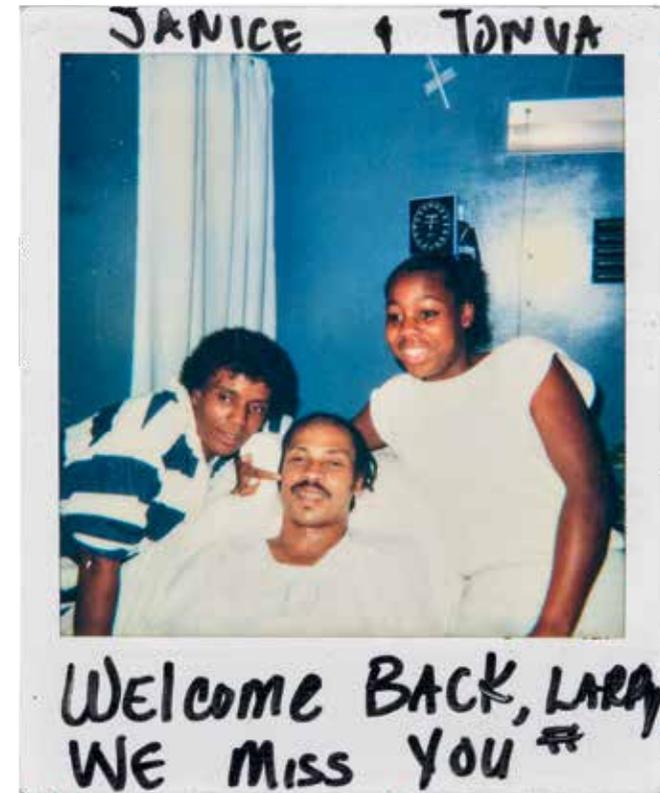
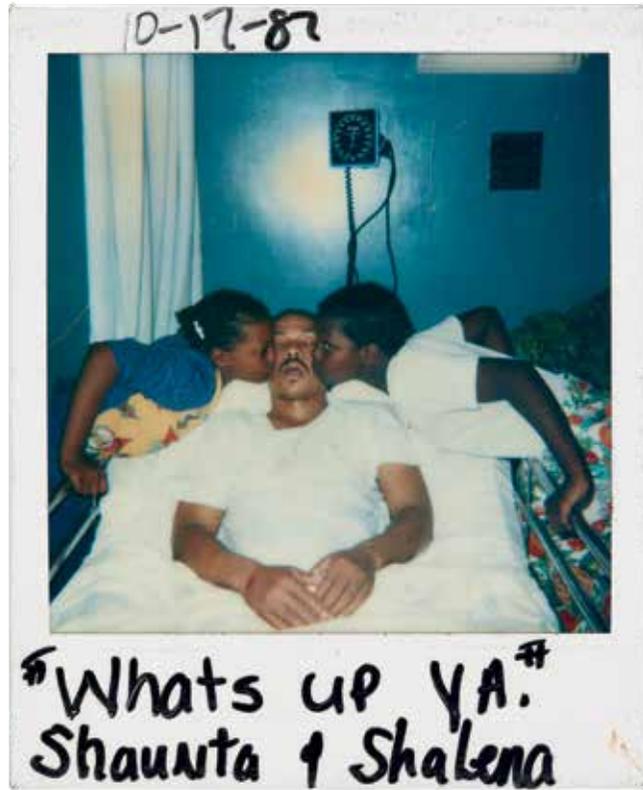


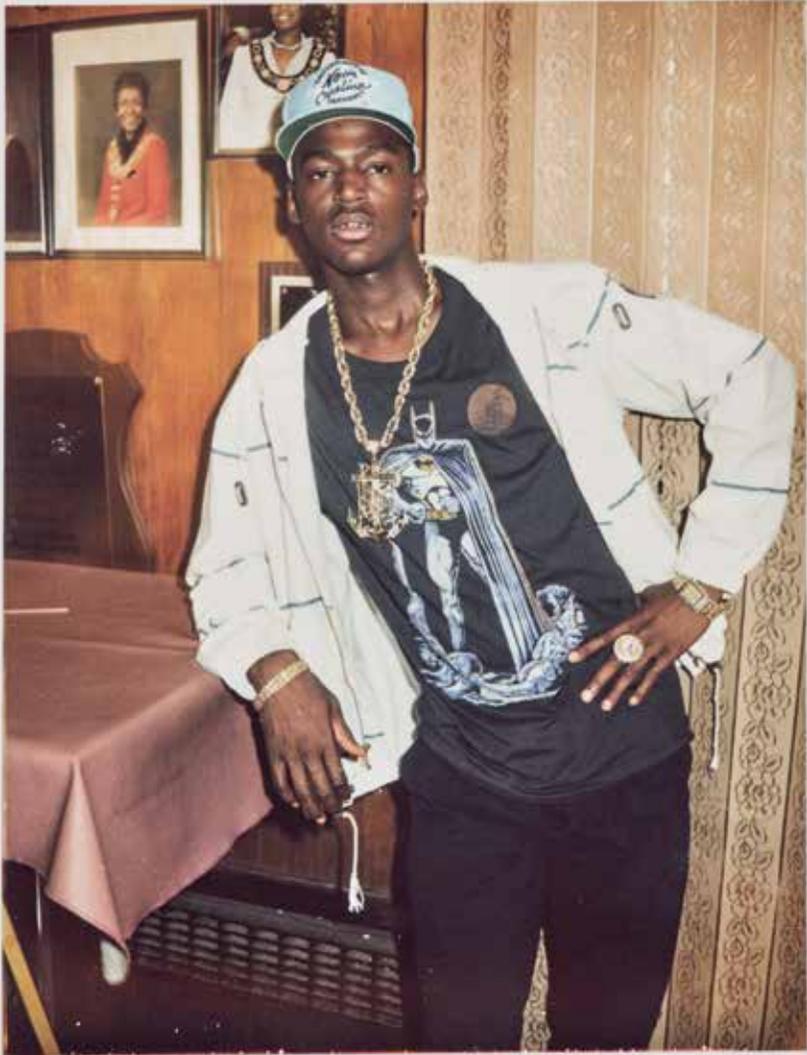




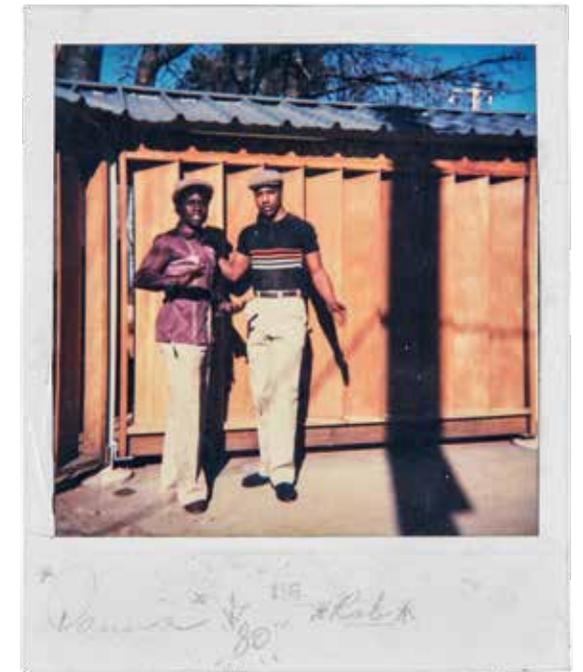




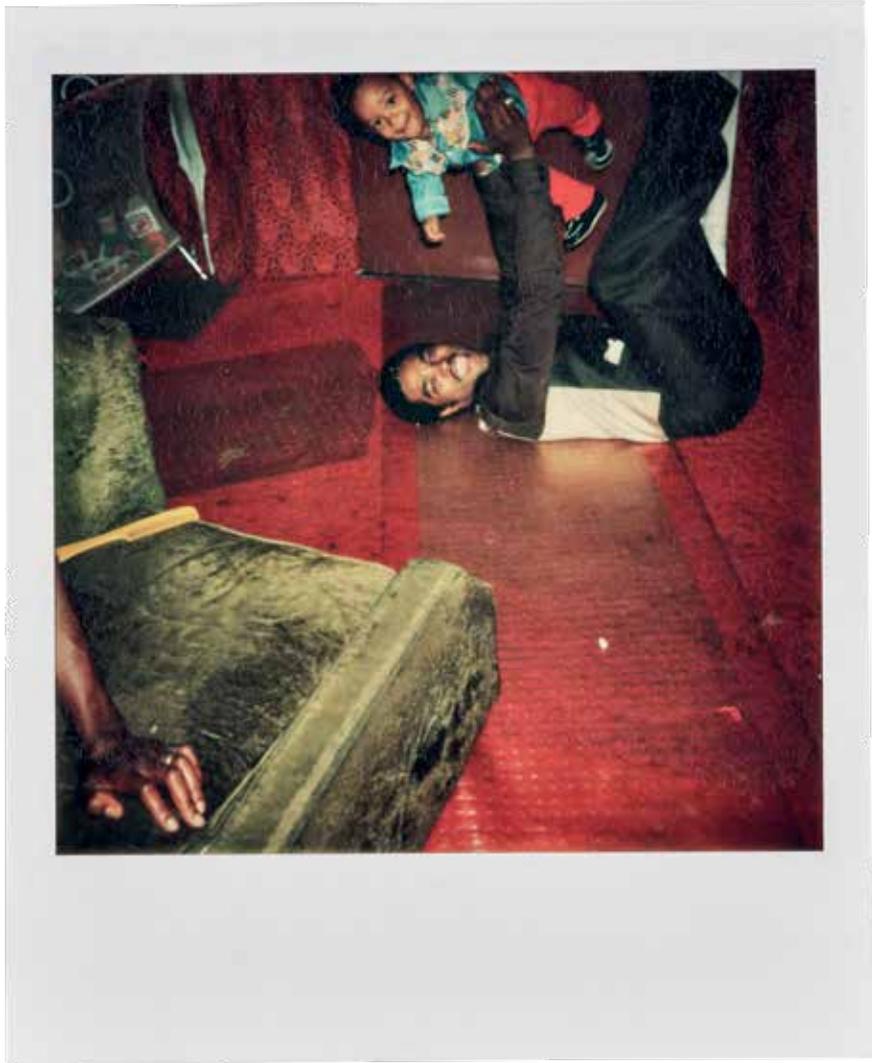












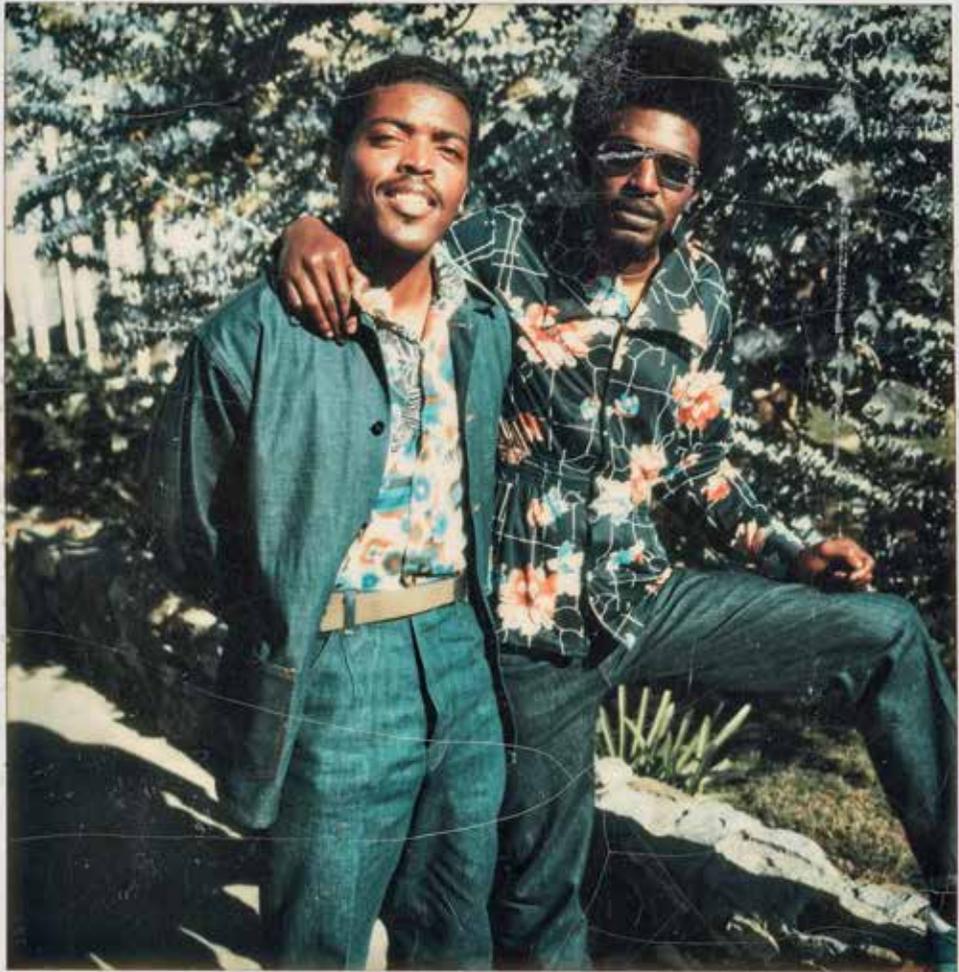
WHAT MATTERS MOST



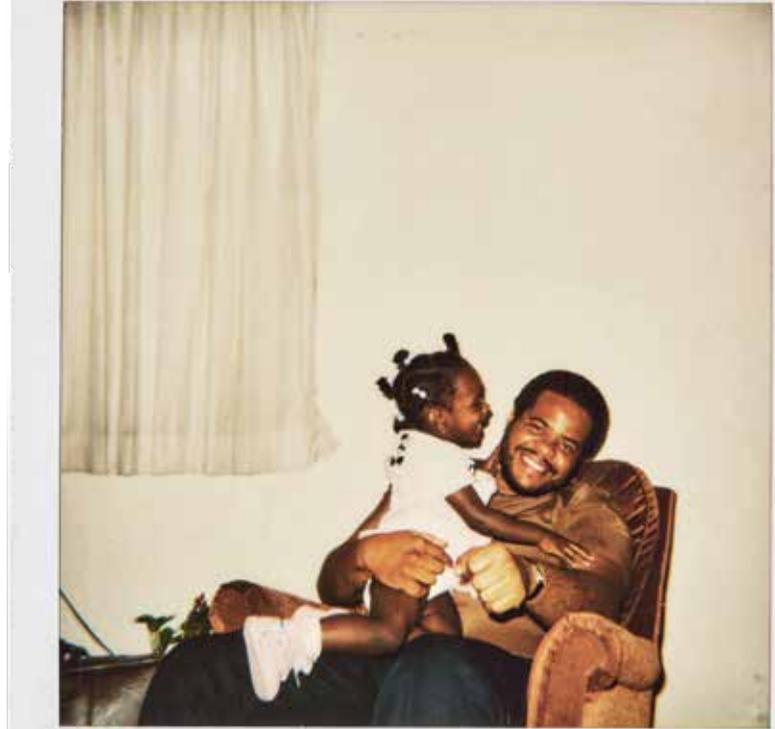


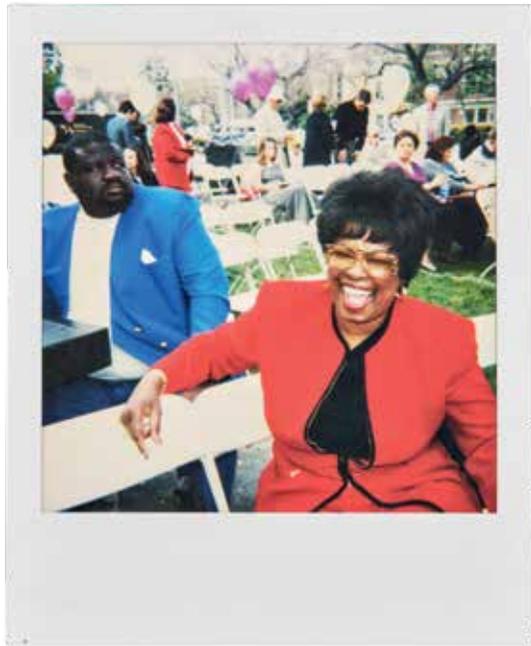






*The T.V. picture used
of Clarence for News Mexico*



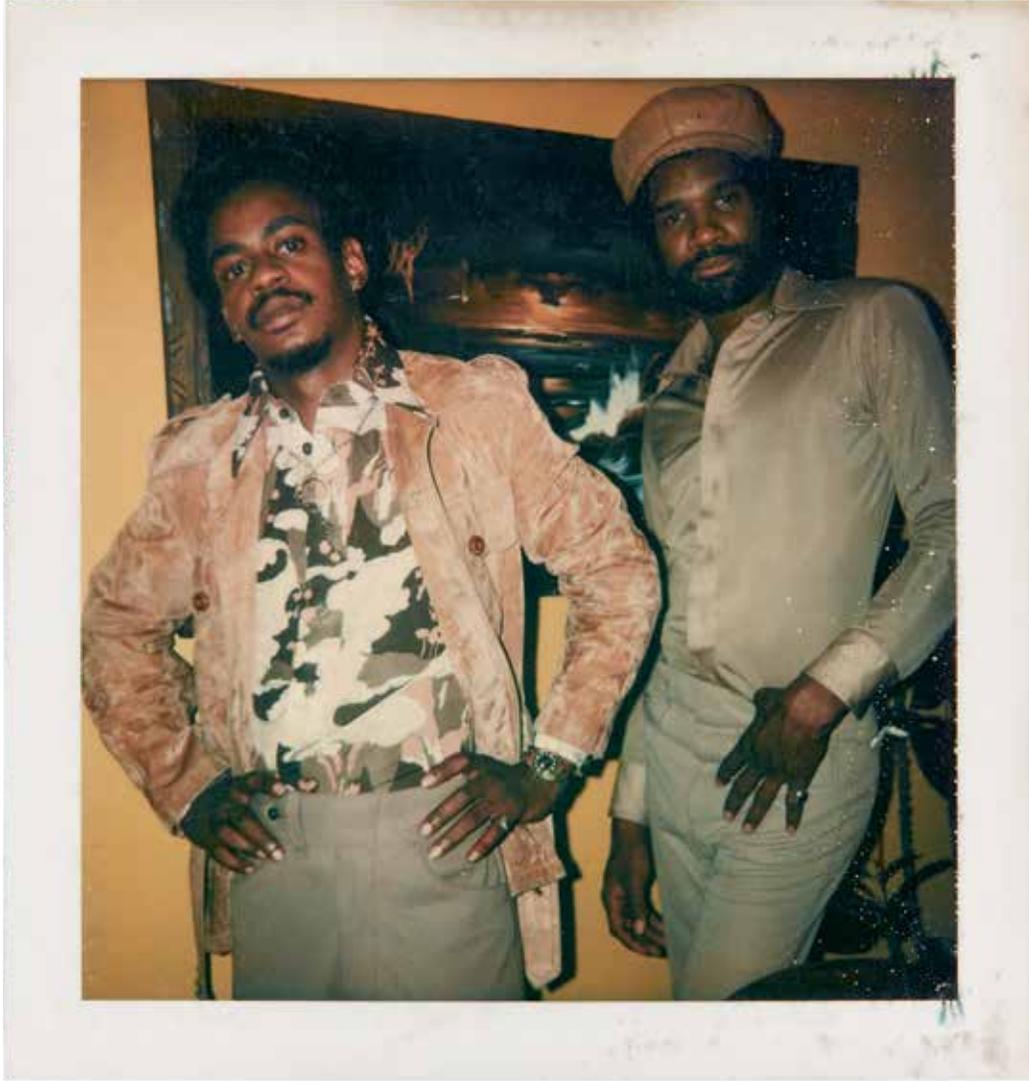


All myths dislodged and down your throat they go. Go on, row a boat. Kick some rocks in that pungent yearn for access. Roots of your tongues hangry in the juggernaut, in periphery. There are times for radical privacy. There are times when the night is wet, when the moon shows up like an apparition in reflective glare. Only they/we know that's Uncle So-and-So, bright as what would be touch.





WHA





AN ORIGINAL POLAROID® LAND PHOTOGRAPH

SUBJECT _____ DATE 10-15-71

NAME _____

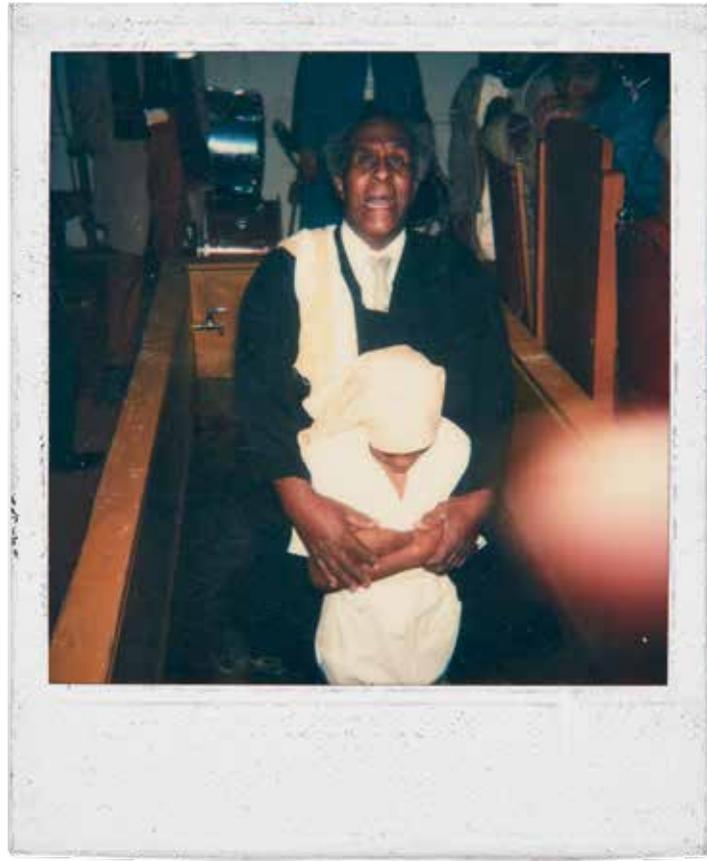
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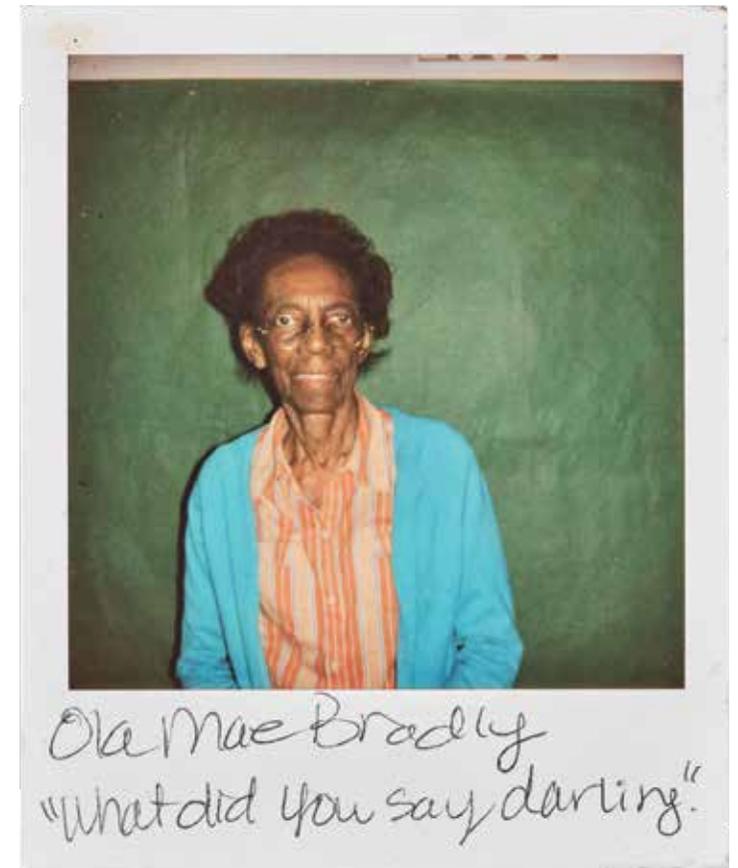
For your convenience when ordering copies, indicate the number of copies desired in the appropriate box for the size(s) you select.
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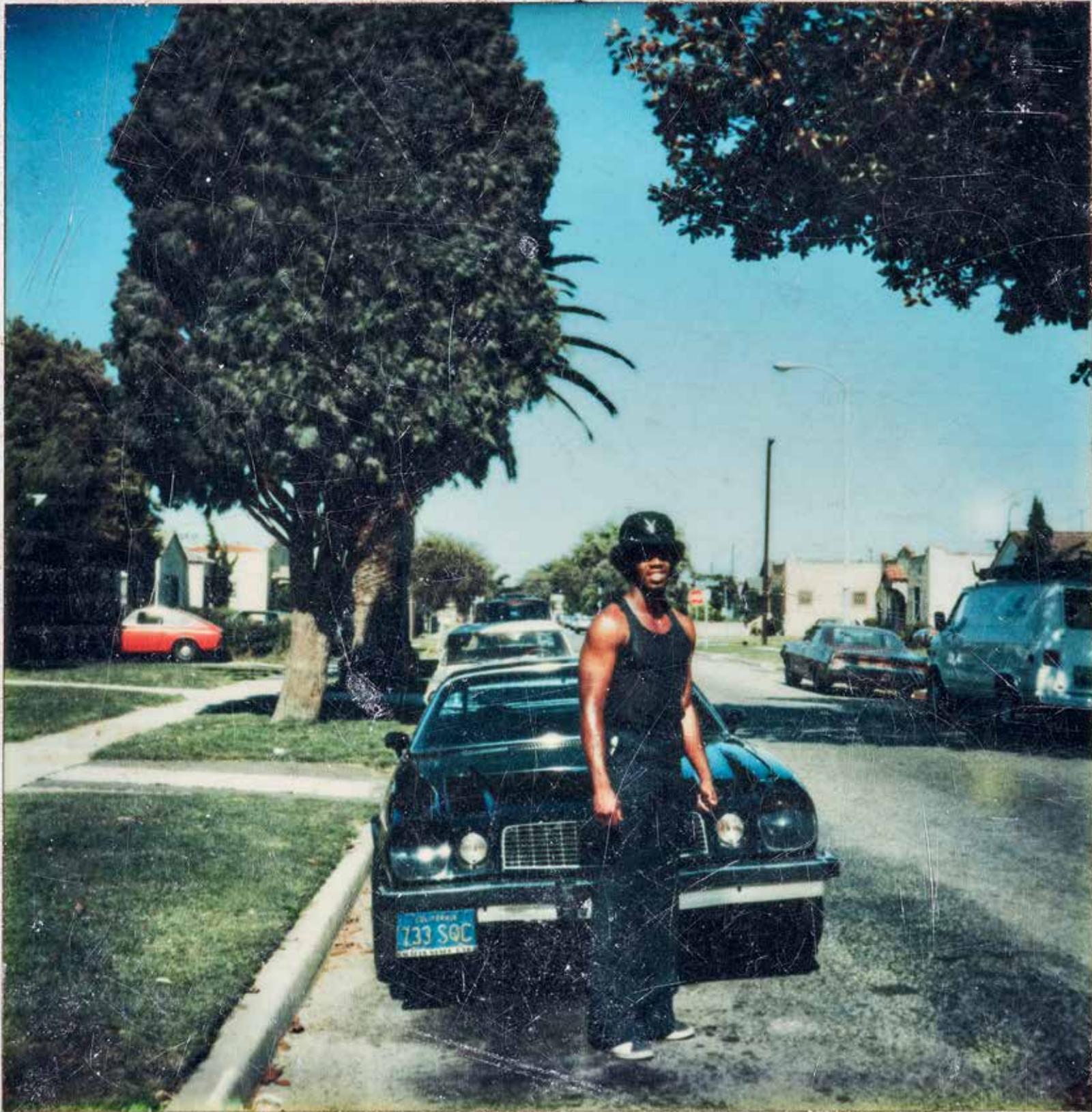










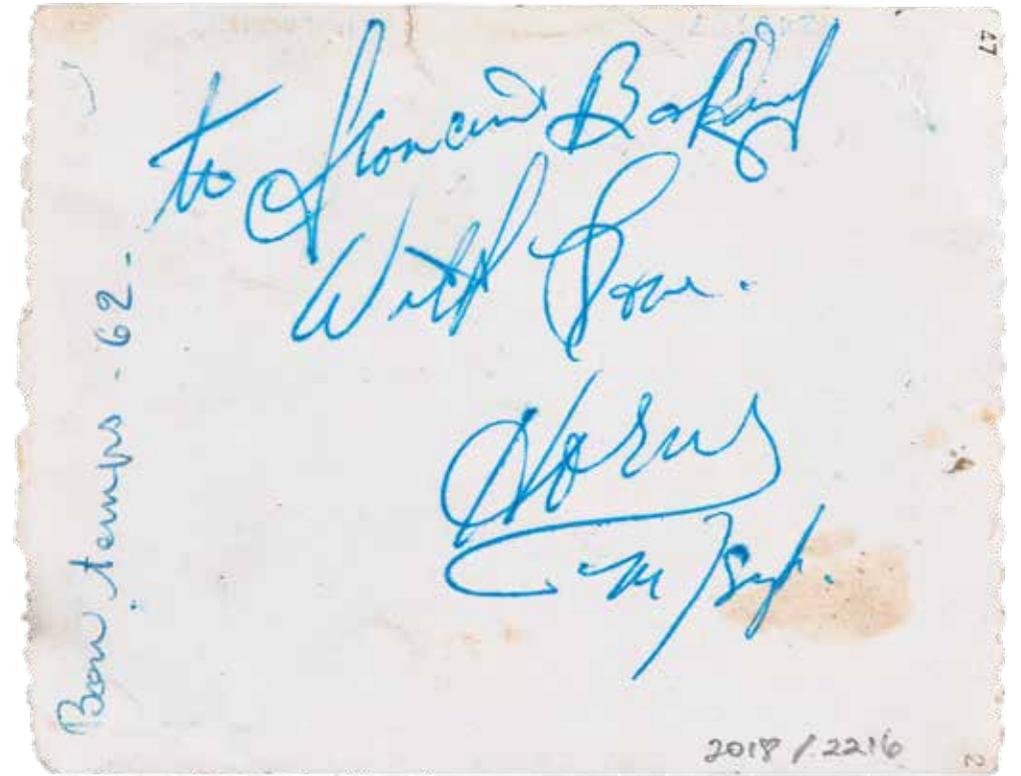


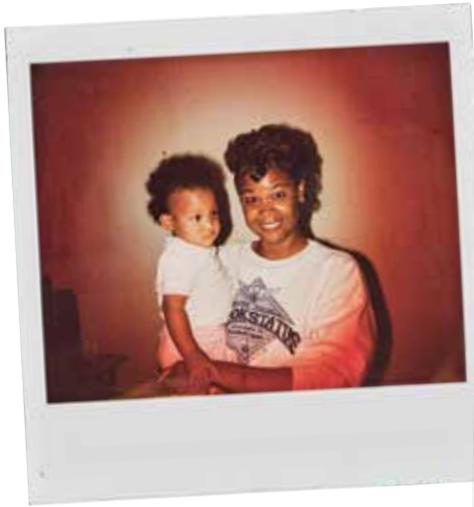


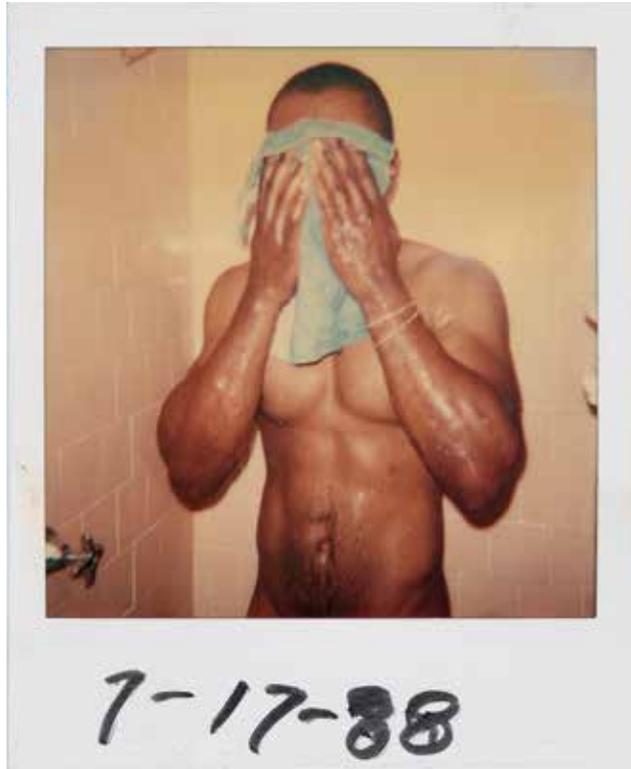
Monique just knowing she is so damn fine against red Beamer. Somebody's momma's purse like a weapon. Little crib babies not caring. Swift in swag. Hats. Those collars. White-walled tires. Penchant for protection, arms woven into cloth, how we do, a sign, a signal singing, no strain at all. If a photo is music, so tenderly it hums. If there is a "freedom" place inside Sylvia Wynter's "near total alienation," feel it now. Hang your hat on your hanging hands. Where the sun don't shine, it obliterates. Supposition: fractal. My hirsute maker, my subjectitude. We are not strangers in this strange land.

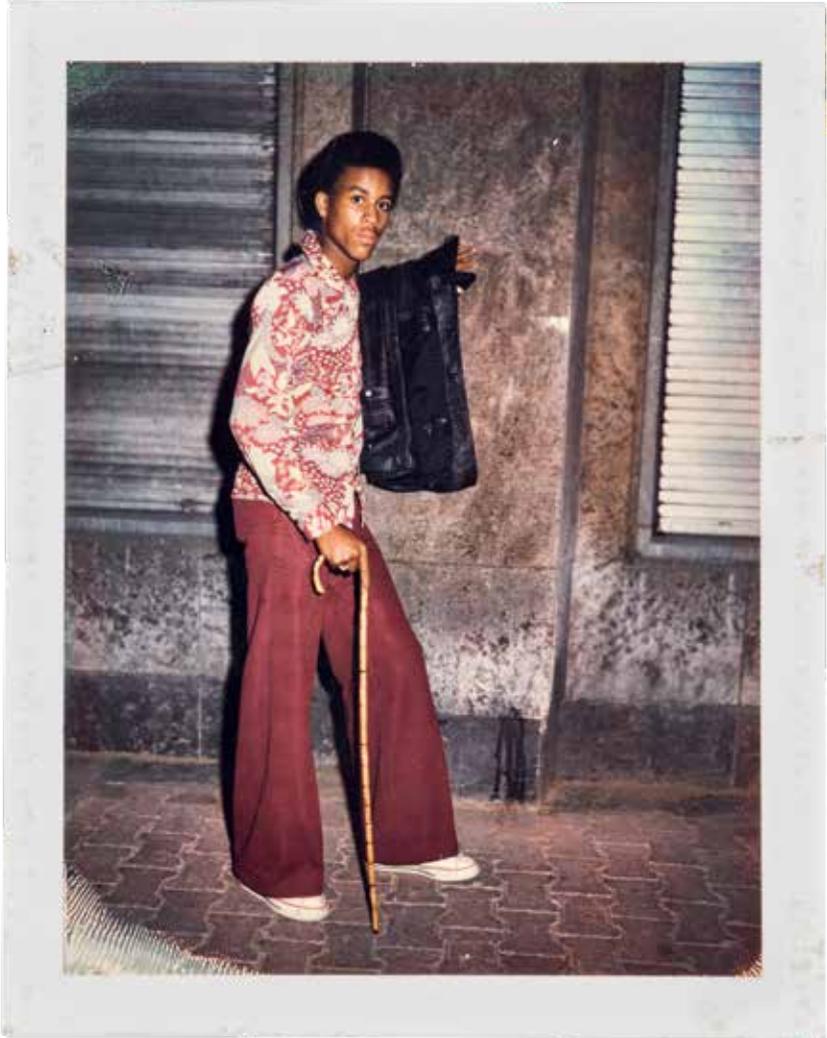
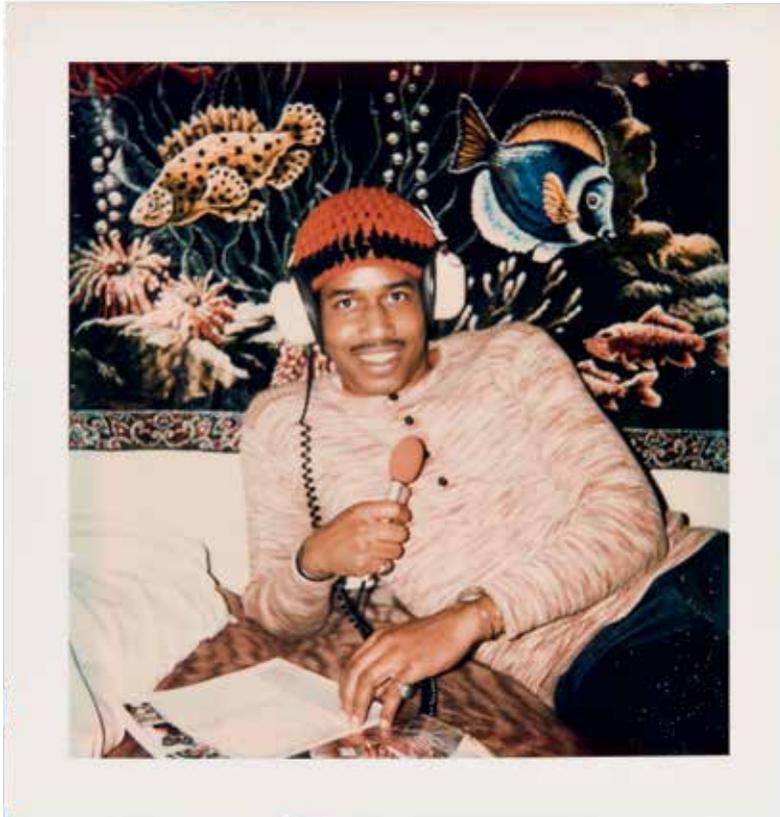














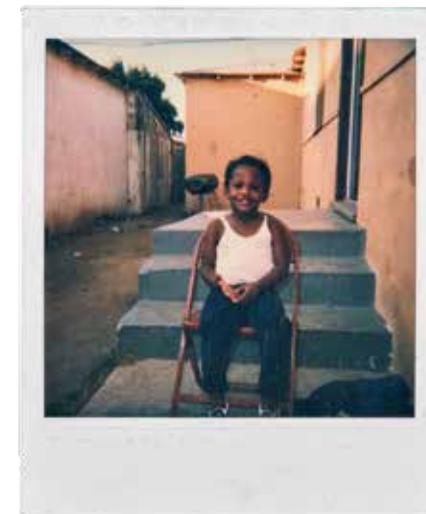


Jordan High





This is when Vickie and them was here still in their night clothes. We all had that gold couch, we all went to war. Her name's a number in Anchorage, Alaska. Boarding the tour bus and to _____ with love. You simply cannot know a Blackness undefined. No claim toward Blackness made. If the photo is a long song it is not the blues. Instead, I'll be home soon so be sweet and be faithful. Hold that space for me.





9/12/90
Eating out of cake bowl







tb1/8106

To Evelyn
With
Love, Hope and
Respect.

Thuris Turner

Good thing you come
to those who
Wait. I've been
Waiting long enough
(Smile)

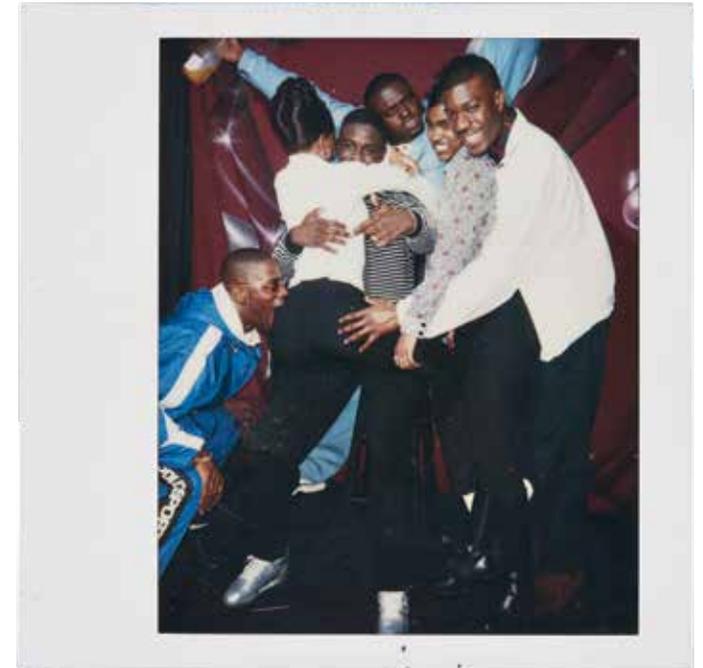




WHAT MATTERS MOST



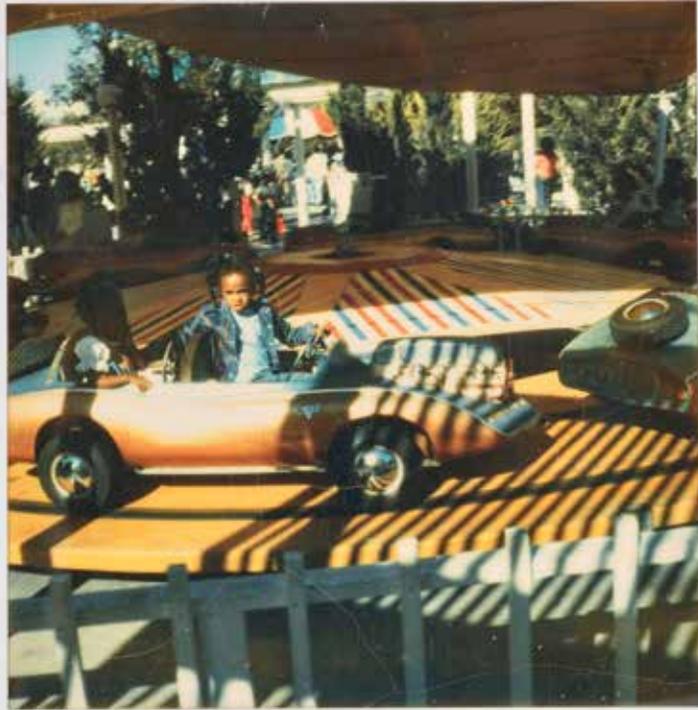
152-153



Photographs of Black Life







In (joying) where they lent a lab art
thing / a hallelujah in the baptism
bath / a labyrinth / laissez-faire /
lasso / a way into a way out / no
coming fire / or fistula / rather, the
whole moons / only light / what flash
allows / its flicker / rogue route
epistemes / our bodies made
daydream / looking in the sunset age
6 / him posturing around the tree /
the hands—the hands so delicate /
hands in grace, folded, hands' signs
signalling the / holy holiday spirit /
our real names / bedside table with
pills and tissue / breath that heaves,
into a depth so black we cannot
reach it—

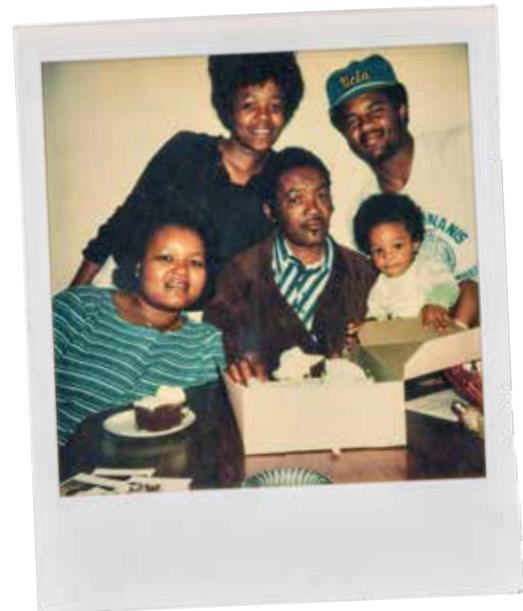
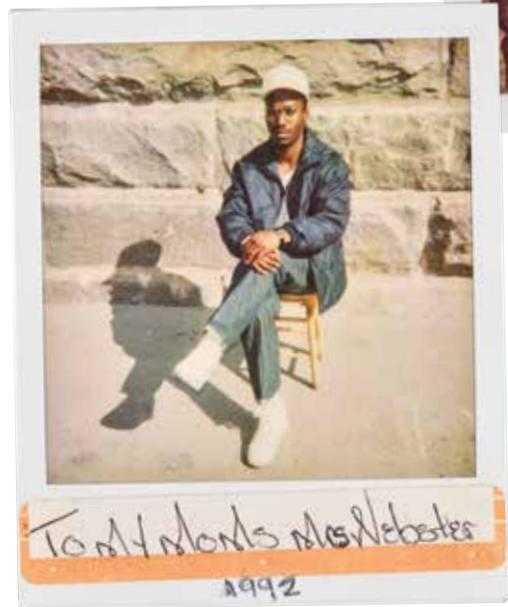






*here go a box with a lid on it.
if you open it you can come
into our world.*

—Fred Moten



What Outlasts

**SOPHIE
HACKETT**

For many of us, family snapshots mark our first engagements with the medium of photography. We learn the rituals of how they are made; we absorb their meaning as personal keepsakes to hold close. We learn to pore over their details, to share them. Of course, these formative experiences typically involve the photographs of our own families and friends. But what does it mean to engage with family photographs when we have no direct connection to the people in them?

The origins of the *Fade Resistance* collection lie in what is now a well-told set of facts: in December 2012, Zun Lee was working in Detroit when he found a set of Polaroids on the street. Hoping to return the photographs to their owners, he knocked on doors in the neighbourhood, with no success. This sparked a new project—a collection—through which Lee sought to reckon with the loss of this visual history.

In many ways, what Lee found in Detroit—and in the thousands of photographs he would ultimately collect over the next six years—was typical of so many North American family snapshots. Milestones like weddings, birthdays, and graduation ceremonies were chronicled alongside quieter daily moments: doing hair, having a nap, hanging out in the backyard. Together, however, these images define something highly specific—because of when they were created; because they were mainly created by, of, and for African American families. Attuned to the structural issues that continue to shape and regulate Black life, Lee recognized in these orphaned photographs what theorist Saidiya Hartman has called the “afterlife of slavery.”¹

¹ Saidiya Hartman, *Lose Your Mother: A Journey Along the Atlantic Slave Trade Route* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2006), 6.

² Zun Lee, “Fade Resistance,” accessed July 4, 2022. zunlee.com/faderesistance.

³ Teju Cole, “On Photography: The Digital Afterlife of Lost Family Photos,” *The New York Times Magazine*, April 26, 2016, accessed July 4, 2022. nytimes.com/2016/05/01/magazine/the-digital-afterlife-of-lost-family-photos.html.

⁴ *Zun Lee: Fade Resistance*, The Gladstone Hotel, Toronto, Feb. 1–28, 2016; *Representing*, Portland Art Museum, July 29 – Dec. 3, 2017.

⁵ Among others, *Reframing Family Photography* (Toronto, 2017); Art Gallery of Ontario artist-in-residence (Toronto, 2017); *Black Portraits V* (New York, 2019); John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation fellow (2020).

The collection, which Lee dubbed *Fade Resistance* (a nod to the “fade-resistant” tag on some garments), grew to include some 2,975 instant prints and 1,384 related gelatin silver and chromogenic prints, dating from the 1950s to the early 2000s. For Lee, this work is rooted in a desire to “reflect the way Black people saw themselves on their terms—without the intention of being seen, or judged, by others.”² It is a collection formed against Black invisibility; formed to enshrine Black joy and kinship, to emphasize “Black life mattering.” And what began as an alternative visual history to counter the distortions in mainstream narratives has evolved into both a symbol and a symptom of systemic violence against and dispossession of African Americans in the United States.

As Lee amassed the *Fade Resistance* collection, he engaged with the photographs in an effort to understand what they could mean now. He digitized and shared images on social media.³ He curated and loaned works to exhibitions.⁴ He participated in conferences, fellowships, and residencies.⁵ He led workshops and mentored younger artists. Perhaps most significantly, Lee talked to people, often showing them the box of Polaroids he had begun carrying with him. The photographs easily sparked discussions on family, lived experience, and visual history. These conversations have profoundly affected Lee’s own practice—his primary focus has now shifted from making photographs to participating in projects that encourage communities to define and tell their own stories.

For instance, in Charlotte, North Carolina’s Camp Greene neighbourhood, Lee collaborated with Muddy Turtle Talks to

⁶ Bryant Carter, “Q&A with Hannah Hasan, artist/activist bringing Charlotte’s Enderly Park to the stage,” *QCity Metro*, Sept 13, 2018, accessed July 4, 2022. qcitymetro.com/2018/09/13/qa-with-hannah-hasan-artist-activist-bringing-charlottes-enderly-park-to-the-stage/. The Muddy Turtle Talks were co-founded by Hannah and Shardae Hasan and hosted by QC Family Tree. Lee lived in Charlotte for six months in 2018 as the inaugural artist-in-residence with The Roll Up CLT.

⁷ Lee has been working in partnership with UNC Greensboro and the Historic East Baltimore Community Action Coalition, as part of the Gates Foundation’s Voices for Economic Opportunity Grand Challenge. See: gatesfoundation.org/ideas/media-center/press-releases/2020/06/changing-the-national-conversation-about-poverty-and-economic-mobility.

⁸ *Pop Photographica: Photography’s Objects in Everyday Life* (2003); *Album* (2012); the Casa Susanna photographs in *Outsiders: American Photography and Film, 1950s–1980s* (2016); and *Free Black North* (2017).

record stories of Black life in the area, a practice the group has described as “social-impact story-sharing.”⁶ During performance events in 2018 and 2019, Lee projected images from the *Fade Resistance* collection behind participants as they spoke, animating each presentation in a new way. This context also brought new life to the images, cementing them as part of a longstanding, living visual history. Most recently, Lee has been working with young Black men in Baltimore to record their stories in photographs and interviews, as a way of affirming “the humanity of young Black men and [deepening] awareness about root causes and barriers to their economic mobility.”⁷ The *Fade Resistance* collection has thus fed Lee’s commitment to use photography to witness, to advocate, and to empower, all while continuing to question whose stories are valued.

The Art Gallery of Ontario has long collected and exhibited vernacular photographs, a reflection of the Gallery’s expansive approach to the history of the medium. The acquisition of the *Fade Resistance* collection in 2018 was part of this commitment, and it meant that the Gallery gained a significant group of photographs of Black families by Black photographers, makers, and subjects—all historically underrepresented in the permanent collection.

It’s not unusual for a photography collection in a gallery or museum to include family photographs. But over time, there has been an evolution in what these photographs stand for in such contexts. Early on, they were examples of a medium or format of the nineteenth century—the daguerreotype, the carte-de-visite; in later decades, they were admired for their technical accidents, as a parallel to—or shadow of—the twentieth century’s modernist avant-gardes. More recently, family photographs have been cast as a challenge to the history of photography itself, their ubiquity (and, for some, banality) the flood that exceeds the canon’s narrow riverbanks.

The *Fade Resistance* collection presents yet another opportunity to think anew about the role of family photographs in a public art institution. In past projects at the AGO, our curatorial aim has been to present these works in ways that resonate with the circumstances of their creation.⁸ We have also endeavoured to illuminate

how and why family photographs have functioned and continue to function in forming communities—whether those communities are bound by affection or by identity. This underscores that the meaning of family photographs continues to evolve. They are not fixed or homogeneous entities, and thus neither is their significance.

Lee’s work with the *Fade Resistance* collection is anchored in the following proposition: what if we relate to the Polaroids not simply as artifacts but as objects that are inseparable from the Black social contexts in which they were created? This throws equal emphasis on the makers and viewers—which is to say, any Black maker or viewer, then and now. It means placing Black experience at the centre of all decisions.

We scheduled this project well before the pandemic, and the poignancy of the *Fade Resistance* collection—its difficulty, even—has only increased over the last two years as, here in North America, we have borne close witness to the ongoing legacies of brutal inhumanity toward racialized bodies. For all the joy present in the photographs, these histories cast a long shadow. The challenge now is how to present this collection, created by a Black artist, for a Black audience, in all its distinctiveness and richness, but with an invitation, as Lee puts it, to “feel together with us.”⁹

The Polaroids themselves help to point the way: we shake an instant print as the image emerges, discuss the merits of the picture, perhaps make another. This is not just a formal or technical process, but also a social one. Touch and storytelling are built in.

When Lee and I began to discuss the future of his collection in 2017, he wanted to ensure that he was working with an institution that would place as much emphasis on proactive strategies for connecting audiences as on the preservation and presentation of the photographs. In turn, we secured funds for public engagement initiatives to encourage open-ended inquiry. What can the humbleness of *Fade Resistance* stand for and what can it achieve, culturally and politically? What shape can care take—for these photographs, for their subjects, for their audiences. Can seeing private pictures in a public context have a broader social purpose?

⁹ See Lee’s essay in this volume, page 172.

In December 2019, the AGO hosted *Ways of Caring*, an inaugural round table with Lee, moderator Kimberly Juanita Brown, artists Deanna Bowen and Michèle Pearson Clarke, and cultural theorists Stefano Harney and Fred Moten. It was a generative and at times highly charged discussion, one that underscored the high stakes in play at a time when arts institutions contend with urgent calls to face histories of racism and enact real change, processes that are necessary and ongoing.

During a break in the round table, I was approached by Evelyn Auchinvole, historian of Hamilton’s Stewart Memorial Church, home to the city’s oldest Black congregation. She felt strongly that, for many, seeing photographs of Black family life in a space like the AGO would be important. It was a meaningful reminder that, for many members of marginalized groups, even baseline visibility is not a given. Auchinvole herself serves as a community archivist, offering the church as a new home for photographs that families no longer feel connected to as relatives die and direct kinship ties fade. The significance of collections like this can shift and expand over time: they can stand for something as simple as presence, as facts of existence, or they can unfurl and feed so many other narratives.¹⁰

Other people’s family photographs have been one constant in my own curatorial career. I remain drawn to their mystery, to what I can see—worlds of time, place, and experience outside my own—and what I cannot ever know. There is a Polaroid I keep coming back to, one with a deep blue velvet glow: a figure sits, pensive, forehead resting on his right hand. He is so bathed in the gloaming that he is hard to perceive. The question of who is there in the photograph, of what prompted someone to press the camera’s shutter, will likely never be answered, and yet life—*aliveness*—is evident. We become witness to the honouring of a life. Indeed, *Fade Resistance* includes thousands of such instances, honouring thousands of lives. These images hold a collective power, too, enduring as they have in the face of the world’s convulsions.

That experience, in turn, reminds me of a poem. During one of our gatherings with the team that made this book, Dawn Lundy Martin told us about Aracelis Girmay’s “Ode to the Watermelon” (2007).¹¹ In the final lines, Girmay writes:

¹¹ Aracelis Girmay, *Teeth* (Evanston, IL: Curbstone Press, 2007).

Sandía, día santo,
yours is a sweetness
to outlast slaughter:
Tongues will lose themselves inside you,
scattering seeds. All over,
the land will hum
with your wild,
raucous blooming.

Whether people find in them seeds for study, reflecting pools, spectres of anti-Black violence, catalysts for empathy, an index of loss—or experience them, over time, as thousands of private homecomings, individual and irreducible—may these photographs outlast us all.

¹⁰ As an example, the AGO exhibition *Free Black North*, curated by Dr. Julie Crooks in 2017. Evidence of Black presence in Ontario in the nineteenth century, the tintypes and cabinet cards in Rick Bell’s collection served to expand narratives around Canadian history—and around how photography was used in this context.



Unknown, [Unidentified women with Niagara Falls backdrop], c.1875. Tintype photograph, 9 x 6 cm. Rick Bell Family Fonds – RG 63, Archives & Special Collections, Brock University Library. Digital image: © 2017 Art Gallery of Ontario.

A Whole Mess and a Half: The Matter of Most

ZUN LEE *Dagmaris walking away on the beach.
Asunción, her fan, her trim do.
Gloria two days before dying.
Roberto, pointing to nothing.
Idermis behind Oscar, after Jorge.*

*I so far away I almost cannot make myself out.
My brother wasting a smile.
My aunt as ugly as the word itself.
Grandmother in her best days.
Grandfather with a festive tie.
My father drunk again.
My mother like a distantly spilled perfume.*

—Jesús Cos Causse¹

here go a box with a lid on it. if you open it you can come into our world.

—Fred Moten²

As the pandemic blur of the past two years wears on, I've settled into an uneasy rhythm without a familiar playbook; not a "new normal" but certainly a "new normative" experience—the next instantiation of the same old calculus, the same game of navigating ever-constricting socioeconomic spaces now regulated and surveilled in the name of pandemic mitigation.

The most difficult aspect of this time has been the relentless and ongoing departure of the very kinfolk who would, in other circumstances, help me cope, offer support and comfort, or anchor my sense of belonging in this time of uncertainty. Not being able to travel and gather to sustain relationships disrupted my grieving process. I now understand that I wasn't really processing loss—I was not allowing for grief to fully move through me. I compartmentalized my emotional and mental capacity to care into manageable bits, anticipating yet more bad news and loss. Life started to feel more like I was watching myself standing in front of a flight information board at the airport, row after row of names and dates refreshing with the status "Departed." It no longer was about the disappearance of friends and family; I disappeared, too. I no longer recognized who I was.

I'm not a "photographer," in the sense that my practice doesn't center on the technical aspects of "painting with light," or the materiality of making photographic objects. The visual *poiesis* results from presencing with people with whom I am in entanglement, to engage in study through the sharing of stories, to experiment and embrace uncertainty while letting go of the individuating pressure of feeling too preoccupied with "technique," "style," or "quality." For them to "work," the resulting images have to be a byproduct of such sociality, always a collaborative effort, not a division of labor between the maker and the sitter. The same applies to the purpose behind collecting these found Polaroids:

¹ Jesús Cos Causse, "Miranda Fotos," trans. John Keene, *Academy of American Poets*, accessed September 24, 2021, poets.org/poem/looking-photos.

² Fred Moten, "fortrd. fortrn," in *The Little Edges* (Middletown: Wesleyan University Press, 2014), 3.

they are not *of* Black sociality, but a matter of Black sociality surrounding and animating them. I've spent the past ten years not only gathering these artefacts but gathering with fellow artists, friends, and strangers to sit with these images and listen to the questions they invite: What does one make of the idea that the refusal of these images to respond to a reductive gaze strains against their violent dispossession? That this very refusal relies on our complicity in something taken, not granted? What exactly is the work the images in this collection perform beyond this unintended framing? How do we sustain a level of care for a work when the matter of what needs preservation cannot be decoupled from its ongoing material decomposition?

Attempting to engage with these questions amid collective pandemic exhaustion came under duress; not because the images themselves lost their vitality in rejecting their dehumanization (how could they?), but rather because the people with whom I would practice this kind of study were no longer around, or were unable to be with me, to feel summoned by these questions in order to answer to the unanswerable. Yet in these moments of pressure, something tends to burst open along familiar scars (and rather ferociously so) like a jolt to the heart and a giant thud to the forehead. Not-so-gentle reminders of what matters most.

I recently received a box of everyday belongings that my friend CJ (we called him "Toots") had wanted me to have but never had a chance to send. Toots had passed away a few months prior, in late 2021, and his mother had mailed this inconspicuous cardboard box with a customs value declaration of \$15. No note or letter came with it. I recognized the box. I vaguely recalled its contents. It took me a while to muster the courage to open and unpack it.

Among the many US Army soldiers stationed in my hometown of Frankfurt, Germany, who were part of my inner circle, Toots was my ride-or-die; the kind of companion you are fortunate to have one or two of at any point in your life. In German, we'd say Toots was *jemand, mit dem man Pferde stehlen kann*, or "someone with whom you could go steal horses." German is rarely a suitable language for me to express myself in, but "to steal horses" invites a reading of waywardness, criminality, and insubordination into the

³ A slightly pejorative German term that describes a particular kind of citizen, regardless of class, who is characterized by extreme conformity/normativity, narrow-mindedness, resistance to change, and fear of "the other."

⁴ Ashon T. Crawley, *Blackpentecostal Breath: The Aesthetics of Possibility* (New York: Fordham University Press, 2016).

idea of a trusted relationship. Ours wasn't about living an unruly existence as much as it was about a shared refusal to be governed—a way to fashion ourselves outside of the "Spießler"³ society that sought to regulate us.

Our army brat friendship unfolded within the liminality of the final years of the Reagan administration, the last gasp of the Cold War in Allied-occupied Germany. In the hold of Toots's sparsely decorated barracks room (a partitioned space inside a larger hall), we dreamed up a whole universe of "otherwise possibility," as Ashon Crawley would say.⁴ Toots and I would spend hours listening to albums produced by Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis with their signature Minneapolis Sound, the S.O.S. Band being our favorite group. Toots would share stories of a magical place called Paradise Garage in New York City, read me works by a poet named Essex Hemphill from a chapbook called *Earth Life*, and tell me of a wondrous city named Atlanta that he'd suggested I move to.

Toots's box of improvised, mostly handmade curios contained, among other things:

- A rusty Acura keychain Toots had remade into a bracelet by adding a strap.
- A dreadlock he saved after shaving his head when he joined the military.
- Little ribbons cut from an old t-shirt and stapled to small branches of pussy willow to make Easter ornaments.
- A small plastic bag filled with cherimoya seeds (a fruit he had often mentioned but that I personally hadn't tasted until 2019).
- Old Polaroids of him and his "other half" Virgil (Toots had many real and imagined "other halves").
- An old birthday card he had written to me. It reads: "To Zun: You're a whole mess and a half. Never change. Love, Toot Toot."
- A vinyl LP label he had drawn for the imaginary music album he had always dreamt of producing. It featured some of the insignia of our favorite record label:

“Flyte Tyme Productions. Tabu Records. The earth has music for those who listen.”

“The earth has music for those who listen”—the poignant motto of the legendary Tabu Records. How many readings this aphorism now invites when thinking through the notion of “what matters most.” Sonic entanglement in, or as, study. Listening as, or with, care. Instructions for care for those called upon to respond (which really means anyone). Collective cultivation versus cultural production. My engagement with these objects continued as if it had never been disrupted.

As intense as the re-encounter with these objects was, it was the smell emanating from that box, at once faint and intense, that nearly made me lose my composure in the moment. Toots’ favorite sandalwood incense sticks, the stale aroma of the hallway air in the barracks, the t-shirt he had cut into strips to make ornaments—the box smelled of him. Of us. Of our time together. Of many late-night moments we spent in his room, talking after returning from the clubs, still revved up and our ears still numb from the music. Our daydreams were our preferred way of inhabiting new worlds. They were guide maps that didn't exist before, so we had to draw them ourselves.

The encounter with Toots's keepsakes brought back memories, made me recall names, places, addresses, and phone numbers I hadn't thought about in decades. I momentarily reveled in a kind of nostalgia, considering the sentimentality we attach to a time we deem to have been simpler and more joyful when it was just as monstrous as any other period in our lives. But another realization hit me like a ton of bricks: the familiar smell, this synaesthetic engagement with Toots's box of belongings did more than just take me (a)back. It *remade* me—not just who I *was* but who I can *be*. I didn't just “re-member” what we did. Through registering the scent and touching the objects in the box, I instantly became that person again. A whole mess and a half.

This experience brought into focus what my ten years of practice with these Polaroids had been really about: that what we can “touch” by opening the proverbial box is really the making of worlds: a poetics of shared dispossession *through* dislocated images, not a practice of looking

at images. A practice of feeling that calls us to sit with questions we have all lived a version of: What can be crueler than the act of gazing at the material evidence of personhood reduced to detritus, at subjectivities denied and dislocated? What can be more affirming than sharing in a Black aliveness that refuses to be discarded, even if its material circumstances were? An aliveness that cannot be contained, indexed, or catalogued, and that—even if (or because) it was produced by horrific means—never answers to the horror itself?

The earth has music for those who listen.

None of Toots's objects were meant to be kept in this box. Toots *used* them, wore them out. The value attached to these objects came from us using them and the possibilities of such use, not from their preservation. Just as Toots didn't discard anything or abandon anybody he cared about, that little box he left didn't just signify an open invitation—it came with instructions for careful use, to add and extend my care onto these objects by using them as tools to build the “otherwise” we had always imagined, not to hide them away.

It is in the recognition of this shared but irredeemable care, of hapticality reproduced in the hold, that we are moved from a “look at them” to a “look at us” and a “feel together with us.” Can we look at them to be able to feel with us? I argue that we can and we must. Not as an imposition or by way of a permission that can never be granted anyway, but in the recognition that Black sociality refuses capture—even in images—and thus can neither be reduced nor boxed in. Sitting with the ineffable does not equate to being imprecise about how we feel about it. We can sustain a space where being and becoming can thrive, not in response to negation but as an affirmation of undercommunal entanglement. We can gather to try and figure out some things, but this gathering requires an orientation toward risk. Worldmaking isn't always pretty; in fact, it can be downright messy. Yet, the mess(i)ness doesn't mean we don't care. We care deeply and demand to be cared for deeply. Much like Toots's memorabilia, the Polaroids in this collection are tools for worldmaking that demand to be touched and used. They are marked by wear and tear but also gathered in honor of their refusal to be discarded.

To recognize the one-of-a-kindness of Polaroids, their intense photographic beauty, and their charm is to also recognize the fact that what matters most spills beyond the edges of the object itself: the images were handled, written on, rubbed, cut, torn, taped, stained, or breathed into—literally “in-spired.” What survives (and thus what ought to be preserved) isn’t necessarily their objectness, but rather it is the transformation given to us as their permanence is taken by decay and decomposition.

Herein lies the double paradox: the need for institutional archival preservation of the Polaroids removes them from our ability to touch, yet what survives—what matters most—can only be constituted through touch and shared use. And further, such communal use and touch cannot be upheld where it needs to manifest—in this case, the Black homes where this practice lives—because of the ongoing dispossession and dislocation enacted by an antiBlack world. An institution was invoked to provide custodial care, to offer the home that the dispossessed have been refused.⁵

The preciousness inherent in these keepsakes was never meant to be found in a book or displayed in a museum, especially if it removes the images from shared use and touch. But institutional custodianship might assist in reminding those who are called on to respond with care that the daily cultivation of aliveness and worldmaking continues under duress; that the practice and muscle memory of shared care continues to regenerate itself from the remnants of decay, and that what is salvaged is not an object and its place in time but instead a placelessness that refuses displacement—a dispossession that refuses the idea of ownership in general. If we can be reminded of who we are, who we become, and how we enact a care that expands the idea of *gazing at* into a vibrant, entangled *feeling-with*, holding space for all these beautiful, horrific contradictions may constitute a gift some of us may be able to honor.

I’m deeply inspired by Audre Lorde’s exploration of feeling and worldmaking in her essay “Poetry Is Not a Luxury.” Similar to her deliberations on the erotic, Lorde invokes feeling(s) not as “idle fantasy” but as loci of “hidden sources of power,” and poetry as a transformational tool to express into knowledge “the revelation or distillation of experience.”⁶

⁷ Lorde, *Sister Outsider*, 37.

“Poetry [...] forms the quality of the light within which we predicate our hopes and dreams toward survival and change, first made into language, then into idea, then into more tangible action,” says Lorde.⁷ I especially love Kevin Quashie’s reading of Lorde’s poetry as illumination in his book *Black Aliveness, or A Poetics of Being*, in which he posits that “the manner and sensation of how we pay attention to our being constitute our being itself, as well as what our being is/becomes in the world,” thereby connecting the idea of inseparability of interiority, embodiment, and feeling when conceptualizing aliveness as (a) poetic. How we feel makes who we are or will become.

Is there a better way to sit with these Polaroids and their leakage of scent, pigment, and light? The idea of poetry as illumination moves us away from *looking at* and allows us to feel what cannot be framed: the dislocated archive as haptic *rasanblaj*, not accessed via aesthetic considerations but in reclaiming our capacity “to become.” By allowing this force to move us into action, we mess ourselves up into the kind of life that instantiates our imagination as a new reality.

Toots’s presence is still felt through the objects he once made and touched. The jolt I experienced when opening that box was the same overwhelming feeling that I experienced ten years ago when I stumbled across my first few orphaned Polaroids in Detroit. It took this intervention to become a whole mess and a half again and to remember what matters most.

⁵ In 2018, the Art Gallery of Ontario acquired the *Fade Resistance* collection, which documents African American family life from the 1950s to the early 2000s.

⁶ Audre Lorde, “Poetry is Not a Luxury,” in *Sister Outsider: Essays and Speeches* (Berkeley: Crossing Press, 1984), 36–39.

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As if before
As if before time



Note on the collection

These photographs are part of the *Fade Resistance* collection, assembled between 2012 and 2018 by Zun Lee. The Toronto-based photographer, visual storyteller, and educator purchased the photographs from various sources, including eBay and yard sales, and found some on the street; he ultimately collected 2,975 instant prints (primarily Polaroids, though some are Kodak) and 1,384 related gelatin silver and chromogenic prints, dating from the 1950s to the early 2000s. For the most part, it is not known what circumstances led to the separation of these items from the families who made them. Based on information in the images, many of the photographs were made in southern California.

In 2018, the Art Gallery of Ontario (AGO) in Toronto, Canada purchased the *Fade Resistance* collection from Lee. AGO staff have catalogued, rehoused, and partially digitized the collection. You can view images from the *Fade Resistance* collection online at ago.ca/collection/faderesistance.

If you recognize yourself or someone you know in any of the photographs, we would like to hear from you: faderesistance@ago.ca.